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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 3, 1889.

[No. 16.]

FLYING FISH.

WE associate flying with wings, but several animals that have no wings can fly a little way in the air. There is the flying squirrel, for instance; and the bat, that flies so well in the dusk of the evening, has no real wings such as a bird has, but a thin sort of web or membrane, with which the mouse-like little creature can support itself well in the air.

The fish that can fly has its upper fins like broad wings. The web of the fin is stretched out on fine ribs of bone that are fixed on the neck of the fish, and extend as long as the tail. With these flying fins, the fish can leap from wave to wave. It has been known to leap high enough to reach the deck of a sailing vessel; but it either could not fly across the deck or struck a boom or sail, and so fell down dead.

The flying fish are plentiful in the West Indies and warm seas of the torrid regions. They are much like a mackerel in shape and colour. Their flesh is sweet and tender, and of great use to the people of the West India Islands for food. Most of the eatable kinds of fish like the cold of the north seas better than the warmer waters near the equator; and, on account of good fish being somewhat scarce, the flying fish is the more valuable in the West Indies.

The flying fish fly or leap into the air to escape from the dolphin and other enemies. They cannot fly for more than a hundred yards or so. After such a long leap, they wet their wings or fins, and can then make another spring into the air. But the poor flying fish has enemies in the air as well as in the water. Gulls, pelicans, and other seabirds are on the watch to seize them as they fly over the waves.

Of course, the poor flying fish darts into the water as quickly as it can to escape from the birds, and darts out again to get clear of the fierce dolphin. The under part of this pretty fish is white, and from a ship they may often be seen like a little flock of swallows, their white sides gleaming in the bright sunlight like silver.

BLESSED are those children who are favoured with kind and generous, but at the same time firm and straightforward parents.

LAURA BRIDGMAN.

MISS LAURA DEWEY BRIDGMAN, the celebrated deaf, dumb and blind subject, whose death took place recently at the Perkins Institution for the Blind, was born in Hanover, N.H., December 21, 1829. When she was two years old scarlet fever deprived her of sight and hearing, and consequently of speech. Her sense of smell was also destroyed,

she could feel the label on it, and the sign indicating likeness, which was made by placing side by side the forefinger of each hand, was conveyed to her. By repeating the process with other articles she was led to understand that the words represented the objects to which they were affixed. To form words from letters she was supplied with sets of metal types, and in less than three days she learned the order of all the letters of the alphabet. In about two months she began to use alphabetical signs as made by the fingers, examining an object and learning its name by placing her right hand over that of her teacher, who spelled it with her fingers. Then she learned the words herself.

After she had learned about a hundred common nouns she was taught the use of verbs, then of adjectives. She learned to write slowly, and later to talk by means of the mysterious finger alphabet, and used it frequently in animated conversation. In walking through a passage-way, with her hands spread before her, she knew every one she met and gave them a passing sign of recognition, but she embraced affectionately her favourites, and expressed the varied language of the emotions by the lips as well as by the fingers. She also learned grammar, arithmetic and a little of music. Later on she studied algebra, geometry, philosophy and history.

A remarkable faculty was her ability to read character, and this she did literally at her fingers' ends. She was very thoughtful of her friends and liked to aid the poor. At the time of the famine in Ireland she bought, with money which she had earned by her work, a barrel of flour, which was sent to the sufferers. In the summer of 1852, when she was twenty-three years old, she undertook to make her permanent home in her

father's house in Hanover, but she became so homesick that at last she was confined to her bed, and Dr. Howe, who went to see her, found that she was almost at death's-door. She was brought back to the institution, where she remained, up to the time of her death, fifty-two years. On January 29, 1842, Laura was visited by Charles Dickens, who was so much interested in her that he remained several hours. His visit is described in his "Notes on America."



FLYING FISH.

and that of taste much impaired, leaving only that of touch intact. At the age of eight years she was placed in the Perkins Institution, where the Superintendent, Dr. Samuel G. Howe, undertook the difficult task of instructing her.

Dr. Howe, assisted by Miss Drew, began her first lesson by giving her the word "knife," which was printed in raised letters on a slip of paper, and read by moving her fingers over it, as the blind do in reading. Then she was given the knife so that

The Rona Lighthouse.

A WOMAN stood at a cottage door—

A crofter's cottage and mean and small;
But her heart was rich, if her home was poor,
For her sons were kindly and strong and tall,
And her own good man was as brave and true
And handsome as even a king could be,
And she did not envy the queen; for who
Could be better cared for and loved than she?

The wee green island was all their own
(While they paid to the factor the laird's fair rent);
Little it bore but a crop of stone,
Yet the Rona people were well content.
They had a sheep or two on the heights,
And a few oats grew in a sheltered place;
And they had at sunset such glorious lights,
That it seemed heaven came to their little space.

They gathered at need, in their own Scotch right,
The bountiful harvest that grew in the seas;
And they worked in the day and rested at night,
Thankful, contented and quite at ease.
So the woman stood at the door, with eyes
That scanned the sea for the little boat;
Since all that she had in the world to prize,
Her brave, bonnie laddies, were there afloat.

The dark came rapidly down that night—
A deep, thick darkness without a ray;
There is almost always a gleam of light
On the sea, but then it had passed away.
"They are very late," the woman said,
"And in the muck the water is rough;
But they're in no danger"—she raised her head—
"My men are trusty and safe enough."

She lighted no candle, for there, with a,
Was nothing to do, and naught to see;
She stented herself, and would not begin
At first to yield to anxiety.
And the hours went by as she waited there,
But her heart grew heavy with dread at last,
And she shivered with fear, as she cried in prayer,
"O God, let the terrible night be past!"

The morning broke on the sullen sea,
And over the cliffs the woman peered,
And round the island in haste went she,
Till at last she saw the thing that she feared;
For there on the rugged rocks she found,
Cold and lifeless, her dearest ones,
Battled by darkness, wrecked and drowned—
Her noble husband, her bonnie sons!

And, oh, the pang of the vain regret,
The deepest trouble, the worst to bear!
She saw that they might have been living yet,
If only a light had been burning there.
They had sought in the dark for the landing-place,
But no gleam had shone for their anxious gaze;
Ah, weeping widow, with covered face,
It is this that will haunt your nights and days!

But out of the sorrow one blessing arose;
She would do for others, though strangers they,
That which she ought to have done for those,
Her best and dearest, passed away.
So ever after when gloaming came,
In her upper window there shone a light;
And many a man's wife blessed the flame
That rebly gleamed on the sea at night.

"I do my best, but the light is small;
Oh, for a beacon that could not fail!"
So the eager woman spoke to all,
In the earnest tones that must prevail.
Soon a great light shone o'er the western sea,
Tended ever with loving care,
And the lighthouse-keeper was none but she
Who had lived and loved and suffered there.

Alas, for the good that we might have done,
For lamps unlighted, and helps forgot!
Yet peace and pardon and hope are won
If we lighten the gloom of another's lot.
Let us throw some gleam on the troubled sea;
Let us save our brothers some pang of pain;
For if their journey may lighted be,
We shall not have suffered and prayed in vain.

THERE is a good deal of meaning in the proverb
that "It is easier to go up hill with God, than to
go down hill without him."

IN THE WOODS AND OUT.

I MUST say Eben was heavily loaded. He had a basket on one arm and a pretty full pail swung at his left hand. His grandmother Carey was to have the contents of both basket and pail—not his real grandmother, but a dear old lady who lived in a tumble-down house just at the edge of the woods; she was grandmother to all the children, and she lived well, for the children's mothers were sure to remember her when they did their baking to last over the Sabbath.

In Eben's basket were a layer of sweet biscuit, an apple pie, a baked chicken cut in pieces and nicely packed in a bowl, and all the chinks were filled up with caraway cookies. The pail was full of soup; grandmother's dinner was over for the day, it is true, but the Sabbath was coming, and what could be easier to do than warm a bowl of the nourishing soup for the Sabbath dinner?

Everything would have gone on nicely if it had not been for meeting Eddie Burns just as Eben entered the woods. Not that Eddie Burns was a bad boy, but he always had some plan that he wanted others to help him carry out right away. No sooner did he catch sight of Eben than he began:

"Oh, ho! you're just the fellow that I want; come back here a little way and hold the limb of a tree down for me a minute, and I will show you something pretty."

"Can't," said Eben; "both hands are full, and the things are heavy enough without holding any limbs."

"Oh, but set the things down just a minute; it isn't a rod from here, and it won't take you but two minutes. Come along," he coaxed.

"Eddie Burns," said Eben severely, "are you trying to rob a bird's nest?"

"Now," said Eddie, looking injured, "you know I wouldn't do that any more than you would. Some bird has got scared and left her nest; the eggs are all drying up, there are three of them, the cutest things—a different kind from any I ever saw before. I can't get them because that branch is in the way, and I'm afraid I'll break them. If you will come and help me, I'll give you one of the eggs for your collection."

"Wait till I come back from Grandmother Carey's, and I will."

"I don't dare do that. Joe Ball is hanging around in the woods, and I'm afraid he'll get them; besides, I've got to be home by four o'clock, and it's 'most that. Oh, come, Eben—do! it won't take a minute, and you can set your things right down here under the tree."

It looked innocent enough, so Eben set down the things and went. Alas for Grandmother Carey's Sabbath dinner! The basket with its cover tied down was unhurt, but when in ten minutes Eben came back with the eggs, the pail was lying on its side and nearly all the soup was gone.

Now begins the worst part of my story. What do you think that boy made up his mind to do? Why, not to say a word about the soup to his mother. "I won't tell a lie," he said, growing hot and angry with himself for thinking such a thing. "Of course not; but there's no use in worrying her about it if I can help it. I'll just keep still. She won't see Grandmother Carey in weeks, maybe."

His mother rather helped this resolution along by her questions: "What did grandmother say to the chicken?"

"She said it looked 'most too good to wait until to-morrow, that she had not had a taste of chicken for a long time, and the caraway cookies are just such as her mother used to make for her when she was my age—only, mother, I know hers weren't near so good as you can make."

"And did you carry the things down the cellar for her?"

"Yes'm, and put them all away; and she said 'Tell her I never can thank her enough.'" And Eben went away whistling before more questions came.

It was not a nice afternoon, after all. He did not care for the speckled egg, and thought some of throwing it away. He had a chance to ride to Whitey to pasture, and did not want to do it. His father said, "I'm afraid the boy is sick;" but the mother said, "No, I think not."

By and by, to Eben's satisfaction, the day was done; he wanted to go to sleep and forget it, but to his dismay he found that there was no sleep to be had out of his bed. He turned his pillow five times, and it was every time. At last he sat upright and called, "Mother!" Of course mother went upstairs.

"Mother," said Eben, "I want to tell you: I didn't mean to, and I didn't think it was wrong, not to, but now I know it is: I spilled every drop of the soup before I got to grandmother's at all, and I left the pail behind a tree, and grandmother doesn't know anything about it."

"But I did, my son," said mother, quietly sitting down beside him and taking Eben's hot, rough little hands in hers.

Then was Eben astonished. "You did?" he said. "How?"

"The pail told me first. It was all sticky on the side, and grandmother never sends home dishes that way. Then your shoes told me; when you changed them for slippers this evening I saw that they were all greasy and smelled of soup. Then your face told me all the afternoon that something was wrong, and I have been waiting to hear about it. Shall I tell you what has made me feel bad? That it took you so long to make up your mind to tell me."

There was a long talk about soup and several other things; and when Eben lay down again he said with a satisfied sigh, "Mothers know everything, and they are nice every time, and I won't try to hide anything, even." Then he found to his joy that his pillow was full of sleep.—*Pansy.*

OIL YOURSELF A LITTLE.

ONCE upon a time there lived an old gentleman in a large house. He had servants and everything he wanted; and yet he was not happy, and what things did not go as he wished, he was very cross. At last his servants left him. Quite out of temper he went to a neighbour with the story of his distress.

"It seems to me," said the neighbour, sagaciously, "could be well for you to oil yourself a little."

"To oil myself?"

"Yes, and I will explain. Some time ago, one of the doors in my house creaked. Nobody, therefore, liked to go in or out of it. One day I oiled its hinges, and it has been constantly used by everybody ever since."

"Then you think I am like a creaking door," cried the old gentleman. "How do you want to oil myself?"

"That's an easy matter," said the neighbour. "Go home and engage a servant, and when he does right praise him. If, on the contrary, he does something amiss, do not be cross; oil your words with the oil of love."

The old gentleman went home, and no harsh or ugly words were ever heard in the house afterwards. Everybody should have a supply of this precious oil, for every family is liable to have a creaking hinge in the shape of a fretful disposition, a cross temper, a harsh tone, or a fault-finding spirit.

The Ideal Woman.

BY NANCY MINOR BOWLES.

In the halls of far-famed pictures, where true artist minds
have soared,
Sweetest, holiest of the paintings is the "Mother of our
Lord,"
shown in many different guises, but one thing we always
see—
That the tender face is bending to the infant at her knee.
Most sacred of a woman's trusts, to train the untried soul
And to point the immortal spirit to the God which is its
goal.
As the sunflower to the sunrise, so her face is turned to
God,
Thanking him for all his mercies, blessing him his chastening
rod.
Turning often from the children to the children older
grown,
For a tender bit of counsel, or to reap the seeds long
sown;
And her daughters come to question of their interests,
grave and gay,
While her sons find her still ready for the questions of the
day.
Will a mind grown broad with study of a scientific lore,
Be down-trampled by the commonplace that chatters at
the door?
Can a brain made rich and fertile by the deeds of history's
men,
Give a place to idle gossip of the few within her ken?
With a form grown strong and robust from a race of sober
sires;
With the noble face that speaketh of a train of high
desires;
Standing firm against the evil, ready with the larger
thought—
'Tis a woman, wife and mother, by a century's honour
wrought.
Speak, then, Voice of all the ages, thundering down the
aisle of Time!
Ring out, tones of all ye poets, finding endless life in
rhyme!
Give to us this ideal woman that the world may turn and
see
Something up among the works of God from out his
majesty.
Sweeping onward comes the answer like the flood-tide to
the sea,
Roaring onward, sound of voices in a wave-like majesty.
Voices there of men of learning, voices there of bards of
old;
Children, women, and among them shines the armour of the
bold.
Lo! the name that swelleth upward, each the same, though
yet another,
Is unanimously chosen, blessed, idealised—"My Mother."

A HERO OF TO-DAY.

THE little island of Molokai, one of the smallest
and most inaccessible of the twelve islands which
form the Hawaiian group, has recently been the
scene of a heroic martyrdom. This island was
selected twenty-five years ago by the Hawaiian
Government as a site for the establishment of a
colony of lepers. The terrible disease was then
widely prevalent in the Sandwich Islands, and,
although exceedingly contagious in character, no
steps were taken to circumscribe its spread among
the natives. The lepers lived in the houses of their
friends, "eating from the same dish, smoking the
same pipe, sleeping on the same mat;" even the
clothing of the sick and the well was interchanged.
Under this state of things the spread of the disease
was so rapid that in 1865 an Act was passed by the
Hawaiian Legislature ordering the transference of
all lepers from the other islands to Molokai; and
between 1866 and 1885 more than 3,000 of these
unhappy victims of a terrible disease were trans-
ported to Molokai, 2,000 and more having died
within the same period. There was no distinction
in the operation of this terrible but necessary law;
even the royal family were not exempt; nor were

Europeans who showed a taint of the disease.
Those who were removed were frequently in the
early stages, and were compelled, while still able
to pursue the avocations of life and to enjoy its
pleasures, to bid eternal farewell to friends, home,
and occupation, and become the companions of in-
curable lepers. On the sunny, fertile slope of
about 6,000 acres which stretch along the northern
shore of the Island of Molokai, separated by an
impassable wall of crags from the southern part of
the island, stand the two villages built by the
lepers. Thirteen years ago these villages were the
homes of indescribable misery. The Government
had adopted the barbarous theory that the lepers
could sustain themselves, and had left them to their
own resources. They were wretchedly housed,
wretchedly clothed, without physicians, medicine,
religion, or even sufficient food. The physical
misery had blunted the moral sense, and drunken-
ness and every other form of the lowest debauchery
had become a sort of refuge of despair for these
miserable outcasts.

There was at Honolulu at this time, among the
Roman Catholic missionaries, a young priest from
Belgium, Father Damien, a man of fine education
and of marked abilities, for whom his superiors
anticipated a brilliant future. During his stay of
nine years as a Catholic missionary in Hawaii he
had become acquainted with the condition of the
lepers, and in 1873 he volunteered to join the
colony at Molokai, understanding perfectly that in
so doing he renounced the world as completely as
if he were entering the strictest religious order, and
condemned himself to the society of lepers until
death. In a perfectly simple and modest way
Father Damien has told the story of his work at
Molokai—a story which ought to be translated into
every language and read throughout the length
and breadth of Christendom, not only as a shining
illustration of the Christian spirit, but as an
illustration of what a priest or minister ought to
be in the range, the thoroughness, and the efficiency
of his contact with the life of the people. At thirty-
three years of age, in perfect health, Father Damien
began his work in Molokai, and for eleven years
was left untouched by the plague about him. At
the time of his settlement on the island there were
eight hundred lepers living in miserable grass huts,
without distinction of age or sex, passing their time
in drunkenness and riot. Father Damien took up
first the question of sufficient food, and as a result
of his importunities the Hawaiian Government
arranged that food supplies should be sent at
regular intervals to the island, and that the food
should be suitable to the condition of the exiles.
From that day until the hour of his death this de-
voted priest never failed on every possible occasion
to bring the needs of his parishioners before the
Government and people at Hawaii. At the time
of his appearance among them the lepers were
living in small, damp huts, entirely insufficient to
protect them from the elements, and so lacking in
every appliance and means of health that the
devoted priest was frequently obliged to rush out
of them in order to avoid being stifled. Through
his representations, and under his personal direc-
tion, the Government has comfortably housed the
colony, Father Damien himself having built many
of the houses. In the same manner better clothing
was obtained, a hospital established with proper
appliances, a dispensary opened, and a resident
physician secured. Nor did Father Damien's work
stop with this care of the material life of his peo-
ple, though he very properly made this the basis of
his entire work. He opened schools for the boys
and girls, he built two churches, and secured proper
arrangements for burial of the dead. By thus

removing the physical miseries of the people he
attacked at the foundation their moral and spiritual
miseries, and as a result he transformed the char-
acter of the communities. The miserable huts,
huddled together, filled with wretchedness and
debauchery, which greeted him when he landed in
1873, have now been supplanted by groups of neat
cottages, surrounded by pasture lands and gardens.
The expatriated colonists are comfortably cared for,
their children are educated, and they have become
moral, orderly communities.

It was not until 1884 that the noble man who
had achieved these results began to show signs of
leprosy; a year later they were unmistakable.
Writing to a friend in 1886, he said: "Having no
doubt of the real character of my disease, I feel
calm, resigned, and happier among my people.
Almighty God knows what is best for my sanctifi-
cation, and with that conviction I say daily, Thy
will be done." On the 10th of April the leper
priest died. Last week in these columns we drew
a lesson from the heroism of Livingstone, a Scotch
Protestant; this week we leave this noble story of
a Roman Catholic priest to impress its own lesson.
Men like Livingstone and Father Damien belong
to the Church Universal.—*Christian Union.*

"TOO MUCHEE BY-AND-BY."

"WHAT is your complaint against this young
man, John?" said the magistrate to the Chinese
laundryman who had summoned a young gentle-
man whose laundry bill was in arrears.

"He too muchee by-and-by," was the answer of
the aggrieved celestial, who evidently knew what
ailed the young man, if he could not express his
views in the most classical English.

There are other youngsters who are troubled
with the same complaint—"too muchee by-and-by."
The boy who has to be called four times in the
morning, and then is late to breakfast; the boy
who says, "In a minute" when his mother calls
him to do chores or run errands; the young gentle-
man who forgets his promise to bring wood or
draw water; the young lady who always "meant
to" do things and have them in order, but who
never, never carried out her intentions; the legions
of folks who always have to be waited for—all
these have "too muchee by-and-by."

People are likely to sing themselves into per-
dition with "the sweet by-and-by." What they
need is the sweet *now*, which is the accepted time
and the day of salvation.—*Little Christian.*

EVERY DAY A LITTLE.

EVERY day a little knowledge. One fact in a
day. How small is one fact! Only one! Ten
years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and
fifty facts are not a small thing.

Every day a little self-denial. The thing that is
difficult to do to-day will be an easy thing to do
three hundred and sixty days hence, if each day it
shall have been repeated. What power of self-
mastery shall he enjoy who, looking to God for
grace, seeks every day to practice the grace he
prays for.

Every day a little happiness. We live for the
good of others, if our living be in any sense true
living. It is not in great deeds of kindness only
that the blessing is found. In "little deeds of
kindness" repeated every day we find true happi-
ness. At home, at school, in the street, in the
neighbour's house, in the playground we shall find
opportunity every day for usefulness.

Every day a little look into the Bible. One
chapter a day. What a treasure of Bible know-
ledge one may acquire in ten years! Every day a
verse committed to memory. What a volume in
twenty-five years!

"Where Are the Coming Men?"

ANNIE A. PRESTON.

DEAR Aunt Mary asked this question,
Then, glancing up at Ben,
Who a fine cigar was rolling,
She asked it o'er again:

"For smokers, now, we need not search,
We find them nine in ten;
There are swearers too, and loafers—
Where shall we look for men?"

"Good men must come from somewhere soon
To run the church and town,
For those we have are growing old,
And must of course go down.

"These growing boys—they will not do—
They swear and smoke and fight;
Dear me! must we then send abroad
For men who serve the right?"

The boys all looked surprised enough.

"We'll think of this," said Ben;

"I'll tell you, lads, we'll mend our ways;
We'll be the coming men."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 3, 1889.

I MAY BE LOST.

BY MARK GUY PEARSE.

THERE is a story that you remember, perhaps, of a man whose ground brought forth plentifully. A clever, thrifty man, who knew how to break up the fallow ground, and how to plough and to sow and to reap. A man who could do things well, and could make things pay. His golden corn stood waving in the sun, or was safe in the long rows of stacks that clustered about the farm-house. The fattening cattle were well housed, or stood in the deep, green pasture. Clean land and well-kept fences were doubtless everywhere the signs of his estate. A prosperous man, he had to pull down his barns and build greater, until he was increased in goods and had need of nothing.

"Come," said he to himself, "what can anybody want more than this? I am rich, and increased in goods. Now let me enjoy life." But in the night he woke up ill—dying—dead. God required his soul of him; and the man was lost. What, then, of everything else? What were well-filled barns to him then? His plenty could not help him. His abundance could not satisfy him. Homesteads and well-filled barns, flocks and herds, did not make him rich then. His no more: a new

master owned the estate, and the man himself was lost!

If you are lost, reader, everything is lost to you. All the busy work of life; all your thought, and all your trouble, and all your care; and all the worry and toil; yes, and all the gain too ends in this—the man himself is lost. It is good to be busy. It is well to lighten labour, and to make the earth yield a richer increase. But if the man is lost, what comes of it all to him? The chief end of life is all unanswered. The great work of life is all undone. The gain of life is left behind. *The man himself is lost.* Surely it concerns us to ask eagerly, What must I do to be saved?

"*May be lost!*" So said the prudent ship-owner, and insured the vessel before she left the harbour. *May be lost.* If that were all, it might be enough to make us seek to be safe. But there is more. Here on this wild day the crowds gather on the shore, and watch the ship yonder that is venturing too near the coast. The current is setting on to the rocks, and the wind is shifting round to a more dangerous quarter, and the old sailors shake their heads seriously. And so the minutes pass, until now her chance is gone. Man the life-boat! It was always "may be lost," but now it is much more than that.

May be lost is not all, reader.

You are in danger of being lost. The current of your life is setting on towards destruction, and bearing you thither. Evil has been repeated until it has grown to habit. Habit has strengthened with the might of years. Neglect and indifference make you fling away all thoughts of the claims of God, and you laugh at the things of eternity as not worth your notice. The current is running stronger every hour. The peril is steadily increasing. Man, you are in danger of perishing! Rouse thee. Call upon thy God. Fling up the rocket of distress. Thou art in danger of perishing forever. Asleep! and you are drifting down to destruction! Going on every day—hurrying onward every hour—nearing the dreadful end every moment. Yet utterly careless. Bad enough to see the ship coming down upon the rocks while the sailors climb the rigging, and the flag of distress flies at the mast-head. But to be hurrying on to destruction with the sound of music on board and the dance ringing on deck—laughing at all warning—this is horrible folly! Be this your eager thought and the cry of your heart—

I MAY BE LOST—WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?

LAND BIRDS AT SEA.

I REMEMBER with pleasure the circumstance of the little birds that, during my first voyage, took refuge on the steamer. The first afternoon, just as we were losing sight of land, a delicate little wood bird, making, perhaps, its first southern migration, lost its reckoning and came aboard. It had a disheartened, demoralized look. After resting it disappeared. . . . The next day a small hawk was sailing about the vessel, with a lofty, independent mien, as if only lingering to take a good look at us. . . . Presently he found it not inconsistent with his dignity to alight on the rigging, where I saw his feathers rudely ruffled by the wind, till darkness set in. . . . The third day a titlark, from the far north, dropped upon the deck, nearly ex-



LAND BIRDS AT SEA.

hausted. . . . It stayed about the vessel nearly day flitting from point to point, and prying in every crack and crevice for food. Time after time I saw it start off with a reassuring chirp, as determined to reach land, but before it had many rods from the ship, its heart would seem fail it, and after circling about for a few moments back it would come more discouraged than ever.

These little waifs from the shore! I gazed upon them with a strange, sad interest. They were friends in distress; but the sea birds, darting in and out among these watery hills. . . . I had sympathy with them.

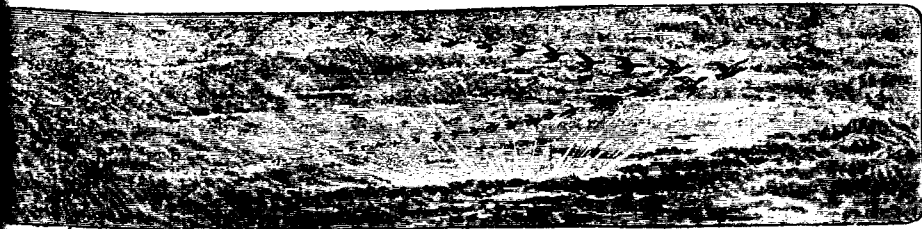
Occasionally one of these land birds make the passage. . . . And I have been told that over fifty different species of our more common birds have been found in Ireland. . . . But what numbers these little navigators are misled and wrecked during those dark and stormy nights on the light houses that line the Atlantic coast!

It is Celia Thaxter who tells of having picked up her apron full of sparrows, warblers, fly-catcher, etc., at the foot of the lighthouse on the Isle of Shoals one morning after a storm, the ground being still strewn with birds of all kinds that had dashed themselves against the beacon, bewildered and fascinated by its tremendous light.—*John Burroughs (abridged).*

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS

ATTENTION!

WE have a few packages remaining of the best numbers of Sunday-school papers, *PLEASANT HOURS*, *Home and School*, *Sunbeam*, and *Happy Days*. Each package contains 100 papers, nicely assorted and is sent post-paid to any address, for only **TELE CENTS!** Orders should be sent at once. Address WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.



BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

By a natural impulse, when the time comes, the birds from the South or North are on the move homeward again. A writer says:—"How I sympathize with them, especially in the autumn, when they have to move. Some go to Brazil, some to Florida, some to the tablelands of Mexico; but all are unanimous in the fact that they must go soon, for they have marching orders from the Lord, written in the pictorial volume of the changing leaves. There is not a belted kingfisher, or a chaffinch, or a crested wren, or a plover, or a red-legged partridge, but expects to spend every winter at the South; and after thousands of miles of flight they stop in the same tree where they spent the previous January. In every autumn let them strew the continent with music."

Birds, joyous birds of the wandering wing!
Whence is it ye come with the flowers of spring?
—"We come from the shores of the green old Nile,
From the land where the roses of Sharon smile,
From the palms that wave through the Indian sky,
From the myrrh-trees of glowing Araby.

We have swept o'er the cities in song renowned,
Silent they lie with the deserts round!
We have crossed proud rivers, whose tide hath rolled,
All dark with the warrior blood of old;
And each worn wing hath regained its home,
Under peasant's roof-tree or monarch's dome."

And what have you found in the monarch's dome,
Since last we traversed the blue sea's foam?
—"We have found a change, we have found a pall,
And a gloom o'ershadowing the banquet hall,
And a mark on the floor as of life-drops spilt,
Nought looks the same, save the nest we built!"

Oh! joyous birds, it hath still been so;
Through the halls of kings doth the tempest go,
But the huts of the hamlet lie still and deep,
And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil keep,—
Say what have you found in the peasant's cot,
Since last ye parted from that sweet spot?

—"A change we have found there—and many a change!
Faces, and footsteps, and all things strange!
Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,
And the young that were have a brow of care,
And the place is hushed where the children played;
Nought looks the same, save the nest we made?"

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,
Birds that o'ersweep it, in power and mirth!
Yet through the wastes of the trackless air,
Ye have a Guide, and shall we despair?
Ye over desert and deep have passed,
So may we reach our bright home at last.

—Aims and Objects of the Toronto Humane Society.

IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL, TORONTO.

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.

BY MISS S. M. IVES.

I REMEMBER reading some years ago, "'Tis sad to see a man suffer, sadder still a woman, but saddest of all a child." This sentiment struck me at the time as being wonderfully true, and has since been confirmed in my own experience.

For nearly twenty months I was engaged in hospital nursing at the Sick Children's Hospital, and do not hesitate to say they were the happiest months of my life, although my school and college days are full of bright remembrances.

In merely visiting a children's hospital one is

apt to go away feeling depressed and saddened by the sights and sounds seen and heard there, and knowing but little of the bright side of the picture.

Therefore we will for a few minutes take a "peep behind the scenes" into some of the real joys of a nurse's life.

Can anyone help loving children? Their freshness, their innocence, and their very dependence upon us call forth our love in no small degree. And if this be true of those who are full of life and health, how much more so of those who, (alas, too often through the sin and carelessness of those to whom they owe their very being) are forced to spend long hours in weary pain and suffering. Without this love I am convinced that it would be almost impossible for a nurse to perform the many trying duties which fall to her lot; duties which none but those who have passed through the mill (as the saying is) know anything about.

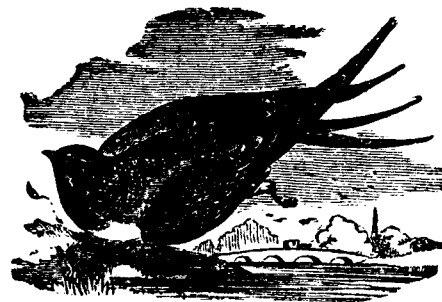
Imagine a pleasant airy ward, the walls prettily decorated with pictures and mottoes, and ranging round the room the cots and beds of the little patients. It is seven a.m., and as I enter the room to commence the duties of the day I am greeted with "Oh, Nursie, come and kiss me first." "No, me first, Nursie," from all sides, and so I move from bed to bed complying with this request, and feel so many pairs of loving little arms around my neck I assure you I am amply repaid for all the fatigue and care which I know will come during the day. At 8 a.m. our little ones are ready for breakfast, looking as fresh and bright as daisies, as with folded hands and shut eyes they all join in singing, "We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food," etc., and even those who are too ill to want breakfast like to "help the others sing." After breakfast come prayers, and then to the work of the morning.

Come and watch this first dressing, one of the most painful in the ward. As we bend over our little Bertie, striving to be as gentle and painless in our work as possible, what do we hear her saying? "Nursie, I don't fink it will be so *very* bad to-day, do you? 'cos I asked God not to let it be;" and God who cares for the sparrows hears his little one's cry, and gives her strength to bear it.

Let us glance at the next bed a moment or two whilst little Cora is getting her ear dressed. And although we can see by her face the intense pain she is suffering, there is not a sound of murmuring, and when it is all over all she wants is "to lie in Nursie's arms and forget the pain."

Now, can you spare a moment or two to come with me into the boys' ward, and as you stand by little Arthur's bed and look at his white, wan face, almost convulsed with pain, you will hear him say, "I am going to try and bear it without crying to-day, Nursie, because I know it hurts you so when I cry."

And so the morning quickly passes away. Dinner is served at 1 o'clock, commenced and ended with the hymn of thanksgiving, and then our little ones in their pretty red and white jackets giving themselves up to the enjoyment of the afternoon with their toys and picture books. This afternoon a little girl is brought in, looking the very picture of misery and distress, and when I have carefully tended to her wants and placed her in the pretty green cot with its snowy quilt, her wee, wan face brightens as her eyes wander round the room and seem to feast on the pictures and toys. And bending over her I say, "Is it nice in here, Maudie?"



"Oh, yes," she says, "may I stop here *always*?" and I could but echo that "always," and pray that it might be so, knowing the home from whence she had just been brought.

The afternoon wears away until the tea-bell rings at 5 o'clock, and by 6.30 the duties for the day are all finished and the bairnies comfortably settled for the night, waiting for what, to both nurse and children, is the sweetest time of all the day, "the singing time." And as I turn from the organ with the question, "What shall it be first, children?" the requests are so numerous that we have to take each one in turn. Then, hark! as through the hush and stillness of the ward there rise from the lips of each little one, with folded hands and closed eyes, the sweet words of the evening hymn,

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little lamb to-night,
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light," etc.

None knowing ere the coming morrow shall dawn which "little lamb" may be gathered by the "tender Shepherd" into the everlasting fold, where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

THE TELEGRAPH.

SUPPOSE that you possessed a magnetic telegraph for your exclusive use, by which you could send messages to distant friends in any part of the world. "What an invaluable treasure!" you might exclaim.

But have you not one far more valuable?—one operating room of which is your own heart, the other your heavenly Father's audience-chamber. And if it be needful for your happiness, and does not interfere with your best good, the answer to your communication will be instantaneous.

What a thrill of emotion was experienced at the first successful result (as was thought) of the Atlantic Cable! And what Christian does not remember the first direct answer to prayer—perhaps immediate—which he ever received?

How vividly comes up to memory's eye the scene of sorrow or disaster, the perplexity or anxiety; his silent closet; that hour alone with God; that weight of care or grief; the entire unburdening of the soul into a Father's bosom,—perhaps a voiceless one!

"The burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near."

Unlike human machinery, those irregular motions cause no interruption to the flow of the electric current of that spiritual battery. They are all under the influence of one great controlling agent—faith. It performs its office well. The work is done. The answer will be given.

How sweet the rest of soul which follows, even willing that the answer be awhile delayed! But he who doeth "above all that we ask or think," even "exceeding abundantly," has vouchsafed a speedy one: "How great is his loving-kindness to them that fear him!"

How It Turned Out.

"I'm going now to run away,"
Said little Sammie Greer, one day,
Then I can do just what I choose;
I'll never have to black my shoes,
Or wash my face or comb my hair,
I'll find a place, I know, somewhere,
And never have again to fill
The old chip basket so I will.

"Good-bye, mamma," he said, "good-bye!"
He thought his mother then would cry.
She only said, "You going, dear?"
And didn't shed one single tear.
"There, now," said Sammie Greer, "I know
She does not care if I do go,
But Bridget does, she'll have to fill
The old chip-basket so she will."

But Bridget only said, "Well, boy,
You off for sure? I wish you joy."
And Sammie's little sister Kate,
Who swung upon the garden gate,
Said anxiously as he passed through,
"To-night, whatever will you do
When you can't get no 'lasses spread
At supper-time on top of bread?"

One day from home and Sammie Greer's
Weak little heart was full of tears;
He thought about "Red Riding Hood,"
The wolf that met her in the wood,
The bean-stock boy who kept so mum
When he heard the giant's "Fee fo fum."
Of the dark night and the policeman,
And then poor Sammie homeward ran.

Quick through the alley-way he sped,
And crawled in through the old wood shed.
The big chip-basket he did fill,
He blackened his shoes up with a will;
He washed his face and combed his hair;
He went up to his mother's chair;
And kissed her twice, and then he said,
"I'd like some 'lasses top of bread."

PILGRIM STREET:

A STORY OF MANCHESTER LIFE.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER XV.

"MY FATHER IS WITH ME."

THE hope that some day or other his father's heart would be changed as his had been, helped Tom much to endure the discomforts and miseries of his lot. The faint, hungry grudging with which he had watched his father at his tasty meals no longer beset him, and his impatient chafing at the relationship which bound him to such a man passed into a grave pity and sorrow.

Tom ceased to appeal to his Heavenly Father against his earthly parent, but, instead, he prayed for him with earnest and persevering supplication. He called him father now without any inward rebellion; and, as far as it was possible, he tried to obey and honour him.

There were many things which Tom was obliged to see and do altogether at variance with the new feelings and desires of his heart, but which he felt bound to do because his father bade him. One of these was giving up his attendance at the night-school; and, indeed, he was generally too weary now of an evening to take the long walk from his present home to the school which he had been accustomed to attend. Only on the Sunday, a day which he considered as belonging altogether to his Father in heaven, he resisted; and neither threat nor persuasion could move him to break the laws which he found laid down for keeping the Sabbath holy.

One evening after his work was done, he was spelling out a chapter in his Bible—which by this

time was getting well worn—while his father was sitting in front of the fire, smoking his pipe, when Haslam bade him read out aloud, and not mutter the words in that half whisper. The verses he had just come to were these, and Tom read them in a clear and deliberate voice: "What man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone; or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him!"

"What's the meaning of it?" asked Haslam, with a sneer upon his lips.

"I'm not sure," answered Tom, timidly; "it seems as if it meant that God is more ready to give us good things than folks' fathers are sometimes. It says: 'How much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him.'"

"And who is thy Father in heaven?" asked Haslam.

"God!" answered Tom.

"A fine Father!" continued Haslam; "and thou'rt a nice one to call God Father! Does he know thou'rt ragged and clemmed? Why, I serve the devil, and he's a better master. Which is best off, thee or me?"

"Me," answered Tom, steadily.

"Thee?" sneered Haslam. "How dost make that out?"

"I'm ragged and clemmed," said Tom, "but I'm happy, and nobody can make or meddle with my happiness. Thee couldn't never make me unhappy, father. Some day or other, as soon as God sees as it's the right time, I shall be better off—and I've only got to wait. But if thee waits, it's only for judgment, and sorrow, and anger, when God sees that it's time to punish thee. Oh, father, I wish thee only believed what I believe!"

"What's that?" asked Haslam, filling his pipe again, and crushing the coals in the grate with his heavy boot.

"I can't rightly put it into words," answered Tom, earnestly, "but it's somehow in this way. Before I cared anything about God, or knew aught about him, he was loving me all the time, and he sent Mr. Hope and Mr. Banner, and Nat Pendlebury, to teach me that the Lord Jesus Christ came into the world to be my Saviour; and he is my brother, just as I'm Phil's brother; and if I'd only believe in him, and trust in him, then God would be my Father, and I should become his son. Jesus loved us all so well that he died for us, just as I would die for little Phil; and now he is gone back to heaven to make our home there ready for us. I've only got to wait a little while, and then he'll take me home. Father, if thee'd only believe in Jesus, then God 'ud be thy Father."

"I want no father," said Haslam, with an oath; "I can fend for myself; and I'll bide the judgment thee talks of. But I want my boy Phil, and him I'll have. Where's he gone to, I ask thee? If thee keeps the secret from me any longer, I'll half kill thee."

There was an evil look in his father's eye, which made Tom quail for a moment; but his courage came back quickly.

"I'm not scared by thee," he said, his eye kindling and his face brightening. "Maybe thee thinks that the room is empty, and there's nobody to stand betwixt us. But God is here, and he sees everything that we do, and hears everything we say; and he can keep me safe. Aye, and he will keep me safe. Or, if it is his will that thee should kill me outright, why, then he'll take me home to him and the Lord Jesus, and I shall see his face,

and stand among the angels. God is in the room with his father."

Tom's bright, keen eyes looked as if he could more than his father saw, and Haslam glared round with a fear and dread which had never possessed him before. He dropped down into his chair, from which he had started in his fury, tried to whistle a merry tune, but the notes quivering, and he took up his pipe again, and peered between his lips.

"Didst ever ask God for those good things says he'll give thee?" he asked, after a long silence.

"Aye," answered Tom, quietly.

"Didst ever get them?" he asked, jeeringly.

"Aye, surely," said Tom. "Before I knew was my Father I used to ask him for clothes, food, and money, and he gave them to me. I got two good suits of clothes, as decent as I could want, and I'd plenty to eat; and I'd seven pounds shillings in the Savings Bank. Thee'd call those good things, I reckon."

Haslam nodded his head, as much as to say "Yes."

"But of late," continued Tom, turning his head in a dreamy way to the fire, and speaking as if to himself, "ever since I know he was my Father, it seems as if I could ask for nothing but what he'd give me. I used to count the things wages for being good, and I thought I was like a master, and was paying me my wages. But now it's all different. He's my Father, and I don't want anything besides what he thinks best for me. As soon as it's time he'll give me food and clothes. There used to come strange thoughts into my head when I was starving in Liverpool, but I didn't know what they meant then, but I do now. If he thought it best for me to lie down in the streets and die, I'd not be afeared but what he'd take me right up to heaven."

"Then, what does thee ask thy Father for?" asked Haslam, in his scolding voice.

"I say 'Our Father,'" answered Tom, in the same dreamy way; and he murmured to himself a low half whisper, all the prayer, asking for the Father's name to be hallowed, and the Father's kingdom to come, and the Father's will to be done, then for himself only the daily bread, the forgiveness of sins, and the deliverance from temptation and evil.

Haslam did not speak again; but as soon as he had smoked out his pipe he pushed back his chair, calling his son a canting hypocrite, and then started off on his mysterious nightly business.

Tom's room was untenanted now except by himself, but it was neither empty nor lonely. A dirty, scantily-furnished room it was, with patches of mildewed plaster on the walls, and with muddy footprints upon the bare floor. The smouldering fire scarcely lit it up, and it was, perhaps, better the dimness than in a brighter light. From the room below, which was occupied by a large family, there came the sounds of rude laughter and wailing. But Tom, bending over the fire, with his eyes still peering into its dull embers, saw and heard nothing of all this outer life.

He could not have put his thoughts into words, but, as he had said, strange thoughts and fears passed through his brain. Once he had been filled with dismay at the thought that God saw him always, and that had been his chief idea about God. It was the one truth concerning him which he had taken the strongest hold of his mind. He had been the poor runaway slave, Hagar, whom the angel the Lord found in the wilderness, he called the name of the Lord, who spake unto him, "The Lord seest me!" Once, as you remember, this had been a source of terror and torment to him, and

had been possible, he would have endeavoured to escape from the eye of God. But ever since he had known God by the name of Father, the thought of His perpetual presence had turned all his life into a solemn gladness and service.

By the diligent reading of his thumb-worn Bible, he had come across this saying of the Saviour: "I shall leave me alone, and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me." Tom thought he could not say the same words; and often at such times he sat in the dusky room, or when he was sheltered from the spring showers under some archway, resting his weary frame upon the steps of an old house, this verse came into his heart with a freshness and strength such as nothing else could give, and turning away his sad thoughts from his father, and his failing strength, and his sore heart, he would say to himself, "Yet I am not alone, because my Father is with me."

(To be continued.)

WHICH WAS THE COWARD?

BY M. E. WINSLOW.

Oh! you may talk all day, if you choose; I can't convince me. Girls always have been cowards, and they always will be, I suppose. It's not right enough to say you're afraid to do things, but when you expect ME to be afraid that's another matter; and I'd thank you not to mention such an idea again. I don't believe even you would like to have your brother known as a coward."

And Robert McKenzie closed the conversation and went down the street, not heeding—perhaps not hearing—his sister's "last word": "I don't think it's cowardly to be afraid to do things."

She went on in her study of her Sunday-school book, which had been interrupted by Robert; but her thoughts troubled her, and her thoughts would wander away from her book, in spite of all her efforts to become interested.

Robert joined a party of boys, and went off with them on the fishing party which had caused the quarrel, and before long accepted the "glass of rum" with which the captain of the fishing-smack had treated the boys. He did not like the taste of rum, and he knew it was wrong to drink it; but he did not like to be laughed at by the other boys, so he was afraid to say "No."

It was Sunday morning when the party set out for their day's pleasure, and it was in reference to the sanctity of the sacred day that Ida had told Robert not to be "afraid" to go.

It was Sunday afternoon, when Ida—returning from Sunday school with a friend—saw at the bottom of the cliff along which the pathway ran, a returned smack in which the party of boys were coming so bravely and defiantly. Where were the boys? At first sight she thought they had all been washed away by the waves, but at length she saw two forms far below, vainly struggling to get hold on the wet rocks.

"We must get help to them somehow," she said to her companion. "I can get down by that rock and that one—don't you see?"

"Yes, but you can't get up again. You'll never stay there till the tide rises, and then you and the boys will be drowned."

"I'll risk it," said Ida. "If some one stood on that rock and held out a hand to the boys they would scramble up and be safe till help came—that help came quickly. You hurry on to the village, and tell all the men to row round and pick us up before the tide rises; it's at the ebb now."

Ida ran away towards the village as fast as

she could, and Ida—agile as girls brought up among the rocks are apt to be—commenced the descent. She had no difficulty in reaching the bottom of the cliff, but there was a wide strip of foaming, angry water between her and the flat rock, to the bottom of which the two boys were clinging. They kept their heads above water by grasping the seaweed at the foot of the rock, but, bruised and beaten with the waves, they could not, unaided, gain a foothold upon the slippery stone.

Robert saw Ida descend the cliff; he saw, also, that were she on the rock her extended hand would so steady the boys that they could climb to temporary safety by its aid, and he shouted, impatiently, "Jump." His sister hesitated a moment, for the distance was considerable, the water looked very angry, and, should she miss the rock, she would be in the same predicament as the boys. It would be even more impossible for her, hampered with skirts, to climb the wet rock than for the boys, who, at least, know how to float. But it was only for a moment. To jump was the only chance, and the thing she ought to do; and, summoning all her resolution, she made the effort, and landed safely upon the broad, flat stone. After this, to lie flat down upon her face, and, stretching out her arm, assist the boys into a position of safety, was the work of a very few moments.

But now another difficulty arose. It was a long time—or so it seemed to the three, as they stood waiting upon the rock—before succour came, and meanwhile the tide began to rise, and Robert McKenzie's terror was extreme.

"You can't see this rock when the tide is high," he said. "We shall all be drowned very soon."

"We must wait," said Ida; "there is nothing else to do. The pebbles at the foot of the cliff are lower than this stone, and will be covered first. God will take care of us."

"He won't take care of me," said Robert, clinging to her. "I went fishing on Sunday, and drank rum—and—I an't the kind of boy he takes care of."

Robert was so completely unmanned by the danger of his position, added to the effects of the liquor he had drunk, that his sister had to use all her efforts to keep him from slipping off the wet rock till a boat came to their rescue, which happened just as their feet were wet with the first advancing wave; and then Robert fainted away altogether.

Boys! which of the two do you think was the coward?—*Temperance Banner.*

THE LIQUOR BUSINESS DEFINED.

It is a business which every merchant and business man hates and detests. It is a business which is the standing dread of every mother. It is a business which is the constant fear of every father. It is a business which is the horror of every wife. It is a business which makes 90 per cent. of the pauperism for which the taxpayer has to pay. It is a business which keeps employed an army of policemen in the cities. It is a business which puts out the fire on the hearth, and condemns wives and children to hunger, cold, and rags. It is a business which fosters vice for profit, and educates in wickedness for gain.

Drunkenness comprises all other vices. It is the dictionary of vice, for it includes every vice. Drunkenness means peculation, theft, robbery, arson, forgery, murder, for it leads to all these crimes.—*Irish Templar.*

NEITHER wine, spirits, nor malt liquors are necessary for health. We are better off without them.

As I Said.

Her eyes are not so lustrous,
Her voice has less of cheer,
While in her hair, once dark as night,
The threads of gray appear.
And, ah! I am reminded,
When I her face behold,
That, though she still is beautiful,
Mother's growing old.

Her cheeks have lost their glory,—
So like the blush of morn,—
Her smiles are flown that used to bless
The heart with sorrow worn;
And when I mark her step, that
Was buoyant once and bold,
I cannot help the thought, so sad,
That—Mother's growing old.

Turn back the years, O Father!
And make her young once more,
Just as my soul remembers her
In happy days of yore.
When at her side, my life in
Full gladness did unfold,
And I, a little child, dreamed not
Mother would grow old.

Beyond these hours so fleeting,
Beyond earth's toils and tears,
In that sweet land I hope to gain
When cease these mortal years,
Nothing shall waste her pure life:
But beauty, manifold
With happiness, shall crown her lot,
And—Mother'll ne'er grow old.

As I Now Say.

The long rough road is ended,
Her weary feet have pressed,
How rough to her weak footsteps,
Perhaps we never guessed;
But—with the weary journey
She'll be no more distressed,
That face we bend and softly kiss
Bears no imprint but that of bliss.

We know that many pages
Within the book of years
She has perused with anguish,
Amid her falling tears;
That partings, change and doubtings
Have caused her many fears.
Forgotten now, each pang of woe,
No grief again her soul will know.

We gaze at her dear features,
Within the casket bound,
And think that she is dwelling
Where changeless peace is found;
That there no painful partings
Her loving heart will wound;
And, weeping for her, "loved and gone,"
We gather strength to walk—

Along the way before us,
Whither—we do not know,
It may be strewn with blessings,
And pleasures we may know,
Or thickly set with dangers,
May bring us naught but woe,
Yet—o'er life's pathway she has come,
At last, unto a heavenly home.

HINDU CARPENTERS.

THEIR wood is mostly hard and it takes a long time to saw the planks, and when sawed they are very thick and fit only for rude workmanship. Carts, doors, frames for doors and windows and benches are about all they make, and they work very slowly. A carpenter likes to sit down on the ground and use his toes for a vise. The people generally use their toes to pick up little things from the ground. I once asked a man why he did not stoop over to pick up a stone. He said it was much better to pick it up with his toes and bring it up to the hand behind his body, for if he were facing a tiger and should stoop over for a stone, the tiger would spring upon him; whereas by picking it up with his foot he could keep his eye on the tiger all the time.

Don't Forget the Boys.

BY MARY W. LYON.

They say the world is growing worse
With every changing year,
That we have nothing at all to hope,
And every thing to fear,
That reckless love of power and gain
All love of good alloys;
That Alcohol is bound to reign—
So don't forget the boys!

The boys who are learning to know his wiles,
And to hate his very name,
To see behind his tempting smiles,
That the end is woe and shame;
To turn away from the offered cup
That body and soul destroys,
Such noble boys we must never give up—
No, don't forget the boys!

They form in line, and proudly stand,
Cadets of temperance true,
Pledged to defend their native land,
And fight for its freedom, too;
Freedom from foes that harm the home
And ruin its sweetest joys;
An army of soldiers, brave and strong—
Oh, don't forget the boys!

'Tis true, they are only in training now,
But the boys will soon be men,
And out of our homes, and out of our schools,
Will come our statesmen then.
A trumpet note of victory blends
With all their fun and noise;
You need never despair of the future,
friends,
If you don't forget the boys.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1095] **LESSON VI.** [Aug. 11

SAMUEL'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

1 Sam. 12. 1-15. Memory verses, 14, 15

GOLDEN TEXT.

Only fear the Lord, and serve him in truth with all your heart: for consider how great things he hath done for you. 1 Sam. 12:24.

OUTLINE.

1. The Just Judge, v. 1-5.
2. The Righteous Lord, v. 6-15.

TIME.—1095 B.C.

PLACE.—Gilgal.

EXPLANATIONS.—*My sons are with you*—These were they who had been Samuel's aids, and had been bribe takers. *Behold his anointed*—That is, the new king. Samuel thus at the outset submits to Saul as his judge. *The righteous acts of the Lord*—That is, the acts of wonderful favour that God had done for them in the past.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

From what in this lesson are we taught—

1. The power of an upright life?
2. The duty of following God?
3. The danger of forsaking God?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. When Samuel had renewed the covenant of the people with Saul what did he do? He abdicated his office as judge. 2. To what did he invite the people's scrutiny? To his official record. 3. What did he confidently claim? A record of perfect integrity. 4. With what did he reproach them? With distrust in God. 5. What was his parting injunction? "Only fear the Lord and serve him," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The value of character.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

37. What do you mean by the almightiness or omnipotence of God?
That God can do whatever he will.
I know that thou canst do everything, and that no thought can be withholden from thee.—Job 42:2.
Matthew 19:26.

B.C. 1079] **LESSON VII.** [Aug. 18

SAUL REJECTED BY THE LORD.

1 Sam. 15. 10-23. Memory vers. 22, 23

GOLDEN TEXT.

Because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, he hath also rejected thee from being king. 1 Sam. 15:23.

OUTLINE.

1. The Rejected Word, v. 10-21.
2. The Rejected King, v. 22, 23.

TIME.—1079 B.C.

PLACE.—Gilgal.

EXPLANATIONS.—*It repenteth me*—God is represented always as subject to emotions of a finite character. Saul was God's choice as king, and if he would could have wrought out obedience to God's will. But he chose to disobey, and, to be just, God could do nothing but reject him, and so human language pictures God's attitude toward the persistent sinner as if God had changed; but it was Saul and not God who had changed. *Set him up a place*—Saul probably set him up a monument or memorial of his victory. *Fly upon the spoil*—That is, Saul had hastened to take for plunder or booty the choicest of the flocks and herds instead of obeying God.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That sin is sure to be found out?
2. That God demands full obedience?
3. That rejection of God means rejection by him?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Whither did Jehovah send Saul? To destroy the Amalekites. 2. How did Saul disobey? He saved the best of the spoil. 3. What excuse did Saul make for this act? That they were for a sacrifice. 4. What lesson did Samuel then teach him? "Obedience is better than sacrifice." 5. What judgment was then pronounced against him? "Because thou hast rejected," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The fruit of disobedience.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

38. What do you mean by the omniscience of God?

That God knows all things—past and present and future.

39. How does the Scripture describe this knowledge?

It teaches that God knows every thought in man's heart, every word, and every action.

A BRAVE GIRL.

BY O. M.

I HEARD a man tell the other day of a brave little girl of his. She was walking along the street one day when she saw a drunken man. He was ill-clothed, dirty, and looked as if he had no friends. She pitied him, and went up to him and spoke kindly. He answered so roughly that she was a little frightened, and said, while the tears came to her eyes: "O sir! I did not mean any harm, and I am sorry if you are angry with me; but I know it is wrong to drink liquor, and I thought I must tell you so. Won't you give it up?"

He did not answer her, but looked after her as she went away, and finally followed her. He walked pretty far, and when he caught up to her she saw there were tears in his eyes also, and then her fears left her. He took her hand in his and said: "My dear child, forgive me for speaking harshly to you. I would not hurt you. I know I ought to give up the drink, and have tried to, oh! so many times, but the habit is too strong. But yours are the first kind words spoken to me for

many a day. I once had a little girl who always spoke to me as kindly as you have now, but that was long ago. For your sake I will try again."

She then took him to the rooms of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union (of which her mother was a member), where he signed their pledge-roll and received the help and encouragement he so much needed. Today he is an active member of a church, and a respected citizen.

Do you say that little children can do nothing to reclaim those who have gone astray, and that the little they can do in any good cause won't amount to much? Let this incident convince you, for it proves to the contrary. Numerous incidents can prove the truth of the declaration, "A little child shall lead them."

IF I WERE A BOY.

If I were a boy I would not use tobacco in any way. There are men who think it right to smoke, and I am not going to discuss the question as regards men; but whatever may be said of them, there is no intelligent man anywhere, whether he himself smokes or does not smoke, whether he thinks it right or wrong for men to smoke, who does not think it always wrong for a boy. There is a great difference between the effects of tobacco upon a growing person and its effects upon one who has his growth. It hurts a growing boy a great deal more than it hurts a growing man. I have my doubts whether anyone ever uses it habitually without being injured by it; but it is perfectly certain—all the doctors agree on this—that it is always injurious for boys. Here, for instance, is the word of one doctor, who thinks it no harm for some men to use it:—

"To young persons," he says, "under twenty-five years or so," tobacco, even in small quantities, is so apt to disorder health in some way or other, that for such it should be considered generally harmful."

For the same reason, if I were a boy, I would not drink beer or wine, or any kind of alcoholic liquor. Here, too, there is a dispute among the doctors—some of them saying that men may sometimes drink wine or beer without harm; but here, too, they all perfectly agree that for boys such drinks are always harmful.

A great many boys in this country are learning to drink beer. Some of them think there is no harm in it; but in thousands of cases it has wrought a deadly train of misery along with it. It has crippled many a man's very best powers; it has been the beginning of drunkenness and blighted lives. And not only because of the probable harm to yourselves, but because of the trouble and poverty and sorrow that it causes all over the land, have nothing to do with it.—*Saint Nicholas.*

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