

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité irrégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, JULY 21, 1888.

[No. 15

## FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

JOHNNY has been thinking hard thoughts of farmer Thompson because the wall around his orchard is so high that small boys cannot entertain a hope of possibly climbing to the top of it and occasionally getting a taste of the ripe fruit that hangs so temptingly over. But this morning a bright thought struck him when he spied that

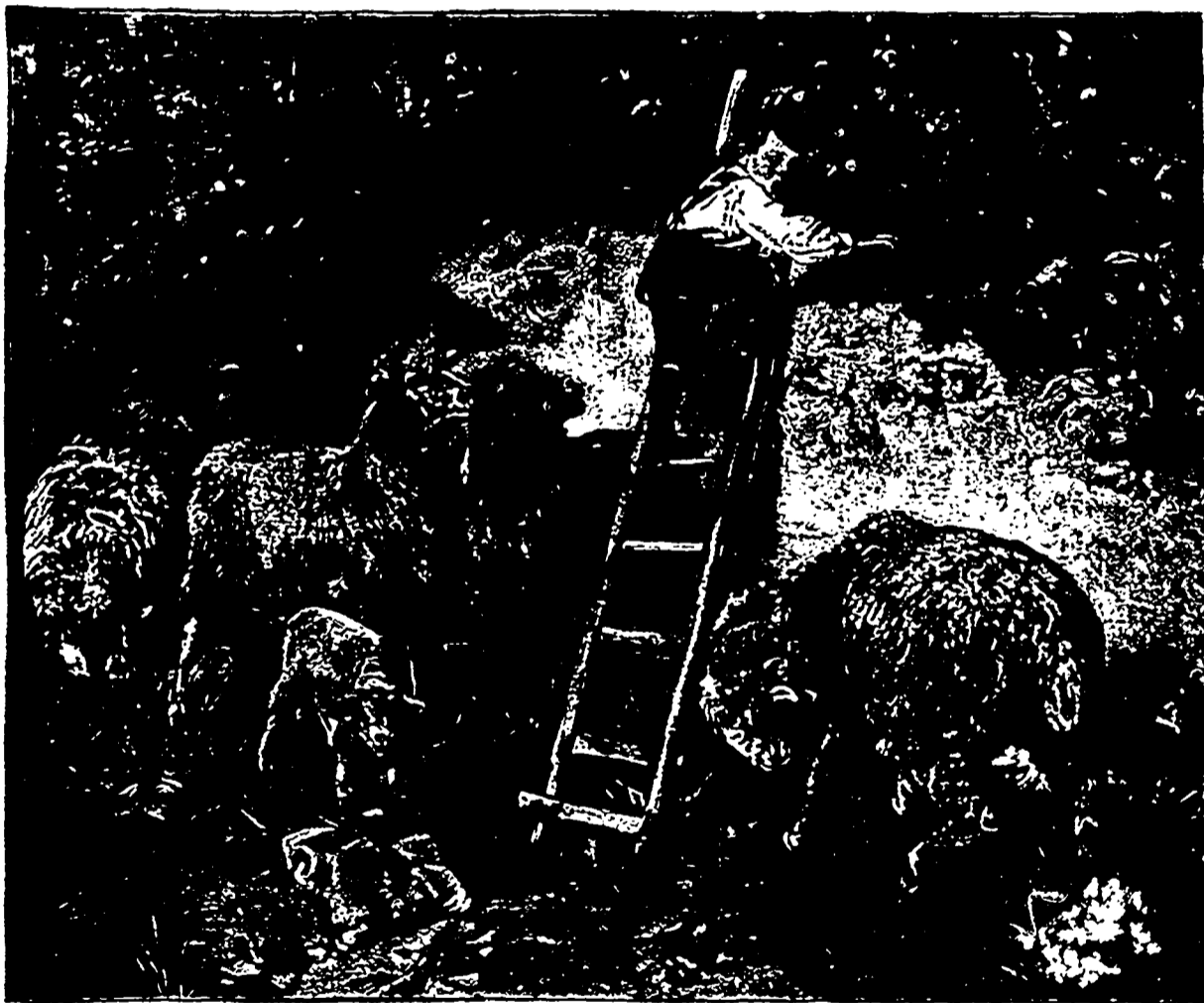
mak'n; it tip in a very unpleasant manner. "What will that sheep do next? If this ladder falls where shall I be? Oh, how I wish I had never tried to get those apples!" These thoughts flash swiftly through poor Johnny's mind while his mouth is fixed for one long loud "Oh!" Poor Johnny, we pity you. You never once thought the old sheep would turn

## THAT LAST CRY!

It is said the last cry that was heard on board the ill-fated *Schiller* when wrecked, was that of a little child in the cabin! While the ship was being dashed upon the relentless rocks, and three hundred and fifty human beings went down to a watery entombment, the piteous cry of the little one was heard.

adversary? Who will launch the life-boat, and pulling at the oar right manfully, amid the angry waves, bring him safe to land, and give him to his mother? Who?

A child was in the street, helpless, exposed, well-nigh under the wheels of a vehicle. A woman sprang out hurriedly from an adjoining house, and snatched the precious one from the



FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

old ladder lying near, and it was only the work of a minute to drop his bag of school books, place that ladder against the wall, at the very place where the rosy apples hang lowest, and nimbly, though rather fearfully, ascend it. But terror soon overtakes the little lad and all anticipations of the sweetness and juiciness of those apples are lost in the thought of his dangerous position on that ladder while the old sheep is at the foot of it

regulator and interpose to save farmer Thompson's fruit, did you? 'Twas forbidden fruit, Johnny; had you forgotten that? I think your experience of to day will help you to realize the truth contained in the following sentence: "The way of the transgressor is hard."

THE JAPANESE SAY: "A man takes a drink, then the drink takes a drink, and next the drink takes the man."

Alas! for our humanity, the bitter cry of children comes to our ear on every hand—children more horribly exposed than on the *Schiller*. Yes somebody's child is in peril! It may be that the iron grasp of the rum-vendor is upon him—or the deep-laid scheme of the gambler threatens him—or the dark-souled libertine pants for his blood. Who will rescue that child, the son of many prayers, it may be? Who will break the snare of the

jaws of destruction. "Is that your son?" was the enquiry of a passer. "No," replied the noble woman, "but it is somebody's son!" Ah' yes; on every thoroughfare—on every sea—"somebody's son" is nigh unto death. To the rescue, Christians, to the rescue!

THE YOKE A MAN CREATES FOR HIMSELF BY WRONG-DOING WILL BREED HATE IN THE kindest nature.

**When Mother Came to Kiss Me.**

Is the many recollections that he scattered  
through the years,  
Are some that find me smiling and some  
that make me weep,  
But the nearest one, the dearest one, be-  
dimmed with smiles and tears,  
Is when mother came to kiss me before I  
went to sleep.

When I lay awake and listened in the slowly  
deepening gloom,  
Until I heard her footstep come softly up  
the stair,—  
When the knowledge of her presence seemed  
to light the sombre room,  
And the very thought of mother was in  
itself a prayer.

The cool, white hands that lingered, the  
loving finger-tips  
That in the darkness found me and rested  
on my brow,  
The starry eyes that sought me, and then  
her dewy lips  
That clung to mine so purely—I seem to  
feel them now.

"Our Father"—"Now I lay me"—and  
"Hallowed be thy name."  
These words are a mockery, an echo from  
the dead,  
Yet they sounded so familiar in the days  
when mother came  
Through the shadows, like an angel, to  
stand beside my bed.

Peccavi! Aye! Peccavi, thus the voice of  
conscience rings  
As an echo's sound is wafted o'er the  
bosom of the deep,  
Yet somewhere, in the after days, a waiting  
siren sings  
Of Death, who comes to kiss us before we  
go to sleep.

Still in my soul is living what fate can ne'er  
destroy;  
A light from out the days gone by that  
sorrow cannot dim,  
When love holds up in fancy's guise a per-  
fect cup of joy,  
Where beaded memories gather, all smil-  
ing at the rim.

I drink to happy moments that never fade  
away,  
Which blossoming in my heart of hearts,  
their fragrance always keep.  
Dear God! when in my innocence, a little  
boy I lay,  
And mother came to kiss me before I went  
to sleep.

**THE TRUTHFUL PIONEER'S BOY.**

NEARLY sixty years ago, a gaunt,  
awkward boy of sixteen, looked in at  
the open door of a small log cabin, on  
the outer edge of one of our Western  
frontiers, and pleasantly inquired,  
"Any chores you wish done, mother?  
I came home early on purpose this  
evening, for I want to begin that job of  
chopping to-morrow, and I want to  
take an early start."

"You are a good son, Abram, to  
think of me," replied the woman,  
proudly, turning at the sound of his  
voice.

"I am sure I know of no one who  
has a better right to be in my  
thoughts," the boy returned.

The woman smiled upon him pleas-  
antly, and then handed him a couple  
of buckets, saying, "If you are a mind  
to give a lift, you may fill the tubs  
with water from the spring, as to-

\* I have slained.

morrow will be washing day; and  
then if you would just see where the  
cow has strayed and bring her in and  
milk her, I assure you I would be  
greatly obliged."

"I'll have her pailed in good time,  
mother; never fear. Come, Sallie,  
and ride down to the spring," he con-  
tinued, perching his little seven-year-  
old step-sister on his broad shoulders.

I am persuaded that very few of my  
young friends ever looked upon such  
an ungainly specimen of humanity as  
was this tall, awkward prairie boy, who  
went striding to the spring, chatting  
merrily with his little sister, who de-  
clared that he was far better than real  
brothers, who were always teasing  
their sisters.

I am sure the tired woman who  
watched him from the cabin door  
thought him very beautiful, in spite of  
his homely features and uncouth ways.

"Come, Sallie," called her mother,  
just as the little girl mounted her  
brother's shoulders for a fine race  
through the tall grass in search of the  
cow. The child not wishing to be  
cheated out of the sport, showed no  
disposition to obey, until her brother  
placed her on the ground, saying:

"Mother called, Sallie. Run and  
see what she wants."

The little girl hung her head, but  
obeyed her brother without question-  
ing.

"God bless the boy! He could not  
be any better to me if he were my  
own. I do not know how I could get  
along without him."

"Without him! I don't know as  
you need worry about that, mother,"  
replied her husband. "Abram will  
not leave us for many a day."

"I hope he will think it best to  
make his home with us; but, take my  
word for it, that boy will not be shut  
in by hewn logs much longer. You  
will be proud of him yet, father."

"I am in no way ashamed of him  
now," the old man returned, "May-  
hap he will take a place for himself in  
the world yet, for he takes to book  
larnin' like a duck to water."

"You will hear from him if you live  
long enough, father; never fear," the  
woman responded, with an emphatic  
nod of her head.

Long before the sun was up, the  
boy had completed his work in and  
around the cabin. Sallie was anxious  
to go with him to the woods, but her  
mother objected, and he set out alone.  
With his axe slung over his shoulder,  
he made long strides over the trodden  
path, whistling merrily as he went.

When over a mile from home, he  
was startled by a little figure spring-  
ing from the wayside thicket, with  
"I beat you, Abram;" but the laugh  
had changed into a piteous cry, for  
the little girl had struck the axe and  
cut a deep gash just above her ankle.

"Sallie, how came you here when  
mother told you to remain at home?"  
inquired her brother, as he tried to  
stop the flow of blood by applying  
broad plantain leaves. After he had

partially succeeded, he tore half the  
sleeve from the coarse white shirt he  
wore and bandaged the injured limb  
as gently as her mother would have  
done.

"There now, sis! Tell me how you  
got here?" And the girl told how  
she had cut across lots in order to  
frighten him.

"You frightened yourself much  
worse than you did me," he said with  
a smile; "but the saddest thing about  
it is, you disobeyed mother."

"You won't tell, Abram?" sobbed  
the child.

"No; you must tell her all about  
it yourself, Sallie. First, tell the  
truth, no matter what happens," he  
said, as he lifted her in his great,  
strong arms and walked rapidly home.  
Placing her on the door-step, he whis-  
pered, "Now hop in and tell her the  
truth; better be whipped than tell a  
lie. Now, good-by; I must be off, for  
the morning is running to waste."

Sallie did tell the truth, and re-  
ceived her mother's forgiveness; nor  
did she ever forget the two lessons—  
those of obedience and truthfulness—  
that her brother tried to teach her  
that bright autumn morning. I need  
not tell that honest Abraham Lincoln  
preserved his truthfulness and integrity  
even in the most trying hours of our  
country's existence, for a boy with his  
sterling principles may always be  
relied on. Always tell the truth, no  
matter what may happen.—*Christian  
Standard.*

**A SERMON FROM A PAIR OF  
BOOTS.**

THERE lived forty years ago, in  
Berlin, a shoemaker who had a habit  
of speaking harshly of all his neigh-  
bours who did not feel exactly as he  
did about religion. The old minister  
of the parish in which the shoemaker  
lived heard of this, and felt that he  
must give him a lesson.

He did it in this way. He sent for  
the shoemaker one morning, and when  
he came in said to him:

"Master, take my measure for a  
pair of boots."

"With pleasure, sir," answered the  
shoemaker. "Please take off your  
boot."

The clergyman did so, and the shoe-  
maker measured his foot from toe to  
heel, and over the instep, noted all  
down in his pocket-book, and then  
prepared to leave the room.

But as he was putting up the meas-  
ure the pastor said to him:

"Master, my son also requires a  
pair of boots."

"I will make them with pleasure.  
Can I take the young man's measure?"

"It is not necessary," said the  
pastor; "the lad is fourteen, but you  
can make my boots and his from the  
same last."

"But, sir, that will never do," said  
the shoemaker, with a smile of surprise.

"I tell you to make my son's on  
the same last."

"No, sir, I cannot do it."

"It must be—on the same last."

"But it is not possible, if the boots  
are to fit," said the shoemaker, think-  
ing that the old pastor's wits were  
leaving him.

"Ah, then, master shoemaker," said  
the clergyman, "every pair of boots  
must be made on their own last, if  
they are to fit; and yet you think  
that God is to form all Christians  
according to your own last, of the same  
measure and growth in religion as  
yourself. That will not do either."

The shoemaker was abashed. Then  
he said:

"I thank you for this sermon, and  
I will try to remember it, and to judge  
my neighbours less harshly in the  
future."

**A Lost Day.**

Lost! lost! lost!  
A gem of countless price,  
Cut from the living rock,  
And grav'd in Paradise.  
Set round with three times eight  
Large diamonds, clear and bright,  
And each with sixty smaller ones,  
All changeful as the light.

Lost! lost! lost!  
I feel all search is vain;  
That gem of countless cost  
Can ne'er be mine again!  
I offer no reward,  
For, till these heart-strings sever,  
I know that heaven-intrusted gift  
Is left away forever!

But when the sea and land  
Like burning scrool have fled;  
I'll see it in his hand  
Who judgeth quick and dead;  
And when, for scathe and loss  
That man can ne'er repair,  
The dread inquiry meets my soul,  
What shall it answer there?

**BRAVE TOM.**

BY EDITH CORNFORTH.

TOM is six years old. He is such a  
queer boy. He is round-faced, and  
square in figure. He is so curious.  
He likes to know things, and does not  
mind how patient he has to be if by  
waiting he can learn. He loves music.  
I have known him sit beside the piano  
quite still for more than an hour.  
He frowns and looks so cross if folk  
talk when anyone is singing or play-  
ing.

Last week Tom's tonsil was so  
swollen that the doctor said he must  
cut it. Tom was so very curious how  
his throat could be cut that he was in  
a hurry to have it done, so the doctor  
fetched his instruments and did it.

Tom stood before him firm as a  
rock, opened his mouth very wide, and  
let him snip off the swollen piece.  
Tom never winced. He says it did  
not hurt at all.

The doctor declares that out of a  
thousand patients in all, the big people  
as well as children, he could not find  
anyone braver than Tom.

Tom says he wanted to know how  
it was done. Now he knows. Brave  
Tom!

**The School-house on the Hill.**

BY MARGARET STEWART SIBLEY.

On a windy height of a country road,  
The school-house stood, in teeth o' the blast;  
Summer and winter it shivered and creaked,  
In the wildest gale that hurtled past.

Summer and winter, its front to the north,  
Unsheltered by trees from cloudless sky;  
While the urehins played in sand or snow,  
In track o' the wheels, as teams went by.

The clumsy old blackboard, the rusty stove,  
The whittled benches, with traps for flies,  
And the books on the master's inky desk—  
I see them all when I shut my eyes.

We lived in a world of our school-days then,  
"I'm up at the head! I spelled that way!"  
So proud of our victories, we could face  
The Ogre of Composition Day!

And we learned (to be sure we learned) to  
parse,

Ciphered our sums, or we felt the rule,  
And spoke a piece in our starchiest clothes  
When trustees came to visit the school.

Like the gladiators in brave, old Rome,  
Soldiers besieging a leagured town,  
We stood in the ranks of the spelling-school  
Till the fatal word had knocked us down.

When the master rapped with rule on the  
sash,

We knew the signal to call us in.  
"The school is dismissed"—they were wel-  
come words,

And out we rushed with a headlong din!

Smile, if it please you, at old-fashioned ways,  
The lessons we learned have served not ill,  
We've a smile and a tear for old-time days,  
The dear old school-house up on the hill!

When lessons and life are over at last,  
May the roll-call find us conscience clear,  
And the Master smile a loving "Well-done!"  
As, low at his feet, we answer, "Here!"

**"HOME, SWEET HOME."**

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, the author of  
"Home, Sweet Home," was a wanderer on the face of the earth, and never had a home after he left his father's roof in Massachusetts. His body was not long since laid in Oak Hill Cemetery in Washington, having been brought over from Tunis, where he died in 1852. Over 100,000 copies were sold of "Home, Sweet Home" the first year after its publication. In two years the publisher cleared \$10,000, but Payne never received a cent for it. The melody, is believed to be a Sicilian air.

Payne was American Consul at Tunis when he died. He once said: "How often I have been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, London, or some other city, and have heard persons singing 'Home, Sweet Home,' without having a shilling to buy myself the next meal or a place to lay my head! The world has literally sung my song till every heart is familiar with its melody; yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood, and in my old age have to submit to humiliation for my bread."

Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may  
roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like  
Home;  
A charm from the skies seems to hallow  
us there,  
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met  
with elsewhere.

Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home,  
There's no place like Home,  
O, there's no place like Home.

I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear  
wild,  
And feel that my mother now thinks of her  
child;  
As she looks on that moon from our own  
cottage door,  
Through the woodbine whose fragrance shall  
cheer me no more.

Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home,  
There's no place like Home,  
O, there's no place like Home.

An exile from Home, splendor dazzles in  
vain;  
O give me my lowly-thatched cottage again;  
The birds singing gaily that came at my  
call;  
Give me them, and that peace of mind,  
dearer than all.

Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home,  
There's no place like Home,  
O, there's no place like home.

**A SCIENTIST AMONG SAVAGES.**

A POPULAR magazine says that "the Russian scientist Dr. Maclay had a very hard time among the natives of New Guinea. One morning they found him sitting on his trunk on the beach; and as they had never seen a white man before, and had not seen the ship which landed him there in the night, they made up their minds that he had descended from heaven. The doctor encouraged them in this belief, but he soon found that he had accepted a character which it was very difficult to fill in a manner to satisfy his hosts.

"As they had never before entertained a living inhabitant of the sky, they did not want to lose him, so they kept him closely imprisoned. If he was from the gods, they thought, nothing should frighten him, and so they shot arrows close to his head and neck; indeed, two of the arrows wounded him severely. They tied him to a tree, and pressed their spears against his teeth until he was obliged to open his mouth, though what divine attribute this action was intended to test it is difficult to imagine. Then they deprived him of food for so long a time that his life was endangered, for surely, they thought, one who had come from the gods could have no use for earthly food.

"Finally they decided that a person who ate as much as the good doctor could hardly be a heavenly being, and as he must have come from somewhere, they decided that he was a recent arrival from the moon. This was fortunate for Dr. Maclay, as his captors did not seem to expect so much from a mere moon-creature, and his life among the naked inhabitants of the islands was comparatively pleasant. They could not help but admire the pluck with which he had endured their too-pressing attentions on his first arrival, and when they found out that he was a very kind-hearted man, and that he had much skill in medicine, they treated him with great respect as a superior being.

"An English traveller who visited the islands after the doctor had left, found the name of Maclay a 'name to conjure with,' for no sooner had he spoken it than the natives crowded around him, eager to do honour to Maclay's brother, as they called him."

**"T'WAS MY MOTHER'S."**

A COMPANY of poor children, who had been gathered out of the alleys and garrets of the city, were preparing for their departure to new and distant homes in the west. Just before the time for the starting of the train, one of the boys was noticed aside from the others, and apparently very busy with a cast-off garment.

The superintendent stepped up to him and found that he was cutting a small piece out of the patched lining. It proved to be his old jacket, which, having been replaced by a new one, had been thrown away. There was no time to be lost. "Come, John, come!" said the superintendent, "what are you going to do with that old piece of calico?"

"Please sir," said John, "I am cutting it to take with me. My dear, dead mother put the lining into this old jacket for me. This was a piece of her dress, and it is all I shall have to remember her by." And as the poor boy thought of that dead mother's love, and of the sad death-bed scene in the old garret where she died, he covered his face with his hands, and sobbed as if his heart would break.

But the train was about leaving, and John thrusting the little piece of calico into his bosom "to remember his mother by," hurried into a carriage, and was soon away from the spot where he had seen so much sorrow.

Many an eye has moistened as the story of this orphan boy has been told; and many a heart prayed that the God of the fatherless and motherless would be his friend. He loved his mother, and we cannot but believe that he obeyed her and was a faithful child.

Will our little readers, whose parents are yet spared to them, always try to show their love by cheerful obedience, knowing this is pleasing to the Lord? Will the boys, especially, always be affectionate and kind to their mothers?

Will you keep in mind that if you should some day have to look upon the face of a "dear, dead mother," no thought would be so bitter as to remember that you had given her pain by your wilfulness or disobedience?

THE Pope has addressed a letter to the bishops in the East Indies exhorting them to redouble their zeal for the spread of the Gospel in those regions.

"MOTHER," said a little boy, "I waked up thanking God." That is waking up beautifully. A child waking up so will never come down stairs cross, or find fault with his breakfast.

**WHAT STANLEY THINKS OF THE USE OF LIQUOR.**

HENRY M. STANLEY is a hero after the boys' own hearts. He has travelled over the greater part of the earth's surface; he has fought with elephants, tigers, boa-constrictors, lions and the wild tribes of Africa. He has opened up a country to civilization and done many things that will leave his name a shining one in history. No fairy brought this about. Stanley was a poor boy, and by sheer perseverance and a willingness to work he made a place for himself. He kept his eyes and ears open and used his brains. He has done one thing more that has enabled him to accomplish his work. He said, in an interview with a reporter of *The Herald of Health*:

"At Zanzibar I formed an expedition for the finding and relief of Dr. Livingstone. I employed two white men and two hundred natives. One of the white men (Shaw) had been mate on an American ship, and the other (Farquhar) mate of an English ship. Both had been accustomed to hardship, but were fond of liquor. It was the awful consequences attending their indulgence in it that first aroused my attention to the effect of alcoholic stimulants in Africa. I sent Farquhar forward a few miles to form camp, and when paying up the hotel and other bills found that he had drunk eighteen bottles of brandy before starting. The effect upon him was still visible after we had journeyed one hundred and fifty miles. He then became dropsical and died. Shaw had been helping him to consume the brandy at Zanzibar. He was morose, and when he could get no more left me at Unyanyembe, five hundred miles' march. His object was to find an opportunity to drink to his heart's content of the stale beer obtainable there. I heard that he, in delirium, I suppose—put an end to his life. I continued my journey with the natives until I found Livingstone, a few weeks afterward. He was lodged at a place within nine hundred miles of Zanzibar, to reach which it took me eight months.

"Was Dr. Livingstone a teetotaler?"

"In Africa he never touched liquor of any kind."

"What was the nature of the fare you were able to procure on your way through the country?"

"Goat-meat and Indian corn-cake, bananas and milk."

It does not take a wise boy long to decide what life pays best—one that is clean and wholesome, devoted to honest work, or one that gives pleasures that end in pain and suffering and disgrace—that takes as its motto, "A short life and a merry one."

No boy ever became a great man except a he kept faith with cleanliness, good morals and devotion to the work he felt was to be done in the world by him.—*The Christian Union*.

## The "Goodest" Mother.

EVENING was falling cold and dark,  
And the people hurried along the way  
As if they were longing soon to mark  
Their own home-candle's cheery ray.

Before me toiled in the whirling wind  
A woman with bun the great and small,  
And after her tugged, a step behind,  
The bundle she loved the best of all.

A dear little roly poly boy,  
With rosy cheeks and jacket blue,  
Laughing and chattering, full of joy,  
And here's what he said I tell you true:

"You're the *goodest* mother that ever was!"  
A voice as clear as a forest-bird's;  
And I'm sure the glad young heart had cause  
To utter the sweet and loving words.

Perhaps the woman had worked all day  
Washing or scrubbing; perhaps she sewed;  
I knew by her weary footfall's way  
That life for her was an uphill road.

But here was a comfort, children dear:  
Think what a comfort ye might give  
To the very best friend you can have here,  
The mother dear in whose house you live,

If once in a while you'd stop and I say,  
In task or play, for a moment's pause,  
And tell her, in a sweet and winning way,  
"You're the *goodest* mother that ever was."  
—Margaret E. Sangster.

## OUR PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated.....	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together.....	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.....	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp., 8vo., monthly.....	0 40
Berean Leaf Quarterly, 16 pp., 8vo.....	0 06
Quarterly Review Service, by the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a doz., 50c. per 100.	
Home and School, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies.....	0 30
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies.....	0 30
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies.....	0 15
20 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies.....	0 15
20 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month.....	6 50

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,  
Methodist Book & Publishing House,  
78 & 80 King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COATER, S. F. HICKSIS,  
5 Bleury street, Wesleyan Book Room,  
Montreal, Halifax, N. S.

## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JULY 21, 1888.

## THE PRICE OF A SOUL.

A DAUGHTER came to a worldly mother and said she was anxious about her sins, and she had been praying all night. The mother said: "Oh! stop praying! I don't believe in praying. Get over all these religious notions and I'll get you a dress that will cost \$500, and you may wear it next week to that party." The daughter took the dress, and she moved in the gay circle, the gayest of all the gay, that night; and, sure enough, all religious impressions were gone, and she stopped praying. A few months after she came to die, and in her closing

moments she said: "Mother, I wish you would bring me that dress that cost \$500. The mother thought it a very strange request, but she brought it to please the dying child. "Now," said the daughter, "Mother, hang that dress on the foot of my bed," and the dress was hung there, on the foot of the bed. Then the dying girl got up on one elbow and looked at her mother, and then pointed to the dress and said: "Mother, that dress is the price of my soul." *Selected.*

## KEEP PURE.

THANK God for two things—yes, for a thousand; but for two among many: First, that I was born and bred in the country, of parents that gave me a sound constitution and a noble example. I never can pay back what I got from my parents. If I were to raise a monument of gold higher than heaven it would be no expression of the debt of gratitude which I owe to them, for that which they unceasingly gave, by the heritage of their body and the heritage of their souls, to me. And next to that I am thankful that I was brought up in circumstances where I never became acquainted with wickedness. I know a great deal about it; for if I hear a man say A, I know the whole alphabet of that man's life, by which I can imagine all the rest. If I see a single limb, I have the physiologist's talent by which I know the whole structure. But I never became acquainted with wickedness when I was young by coming in contact with it. I never was sullied in act, nor in thought, nor in feeling when I was young. I grew up as pure as a woman. And I cannot express to God the thanks which I owe to my mother, and to my father, and to the great household of sisters and brothers among whom I lived. And the secondary knowledge of these wicked things, which I have gained in later life in a professional way, I gained under such guards that it was not hurtful to me.

And if there are children that are sometimes impatient of parental restraint, let me say to them, you do not know what temptation you are under, and if held back by your mother, if held back by your father, you shall escape the knowledge of the wickedness that is in the world, you will have occasion, by-and-bye, to thank God for that, more than for silver or for gold or for houses or for lands.

Stay at home nights. There is many a sod that lies over the child whose downfall began by vagrancy at night, and there is many a child whose heart-breaking parents would give the world if the sod did lie over them. What a state that is for children to come to, in which the father and mother dread their life unspeakably more than their death! What a horrible state of things that is, where parents feel a sense of relief in the dying of their children!—Henry Ward Beecher.

## KEEPING ONE'S WORD.

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER was one day taking a long country walk near Freshford, when he met a little girl, about five years old, sobbing over a broken bowl; she had dropped and broken it in bringing it back from the field to which she had taken her father's dinner in it, and she said she would be beaten on her return home for having broken it; then, with a sudden gleam of hope, she innocently looked up into his face, and said, "But ye can mend it, can't ee?" My father explained that he could not mend the bowl, but the trouble he could, by the gift of a sixpence to buy another. However, on opening his purse it was empty of silver, and he had to make amends by promising to meet his little friend in the same spot at the same hour next day. The child, entirely trusting him, went on her way comforted. On his return home he found an invitation awaiting him to dine in Bath the following evening, to meet some one whom he specially wished to see. He hesitated for some little time, trying to calculate the possibility of giving the meeting to his little friend of the broken bowl, and of still being in time for the dinner party in Bath; but finding this could not be, he wrote to decline accepting the invitation on the plea of a "pre-engagement," saying to us, "I cannot disappoint her, she trusted me so implicitly."—Bruce's *Life of General Sir William Napier.*

## DO WHAT IS BEFORE YOU.

Do whatever there is to be done without questioning and without calculation. Make progress in things moral. If need be, utter stammering words. Would you console the troubled if you only had a ready tongue? Take the tongue that you have. Ring the bell that hangs in your steeple, if you can do no better. Do as well as you can. That is all that God requires of you. Would you pray with the needy and tempted if you had eminent gifts of prayer? Use the gifts that you have. Do not measure yourself according to the pattern of somebody else. Do not say to yourself, "If I had his skill," or, "If I had his experience." Take your own skill and your own experience, and make the most of them. Do you stand over against trouble and suffering, and marvel that men whom God hath blessed with such means do so little? Do you say to yourself: "If I had money, I know what I would do with it?" No, you do not. God does; and so he does not trust you with it. "If I had something different from what I have, I would work," says many a man. No; if



SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

you would work in other circumstances, you would work just where you are. A man that will not work just where he is, with just what he has, and for the love of God, and for the love of man, will not work anywhere, in such a way as to make his work valuable.

## A PARABLE.

A CERTAIN tyrant said to one of his subjects, "What is your employment?" He answered, "I am a blacksmith." "Go home," said he, "and make me a chain such a length." He went home; it occupied him several months, and he had no wages all the time. Then he brought it to the monarch, and he said, "Go and make it twice as long." He gave him nothing to do it with, but sent him away. Again he worked on, and made it twice as long. He brought it up again, and the monarch said, "Go and make it longer still." Each time he brought it there was nothing but the command to make it longer still. And when he had brought it up at last the monarch said, "Take it, and bind him hand and foot with it, and cast him into a furnace of fire." These were the wages of making the chain.

Here is a meditation for you to-night, ye servants of the devil! Your master, the devil, is telling you to make a chain. Some have been fifty years welding the links of the chain; and he says, "Go and make it longer." Next Sabbath morning you will open that shop of yours, and put another link on; next Sabbath you will be drunk, and put another link on; next Monday you will do a dishonest action; and so you will keep on, making fresh links to this chain; and when you have lived twenty more years, the devil will say, "More links on still!" And then, at last, it will be, "Take him and bind him hand and foot, and cast him into a furnace of fire." "For the wages of sin is death." There is a subject for your meditation. I do not think it will be sweet: but if God makes it profitable it will do you good. You must have strong medicine sometimes, when the disease is bad. God apply it to your hearts!—Spurgeon.



THE YOUNG ASTRONOMER.

**SIR ISAAC NEWTON.**

SIR ISAAC NEWTON, the greatest philosopher and astronomer of modern days, was born on Christmas day, 1642, at Woolsthorpe, in Lincolnshire.

He was such a very little creature, that his mother declared he might have been put into a quart-mug; and so feeble, that no one thought he could live. But that poor little weak baby was to be one of our greatest instructors; and to find out more of God's wonderful power and wisdom, in the creation of the earth, and those heavenly bodies that shine out to us in the sky than any one had ever before done.

Isaac's mother, who was a widow, carefully nursed him up till he was three years old, when his grandmother took charge of the fatherless child, and after sending him for a while to a day-school in the neighbourhood, placed him, that he might have better teaching, at the grammar-school of Grantham.

He was here chiefly noticed as an ingenious lad, being fond, as boys generally are, of using carpenter's tools, only that he managed them better than boys usually do. Among

the various articles that his nimble fingers and thoughtful little head contrived was a water-clock. A box filled with water, was permitted to escape drop by drop from the lower part, formed the body of this clock. While a piece of wood floating on the surface of the water, was so contrived, as by its gradual sinking, to point out, one after the other, the hours of the day, which were marked on another portion of his ingenious contrivance.

At the age of fourteen, he was taken from school to be made a farmer. But it was soon plain that Isaac was no farmer, nor man of business either. He used to go out at night, as shown in our picture, and mark on a map the position of the stars in the heavens. Each market-day that he was sent to Grantham, instead of busying himself to make good bargains for his corn or hay, he slunk off to an attic in the house where he had lodged while at school, and there sat poring over some old mathematical books, till the servant, who had been sent with him, called to take him home. Sometimes he never reached Grantham at all, but would stop at the roadside, quite taken up with a water-mill, or some such

machine, till the returning waggon picked him up again. This would never do; and his mother, knowing that his inattention to business proceeded neither from idleness nor perverseness, but from his whole soul being taken up with study—instead of forcing him to be a farmer, sent him to college, where he might have his fill of learning. Trinity College, Cambridge, has the honour of having given young Newton his first training in science.

He was in his right place there, and speedily showed how fine a mind he possessed. Within six years, that is, by the time he had reached his twenty-fifth year, he made some of his greatest discoveries, including the one for which he is most celebrated—that of finding out how it is that the moon and stars keep their places, circling in wide space around the sun. This had long puzzled learned men. Newton, sitting in his garden one day, saw an apple fall from the tree; and, strangely enough, as he sat there thinking why it should come to the ground, he found out that the very same thing that made it do so, was that which worked all the wonders of

the regular movements of the heavenly bodies. To understand this would require more learning than you children have. But people with sufficient learning see very well how it is, and that it is perfectly true.

Newton made many important discoveries in other sciences. But his vast knowledge did not make him think highly of himself. Much as he had discovered of God's works, he knew there was so much more still unknown, that, at the close of his long life he said, that, to himself he appeared like a child, picking up a few shells on the sea-shore, while the "great ocean of truth" lay all undiscovered before him.

In the year 1705, he received the honour of knighthood from Queen Anne.

This eminent philosopher died on the 20th of March, 1727, in the eighty-fifth year of his age, and was buried in Westminster Abbey; his pall was borne by the Lord Chancellor, two dukes, and three earls.

He was a man of great amiability and goodness. He was a sincere Christian, and spent much of his time in the study of the Holy Scriptures; nor could anything cause him greater grief than to hear the subject of religion spoken of in a light and irreverent manner.—*Selected.*

**A WORD TO THE BOYS.**

DEAR boys, God wants you in his kingdom. He wants you just as much as he does your father and mother. He wants your heart, your love, your service. He wants you to honour him and live for him. Christ died for you, boys, as much as for any one. His invitation, "Come unto me," means you. You boys can serve him just as faithfully and acceptably and just as easily as older persons. Serve and honour him in your own boy-life and way; be boy-Christians. Being Christians will not make you any less happy and joyous; it will add new joys.

Christ wants you now. Do not wait to become older. It is easier to give your hearts to Jesus and commence to live for him now than it will be when you are older. Every day of delay may take you farther from the Saviour. Those who "seek early" have special promises of success in finding. Christ wants you now—every one of you who read this. Ask him to forgive your sins, however small they may be, for every little sin needs forgiveness, and he alone can give this. Give yourselves to Jesus now, and when you have done this help your companions to do the same.

A GENTLEMAN remarked that he had eight arguments in favour of the prohibitory amendment, and when asked what they were, replied, "My eight children."

THE only way to eternal life is by bearing and keeping the truth

### The Mother Wants Her Boy.

There's a homestead waiting for you, my boy,

In a quaint, old-fashioned town;  
The gray moss clings to the garden wall,  
And the dwelling is low and brown;  
But a vacant chair by the fire-side stands,  
And never a guest is said,  
But a mother prays that her absent son  
Soon may be homeward led,  
For the mother wants her boy.

She trains the vines and tends the flowers,  
For she says, "My boy will come;  
And I want the quiet, humble place  
To be just like the dear old home  
That it seemed when he, a gentle lad,  
Used to pluck the orchard's gold,  
And gather of roses and lilies tall,  
Far more than his hands could hold;  
And still I want my boy."

How well she knows the very place  
Where you played at bat and ball;  
And the violet cap you wore to school  
Still hangs on its hook in the hall;  
And when the twilight hour draws near  
She steals adown the lane  
To cosset the lambs you used to pet,  
And dream you were home again;  
For the mother wants her boy.

She is growing old, and her eyes are dim  
With watching day by day,  
For the children nurtured at her breast  
Have slipped from her arms away;  
Alone and lonely she names the hours  
As the dear ones come and go;  
Their coming she calls "The time of flowers,"  
Their going "The hours of snow;"  
And ever she wants her boy.

Walk on, toil on; give strength and mind  
To the task in your chosen place;  
But never forget the dear old home,  
And the mother's loving face!  
You may count your blessings score on score,  
You may heap your golden grain,  
But remember when her grave is made,  
Your coming will be in vain;  
'Tis now she wants her boy.  
—*Christian at Work.*

## The King's Messenger;

OR,

### Lawrence Temple's Probation.

(A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.)

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER VI.

FINDING THE FOLD.

THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay  
In the shelter of the fold;  
And one was out on the hills away,  
Far off from the gates of gold;  
Away on the mountains wild and bare—  
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, thou hast here the ninety and nine—  
Are they not enough for thee?"  
But the Shepherd made answer, "This of mine  
Has wandered far away from me;  
And, although the road be rough and steep  
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

And all through the mountains thunder-  
riven,  
And up from the rocky steep,  
There rose a cry to the gates of heaven,  
"Rejoice, I have found my sheep!"  
And the angels echoed around the throne,  
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!"  
—*The Lost Sheep.*

LAWRENCE took the poor lad outside  
of the lumber shanty, and walking be-  
neath the frosty stars he talked to him

out of his own experience—the surest  
way of gaining access to a barred and  
bolted heart, and of meeting the diffi-  
culties of a sincere and seeking soul.  
Still the cloud of darkness seemed to  
brood over the mind of this poor raw  
lad, who was yet dimly conscious of  
the deep immortal need of his nature  
—the hunger and thirst of his soul.  
Lawrence, about to bid him good-night,  
shook him warmly by the hand and  
promised to pray for him.

"Will yer now? that's very kind o'  
yer, what's such a scholar to pray  
fur a poor, ign'rant feller like me;  
'pears to me it's time I wuz prayin' fur  
myself."

"Do," said Lawrence. "'If any  
man lack wisdom let him ask of God.'  
He will guide and teach you and bring  
you out all right, if you will only ask  
in the name of Jesus and trust in him."

"But I don't know no prayers,"  
said the poor fellow, "ain't said none  
since I wuz a little chap at my mother's  
knee, long ago I kin remember."

"But you remember the Lord's  
Prayer, don't you?" said Lawrence, in  
a sympathizing tone.

"I don't know," said the poor fel-  
low; "what is it like?"

Almost appalled at such deplorable  
ignorance in a Christian land, Law-  
rence repeated that litany of the Ages  
in which are voiced the wants of God's  
great family of suffering and sorrowing  
humanity.

"Seems to me I have heered that  
afore, at meetin', or somewheres. But  
I ain't a boss hand at rememberin'.  
It does sound nice, though: 'Our  
Father; that means everybody's father,  
don't it? no matter how poor or ign'-  
rant or ragged, don't it? Well, I aint  
never had no father 'cept to cuss and  
swear at mother and me, and p'r'aps  
to beat us when he wuz drunk. I  
guess God must be something like what  
mother wuz. She was amazin' good, I  
tell yer. I've know'd her when there  
wuzn't enough bread for Martha an'  
me, to stint herself an' pretend to eat,  
and give it nearly all to us. An' when  
father wuz bangin' things around, I've  
know'd her to run between us an' him  
when he wuz goin' to beat us,—jest  
like a hen kiverin' her chickens when  
a hawk wuz arter them."

Happy he who rises to his highest  
conceptions of the love of God from its  
sublimest earthly type—the unwear-  
ing, utterly self-sacrificing love of a  
mother for her babes.

Deeply touched at the simple pathos  
of the poor lad's memories of his  
neglected childhood, Lawrence replied,  
"Yes, that's just like God. 'As one  
whom his mother comforteth, so will I  
comfort you,' he says, and 'as a hen  
gathereth her chickens under her  
wings,' so Jesus said he would gather  
his human creatures, if they would  
only let him."

"Did he, now? Why, I allers wuz  
afear'd o' God, an' wanted to hide away  
from him, yo know. Yet many's the  
time, when I've been a-huntin' in the  
woods, I've felt that lonely I didn't

know what to do. An' it wuzn't com-  
pany like Bill Slocum I wanted, but  
some one like mother, only stronger,  
some one that could help me keep away  
from the taverns. An' when I seed  
the wood pigeons in their nests a-creu-  
s'in' under the wings of the old bird,  
I jest wist I could creep somewheres  
and be jest as safe an' as happy as  
they wuz. But then I'd go back to  
the tavern an' play cards with Bill  
Slocum, an' arterwards I'd feel wuss  
than ever."

"My brother," said Lawrence,  
solemnly, "God was calling you to  
Himself; His Spirit was striving with  
yours; he was saying, 'Son, give me  
thy heart.'"

"An' 'stead o' listenin' to him and  
obeyin' him I listened to the devil, and  
minded him, and took to drink, al-  
though I know'd it killed my mother,  
and ruined my father. Oh! what an  
awful sinner I've been! D'ye think  
God 'ud forgive me after all?" asked  
this awakened soul with deep agitation  
of feeling, and with an eager, imploring  
look in his eyes.

"Yes, my brother, I am sure of it,"  
replied Lawrence, with a quiet confi-  
dence that greatly reassured his falter-  
ing heart, bowed down beneath the  
weight of sins now felt for the first  
time. "I am sure of it, for God, for  
Christ's sake, forgave me."

"But you never wuz such a sinner  
as I am," objected this despondent  
soul.

"Yes," said the minister's son, born  
and nurtured in the very lap of piety,  
"I never drank nor swore, it is true;  
but with brighter light and clearer  
knowledge, I long resisted God, and  
was thus, I believe in my heart of  
hearts, a greater sinner in his sight  
than you. But no matter how great nor  
how many your sins may have been,  
still the love of God and the blood of  
Jesus Christ can outweigh them all!"

"I think I understand what you  
mean," said Dowler. "I remember  
wunst when I was quite a little chap,  
mother left me to take care of Martha,  
while she went to milk the cows in the  
fur medder. An' she told me not to  
go into the woods for fear I'd get lost.  
An' when we wuz a-playin', I see such  
a purty butterfly, all purple and black  
and gold, an' I ran after it and Martha  
ran after me; an' when we came to  
the woods we saw such lots of flowers:  
the blue gentian and yellow golden  
rod, an' one splendid cardinal flower,  
they call it. An' we wandered on  
and on, and all at wunst we didn't  
know where we was at all. An' little  
Martha began to cry, an' I got so hun-  
gry, an' it got dark, and we knew there  
wuz wolves in the woods, for we had  
often heered them a-howlin' at night.  
But I felt wust of all 'cause mother'd  
come home an' find us gone, when she  
told us to stay."

"Well, Martha she clean tuckered  
out, and couldn't go no fuder, and  
fell right down on the dried leaves.  
An' I sot down beside her, an' we  
waited there, oh, it seemed like all

night; an' Martha went asleep, but I  
wuz afear'd to shut my eyes for fear  
the wolves 'ud come and eat us. It  
wuz awful dark, I tell yer; and the  
wind wuz a moanin' in the tops o' the  
pines so skeary-like. Bime-by I heerd  
a shoutin' an' hollerin' in the woods,  
an' horns a-blowin', an' men a-beatin'  
the brush as if they was huntin' par-  
tridges.

"But I wouldn't leave little Martha  
for fear I couldn't find her again, and  
when one of the men com'd near I  
shouted as loud as I could, an' the  
man run'd to us with a great flarin'  
torch in his hand. An' who should it  
be but father! an he hugged us and  
danced and shouted—I never see him  
so glad in all my life. An' he took  
Martha in his arms, and the men all  
com'd where he wuz, an' we went home  
together. An' there wuz mother on  
her knees a-reading of the Bible,  
an' she jest jumped up and didn't say  
nothin', but hugged us to her buzzum,  
the tears a-runnin' down her face like  
rain. Father went off to the tavern  
to treat the men; an' nex' mornin'  
mother went into her bedroom with  
Martha and me, an' knelt down an'  
thanked God we'd bee' saved from the  
wolves. An' she asked me, if I didn't  
think I ought to be punished for takin'  
little Martha into the woods? An' I  
said 'I know'd I should.' An' she  
kissed me, an' cried, an' gave me a good  
whippin', an' I never cried a bit, though  
it hurt awful, 'cause I didn't want  
mother to feel any wuss than she did.  
D'ye suppose I didn't know mother  
loved me all the time, an' d'ye think I  
went to them woods again? No, sir-  
ree, an' it wuzn't the whippin' kep' me,  
neither. I didn't want to make  
mother cry again."

"It is just so with God," said Law-  
rence, who had not interrupted this  
long reminiscence. "No mother is so  
glad to rescue her child from death as  
he is to welcome wandering sinners  
who return to him. Though he hates  
their sins he loves their souls. And  
that they might be saved, and at the  
same time their sins not go unpunished,  
he gave his Son to suffer in our room  
and stead, and Jesus bears our sins in  
his own body on the cross."

"Yes, I heerd that afore, but I  
never seemed to understand it, like.  
But those awful sins? that drinkin',  
an' swearin', an' profanin' the name  
of that Good Bein' that's been a-lovin'  
me all the time; oh, how I hate them!  
an' God bein' my helper, I won't never  
do them again. But that won't make  
amends for the past!"

Patiently and lovingly Lawrence  
explained to this untutored soul the  
way of salvation by faith in Jesus.  
Retiring into the shadow of the trees  
they knelt down in the snow beneath  
the silent stars, and wrestled with God  
in prayer. Lawrence used as the lan-  
guage of his petition for this struggling  
soul, that cry of a penitent heart, the  
fifty-first Psalm, to every clause of which  
the sin-convinced suppliant groaned  
assent. As Lawrence uttered the verse.

Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me," the other sprang to his feet with a shout, "I've got it! Halleluyer! I've got it!" As he afterwards explained, when unable to express his feelings more calmly, while he knelt with fast-closed eyes in the snow his whole soul consecrated in prayer, he seemed to behold by the eye of his mind, the Lord Jesus hanging bleeding, interceding on the cross. As he gazed with a look of infinite compassion in his eyes, he seemed to utter, in a tone of tenderest love, "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee," and instantly a tide of light and peace and joy seemed to flood the earnest seeker's soul. He grasped the hand of Lawrence and shook it with vehemence, while tears of gladness flowed down his cheeks.

His sympathizing friend gave vent to his feelings in that grand exultant strain of Charles Wesley's:

"My Jesus to know,  
To feel his blood flow,  
It is life everlasting,  
'Tis heaven below."

In this glad doxology the young convert joined, and the long drawn shadowy forest aisles rang with the music of the strain, while the angels in heaven struck their harps in a more rapturous measure as they rejoiced over the conversion of a soul, the return to the father's house of the prodigal, long lost, now found again, once dead, but now alive.

As they twain walked together to the lumber camp all nature seemed transfigured. The silvery moonlight glistened on the snow like the glorified garments of the saints in heaven. The stars seemed to throb with sympathy and to burn with a tenderer and more lambent light. The snow-laden branches of the spruces seemed stretched in benediction over their heads, and the whisper of the night-wind among the pines seemed to breathe a blessing as it passed. Even the prosaic lumber shanty, with its squalid surroundings, seemed ennobled and dignified, and in some sense rendered awful, as being the arena in which immortal beings were working out their eternal destiny.

THE MAIDEN SERMON.

In doctrine uncorrupt, in language plain,  
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,  
And natural in gesture; much impressed  
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,  
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds  
May feel it too; affectionate in look,  
And tender in address, as well becomes  
A messenger of grace to guilty men.

—COWPER—*The Task.*

Lawrence was greatly cheered and emboldened by this trophy of Divine grace vouchsafed to his humble efforts. He no longer, therefore, hesitated to take up the cross of trying to preach Christ to his fellow-men. On the following Sunday evening, accordingly, a tolerably numerous group were gathered in the shanty to hear his maiden sermon. Some were indifferent, some critical, and some sympathetic, for the lad was

liked in the camp. His face had a rapt expression as he came in from his forest oratory, whither he had retired to seek strength from God in prayer.

He wished to talk to those hard-handed, toiling men, in such a manner as to enlist their interest and sympathy. He therefore selected as his text that Scripture in which the kingdom of heaven is likened to a householder who went into the market-place to hire labourers. He gave out the exceedingly appropriate hymn—

Are there not in the labourer's day  
Twelve hours in which he safely may  
His calling's work pursue?

He had the attention of his humble audience at once. And, what is more, he kept it to the end. He spoke to these, his fellow-workmen in his daily toils, in a manly, simple, straightforward manner. He made no empty attempt at eloquence, an attempt that is almost certain to defeat its object. Like Marc Antony, he only spoke right on what they themselves did know, and completely carried with him the convictions of their judgment and the assent of their wills—and this, we take it, is the true object of the highest kind of eloquence.

He spoke to them of life as the day of their work in God's world, of his claims upon their love and labour, of the grand opportunities and glorious reward he offered them. And as he gazed upon that company of strong and stalwart, although uncouth and uncultivated men, he beheld not merely the rough red-shirted lumbermen, but the candidates for an immortality of weal or woe, who should in a few short years stand with himself before the judgment-seat of Christ to receive the wage of their labour—the "Come ye blessed" that should welcome them to the joys of heaven, or the "Depart ye cursed," that should banish them to the doom of the lost. On this subject he held strong, clear, intense convictions. The thought fired his soul. It gave a burning vehemence to his words, a pleading earnestness to his tones, a yearning tenderness to his countenance, and made his eyes glisten with unshed tears. He spoke out of a full heart and as "a dying man to dying men."

His rude auditors listened with more and more absorbed interest. Presently one ceased to whittle the stick he held in his hand, another unconsciously let his pipe which he held in his mouth go out, another let the tobacco that he was cutting fall on the floor. Now sundry ejaculations of approval were heard, as "That's so," "True for ye," "You bet," and still stronger expressions than these. But they caused no feeling of interruption or incongruity any more than the "Amen," or "Hallelujah" of a Methodist camp-meeting.

After an urgent appeal to accept the service and salvation of Christ, Lawrence gave out the hymn,

Ye thirsty for God, to Jesus give ear,  
And take, through his blood, a power to draw near;

His kind invitation, ye sinners, embrace,  
Accepting salvation, salvation by grace.

He was fond of those long lifting tunes, which had a measured cadence in their swell like that of an ocean wave. The hymn was sung with a right good will, and after a fervent prayer, Lawrence disappeared from their midst. He sought the dim recesses of the forest, and falling on his knees gave vent to his feelings in a gush of tears—tears of holy joy that he had been permitted to preach the glorious Message of the King, the Gospel of salvation to his fellow men.

Every Sunday evening for the rest of the season was similarly employed. Even the most reckless voted that it was "better than playin' cards, an' didn't rile the temper so much either; though it did mak' 'em feel kinder bad sometimes, an' no mistake."

Jim Dowler with the characteristic enthusiasm of a young convert, enjoyed these services immensely.

"That's the sort o' preachin' I like," he would say. "None o' yer readin' outen a book. Mr. Wesley's sermons may be all very good, but I like to look inter a man's eyes when he's a-talkin'; now this preachin' makes a body's soul feel good all the way down to his boots."

"Guess all the soul you've got's in your boots," sneered the Oxford scholar, who among other accomplishments had acquired at that great seat of learning an accent of scepticism and a tendency toward punning. "That kind of talk," he graciously admitted, "is not bad for a lumberman, and may do for the backwoods but it would never do for old Brasenose."

"Who is old Brasenose, any way?" inquired our friend Dennis O'Neal, who was greatly puzzled by Evans' frequent references to his *alma mater*. "Ould brazenhead, he deserves to be called if that prachin' wouldn't suit him."

(To be continued.)

SMALL HINGES.

GREAT doors turn on small hinges. Sometimes a written or a printed line, a spoken word, an expression of feeling, an unexpected opportunity, has changed the whole current of a man's thought enlarged his views, and lifted him out of the narrow sphere in which he dwelt, and in which he had expected to end his days.

But he is not thus lifted up without any effort on his part. The gates in the canal do not yield until the pressure of water is sufficient to open or close them.

The portcullis defies the assaults of the foe, but opens easily to the entreaties of a friend, and formidable barriers that are built for protection in times of war give way to those who come on peaceful errands.

No amount of pushing or beating may move the door through which you are anxious to obtain an entrance, but a slight pressure of the latch or

the turning of a key will give you immediate admission.

We meet with doors at every turn, and some of them it is dangerous to open. They swing on small hinges, and access is easy, but beyond is a deep pit out of which it is not so easy to extricate one's self. We enter simply through ariosity—that is the small hinge—and are dazed and dazzled, and finally blinded to the dangers surrounding us, and cannot seem to find our way back through the door by which we entered. There is loss of will power. When men are anxious to get out of Satan's clutches there is always a way of escape ready for them.

There is no excuse for our staying on the wrong side of any door that swings inward or outward according to our desires.

What wide and blessed doors are hung on the small hinges of prayer! How little we are required to do in order to obtain the most gracious bounty! All over the walls of God's holy habitation, facing earthward, are words of gracious invitation, such as these: "Ask and ye shall receive." "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Knock and it shall be opened unto you."

What do we need more than this? What is there to deter us? Were we to expend the same amount of energy to secure heavenly things that we do to obtain earthly pleasures, we would be rolling in wealth that has no limitation, and living in the perpetual sunshine of God's favour.

To prevent the small hinges from getting rusty, we must keep them in constant use, and ask, seek, knock, according to the soul's need.

A COURTEOUS CAT.

A MEMBER of a zoological society says: "I once had a cat which always sat up at the dinner-table with me, and had his napkin around his neck, and his plate and some fish. He used his paw, of course, but he was very particular, and behaved with extraordinary decorum. When he had finished his fish, I sometimes gave him a piece of mine.

"One day he was not to be found when the dinner-bell rang, so we began without him. Just as the plates were put around for the *entree*, puss came rushing up stairs, and sprang into his chair with two mice in his mouth. Before he could be stopped he dropped a mouse onto his own plate and one onto mine. He divided his dinner with me, as I had divided mine with him."—*Manchester Times.*

A LITTLE girl from the city was on her first visit to the country. While riding near Clifton Springs she saw a lot of cat-tails near the road. "O auntie," she exclaimed, "I never knew before that sausages grew on sticks!"



## Behind the Trellis.

ALL in the mellow autumn,  
When little May was young,  
She wandered where some purple grapes  
Upon a trellis hung.  
"And oh," she cried, "how lovely  
They look upon the vine!  
I know exactly what I'd do,  
If they were only mine.

"I'd give to my dear mother,  
All that her hands could hold;  
And then I'd carry a basketful  
To market, to be sold.  
And the money should buy old Amy,  
Who can neither walk nor see,  
A beautiful little tea-pot,  
And a pound of the nicest tea.

"Ah, me, how I'd like to do it,"  
Said May, with a wistful sigh;  
"But I mustn't touch what isn't mine"—  
And she passed the grape-vine by.  
Now, hidden behind the trellis,  
Was a lady, merry and kind,  
And she said to herself, "This good little  
child  
Shall have the wish in her mind."

That day came a basket, laden  
With grapes for the wondering May;  
And a letter, that made her happier  
Than words of mine can say.  
And never, in all the country,  
Was a prouder child than she,  
When she brought old Amy the tea pot,  
And a pound of Hyson tea!

## LESSON NOTES.

## THIRD QUARTER.

## STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1490] LESSON V. [JULY 29

## THE TABERNACLE.

Exod. 40. 1-16. Memory verses, 1-3

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men,  
and he will dwell with them. Rev. 21. 3.

## OUTLINE.

1. The Tabernacle.
2. The Priests.

TIME.—1490 B.C.

PLACE.—At Sinai.

EXPLANATIONS.—*First day of the first month*—The first of Nisan, one year lacking fourteen days since the departure from Egypt. It was the beginning of their national year. *The things to be set in order*—That is, the cakes of unleavened bread as ordered in Lev. 24. 5-9. *The hanging of the door*—That is, the curtain at the entrance of the tabernacle. *The altar of gold*—That is, the small altar of incense before the holy of holies. *The altar of the burnt-offering*—The great altar which was at the entrance of the tabernacle. *Set up the court*—That is, put into position the stakes or posts for the inclosure. *Hang up the hanging*—Hang up the curtains around the entrance. *The vessels thereof*—The utensils belonging to the tabernacle. *Laver and his foot*—The great laver which contained the water for purification and the base or foundation on which it stood. *Holy garments*—That is, garments pertaining specially to the priestly and high-priestly office.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. That God's house is a holy place?
2. That God's service requires a holy priesthood?
3. That God's commands call for exact obedience?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was the tabernacle? The first church of history. 2. What was it designed to teach? How men could worship God. 3. What great truth did it teach about God? That God is a spirit and invisible. 4. What did it teach concerning man's approach to God? There is one way, and one only. 5. The old tabernacle perished: does the idea still remain? "Behold the tabernacle," etc. 6. How does God dwell among men? By the blessed Comforter, the Holy Ghost.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTIONS.—The Church of God.

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

5. In what part of man is the image of God? In his spirit or soul, which was breathed into him by the Creator. Genesis ii. 7.

B.C. 1490] LESSON VI. [AUG. 5

## THE BURNT-OFFERING.

Lev. 1. 1-9. Memory verses, 4, 5.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. Isa. 53. 6.

## OUTLINE.

1. Man's Offering.
2. God's Atonement.

TIME AND PLACE.—Same as in the previous lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Tabernacle of the congregation*—Rather, "tent of meeting." *Burnt offering*—So called because the whole was burned, and no part eaten by the priests or the offerer. *Without blemish*—Without any defect of any kind, not even the smallest. Among the Egyptians the animal was examined by the priest, and his certificate was affixed in wax to the horns of the beast, and no other could be substituted. *Put his hand upon the head*—This was to show that he was identified with the animal. *Accepted to make atonement*. The act was symbolical, and was a picture of the way God would bring a man into harmony with himself through an entire consecration of life.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. That we all need pardon?
2. That God has provided pardon for all?
3. That all may secure pardon?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How did God teach the people to confess and put away their sins? By whole burnt-offerings. 2. What was the spirit in which the offering must be brought? It was to be offered voluntarily. 3. What kind of an offering was it to be? An offering without blemish. 4. What would be the effect of such an offering truly made? It would be accepted as an atonement. 5. How is it that we can say that Jesus has taken the place of the burnt offering for us? Because, "The Lord hath laid on him," etc. DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Consecration.

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

6. Is then the soul of man created to live for ever? It is immortal, and will not die as the body dies. Ecclesiastes xii. 7. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

## THE KITCHEN GOD OF CHINA.

The gods of China are legion. They are the great images in the large temples and the odd fragments of idols in shrines, the local deities, of which every village, field and mountain has its own; the invisible controllers of the thunder, the rain, the harvest, and the elements; the spirits of all the dead, and especially of one's ancestors; and, besides these, every strange object, and the sight of every inexplicable phenomenon is worshipped.

Oddly-shaped stones, queerly gnarled roots, fantastic bits of wood, waifs brought on the tide, are all gods; but whatever else may be absent from a pagan household, Su Meng Kong is not. He is the God of the Kitchen, and none would dare set up house-keeping without him. He has been a god for hundreds of years. In some families he has no image set up, and the incense sticks burned in worshipping him are stuck in the crevices of the range chimney. Many put his image in the main room of the house.

His birthday is the fourteenth of the seventh month, and on that day every family worships him, each in its own house.

On the twenty-fourth day of the last month of the year, when the gods are supposed to go off for a ten-days' holiday, a paper horse and other travelling equipments are burned for his use during his journey to make his annual report to the superior gods. A lamp is constantly burning during the first days of the new year, to indicate that the family are waiting to welcome him whenever he returns. When children have been away from home, after greeting their parents, they worship Su Meng Kong. If the house-mother rear fat pigs, she credits her success to his good will, and makes suitable thank-offerings to him.—*A. J. Fields.*

## TOMMY'S RESOLUTIONS.

A BOY of our acquaintance became very good on New Year's Day. He withdrew to his room and appeared after an hour or two with a sheet of foolscap paper held up before him. At the top of the sheet was written, "Good Resolutions for 1888." Then came the following somewhat amusing preamble and resolves:

"I, Tommy Dean, knowing that I am not as good as I ought to be, and thinking that I should try to be better on account of my friends, do agree to keep the following resolutions for one year at the very least:—

"I will get up when called once, instead of after I've been called four times.

"I will keep the back part of my hair combed as slick as the front.

"I will shovel snow out of the paths and not grumble about it.

"I will run on errands even if I don't get any nickles for it.

"I will surprise my teacher at school by studying hard most all of the time, and not whisper half as much as I did last year.

"I will brush my clothes every day to save ma from scolding, for it is wicked to scold.

"I will never be late to the table, and so save pa from saying things that hurt my feelings.

"I will not chew gum, I will not be sassy, and I won't quarrel with any of the boys.

"If I break any of these resolutions I will draw a blue mark over it and be sorry."

"Doctor," said a patient, a short time since, after reading over the prescription of a distinguished friend of temperance, whom ill-health had obliged him to consult—"Doctor, do you think a little spirits now and then would hurt me very much?" "Why, no, sir," answered the doctor, deliberately; "I do not know that a little now and then would hurt you much; but, sir, if you don't take any it won't hurt you at all."

## New Books

## JUST OFF OUR PRESS.

## A REVIEW

OF REV. F. W. MACDONALD'S

LIFE OF

WILLIAM MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D

BY

REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, M.A., B.D.

Introduction by Rev. Geo. Douglas, LL.D., and an estimate of the great preacher's character and work in Canada, by Hon. Senator Macdonald.

With portrait of Dr. Punshon.

12mo, Cloth, 160 pages, 60c.

George Millward McDougall,

THE PIONEER, PATRIOT AND MISSIONARY.

BY HIS SON,

JOHN McDOUGALL,

Morley, Alberta.

With introduction by Alex. Sutherland, D.D., and a Chapter on

MANITOBA AND THE NORTH-WEST OF TO-DAY.

12mo, cloth, 244 pages, 75c., with a portrait and illustrations.

## A BUNDLE OF LETTERS

TO BUZY GIRLS

ON PRACTICAL MATTERS.

Written to those girls who have not time or inclination to think and study about the many important things which make up life and living.

By GRACE H. DODGE.

12mo, cloth, 60 cents.

This is a book of practical sense that should be in the hands of every girl. As is well known, Miss Dodge is a member of the New York Board of Education, and no one knows better than she does just what girls need to know and how to tell it to them.

"Josiah Allen's Wife" says of this book: "It is one of the best and most helpful books for girls I ever read. It is written with charming directness and simplicity."

The *N. Y. Herald* says: "The letters are written in the frank, familiar style which makes all Miss Dodge's talks so delightful. There is no conventionality, no formality about them, but every word is as though spoken from heart to heart."

The *Congregationalist* says: "They are plain spoken, sensible, earnestly Christian, and in every way thoroughly valuable."

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

PUBLISHER,

78 &amp; 80 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

C. W. COATES, Montreal, Que.

S. F. HUESTIS, Halifax, N.S.