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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. II.

TORONTO, MARCH 11, 1882.

No. 5.

OUTSIDE.

"HERE is a fountain filled with blood!"
Triumphant was the strain,
And sweet the words whose message found
That wanderer in the rain.
Wayworn and weary, spent with sin,
And dyed with many stains,
Sore needed he the cleansing flood
"Drawn from Immanuel's reins."

He stepped within the open door
To list: the harmonies
Awaked dead echoes in his heart—
His mother's cadences.
"The dying thief!" ("Ah! that am I,
In sin grown old and gray.")
"And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away."

"Thou dying Lamb"—ah! precious words.
He knelt upon the floor
And prayed. Now rose the glorious song—
"Are saved to sin no more."
"Dear Lord," he cried in piteous tones,
Oh! hear a sinner's plea,
And wash me clean in Jesus' blood
From all iniquity."

Now fuller rose the organ tone
Throbbing upon the air,
While blending voices seemed to raise
To heaven that pleading prayer.
And, theme of all the matchless song—
Raising that burdened soul—
Redeeming love, redeeming love!
("By that love make me whole!")

Those lips once but to curses given
Now join the "sweeter song,"
And praises to salvation's power
Unchain the "stammering tongue."
And now the messenger of God
Cries, "Ho! ye thirsting, come."
When, lo! with firm yet humble tread
Returns the wanderer home.



HEVER CASTLE—ENTRANCE GATEWAY, WITH PORTCULLIS.

THE STately HOMES OF ENGLAND.

BY THE EDITOR.

The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand
Amid their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land.

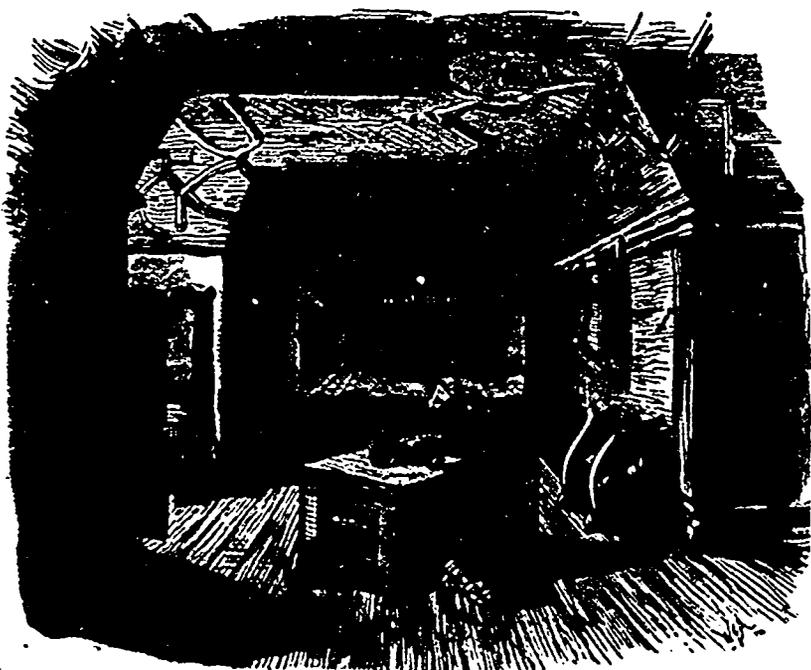
NOTHING more forcibly strikes a traveller from this New World to Great Britain than the number of great estates

and old historic mansions of the English aristocracy. Their gray old towers and ivy-mantled walls are haunted with a thousand thrilling memories "speaking of the past unto the present," and often associated with some of the most noteworthy lives and most notable events in the history of the English-speaking race. He who is familiar with the story of these great houses and of their noble owners, many of whom belong to the most ancient families of the realm, has obtained an insight into English history and English society such as he can obtain in no other way.

A very interesting series of articles on this subject was begun in the February number of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*, which will be illustrated by over forty splendid engravings, of which we give

a few specimens in this paper. The first picture on this page is that of Hever Castle, the birth place of the unhappy Anne Boleyn, the wife of Henry VIII. and mother of Queen Elizabeth. Well for her if she had never wandered forth from the walls of this grim castle, or reached the perilous eminence of a throne. As you will see, by reading your History of England, on a wretched charge she was beheaded, and her scarce cold body huddled into a chest made to hold arrows, and buried in the gloomy Tower, and next day her cruel Bluebeard of a husband married her rival, Jane Seymour.

The second cut on this page illustrates the quaint old interior of Knole House, in Kent. The house is of many different ages. Its history is written in its varied styles of architecture, from the stern strength of its ancient feudal towers to the elegance and luxury of its more modern apartments. Its most characteristic features are its quaint old low-roofed corridors, one of which, the Retainers' Gallery, we present on this page. It runs the whole length of the house, and is strikingly picturesque. The paneled roof, the old portraits on the wall, and mullioned



RETAINERS' GALLERY, KNOLE HOUSE.



IN THE WINTER GARDEN, SOMERLEYTON.

window will be observed; also the steel cuirasses, the helmets, and gauntlets of some grim warrior, who, perchance, has wielded on the field of battle the huge basket-hilted sword which we see. The walls of the adjacent armory—for the old house, by the help of its retainers, withstood more than one stout siege, and had a good store of arms—are lined with old flint and steel muskets of formidable bore, cutlasses, iron skull-caps, fine halberds, and the like. The walls were also loop-holed for archers and musketeers. After a sharp assault, Cromwell captured Knole and carried off several waggon-loads of arms. The house is full of quaint, carved furniture, fine-wrought metal fire-dogs, old oaken chests, such as that in the cut, and frayed and moth-eaten tapestry—wrought by fair fingers long since turned to dust. The great banquet-hall, with its huge fireplace, its solid oaken table, and minstrels' gallery, suggest the Christmas wassailing of the olden time. The private chapel is of stately proportions, flooded with golden light from the old stained-glass windows. The Bible texts on the walls serve to show that it is a Protestant and not Catholic service that is celebrated. The King's Room, with its huge state-bed, has successively given repose to Henry VII., Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, and James I.

"There is not a gallery, not a room," says our author, "that does not teach to the present and the future the lessons that are to be learned from the past. Every step has its reminder of the great men who have flourished in the times gone by, to leave their

'Footprints on the sands of time.'"

The present owners of these old castles are not content with the grim, stern towers and corridors of their ancestors. They have added to them all the luxuries of modern civilization. Especially are they famous for their splendid gardens and conservatories. We give a view of one of the latter (see first page) at Somerleyton, where the lovely arcades, foreign flowers, climbing plants, and statuary, make the depth of winter bloom like summer-time.

The last of these famous old "stately homes of England" we show is Belvoir Castle (see picture on page 5). Its history dates back to the Norman Conquest. William the Conqueror gave to his faithful standard-bearer, Robert Belvidere, this fair estate, with four-score manors beside. A long line of Lords of Belvoir reared its grim fortress, and enlarged its stately halls, and held them for the King and against his foes during the Lancastrian and Parliamentary wars. In 1645 King Charles and Prince Rupert themselves directed its defence. But the cannon of Cromwell battered its walls, and his stern Ironsides took it by storm. Often since has royalty been its guest, and its stately halls have given loyal welcome to the sovereigns of the realm, including—the noblest of her line—Her Majesty the Queen.

The series of articles in the *Magazine* on this interesting subject will run through several months, and will be illustrated with the finest engravings—over forty of them—of these "stately homes" ever published in any magazine on this continent.

These articles will give descriptions and pictures of Windsor Castle, and Buckingham Palace—the royal resi-

dences of our good Queen Victoria; Edinburgh Castle, the scene of such striking historic events; Warwick Castle, Burleigh House, Lowther Castle, Raby House, and others of the old historic homes of England.

Early numbers of the *Magazine* will also have articles illustrated by many beautiful engravings on "The Footprints of Bunyan," "Loiterings in Europe," by the Rev. C. S. Eby, missionary of the Methodist Church of Canada, in Japan, "Rambles among the Hartz Mountains," "Sights and Memories of Bohemia," "Student Life in Germany," "In Rhineland," "Alpine Pictures," and "Switzerland," etc., etc. "The Land of Nile," etc., etc. with many engravings. Also, twelve sketches of famous Missionary Heroes and Martyrs. The substance of many volumes will be condensed into twelve articles of special importance to young people, handsomely illustrated. A story of Canadian Life, entitled "Life in a Parsonage; or Lights and Shadows of the Itinerancy," will also be given.

The leading Methodist paper of the United States, the *New York Christian Advocate*, says, "The CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE is exceedingly well edited, and is an honour to our Canadian friends;" and *Zion's Herald*, the leading one in New England, says: "This is a model religious periodical, neatly published, catholic in spirit, emphatically religious, and with a moderate subscription price, \$2. When taken with the *Christian Guardian*, the two are given for \$3.50, and two handsome cloth bound premium books of, together, 670 pages, for 30 cents each. To schools taking two or more copies, a special reduction. Several schools have taken from two to ten copies for circulation, instead of library books, as being much cheaper and more interesting. Send for special terms. Specimens free. Address, Rev. Wm. BRIGGS, Toronto.

THE LITTLE WILSON BOY.

BY HARRIET A CHEEVER.



HERE were two or three reasons why I did not wish him placed in my Sunday-school class.

First, I had six boys already in my weekly care from

the ages of six to eight years, and that means six irrepressible, irresponsible, lively little beings, about as easily controlled as so many little monkeys would be, and not much more easily.

Then I had heard repeatedly from one of the teachers in the infant department, what a "case" that little Wilson boy was, frequently arresting the exercises with his mischievous pranks; and besides all this, there were smaller classes in which there seemed to be far more room for him than in mine.

But here was an overtaken superintendent standing before me, asking in an almost imploring tone, if I couldn't take "just one boy more," and I understood at once I was not the first teacher to whom he had made application that day in behalf of the "little Wilson boy."

Then on seeing the child my heart relented. His clothes were old and illfitting; and his mat of golden curls in their rich abundance hung over and almost into his lovely blue eyes. Another of Christ's poor little ones, I thought, and the child was admitted.

He behaved pretty well that Sunday, although once when my back was turned, some sly piece of mischief caused a smile to circulate rather freely, I somehow felt at my expense.

But he was *troublesome*. In vain I coaxed and remonstrated, and roundly reproved the child for his misconduct; in vain I threatened I must go see the "Auntie" with whom he lived, and tell her how naughtily he behaved; did the child know, I wonder, that I *couldn't* really have complained of him?—a little, motherless boy!

Sometimes the dimples in his cheeks would cease their play for a moment or two, while I told some little story with just enough wholesome excitement in it to catch his attention, while I illustrated some important point in the lesson, and at such times the child was rarely beautiful. The great blue eyes were almost heavenly in their expression, and the mat of golden hair rippled and fell in cunning circlets about temple, cheek, and brow. I used at such times to vaguely imagine how sweet he would be were he my boy, appalled like other well-dressed boys, and trained and pruned in a Christian home—and then I was so sorry for him because he was motherless; but, alas! the next moment the squirming of some child at his side, would attest the accuracy with which he could insert a pin point or direct a sly pinch, right in the midst of my exciting little illustration too!

One Sunday the lesson was about Christ's love for little children, and for brief periods the child would seem to pay something like attention. I spoke of how parents loved their children, and how Sunday-school teachers loved their scholars—good scholars—yes, and the naughty ones, too; but here I was interrupted by the little Wilson boy, who asked wonderingly:

"Say, teacher, do you love us when we are naughty?"

I replied that I certainly did, and went on to tell how Christ, although grieved by the naughtiness of little children, loved them still, and wanted to forgive and make them better. I really thought I was impressing him for once, for his great eyes were fixed intently on my face, and he was bending towards me in an eager attitude—with one hand in his pocket—and I was just thinking what a nice lesson he was learning, when all at once I heard an ominous little rattle, and the next moment he suddenly jerked a little tin-box from his pocket, asking with a jubilant smile.

"Teacher, want to see my fish-hooks?"

Oh, dear! it was discouraging to see the whole seven of them all at once scrambling to see the contents of the little tin-box. Of course my stern protest caused its speedy disappearance, and after the school was ended, I talked long and kindly with the child who so strangely tried, yet attracted me. I remember perfectly that during my talk he interrupted me to know if I didn't love mackerel, and I admitted certainly that I did, and knew boys must like the sport of catching them, but urged the little fellow to lay aside all such considerations, and try to be good while in the

Sunday-school class, and he said brightly on parting:

"Good-bye, teacher; I'll be awful good next Sunday!"

Next Sunday! Dear child!

On Wednesday, the "Auntie" sent for me to come as soon as I could to see her; that was all the boy said who brought the message, perhaps she thought I would not wish to go if I knew more. But on entering her lowly home, I saw it all at a glance.

There, on the low bed, lay "the little Wilson boy," all too quiet at last.

The mat of shining curls still shaded the snowy forehead, and clustered about the pulseless temples; the rare little circlets laid as ever about the babyish cheeks, and on one a dimple showed plainly—but the blue eyes were closed.

He was drowned.

By the side of the bed, carelessly thrown on a small table, was a string of fish—mackerel—and still clutched in one hand was a familiar object, at sight of which the rushing tears blinded my eyes completely, it was the little tin-box.

Groups of boys stood around the room, and the "Auntie"—I was glad now there was no mother to gaze on this scene—the not unkindly "Auntie" hastened to explain with a quick gesture towards the fish:

"He caught them for you, ma'am; he said as how you liked them, and he was a-goin' to fetch them to you himself to-night."

It was just as well at that moment I was totally unable to reply, for one of the boys standing by was eager to tell his story, so he began excitedly:

"Yes'm, and he wasn't quite dead either when we took him out, for he said in a funny, weak-like voice—you see he was almost gone—'Teacher said that Christ would forgive little boys, even naughty boys, and teacher knows!' and then he smiled a little," the boy added.

So, after all, the child did hear what was said on that last Sunday, and it sank into his precious little heart, and little as I dreamed of such a result then, it comforted him, and the thought dimpled his cheek at those last moments; poor dying little boy!

Well, it was years ago, but from that time to this, and if I need something to increase my faith and patience, I've only to go to a locked drawer of my bureau and look for an instant on a little tin-box with five fish-hooks and a matted curl of yellow hair inside, and I see it all over again as plainly as I saw it on that Wednesday afternoon, the still, sweet face of "the little Wilson boy,"—*Illustrated Christian Weekly*.

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

WHO'LL press for gold this crowded street

A hundred years to come?
Who'll tread the church with willing feet
A hundred years to come?
Pale, trembling age, and fiery youth,
And childhood with its brow of truth
The rich and poor on land and sea,
Where will these mighty millions be
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep
A hundred years to come,
No living soul for us will weep
But other men the land will till,
And others then our streets will fill,
And other words will sing as gay,
And bright the sunshine as to-day.
A hundred years to come.

IN EARTHEN VESSELS.

THE Master stood in his garden,
Among the lilies fair,
Which his own right hand had planted
And trained with tenderest care.

He looked at their snowy blossoms,
And marked with observant eye
That his flowers were sadly drooping,
For their leaves were parched and dry.

My lilies need to be watered,
The heavenly Master said;
Wherein shall I draw it for them,
And raise each drooping head?

Close to his feet on the pathway,
Empty and frail and small,
An earthen vessel was lying,
That seemed of no use at all.

But the Master saw and raised it
From the dust in which it lay.
And smiled as he gently whispered,
"This shall do my work to-day.

"It is but an earthen vessel,
But it lay so close to me;
It is small but it is empty,
That is all it needs to be."

So to the fountain he took it,
And filled it full to the brim;
How glad was the earthen vessel
To be of some use to him!

He poured forth the living water
Over his lilies fair,
Until the vessel was empty,
And again he filled it there.

He watered the drooping lilies
Until they revived again;
And the Master saw with pleasure
That his labor had not been in vain.

His own hand had drawn the water
Which refreshed the thirsty flowers,
But he used the earthen vessel
To convey the living showers.

And to itself it whispered,
As he laid it aside once more,
"Still will I lay in his pathway,
Just where I did before.

"Close would I keep to the Master,
Empty would I remain;
And some day he will use me
To water his lilies again."

MISSIONARY SKETCHES.

A TRIP IN A YORK BOAT.

BY THE REV. E. LANFORD, MISSIONARY AT OXFORD HOUSE, KEEWATIN.



"YORK BOAT" is made somewhat like an ordinary skiff, only, much larger and stronger—being about twelve feet wide, and about forty or fifty feet long. It is driven by a fair or side wind, with a large square sail, or rowed by eight men.

THE BOATS.

Boats known by this name, were first used by the Hudson Bay Company, to convey their goods from York Factory (Hudson Bay) to their various trading posts in Manitoba, and the Great North-West. In former years a great many men and boats were required for this purpose, but since the country has come into the hands of the Canadian Government, and has been opened up for settlement, the goods are brought in by railway to Winnipeg, and now there are but few of these boats required. The Indians at Oxford House, are the only men now employed in this work. The Hudson Bay Company's office, has engaged

all the men and supplies them with provisions. He appoints one man as guide who understands how to steer a boat up and down the rapids, for there are a great many between Norway House and Hudson Bay, a distance of nearly 500 miles, and six weeks are required to make the round trip. I have not yet had the pleasure of the trip, but I am told it is a very pleasant and speedy journey down, but slow, and hard back again. For more than 100 miles there is a succession of rapids, but none so great as to prevent the boats from being run with full cargoes. Then, just imagine yourself in one of these boats, gliding, and pitching, and dashing, then ploughing from rapid to rapid, almost as fast as the railway train, and you have some idea what emotions are excited. Children who are accustomed to travelling in these boats shout and clap their hands as the boats shoot through the rough waters of the foaming rapids, and plunge into the seething eddies below; but the boats seem to linger, as if to take breath, then dash again into the mouth of the next rapid, as though they were about to be engulfed; but by the skill of the guides, who well understand their work, the boats are safely brought to the great basin, the Hudson Bay. The diversity of scenery is so rapid that the journey never seems monotonous or tiresome. But, I must say a few words about the trip from Oxford House to Norway House, for I have been over these waters several times.

THE JOURNEY.

On the day appointed for the boats to start, the men are supplied with six days' rations (fish and flour), also a quantity of tea, sugar, tobacco, pipes, powder and shot, &c. When the boats are about to start, a great many of the women and children come to the beach to say "whatchee" (good-bye) to their husbands and fathers, for they are very affectionate. If the wind be favourable the great square sail is hoisted, and the men talk, and smoke, and sing, and sleep, while the guide keeps the boat on its course. If the wind blows hard they can sail ten miles per hour. The guide is a responsible man and must look closely after the goods given into his charge. He also acts as chaplain and conducts service, night and morning. On the platform on which he stands are the Bible and hymn-book, printed in the Cree language. These are almost the only books these people have to read. No *Guardian*, no *Pleasant Hours*, no *Sunbeam*, nothing. Of course the editors of these papers always send us a good many copies, for which we are very thankful, but the Indians do not understand English, therefore cannot appreciate their worth. Occasionally you will see some devoutly reading the Bible, and sometimes they will all join in singing a hymn.

CAMPING.

They usually camp early, and if there is no minister with them, they gather round the camp-fire in a circle and sing,—

"Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light"

then the guide leads in prayer. After this they usually drink more tea, and then lie down, to sleep, on the bare ground or rocks. They mostly rise early, and are ready to start before

sunrise, but they first join in singing,—

"Awake my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run," &c.

or some will read a portion of Scripture, and again the guide or one of the men leads in prayer, at the close of which they all solemnly join in saying, "Our Father who art in heaven."

PORTAGING.

Portaging is the hardest work the men have. There is one portage three-fourths of a mile long, at it all the cargoes are taken out and the boats drawn over by the men. It is interesting and surprising to watch one boat's crew vie with the other to see who shall have their cargo portaged first. (Two boats go together, as both crews are required to portage one boat). Each man carries two pieces at a time, (a "piece" is supposed to weigh 100 lbs., but often weighs more). He first fastens his carrying strap around one piece, then puts the strap, which is broad at the centre, across his forehead and brings the piece across his back; the guide then places another piece on the top of the first, which rests against the man's head, and away he goes with his neck held as though it were in a vice.

When the goods are all portaged the boats are drawn out of the water, then fourteen or sixteen men are "harnessed," with the carrying-straps, and "hitched" to a long rope which is fastened to the boat. When all are ready the guide shouts "Haul! Haul!" and the boat moves off slowly, for it is heavy. When they have finished this work they are very tired, and quite prefer sailing to rowing.

SABBATH KEEPING.

Should Sabbath come before they reach their destination they rest, unless their provisions "run short." The last time I went to Norway House we had very unfavourable weather. The men worked hard but were nearly two days behind the usual time required for this trip. Their rations ran out on Saturday night, and the guide said they would sail on Sabbath if the wind were favourable. When Sabbath came there was but little wind; however, after we had talked the matter over they decided to "hoist sail." The boats moved slowly, and the guide took out his Bible to read, while others sang. As we could not hold any regular service—my interpreter not being with me—I told the guide if he would go down and read to the men, I would steer the boat, he willingly consented to do so, and read several chapters. In the evening we held a prayer-meeting which was a profitable service. Returning from Norway House, there are a few rapids to run, some of them dangerous. Should the water be low they are obliged to portage.

HOME AGAIN.

They are all glad to get home, and thankful to find all well. On these trips you are always supposed to engage one of the Indians to pitch your tent, make your fire, look after your satchels, &c. When we first landed at Oxford House, the Indians were not yet out of their tents (it being early in the morning), and most of the men went at once to see their families. While we were preparing to go to the Mission House the Hudson Bay Company's officer came to us and invited us to the Fort. I turned to tell the Indian who

waited on us, to bring our rations, but could not see him, and was told he had gone to see his family, and would be out in a moment. Presently we were passing his tent (for it was close to where we landed), and we heard him engaging in prayer, thanking God for His goodness toward them, and sparing them to meet again.

Perhaps at a future date I may tell you about other trips I have taken, and what I have seen and heard.

SPIDER AND FLY.

New Version.

BY LIZZIE T. LARKIN.

1st Voice.

"Will you walk into my parlor?
Said the spider to the fly:
'Tis the prettiest little parlor
That ever you did spy."

2nd Voice.

The spider is the rumseller,
And the fly the foolish man
The rumseller intends to catch,
If by any means he can.

First.

"The way into my parlor
Is up a winding stair;
And I've many, many pretty things
To show you when you're there."

Second.

It is a winding stair indeed,
But it windeth down not up,
And his foot is on the fatal stair
Who sips the sparkling cup.

First.

Said the cunning spider to the fly,
"Dear friend, what shall I do
To prove the warm affection
I have always felt for you?"

Second.

Such the rumseller's affection
When he gives the liquid fire
Which burns up man's better nature,
Kindling there hell's fierce desire.

First.

Alas! alas! how very soon
This silly little fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words,
Came slowly flitting by.

Second.

So many a foolish, fond young man,
By flattery's tongue beguiled,
Has sipped the poisoned cup
Because the giver smiled.

First.

He dragged her up his winding stair
Into his dismal den,
Within his little parlor;
But she ne'er came out again.

Second.

Behold the end, the bitter end,
Of those who love the bowl,
Shut out from all that life holds dear,
Wrecked body, mind, and soul.

First.

Now take a lesson from this tale
Of the spider and the fly,
And unto evil counsellors
Close heart, and ear, and eye.

Second.

Shun everywhere the tempting bowl,
Nor raise it to thy lip;
Hell drain it to its depths ere long
Who just begins to sip.

THE WISH OF THE HEART.—A deaf and dumb girl was once asked by a lady, who wrote the question on the slate, "What is prayed?" The little girl took the pencil and wrote the reply, "Prayer is the wish of the heart." "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much," and we are reminded by the above anecdote of the sentiment of Archbishop Doignon that the man who desires to be righteous is righteous.

"WHO'S AFRAID?"

BY J. F. WALLER.

COURAGE, brother! there is nothing
In the world brave men should fear.
If the heart is firm and steady,
If the arm be strong and ready,
Half our dangers disappear.
Only cowards faint and falter,
Only cravens shrink and palter
Only bastards are dismayed.
Meet each trial never fly it,
Face misfortune and defy it;
Courage, brother!—who's afraid?

Courage, brother! there is nothing
In the world true men appals;
Still be true to man and woman,
To the God of truth a true man,
True to self when duty calls.
He that's false in word or doing
Soul and body brings to ruin;
Lying's still a losing trade;
Do the truth and fear no evil;
Speak the truth and shame the devil;
Courage, brothers!—who's afraid?

Courage, brothers! there is nothing
Brave and true men should affright;
Life's a warfare high and holy
For the lofty and the lowly;
God and angels watch the fight;
In the roar and rush and rattle,
In the sweat and blood of battle,
Fight as men for fight arrayed.
Whether vanquished or victorious,
Good men's lives and deaths are glorious;
Courage, brothers!—who's afraid?

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, M.A., Editor.

TORONTO, MARCH 11, 1882.

THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY—JUVENILE SOCIETIES.

A VERY enthusiastic meeting of the Toronto branches of this Society was held last month, in the Metropolitan Church. We think that every Methodist Church in the city was represented. An elegant tea was followed by music and speeches. As it was a "Ladies' Meeting," the audience was favoured with two admirable addresses from Mrs. Finch, sen., and Mrs. J. Harvey. The opinion was general that few men could have treated the subject so eloquently and so well. Dr. Sutherland reported the successful establishment of branches of the Woman's Missionary Society at Hamilton, Toronto, Halifax, Montreal, and elsewhere. And Mr. Crosby, in a capital speech, told how four little girls at Cobourg formed themselves into a juvenile branch of this Society, and raised \$8 by little parlour concerts, for the Indian Girls' Home at Fort Simpson. We hope that in many of our schools such branch societies will be

formed. We promise to give all the information we can about this and other departments of the missionary work of our Church. By means of socials, parlour concerts, and the like, not only will social benefits be obtained, but substantial help can be given to these important objects. We hope, too, that many schools will be interested in this work, and that regular collections will be taken up for the various missionary enterprises of the Church. Dr. Sutherland reports that the Blake system is working wonders wherever tried, in increasing the Sunday-school collections. Let teachers write to him, at the Mission Rooms, Toronto, and learn all about it.

THE INDIAN GIRLS' HOME, FORT SIMPSON.

LAST winter a few young ladies of the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, held a bazaar on behalf of this worthy object, of which we gave some account in a late number of PLEASANT HOURS. The result of their labours was the handsome sum of \$300, which has been paid over for the sustenance of the home. Mrs. Crosby states, in a letter to Miss Drummond for the young ladies, that that sum is the largest amount which has been received from any one source for the home.

About \$50 a year will pay for the support and training of each of these girls. It is desired to keep at least twenty of them in the home. So, at least a thousand dollars a year will be required. As this is something outside the regular missionary work, the Missionary Society leaves it to these special women's and juvenile societies to raise the funds for this work, as well as for the Indian Orphanage at Morley, N. W. T., and the French Educational Institute at Montreal. So there is need for every possible assistance being given to these worthy objects without interfering with the regular missionary income of the Church.

The Quarterly Review Service, and Canadian Scholars' Quarterly, have both become very popular. Of the latter we had to print no less than four editions to supply the demand.

The Review Service for March 26, is now ready, and will be mailed for 50c. per 100.

The second number of the Quarterly for April, May, and June—20 pages—Map, Lesson Hymns, everything required, will be mailed for \$2 per 100.

TRUST.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

PICTURE memory brings to me;
I look across the years and see
Myself beside my mother's knee.

I feel her gentle hand restrain
My selfish moods, and know again
A child's blind sense of wrong and pain.

But wiser now, a man gray grown,
My childhood's needs are better known,
My mother's chastening love I own.

Gray grown, but in our Father's sight
A child still groping for the light
To read his works and ways aright.

I bow myself beneath his hand:
That pain itself for good was planned
I trust, but cannot understand.

I fondly dream it needs must be
That, as my mother dealt with me,
So with his children dealth he.

I wait, and trust the end will prove
That here and there, below, above,
The chastening heals, the pain is love!

A VISIT TO THE TORONTO ZOO.

WERE you ever at the Zoo?

What is the Zoo?

"Zoo is the contraction for Zoological Museum. That would be too long a word, so we say 'Zoo.' Well, the Zoo is a place where they have a lot of animals, from the great big bear to the tiniest white mice.

As you go in you see a pond in the centre where are a lot of sea-birds. They are very funny creatures. But what is that black thing come up out of the water? Some person calls "Joe," and he flounders up out of the water and goes over to the speaker. This strange animal is a seal, and is very awkward looking, but he is not so clumsy as he looks. In some place the seal climbs up on a chair, with his fins over the back, and his keeper throws fish to him, which he catches in his mouth, by stretching out his neck. Seals are very affectionate animals.

Next, we go up to the northern end of the yard, and there we see a wild Indian boar, or peccary, a very savage animal when met with in his native jungles. We go on a little further, past the goats, and there we see the deer. If you call them they will come running up to you, and will lick your hand if you let them.

We will now go back to the covered part. The first thing we see is a cage from which comes a great sound of jabbering. These are the monkeys. They are very funny little fellows, but let us pass on.

What are all these little white things piled up one on top of another? They are little white mice going to sleep; they are piled up that way to keep warm, not that the room is cold, but because it is their habit. We look across the passage and see a great gaunt wolf staring at us, but he cannot get out. Next we visit the panthers; they are very beautiful animals, always jumping about so nimbly. But what was that tremendous roar in the next cage. We peep in cautiously, and behold standing there in the further end of the cage, a majestic lion. He is a beauty, rushing from one end of the cage to the other as the manager stirs him up with his cane.

There was a lion brought over from Africa in one of the large steamships, and one of the sailors was very kind to him, feeding him and giving him all sorts of tit-bits. Quite a while afterwards, while looking at the animals in a large show, Jack Tar was surprised by hearing a loud roar behind him, and on turning round saw his old friend the lion, who had recognized him. The sailor horrified the people by going right up to the cage and shaking the lion's paw. The lion would not hurt the sailor, because he remembered his kindness.

I asked the manager what that big pile of brown furs in a cage a little way further on, is for. All the persons around laugh, and he gives the pile of furs a punch with his stick, and it gets up and stands there, a big brown bear. His name is Peter the Great. He weighs 1,200 lbs. Something disturbs him, and he gives forth such a roar as I never heard before.



JACK AND HIS OLD FRIEND.
PH. JUN. 25 82
CHURCH SOCIALS AND THE YOUNG FOLK.



EVERY church should have its "socials," either in the church or at different homes. These should be attended more or less by all who, when the question of attendance comes up, should determine it in part in the light of obligation to go and

aid to make the occasion attractive to others, and particularly to the youngsters. We have seen scores of sighing, sad saints lamenting solemnly over the fall or peril of Tommy, their neighbour's son, who never lifted a finger to give Tommy a brighter look into innocent enjoyment or the heartfelt joy of doing right. We deprecate misconstruction—but we do say that some solemn, unsympathetic, groaning Christians are positively responsible for the beginning of the wild boy life which the theatre has only confirmed.

Every Sunday-school concert and picnic, every church "exhibition," every children's gathering, every young folks' lyceum or "sociable," as puerile, or simple, or childlike as it may seem, has its place in the scheme to occupy the attention of the young, and displace harmful amusements. The dangerous era in every youngster's life is short, after all. Help to bridge over this fateful chasm, and in the very effort you will help to save the young, and perchance, may cultivate out of your own self some unlovely things that put a gulf between you and our youth. If you but keep the boys and girls busy with some innocent things, very gratitude will give value and weight to your sweetened Christian counsels. Through those who thus brighten religion the way into the church appears all the more attractive to our children. It is all very well to say "religion ought to be enough to keep everybody from dancing and the theatre." Religion is enough to those who have sufficient of the genuine article, but many young people, though members of Christian families, are not now religious. Parental authority should intervene immediately, but something else—not as a substitute but as a displacer, say, should be provided. Wise administration is better than unreasoning authority. Your children will be more like you if you will be more like the children.—Selected.



BELVOIR CASTLE—See Second Page.

ONLY.

ONLY a word for the Master
Lovingly, quietly said.
Only a word!
Yet the Master heard,
And some fainting hearts were fed.

Only a look of remonstrance.
Sorrowful, gentle, and deep.
Only a look!
Yet the strong man shook,
And he went alone to weep.

Only some act of devotion,
Willingly, joyfully done.
"Surely 'twas naught!"
(So the proud world thought.)
But yet souls for Christ were won.

Only an hour with the children,
Pleasantly, cheerfully given.
Yet seed was sown
In that hour alone
Which would bring forth fruit from
[heaven.

"Only."—But Jesus is looking
Constantly, tenderly down
To earth, and sees
Those who strive to please;
And their love he loves to crown.

AN ITEM FOR BOYS.

IT is not necessary that a boy who learns a trade should follow it all his life. Governor Palmer of Illinois, was a country blacksmith once, and began his political career in Macoupin County. A circuit judge in the central part of Illinois was once a tailor Thomas Hoyne, a rich and eminent lawyer of Illinois, was once a book-binder.

Erastus Corning, of New York, too lame to do hard labor, commenced as a shop boy in Albany. When he applied for employment first he was asked, "Why, my little boy, what can you do?"

"Can do what I'm bid," was the answer which secured him a place.

Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, was a shoemaker. Thurlow Weed was a canal-driver. Ex-governor Stone, of Iowa, was a cabinet-maker, at which trade Hon. Stephen A. Douglas worked in his youth.

It does not depend upon the kind of work you have whether you rise or not; it depends upon how you do it.

SAVING THE EXPRESS TRAIN.



LAST summer a fearful storm in Iowa undermined a bridge. A freight-train in crossing it fell through, and several men were killed. Kate Selby, fifteen years of age, heard the crash. She and her mother were alone in a cottage not far away; and realizing what had happened, Kate lighted a lantern and amid the hurricane started for the wreck. The subsequent narrative shows her heroism and presence of mind:

Her light soon went out; but she felt her way through the woods and fallen timbers to the edge of the dashing waters that covered the drowned men. She could hear, above the roar of the tempest, the voice of Wood, the engineer, who had caught in a tree-top. She knew that the express, with its load of passengers, was nearly due, and that she only knew of its danger, and was the only living being who could prevent an awful catastrophe. The telegraph office at Moingona or Boone was the only place where she could notify the officers.

To Boone was five miles over hills and through the woods; and before she could get there the express would have passed. To Moingona was only a mile; but between where she was and Moingona ran the Des Moines River, ten or fifteen feet above its natural height; and to cross this she must pass over the railroad-bridge fifty feet above the rushing waters. She must cross this bridge, four hundred feet long, with nothing but the ties and rails, the wind blowing a gale, and the foaming, seething waters beneath.

Not one man in a thousand but would have shrunk from the task; not one man in five hundred would have gone at any price, or under any circumstances. But this brave girl, with the nerve of a giant, gathered about her her flowing skirts, and on hands and knees crawled over the long bridge.

It was time for the express-train to come dashing over the bridge, when

she would have been hurled down to death amid the dark waters of the roaring river. The blood from her lacerated knees stained her dress, but she did not falter. She reached the shore; and the remaining half-mile she flew, almost to the telegraph office.

Breathless and in broken accents she told her tale of death and destruction, and fainted in the arms of the by-standers. The wires were set at work and a horrible disaster averted.

KEEP NOTHING FROM MOTHER.

THEY sat at the spinning together.
And they spun the fine white thread;
One face was old and the other young—
A golden and silver head.

At times the young voice broke in song
That was wonderfully sweet,
And the mother's heart beat deep and calm,
For her joy was most complete.

There was many a holy lesson,
Inwoven with a Lent prayer.
Taught to her gentle and listening child,
As they two sat spinning there.

"And of all that I speak, my darling,
From an older head and heart,
God giveth me one last thing to say,
And with it thou shalt not part.

"Thou wilt listen to many voices,
And, ah, woe that this must be!—
The voice of praise, and the voice of love,
And the voice of flattery.

"But listen to me, my little one,
There's one thing that thou shalt fear;
Let never a word to my love be said
Which her mother may not hear.

"No matter how true, my darling one,
The words may seem to thee,
They cannot be fit for my child to hear
If they cannot be told to me.

"If thou'lt ever keep thy young heart pure,
And thy mother's heart from fear,
Bring all that is said to thee by day
At night to thy mother's ear."

A CITY missionary was asked the cause of his poverty. "Principally," said he with a twinkle of the eye, "because I have preached so much without notes."

REQUIRED READING, S. S. R. U.

STORIES OF EARLY METHODISTS.

HOW MR. BRADBURN OUTWITTED

THE CLERGYMAN.



HAVING heard that in a large town, some distance from his circuit home, there was no Methodism, Mr. Bradburn determined to visit it, and ascertain whether there was any chance of introducing Methodism. Having set apart a day for fasting and prayer, he started on horseback one morning for the place, and upon arriving at it, threw the reins upon his horse's neck, bidding him to stop at the right place. That sagacious animal, after going through various streets, at last stopped at the gate of a venerable mansion, such as he had not been in the habit of visiting.

"What! are you going to stop here to-day?" said his master; and alighting, he gave the reins to a groom, asking at the same time,

"Is your master at home?"

"No, sir, but mistress is," replied the man.

"Which is the way into the house?" inquired Mr. Bradburn.

"You can go in at that side door, sir," said the man. Meanwhile the lady of the house, who had seen her visitor arrive, and had observed that he was coming in the direction of the door which the groom pointed out, opened it herself, and invited him to enter.

"Good morning, madam," said Mr. Bradburn; "I must apologize for visiting you to-day, but can only say that my horse brought me here."

"Pray, don't make any apology. I am exceedingly glad to see you. Walk in," and with that she led him into a handsomely furnished parlor, requesting him to be seated, and ordering refreshments.

Mr. Bradburn was immediately, at home, and conversed very freely with his hostess upon a variety of topics.

At length, coming to the subject upon which he wanted information, he said, "And what about the state of religion in your town, madam?"

"Low, very low indeed," replied the lady.

"Indeed, I should not have thought so," said Mr. Bradburn. "I was rather struck with the good order of the town as I rode through the streets; and I observed that you have a very large church. Is it well attended?"

"Oh, yes, very well attended."

"Does your clergyman preach well?"

"Very well, I believe; but we never go to church."

"Never go to church! You surprise me. But I suppose you attend the Dissenting chapel."

"No, my husband is a Churchman, and he wouldn't hear the Dissenters. The fact is, that twelve months ago he quarrelled with the clergyman, and I am ashamed to say that we have never been to church since."

"Not been to church for twelve months!" said Mr. Bradburn, in unaffected distress.

"No," said the lady, "we have read sermons at home. My father and mother were both Methodists; and I believe that if we had any of those good people in this town my husband would go and hear them; and I should be very much pleased."

"But where could they preach?"

"Oh, we would find them a place. We would fit up our large barn, or we would have preaching in this room, if the barn would not do."

"Well, I think it a great pity," said Mr. Bradburn, "that you and your husband should spend your Sundays without going to a place of worship. Now I know some of those Methodists, and I think I could get some of them to come and preach to you, if you could find them a place to preach in and a congregation when they came."

"We would find both," said the lady, "if we were quite sure that a preacher would come."

"I will undertake that," said Mr. Bradburn. "A preacher shall be here next Sunday afternoon at three o'clock to preach in your barn, or in any place you may appoint."

Shortly after Mr. Bradburn took his leave, resolving that he would go himself the next Sunday and be the preacher. Accordingly the next Sunday Mr. Bradburn rode to the town and entered the church. He was shown to the parson's pew, and all eyes were turned upon the new-comer. When the service was concluded, Mr. Bradburn rose to meet the clergyman, and grasping his hand, said, in the most cordial manner, "Thanks, many thanks, my dear sir, for your excellent sermon."

The clergyman bowed, and asked Mr. Bradburn to dine with him.

"I shall be delighted," was the reply.

Arrived at the parsonage, Mr. Bradburn soon made himself quite at home.

"You have a fine old town here," he said at the dinner table.

"Yes, it is an interesting place, but rather quiet."

"Do the people attend church pretty well?"

"Some of them; but many go nowhere. We have a few Dissenters in the place who do us no good. But I learn that the Methodists are coming here this afternoon, and I have resolved that they shall go out of town faster than they came in. I am a magistrate, as well as the rector of the parish, and I have directed my sexton to get plenty of people together, and to furnish them with old pots, and tin kettles, and drums, and two or three horns or trumpets, if they can get them. I intend to head the mob myself, and stop this thing before it begins."

Shortly after dinner the clergyman, taking out his watch, observed that it was time to go, and that he would leave him in the company of his good wife while he went about this unpleasant business.

But Mr. Bradburn observed that he would like to see some of this sort of work, and that, with the lady's permission, he would accompany her husband. Accordingly the two started in company to the place where one of Wesley's preachers had promised to hold forth that day.

They found quite a congregation assembled; the sexton and his crew had arrived, and were well provided with instruments for drowning the preacher's voice. They only waited the signal from the parson to begin, which, however, he prudently refrained from giving until the Methodist preacher had made his appearance. After remaining for some time, during which the mob manifested some im-

patience, the clergyman said to his guest:

"He is afraid to come. You may depend upon it that he has heard of our intentions and will keep away from the place. I think I may as well tell the people that the Methodists will not come here, and that they had now better go quietly home. What do you think?"

"My dear sir," replied Mr. Bradburn, "after the excellent sermon you preached this morning, I am sure it would be very easy for you to preach to these people this afternoon, and show them that they did not need Methodist preachers in the town so long as they could hear you. It would be a fine opportunity to preach to them, would it not?"

"It would indeed; only I have not got my book."

"Oh, never mind your book, sir; preach without your book."

"But I can't."

"Well, if you can't preach without a book, it would be a great pity to let them go away without prayer. Perhaps you will pray with them before they go."

"I haven't my book."

"My dear sir, pray without a book."

"But I can't."

"Well, sir, shall I? I think I can pray without a book."

"Yes, I wish you would; I should be so much obliged to you if you would."

"But, sir, the people may disturb me, and I should not like to be disturbed."

"Oh, no, they won't make any disturbance until I give the signal; and, of course, I shall not give them any signal to disturb you."

"Then, sir, with your permission, I will not only pray, but preach to them also. But I shall consider myself under your protection while I do so."

"Quite so," said the clergyman.

Whereupon, Mr. Bradburn, going up to the table, on which a Bible was lying for the use of the preacher, bowed his head for a moment in prayer, and looked round upon his congregation. Not one had the least knowledge of him, or supposed that he was any other than some brother clergyman of the parson, except the lady, who had been his hostess upon his first visit; and she, astonished and delighted at his unexpected appearance, divined at once that he was himself the Methodist preacher who had been promised for the occasion. Nor was she disappointed. Giving out a well-known hymn, and himself raising a tune which everybody could sing, Mr. Bradburn commenced the service. All were charmed with his manly voice and pleasant countenance, and seemed to think his singing irresistible. Even some of the mob forgot what they had come for, and roared out very good harmony. But when the hymn was finished, and Mr. Bradburn began to pray, the effect was remarkable. His petitions were so simple, and withal so natural, that every one felt as if his case in particular was being brought before God; most were melted into tears, and it might truly be said of a large part of his audience that though they came to scoff, they remained to pray. One by one the tin kettles and broken pots and brickbats and rotten eggs fell from their hands; the trumpets were silent and the drums without performers. As for the sexton, he was in an ecstasy of grief, for his sins were called to his remembrance,

and he saw himself on the verge of destruction. Many partook of the same distress, and among the truly penitent was the clergyman and magistrate, who had been firmly resolved that the Methodists should have no place in his town.

Up to that time he had been a stranger to true religion, though an able scholar and a great friend to the poor. After this he became a kind and constant supporter of the Methodists, and before Mr. Bradburn left the town the clergyman and the gentleman in whose barn the service took place were fully reconciled.—*From Recollections of Methodist Worthies.*

THE LAST VOYAGE OF HENRY HUDSON.

[In the long annals of Arctic discovery we meet with no story of more touching interest than that of Henry Hudson. This great navigator made his last voyage to the Polar Seas in 1610. In the summer of 1611 his crew mutinied, and set him adrift in an open boat, with his son and some of the most infirm of the sailors. They were never more heard of.]

PRO! wherefore come ye forth
To the realms of night and death,
To the horrors of the North,
Where the Ice-king in his wrath,
Stills the ocean with his breath?

We were steering northward ho!
Through the silent summer night,
With the freezing waves below.
And above, the lurid glow
Of the wild Aurora's light.

And, as o'er the good ship's side
I was gazing through the dark,
O'er the waters I espied,
Drifting past us with the tide,
Veiled in mist, a phantom bark!

From her timbers, warped and grey,
Hung the salt weed dank and green,
And, about her prow, the spray
In white foam-flakes fell away,
As she clomb the waves between.

And a ghastly load she bore,
Men or ghosts I cannot tell,
Five unearthly shapes or more,
Each one bending at the oar,
As the dark sea rose and fell.

To our side the phantoms drew,
And from out their midst arose
One—the captain of the crew,
And his words, though faint and few,
All my blood with horror froze.

"Wherefore come ye here?" I cried
As I broke the silent spell,
And my heart within me died
As the phantom slow replied,
"Hear the tale I have to tell!"

"'Twas in the pleasant summer time,
On a merry morn of May,
With wind and tide and a cloudless sky,
We sailed at the break of day.

"Fresh blew the breeze as straight before
Flashed up the morning star,
With one long bound we heve her round,
And cleared the harbour-bar.

"Steadily blew the breeze, and still
The sky from cloud was free,
And as, before the rising shades,
The day prepared to flee,
The heavens were hushed, and fast we
rushed
Into the northern sea.

"Nor voice nor sound was heard around
That made us think of home,
Save, from on high, the gull's shrill cry,
And the dashing of the foam.

"While soft and bright, with feeble light,
The stars hung o'er the deep,
And Silence, from her magic urn,
Poured the soft dews of sleep.

"So fled the night, and onward still
For seven long days we flew,
Till, gaunt and grim, the Shetland hills
Loomed darkly into view.

"These too were cleared, and ere the sun
Three times had crossed the skies,
We saw the Iceland cliffs afar
In lonely grandeur rise.

"But dangers now, like haunting fiends,
Arose on every hand,
And soon there drove a blinding mist
Betwixt us and the land.

"The sun was hid in blackest gloom,
The waves with terror froze,
And round the shore, with echoing roar,
We heard the moving floes.

"Nor this alone, for we beheld,
Amid confusion dire,
From every snow-clad height shoot-up
A thousand streaks of fire.

"But God, in His eternal grace,
Brought back the light of day,
And sent the pleasant breeze to blow
The shades of death away.

"Then on we drove by creek and cove,
And headlands brown and bare,
Cold sluggish seas and cheerless skies,
And silence everywhere.

"Along the shores of Labrador,
And through the straits we fled,
Three hundred leagues, until the day
A brighter radiance shed.

"But here the tempter sought us out,
Rebellion seized the crew,
And those whom God had spared to health
Thrust out the faithful few.

"Then in a shallop, frail and small,
With not a sail to spread,
All shelterless they cast us forth,
The dying and the dead.

"I took the helm, and three long days
We drifted o'er the flood,
Till cold and hunger madd'ning came,
And curdled in our blood.

"Each after each, the moving oars
Dropped from the nerveless grasp,
Each after each, the crew sank down,
With a groan and dying gasp.

"And just as eventide began
To darken in the west,
The fair head of my little son
Sank lifeless on my breast.

"And then alone, all alone,
Out on the wide, wide sea,
With never an eye of sympathy
In love to look on me.

"The sea-mew's scream, as in a dream,
Broke strangely on my ear,
I could not feel the oars I held,
But still I strove to steer.

"Till slowly from my fading sight
The whole scene passed away,
And something told me I was free
To wander or to stay.

"But since, alas! all unavenged,
Our blood to Heaven appeals,
I cannot choose but linger here
Till God our fate reveals.

"And still when midnight shrouds the
sea,
Like phantoms of the tomb
We meet, and slow with muffled oars
Come gliding through the gloom."

He spake, and straight the ghostly bark
Was gone beyond recall,
And, in the bay, our good ship lay,
With the moonlight over all.

HORACE G. GROSER.

A LITTLE girl, who had been to a children's party, being asked by her mother on returning how she enjoyed herself, answered, "I am full of happiness. I couldn't be happier unless I were to grow."

STORY TOLD THE BOYS.



STORY of skating? It's so long since I put on a pair of skates, that I should be as awkward as a bear on ice. And nothing ever happened to me to make a story out of—except being

scared off a field of ice near the woods once, by a screech-owl in the pines. It was almost dark, and we had never heard such an unearthly scream before. "It's a wild-cat!" shouted one of the boys; and by the way in which we scud for home you would have thought it was a race for the village championship.

Did you ever hear how the hunter who was taken prisoner by the Indians showed them how to skate? No? Then it is just as good as now.

It is a hundred years ago, in the old pioneer days. Away up at the northern end of the great lakes a bold hunter and trapper made his camp. He hunted for sport in the summer, and trapped for fur in the fall and winter. He knew every river and creek, every hill, and valley in the great woods, better than you know the streets of the town, and he studied the cunning ways and bright tricks of the beaver, otter, mink, and martin, until he knew just where and how to set his traps for them. He bought a good many skins of the friendly Indians who lived near; and early every year he would take a big load of them to the nearest trading-post to sell—bringing back powder and lead, with tea, sugar, and other good things for his table. The hunter's life isn't half so fine as the story books make it; but old Tom Judson—for that was his name—enjoyed it better than any other.

In the winter he had to wear snowshoes in going through the woods to visit his traps; and one year he brought back a pair of skates, that he thought would be handy when the ice was clear. And very handy he found them at such times, for he could skate a dozen miles as easy as he could walk two, and the pack on his back never seemed so light as when he had his steel shoes on, and could skim along the glassy surface of the lake or river.

One very cold clear day, when the ice was good, he went to visit some mink traps, almost twenty miles north of his cabin. He skated to near the spot, along the shore of the lake, and then took off his skates and put on his snowshoes to travel over the deep snow a mile or two into the woods. He knew that an Indian tribe from Canada had come down to make war on those who lived near him, but never thought they would trouble him.

All at once his good dog Bruno, that had been running ahead on a deer-track, stopped, sniffed the air, bristled up angrily and began to growl; and before Thomas could carry his rifle to his shoulder he was surrounded by a dozen howling Indians, who sprang from their hiding-place in the thicket, brandishing their tomahawks and yelling like mad.

The old man was brave, but he wasn't a fool; and instead of showing fight against such odds, he laid down his rifle and folded his arms. He could talk but little Indian, and they could speak even less English; but by signs

and motions he made out to let them know that he wasn't on the war-path, but after furs. The Indians threatened no harm, when they found him peaceful, but were much interested in his arms and dress, for they hadn't at that time seen many white men. The snowshoes they understood all about, for you know the Indians invented them; but the skates puzzled them.

A funny thought seemed to occur to the hunter, as he saw their curiosity, for his gray eye twinkled merrily. "Ice moccasin," he said, putting the skate to his foot, and then he made with his hand a gliding motion that the feet take in skating.

"Ugh!" grunted the Indian chief, pointing to the narrow blade of the skate, and shaking his head. As plain as looks could do it he made the hunter understand that he wasn't as green as to believe that anybody could stand up on those things. As they were near the ice, Thomas proposed to fasten them on a young brave for a trial.

The Indians welcomed the plan with glee, for though savages, they were great lovers of sport. Selecting the bravest and swiftest young fellow, the chief bade him stick out his feet, which he did rather suspiciously. The skates were soon strapped on, and the young buck helped to his feet. The ice was like glass, and as he started to move you know what happened; his feet flew out from under him, and down he came with a crack! Such shouts of laughter as the rest sent up! The young fellow was gritty, and scrambled up to try it again, but with the same result.

The chief now signalled to the hunter to show them how the thing worked. Thomas fastened on the skates with great care, picked up his rifle and used it as a cane, pretending to support himself. He moved about awkwardly, fell down, got up and stumbled around, the Indians all the time laughing and capering at the sport. Gradually Thomas stumbled a little further away, whirling about, and making them believe it was very hard work to keep his balance, until he was near the point where the smooth lake ice stretched miles and miles away.

Suddenly gathering himself up, he grasped his rifle firmly, gave a war-whoop as wild as the Indian's own, and dashed up the lake like an arrow, skating as he had never skated before. If he had disappeared in the air the Indians couldn't have been more astonished. Of course they couldn't hope to catch him, over the glassy ice, and they stood gaping after him, wondering more and more at the magic "ice moccasins."

Nothing pleased old Thomas more in after years than to tell how he "fooled the red-skins."—*Golden Rule.*

THE WORST PUNISHMENT—"You do not look as if you had prospered by your wickedness," said a gentleman to a vagabond one day.

"I haven't prospered at it," cried the man. "It is a business that doesn't pay." "If I had given half the time to some honest calling which I have spent in trying to get a living without work, I might have been a man of property and character, instead of the homeless wretch I am. I have been twice in prison, and I have made acquaintance with all sorts of miseries in my life, but my worst punishment is being what I am."

SMILES.

THE father of a family, after reading from the morning paper that the cold on the night before was intense, the thermometer registering many degrees below freezing point, said: "Now, children, I suppose you are taught all about this at school. Which of you can tell me what the freezing-point is?" "The point of my nose, papa," was the prompt reply from one of the youngsters.

THE following remark of a little girl shows an opinion of her elders the reverse of flattering. "O dear!" she exclaimed to her doll, "I do wish you would sit still. I never saw such an uneasy thing in all my life. Why don't you act like grown folks, and be still and stupid for a while!"

FREDDY, sitting by an open window one evening, was earnestly gazing at the stars, when he suddenly asked, pointing up at them, "What are they, mamma?" Mamma being very busy, only answered, "They are God's lamps, darling." With another look, practical Freddy remarked, "Takes lots of matches."

A LITTLE four-year old awoke the other morning, and turning to his grandmother said, "Grandmamma, I dreamed I had a carriage last night!" "Did you," said she; "well, what did you do with it?" "Oh," said he, in his thoughtful manner, "I left it in the dream-house!"

A GENTLEMAN gives the following concerning his six-year old boy. He says: "I keep a shop and sell fancy goods. A gentleman came in to buy something. It was early, and my little boy and I were alone in the house at the time. The gentleman gave me a sovereign, and I had to go upstairs to my cash-box. Before doing so, I went into the little room next to the shop and said to the boy: 'Watch the gentleman, that he don't steal anything,' and I put him on the counter. As soon as I returned, he sang out: 'Pa, he didn't steal anything—I watched him.' You may imagine what a position I was in."

THE cadets at West Point have been forbidden the use of tobacco. This is right. That poison, like alcohol, is peculiarly injurious to the constitutions and brains of the young, and all use of tobacco anywhere under the age of 21 should be prohibited. Especially should this prohibition be enforced in case of all who attend schools, colleges, or academies, sustained in whole or part at public expense. To grow up in the filthy habit of spitting, or of blowing smoke in the faces of all near them, ladies included, is altogether unbecoming in any one pretending to good manners, not to speak of the useless expense and personal injury inflicted by the evil habit.—*N. Y. Witness.*

THERE is one perfectly sure remedy for intemperance, and that is—total abstinence. There is no sure remedy except that, and what I will not recommend to myself I will not recommend to others. I have been a total abstainer from birth. I rejoice that I was early taught to abhor even moderate drinking, and that what I suppose to be sound principles as to temperance were inculcated upon me from the very outset of my preferences as a child.

REV. JOS. COOK.

TURN YOUR GLASSES DOWN.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

TURN your glasses down, boys,
Turn your glasses down,
When with sparkling liquors
Men the banquet crown.
Though the smile once friendly
Changes to a frown,
Turn your glasses down, boys,
Turn your glasses down!

Let the tempter win you
In an evil hour,
Let him overcome you
By his subtle power,
Let a draught seductive
Resolution drown,
Turn your glasses down, boys,
Turn your glasses down!

Joyful be the laughter,
Pure the words that fall
From the lips of comrades
In the festive hall!
That no crime nor folly
May the banquet crown,
Turn your glasses down, boys,
Turn your glasses down!

If among the noble
You a place would win,
If you would not wander
Into paths of sin;
If you value virtue,
Honour, and renown,
Turn your glasses down, boys,
Turn your glasses down!

While your eyes are beaming
With the light of youth,
While your heart is earnest,
Seeking for the truth;
While your cheeks are ruddy,
And your locks are brown,
Turn your glasses down, boys,
Turn your glasses down!

Prove yourselves heroic;
Dare to take your stand
With the self-devoted
To redeem the land;
On the proffered tipples
Ne'er forget to frown;
Turn your glasses down, boys,
Turn your glasses down!

PUZZLEDOM.

ANSWERS for last Number:

I. CHARADE.—Harvest Home.
II. GEOGRAPHICAL RIDDLE.—
(Cities,) Jerusalem, Philadelphia, Antioch. (Rivers,) Danube, Drave, Save; (Mountains,) Carpathian, R. Jengebirge, Erzebirge.

III. DECAPITATIONS.—1. Pearl, earl. 2. Coral, oral. 3. What, hat. 4. Plead, lead. 5. Plight, light. 6. Bend, end. 7. Bear, ear. 8. Spine, pine. 9. Bark, ark. 10. None, one.

IV. WORD SQUARE.

HEAVEN
ERMINE
AMAZED
VIZARD
NERVE
NEDDER

NEW PUZZLES.

I. HIDDEN ANIMALS.

1. He found Bob a boon companion.
2. Go fast, stop all ahead of you.
3. Stop a cart and get some ice.
4. Does John keep a coal yard?
5. The word wampum among the Indians, means money.
6. Before I could reach him the dog had pounced upon him.

II. DIAMOND.

1. In Bladenburg.
2. The seashore.
3. Members.
4. An animal.
5. The head of a society of monks.
6. To infatuate.
7. In every kingdom.

THE LIGHTS O' LONDON

BY GEORGE R. SIMS.

THE way was long and weary,
But gallantly they strode,
A country lad and lassie,
Along the heavy road.
The night was dark and stormy,
But blithe of heart were they,
For, shining in the distance,
The lights of London lay!
O gleaming lamps of London, that gem
The city's crown!
What fortunes lie within you, O Lights of
London Town!

With faces worn and weary,
That told of sorrow's load,
One day a man and woman
Crept down a country road.
They sought their native village,
Heart-broken from the fray;
Yet shining still behind them
The Lights of London lay.
O cruel lamps of London, if tears your
light could drown,
Your victims' eyes would weep them,
O Lights of London Town!

The *New York Tribune*, in an editorial article on "New Year's Calls," recently gave a telling exhortation in favor of temperance. It narrates the case of a young husband, whose wife wished to have wine upon their table because it was "the proper thing for persons in their class," the result being that—last summer he was going every day through the streets of New York, shoeless and in rags, trying to borrow a dime now and then from the men he had known in the days of his prosperity to buy a drink.

Its application of the subject to the ladies receiving New Year's calls, for directness and pungency, is worthy of one of the ancient prophets:

"Every well bred woman who offers liquor to the crowd of men and immature boys who will enter her drawing-rooms on New Year's day runs the same risk which the wife of B. did when she placed wine in his way, and takes the same responsibility. She is as much to blame as the tavern-keeper who sells whiskey at five cents a glass.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

A. D. 27] LESSON XII. [March 19.
POWER OVER DISEASE AND DEATH.

Mark 5. 21-43. Commit to memory v. 21-23.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be not afraid, only believe. Mark 5. 36.

OUTLINE.

1. The Father, v. 21-24.
2. The Woman, v. 25-34.
3. The Child, v. 35-43.

TIME. A. D. 27, immediately after the events of the last lesson.

PLACE.—Capernaum in Galilee.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Matt. 9. 18-26; Luke 8. 41-56.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The other side*—To Capernaum, on the western shore of the sea. *Ruler of the synagogue*—One of those who were in charge of the services at the sabbath-day meetings of the Jews. *Fell at his feet*—Showing earnestness, submission, and faith. *Thronged him*—Eager to hear his words and see his miracles. *Issue of blood*—A disease which kept her very weak, and must at some time destroy her life. *In the press*—In the crowd. *Touched his garment*—With strong faith in Christ's power. *Plague*—Disease. *Touched me*—many had pressed him, but only one had given him the touch of faith. *Why troublest thou?*—None supposed that Jesus could restore the dead to life, for he had not as yet wrought such a miracle. *Some Peter... James... John*—The three whom he loved most of his disciples, and chosen for witnesses of his greatest events. *The custom*—In Oriental houses people make great noise in their sorrow, and often hire people to mourn with them. *Slouch*—As death

in a sleep, from which Christ can awake. *Dameel*—The little girl. *Tatitha cumi*—Hebrew words meaning "Little girl, arise." *No man should know*—As he had a greater work to do than miracles, and could not give his time to them. *Given her to eat*—To show that she was restored to life.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. To come humbly to Christ in prayer?
2. To seek Christ with determination?
3. To believe in Christ's power to save?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did a ruler ask of Jesus when he returned to Capernaum? To heal his dying daughter. 2. How was a diseased woman healed while Jesus was on his way to the ruler's house? By touching the garment of Jesus. 3. What did Jesus say to the woman? "Thy faith hath made thee whole." 4. What did Jesus say to the ruler when news came that his daughter was dead? "Be not afraid, only believe." 5. What did Jesus say to the people weeping at the house? "She is not dead, but asleep." 6. By what words did he call the dead child back to life? "I say unto thee, Arise."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The omniscience of Jesus.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

31. What was the last of those plagues which procured the release of Israel?

The last of those plagues with which God gave Moses power to smite Egypt to procure the release of Israel was, that, as Moses had declared, an angel destroyed all the first-born of the land of Egypt in one night; but he passed over and did not hurt any of the families of Israel.

FIRST QUARTERLY REVIEW.

March 26.

REVIEW SCHEME.

I. Repeat the TITLES and GOLDEN TEXTS of the lessons of the quarter.

II. Answer the questions in the LESSON CATECHISM.

III. Read each lesson carefully and try to tell about the following

LESSON PICTURES.

LESSON I—*A prophet preaching by a river.*—Who was he? How was he clothed? By what river did he preach? What did he say to the people? What did he see and hear when Christ was baptized?

TEACHING—We should honor Christ as the Son of God.

LESSON II—*The Saviour by the sea.*—Whom did he see fishing? What did he say to them? What did they do? 2. *The Saviour in the synagogue.*—Whom did he there meet? What did the evil spirit say? How did Jesus answer him?

TEACHING—We should promptly obey Christ's call.

LESSON III—*The woman with a fever.*—Who was she? What did Christ do to her? 2. *The Leper.*—What did he say? How did Jesus answer him? What did he command him to do?

TEACHING—We should go to Christ with all our troubles.

LESSON IV—*A man let down through the roof.*—What was his trouble? Why was he let down through the roof? What did he say? 2. *The tax-gatherer at his table.* What was his name? What did Jesus say to him? How did he honor Jesus?

TEACHING—We should look to Christ for forgiveness of our sins.

LESSON V—*In the wheat-fields.*—Who walked with Jesus? What did they do? What day was it? What was said? How did Jesus answer his enemies?

TEACHING—We should honor God's day by worship and doing good.

LESSON VI—*Twelve men with Jesus.*—Who were they? Who chose them? Name some of them? What did he call them to do?

TEACHING—We should bear Christ's message to men.

LESSON VII—*Friends and foes of Jesus.*—What did some of Christ's friends say about him? What did his enemies say? Who tried to see Jesus? Who did Jesus say was his mother and his brethren?

TEACHING—We should be Christ's brothers by doing God's will.

LESSON VIII—*The sower and the seed.*—What is the seed? Who is the sower? How many kinds of ground are named? What became of the seed in each?

TEACHING—We should let Christ's words have fruit in our hearts.

LESSON IX—*The candle and the mustard-seed.*—Where should a candle not be put? Where should it be placed? How should we bear God's word? How is the Gospel like mustard seed?

TEACHING—We should let Christ's light shine in our lives.

LESSON X—*Jesus in the storm.*—Where was it? What was Jesus doing? What did the disciples do in the storm? What did Jesus say?

TEACHING—We should fear nothing when Christ is with us.

LESSON XI—*The wild man among the tombs.*—In what country was he? What was the matter with him? How was he made well? What did he ask of Jesus afterward? What did Christ tell him to do?

TEACHING—We should tell others what Christ has done for us.

LESSON XII—*The dying girl.*—What was her father's name? What did he ask Jesus to do? Who touched Jesus in the crowd? What did the touch do for her? What did Jesus do when he came to the house? How was the dead child brought to life?

TEACHING—We should come to Christ with faith in his power to help us.

SECOND QUARTER.

A. D. 28.] LESSON I. [April 2.

THE MISSION OF THE TWELVE.

Mark 6. 1-13. Commit to memory v. 10-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He that receiveth you receiveth me; and he that receiveth me, receiveth him that sent me. Matt. 10. 40.

OUTLINE.

1. The Teacher, v. 1-6.
2. The Twelve, v. 7-13.

TIME.—A. D. 28, soon after the events of the last lesson.

PLACE.—Ver. 1-6, Nazareth; ver. 7-13, Galilee.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.—With ver. 1-6, Matt. 13. 54-58, some commentators regard Luke 4. 16-30, as parallel, but most as a previous event, early in Christ's ministry; with ver. 7-13, Matt. 10. 1-42, Luke 9. 1-6.

EXPLANATIONS.—*His own country*—Nazareth, in Galilee. This was his second visit since the beginning of his ministry. Though rejected once before, he still loves and seeks his own people. *Astonished*—They wondered at his wisdom, yet rejected him because of his humble origin. *The carpenter*—Jesus had worked at the trade of a carpenter with Joseph. *Sisters*—Who were probably married to men living in Nazareth. *Offended*—Opposed to him, and unwilling to believe in him. *A prophet, etc.*—Those who are nearest to a great man cannot see his greatness. *Could do no mighty work*—Because they would give him no chance. *Villages*—The small places around Nazareth. *The twelve*—The twelve disciples, called apostles. *Power*—Power to cast out evil spirits, as a proof that they spoke God's message. *Take nothing*—That they might learn self-denial, and trust in God, and that they might go directly to the people and depend upon them. *Script*—A bag for provisions. *There abide*—They were not to take time from their work for visits of mere friendship or acquaintance. *Shake off the dust*—As a token that they would have nothing to do with the people who refused to hear God's word. *Should repent*—Turn from sin to God. *Anointed with oil*—Healing by divine power, not by medicine.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

How are we taught in this lesson—

1. That Christ brings blessings to those who believe?
2. That Christ expects his followers to work?
3. That Christ's workers must be self-denying?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How was Jesus treated in his own city, Nazareth. He was rejected. 2. How did Jesus feel at the rejection by his own people? He marvelled at their unbelief. 3. Whom did he send out to preach? The twelve disciples. 4. What did he command them concerning their journey? To carry nothing. 5. What did the disciples preach? That men should repent.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The ministry of the word.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

32. How was this kept in remembrance in following ages?

God—that the children of Israel in following ages might keep in remembrance the passing-over their fathers in Egypt, in the night when the angel destroyed all the first-born of the land—appointed the yearly sacrifice of a lamb in every family, which was called the Feast of the Passover.

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