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# LEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VI.

TORONTO, MAY 1, 1886

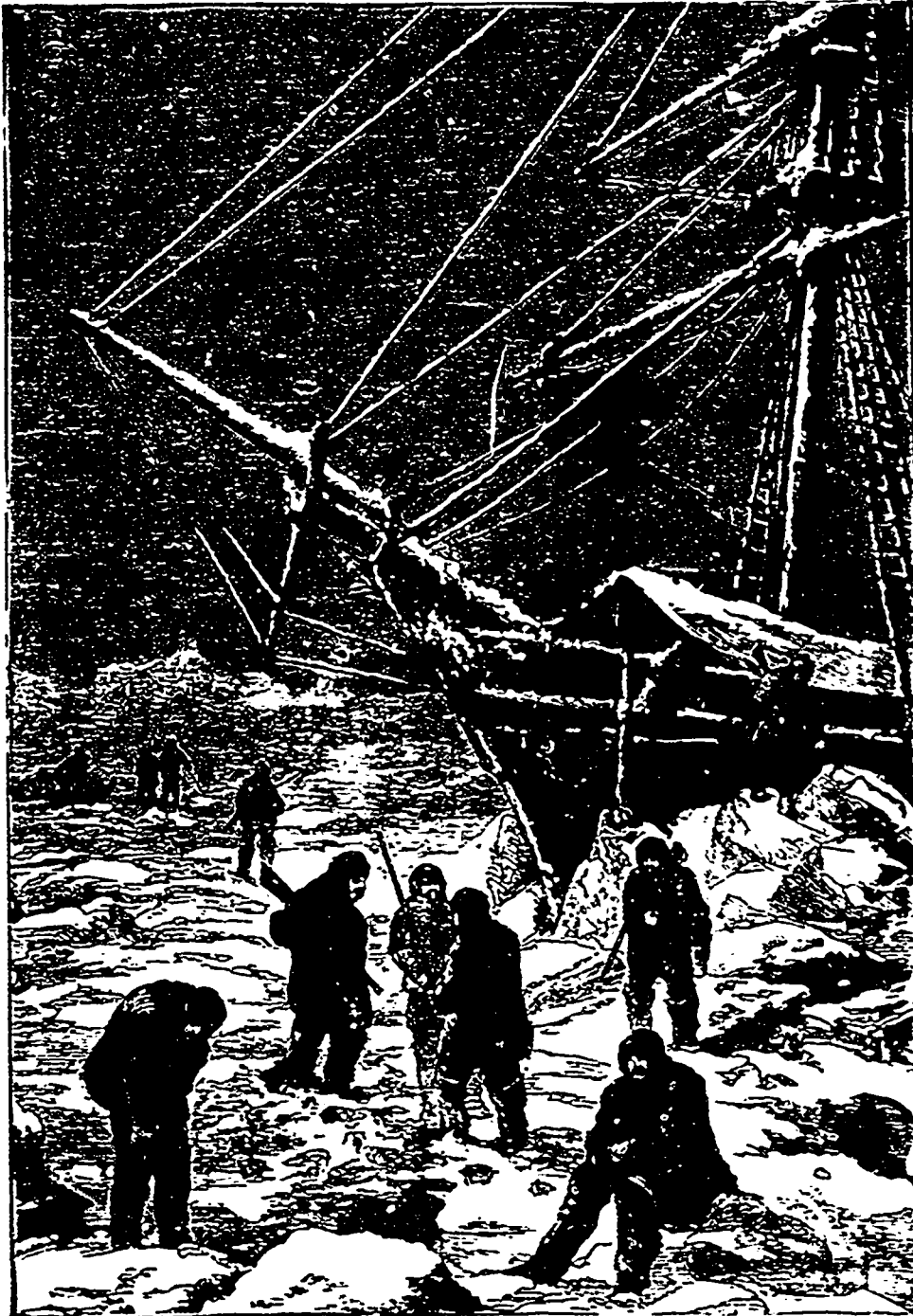
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## IN THE WHITE JAWS OF THE ICE-PACK.

WHAT a picture of desolation is Arctic scenery!—white, white everywhere save up in the blue sky, and that whiteness the chilling death-pallor of ice-pack and iceberg. Caught and held a prisoner in icy chains is the staunch vessel. Her masts, yards and rigging are all coated with snow and ice; her deck is roofed, and the roof is quickly frosted; her crew are muffled in the thickest, warmest clothing, and look like Esquimaux. They may leave the vessel, and, crawling over the iceblocks heaped about her, descend to the floe, and armed with guns, accompany the sledge off on a hunting trip. Such seemingly awkward, clumsy creatures,—will they run down a bear or the bear run them down? Life on an ice-pack is not very agreeable.

There must be occupation of some kind for the ship's crew. In the evenings they may sing, read, play chess. Hark! after a game of chess hear them singing "Home, sweet home!" Amid cold and snow and ice, how strange seems that chorus of the Arctic sailors, singing about home, and singing in the shadow almost of the North Pole! How the thought moves us!

The morning and afternoon of the day will be given to occupation of another kind. If one looks up into the rigging of an Arctic navigator, he will see "the crow's nest." It is a large cask holding about sixty gallons; its head has been knocked out, and then it has been hoisted to the fore or main-royal pole. Here it serves as a lookout station. It is white as if covered with marble. Peeping over the edge of the crow's nest you may see the beak of the crow, and at the present time this is the spy-glass held to his eye by the man on the lookout. He has seen a bear away off upon the ice, and passes down the word. Men and dogs are off at once. The bear has turned to see the meaning of the hubbub made by the barking dogs in its rear. Now it runs, escaping perhaps to a stretch of open water, where he will not be followed, or he may turn, rise up on his hind legs to receive his canine pursuers, and give them an unwelcome box on the ears. Those ears will never need boxing again. But the hunters have come up, and



IN THE WHITE JAWS OF THE ICE-PACK.

their breech-loaders send Monsieur Bear where he will not give boxing-lessons any more. He may weigh a thousand pounds, and for those who like bear-meat there is an abundance of food in store.

Engineer Melville, the Arctic explorer, speaks of a bear shot while he and his companions were off on the ice in wet tents, wet clothes, on soft, wet snow-beds. What a damp location! Fortunately, they shot a bear. Using

their "empty pemmican-cans for stoves"—imagine it, all grumbling cooks at home—they found that bear a most welcome addition to their scanty bill of fare. They fried his steaks, broiled his chops, roasted his paws and made stews of the flank-pieces, using the blubber for fuel. What a blessing arrived inside of that bear's furry skin! and the skin too had its value.

It may be necessary to go off on an exploring-tour, and then a dog-team

must be made up. There they go, those gaunt, yelping dogs harnessed to the sled burdened with its rider and his baggage. Away they dash, the wind driving down from the North Pole and bristling with its sharp frost teeth. A fierce, blinding snow-storm may set in, throwing huge nightcaps one after the other down upon the travellers. Oh how rough the limitless, unfenced, unmarked highway may be—rough with its blocks of ice! and if it be an ice-floe the sledge is jolting over, then perhaps there is a tract of broken ice ahead, the detached fragments swimming in the cold, dark sea-water. The dogs halt upon that gap in the floe, they know what a bath in that water means. But ahead they are forced, and they scramble from block to block, struggling and yelping—now in the water, now out, reaching at last the solid ice, the water in their fur quickly freezing, the cold stinging deeper and sharper. As for the driver, he feels bad enough to be willing to be a dog! He could only have a warm kennel. Such a ride!

But what if the ice floe con-  
clude to give the worried Arctic-  
navigator a ride, and so start off  
on a strange, perilous journey? In  
September, 1879, the Jeannette,  
sailing from this country and try-  
ing to find that way mysterious  
stick, the North Pole, was caught  
in the ice north of the Siberian  
coast. She was not only caught  
between the jaws of an ice-pack,  
but held there. It was one vast  
field of ice, and it was off too on  
a long, cheerless journey. This  
traveller that had taken the  
Jeannette on its white back,  
attempting to turn the corner  
of an island was very indignant  
at the crowding it received, and  
manifested its anger in violent  
agitations of its surface and in  
various horrible noises. Im-  
mense masses of ice were thrown  
up, endangering the safety of the vessel.  
Storms affected the ice floe, provoking  
it to violent changes. This great field  
kept on drifting, drifting, and for  
months the Jeannette remained in its  
icy grip.

One night there was a terrible split  
in the floe on a line with the ship's  
keel, and it canted her over on her  
right side. The next day the ship was  
abandoned. The end was not far dis-  
tant. "Good-bye, old ship!" cried

her commander, waving his cap and jumping on the floor. Early the next morning the ship, that had been rocking with the convulsions of the ice, began to sink in a fissure opening directly under her. It was a fatal parting of the jaws of the ice-pack. Down, down she went, the water covering her deck, spars, masts, the last sign of the unhappy ship disappearing for ever. Her crew were left on the back of that monster ice, five hundred miles from the Siberian coast, to make their way home as best they could; and some, alas! never saw again the light or heard the welcome of home.

The Arctic voyagers risk life, and too often lose life, from devotion to science, it may be—often from a spirit of enterprise that relishes danger for its own sake. The Christian missionary risks life, and lays down life if need be, from a deliberate choice. He believes that Christ has died to rescue fallen man; he believes that Christ would have him go forth to seek and save the lost; filled with love to his Master and to his fellow-men, he devotes himself to his work. We do not disparage the heroism of science, but Christian heroism is a holier and a higher thing. E. A. RAND.

### "AN OCEAN GREYHOUND."

THE late disaster to the Cunard steamship *Oregon* off Fire Island, and the minute and graphic accounts of the daily press, have brought the character and peril of ocean travel vividly before the public.

A description of the *Oregon*, which was a type of the latest transatlantic steamship, will perhaps be of interest to our readers.

The *Oregon* was 520 feet in length, or as long as two city blocks, including the street between them. She was 54 feet in beam (width), and 41 feet in depth. Her engines were capable of giving 13,000 horse-power. Her cost was \$1,250,000. This huge vessel had five decks. The upper, or promenade, deck was exclusively for the use of first-class passengers. Next came the main deck, on certain portions of which the steerage passengers were allowed to take an airing. The third, or berth, deck was occupied chiefly by the main saloon and first-class state-rooms, or cabins, as they are usually called at sea.

The steerage passengers occupied the fourth deck, which could accommodate 1,000 persons. There was room for 400 first-class passengers, 12 intermediate, 140 third-class, and 150 seamen. This mammoth steamer could carry nearly 1,800 people. She could transport all the inhabitants of an average sized country town, "bag and baggage," to any quarter of the globe.

The first-class cabins were richly decorated in costly woods and rich fabrics, electric lights illuminated every part of the ship, electric bells called attentive servants to every cabin, and the passengers, if the sea were smooth, or sea-sickness conquered, might sit down to three meals a day which rivalled in variety and excellence the tables of the best hotels of Europe or America.

This floating palace, with its grand saloon, its drawing-rooms, its promenades, smoking room, library, barber shop (usually closed in rough weather, lest the barber become an involuntary homicide), evening concerts, open-air games, and pleasant companionships,

was something more than a magnificent hotel. It was one of the swiftest steamers that plow the waves of the Atlantic. An "ocean greyhound," the reporters were fond of calling her. Very few people have any idea what fast time these steamships can make. One day's run of the *Oregon* on her fatal trip was 537 miles from noon one day until noon the next. To be sure this was exceptional speed, the wind was favourable, and she plunged along under both sail and steam.

"This was railroad speed," some one will say.

The Northern Pacific express makes about 535 miles per day between St. Paul and Portland, Oregon, and the Union Pacific between Ogden and San Francisco about 520 miles in twenty-four hours. It was more than trans-continental railroad speed.

The captain of an ocean steamer is a monarch. His word is law at sea. It must be so, for almost all depends upon perfect discipline.

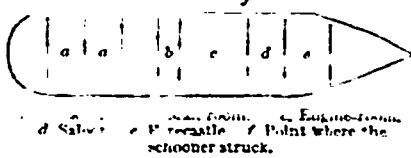
The captain of the *Oregon* ruled his men and passengers well in time of danger, and though his steamer lies at the bottom he has the satisfaction of knowing that not a life was lost.

The question on every lip after the news came was: "How could so small a vessel sink the great iron-sided *Oregon*?"

When it is remembered that the *Oregon* was making twenty miles an hour, and the alleged schooner which sunk her could not have been going less than eight, it is apparent that the shock must have been terrific, and perhaps it is not surprising that the iron plates yielded.

A great deal was said about watertight bulkheads, and the claim was made that even with the huge gap below her water-line the steamer should have remained afloat.

Perhaps a word of explanation about the bulkheads in connection with the following diagram may be of advantage:



The diagram represents a deck plan of the *Oregon*. The vertical lines represent the bulkheads—heavy iron partitions which divided the vessel into nine separate compartments. In case one compartment were injured the sluice-gates in the bulkheads could be instantly closed, and the leaking confined to the injured compartment, while the sound ones kept the vessel afloat.

The unfortunate feature of this accident was that the point of collision was just on a bulkhead, so that two compartments, the largest in the vessel, were injured, and the others could not counteract the weight of 3,000 tons of water. It is probable, however, that had it not been for the compartment system the vessel could have gone down almost immediately.

It is inconsistent with membership in the Church of Christ, to be engaged in the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, or in any other way aid or abet in the manufacture, sale or use of intoxicating liquors. — 10th General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church of the United States.

### THE SMALLEST DOG IN THE WORLD.

NEARLY two hundred different kinds of dogs! Think of it! And yet this is not difficult to believe; for we have water-dogs, and watch-dogs, and sheep-dogs, and fighting dogs, and pet dogs, and sledge-dogs, and carriage-dogs, thick dogs and slender dogs, long-legged and short-legged dogs, dogs for killing rats and dogs for killing wild boars, dogs for use and dogs for ornament, dogs to care for us and dogs for us to care for. Then there is the little dog—the toy dog, as it is called. The smallness to which a dog can be reduced is remarkable; and if the size of the very smallest had not been officially recorded, no one could be blamed for doubting the facts concerning the little fellow.

"Tiny," a black-and-tan terrier, has the honor of having been the smallest full-grown dog that ever lived. He belonged to Lieutenant-general Sir Archibald MacLaine, of England, and in honour of his extreme tininess is now carefully preserved under a glass case. Tiny was less than four inches long, and could comfortably curl up and take a nap in a common glass tumbler. An ordinary finger-ring was large enough for his collar; and when he sat up, a baby's hand would almost have made a broad and safe resting-place for him. Of course Tiny was of no account against a rat. Indeed, a hear'y, self-respecting mouse would have stood its ground against the little fellow. But if Tiny had not strength, he did have courage, and would bark as lustily as his little lungs would let him at the biggest rat that ever lived—when the rat was dead. To tell the truth, Tiny was remarkable and he was famous, but he was not very happy. He could have had almost anything he wished to eat, but he had no appetite. He shivered most of the time, even though he was usually hidden in warm wraps. Of course he caught cold easily, and then, O dear! how pitifully he did sneeze! — St. Nicolas.

### THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

LET a friend of children, who has reached the age of three-score years and ten, tell you something of the law of kindness as applied to all living things. My early impressions in regard to the treatment of everything that lives were given me by an older brother, who taught me to apply the golden-rule to the lower orders of creation. Act towards them as you would wish to be treated if in their place, he said, and also impressed upon me the words of the poet Cowper, who says: "I would not enter on my list of my friends the man who needlessly sets foot upon a worm." When older a book was placed in my hands called "Live and Let Live," which told of a man who found a grasshopper in his house, and taking it carefully to the door, said: "Go, my little friend, the world is wide enough for both you and me." And about that time, too, in our reading books at school we came to the fable of "The Boys and the Frogs." The boys threw stones at the frogs until by the remonstrance from one of them, "Don't, boys; that may be fun for you, but it's death for us." Another lesson in kindness to the creatures God has made, was given me by a good physician, who used to say: "We should never destroy without good reason anything which loves life." How little this rule is followed, and yet how it appeals to the jus-

tice and tenderness of every true heart. Just now there are remonstrances from many sources, beginning with Queen Victoria, of England, against the wanton destruction of birds, which are used as ornaments. And if these beautiful, bright creatures, the most innocent and charming in the animated life about us, are sacrificed to the pride of women and the greed of men, how much less will the other forms of life be regarded. It was said by Solomon of a virtuous woman: "In her heart is the law of kindness," and I hope these words of mine will make girls, and boys, too, remember that the golden rule extends to every little living thing, from the birds above us to the worms under our feet.

### A SONG FOR SPRING.

SHE is coming, coming, coming,  
Soon the wild bees will be humming  
Down among the clover-blossoms swinging  
In the sunny meadows;  
And among the young leaves springing  
Blithe birds gayly will be singing,  
While above cloud-shallops, fairy-like, will  
Cast their floating shadows.

Down among the reeds and sedges  
Set along the brooklet's edges,  
Whose sweet tongue by chains of crystal  
Fine and strong so late was holden,  
To and fro with fitful flashing  
Tiny speckled trout are dashing;  
All things feel with joy her presence—'tis  
A story sweet and olden.

There are blossoms in the wild wood;  
Lilting songs of happy childhood  
Greet the ear from vale and coppice, and  
The breezy hill-side yonder.  
Just to breathe the breath of heaven  
Is delight to mortals given;  
Why doth rapture thrill the hearts of those  
Who in the spring-tide wander?

Whence this joy within us springing,  
That, perforce, we join the singing?  
Whence this sweetly strange, mysterious  
Sense of bird-like wings a-growing?  
Is the spirit spring-tide nearer?  
Ay! its sunlight shineth clearer;  
While within the soul unfeeling founts of  
Song are overflowing.  
MRS. B. B. THORNE.

### A TABLESPOONFUL.

ONCE while John Wesley was dining with a respectable local preacher, on perceiving him about to prepare a little brandy and water, he cried: "What, my brother, what's that?"

"It is brandy," said his host; "my digestion is so bad that I am compelled to take a little after dinner."

"How much do you take?" asked Wesley. "Let me see!"

"Only about a tablespoonful."

"Truly," said Wesley, "that is not much; but a tablespoonful will lose its effect and then it will take two; 't is two you will get to a full glass, and that in like manner by habituating yourself to it will lose its effect and then you will take two glasses, and so on, till in the end, perhaps, you will become a drunkard. O, brother, take care what you do."

Happy had it been for that man if he had taken the timely warning of his faithful friend. But alas! he trifled with his little drops until he became a drunkard and ruined himself and his reputation.

Many who read this may be trifling with only a very little as he did; to such we say, beware lest his fate become yours' also.—Selected.

SOMEBODY says, "Gold is worshipped in all climates without a temple, and by all classes without a single hypocrite."

EVANGELISTE.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

THE Sabbath morn'g was fresh and cool,  
And all along the quiet street  
The children came from Sunday-school,  
I heard the pattering of their feet.  
I saw their faces fair,  
Their gravely happy air;  
The sweetest sight in all the land,  
It was to see them meet or part;  
Each with a Bible in her hand,  
A holy lesson in her heart.

One child more fair than all the rest,  
(I wish that I could sing her name)  
In richest silk and velvet dressed,  
When school was over, onward came,  
With childhood's beaming face,  
And childhood's winsome grace,  
Holding her mother's hand: her eyes  
Were homes of holy love and prayer,  
And kept the colour of the skies,  
Untroubled by a tear or care.

And as they trod the quiet street,  
They met a poor, toil-worn child;  
The children stopped, as glad to meet,  
And each upon the other smiled.  
"Good-bye," I heard them say,  
"You'll come next Sabbath day!"  
"Oh, yes, I'll come." And on she went,  
Regarded of half her care and fear.  
The mother to her daughter bent:  
"How do you know that child, my dear?"

"I know her lately," she confessed.  
"Just since this morning, when she came  
To Sunday-school, so badly dressed—  
I do not think I know her name—  
But she looked tired and shy,  
And almost like to cry,  
And half ashamed to onward pass;  
I could not bear her face to see,  
And no one knew her in the class,  
And so I made a place by me,

"And smiled to her; the place she took,  
And then she smiled right back to me;  
I let her read out of my book,  
And she was glad as she could be.  
And when the school was o'er,  
And we were at the door,  
She smiled again as I stood near,  
And I smiled back, and so you see  
We got acquainted, mamma dear."  
The mother kissed her tenderly,

And onward went with solemn face,  
Thinking, no doubt, how childhood's love,  
How childhood's kindly care and grace,  
Is most like that which is above.

HOW MUCH FOR CHRIST?—A MISSION PAPER.

BY THE REV. E. A. STAFFORD, D.D.

THE greatest sacrifices are made for Christ in the mission-field. There are no missions which ask more from the missionaries than those in the northern parts of this continent. Take the missions to our Canadian Indians in the North-West. One painful thing about them is their isolation. The missionaries and their families are for months entirely cut off from the civilized world. In China, and India, and Japan, many missions are located in cities and towns, and there are a good many English people engaged in trade. But away in the north, in some cases, no people speaking the English language can be seen without going hundreds of miles. This was the case more frequently in the past than now. One woman was at one of these out-of-the-way places for three years without seeing any one but her husband and children who could speak to her in her own language. Thirty-two years ago next summer that woman and her husband prepared to go to a mission away in the interior of the continent, at the north of Lake Winnipeg. There

\* We heard Bro. Stafford, at a week-night service, relate a number of thrilling incidents of Christian heroism on the part of our own missionaries in the North-west. He kindly consented to write out some of them for PLEASANT HOURS. This is the first of them; we will wait impatiently for others.—E. V.

were no railroads then running, as now, almost to the place. It was not possible to carry much luggage. He threw a great heap of books upon the floor and told his friends to help themselves. They were going into solitudes, where they would need books as never before, but they could not carry them along. But their children were not so easily disposed of. They were five in number. The eldest, a boy, they decided to send to Cobourg, to the college there. The next two were daughters, and they were to go away to New Brunswick, where a ladies' college had just been opened at Sackville. A younger girl was to be left at Hamilton with an aunt. These parents thus divided up their family, and parted from them for they knew not how long a time, and, indeed, that mother never saw her eldest boy again. The youngest child, a sick girl, they took with them, but her aged grandfather, with a trembling voice, said as he looked upon her pale face, "You will bury her in some sand bank by the way." But they did not, for she still lives, and is in Toronto to-day.

Now these parents were particularly fond of their children. If they had been asked what one thing they could not give up, except for the love of Christ, they would have said "our children." Yet even this sacrifice they did not think too great to make that heathen peoples might hear of the love of Christ.

They made their journey as far as the railroads of the United States went, and then the rest of the way by boat-boards over the prairie, and small boats and canoes over the lakes. The distance made in this way was about 800 miles from the nearest railway station. At their post the winter begins in October, and in June the ice and snow have not all disappeared. They only receive a mail two or three times in a year.

I have heard that missionary, who was the late Rev. Thomas Hurlburt, say that their loneliness became so great that he would have given the value of many dollars to have a man of common intelligence come and spend an evening with them in their mission-house. Parted from children and friends, only getting letters a few times in the summer, they certainly gave much for the love of Christ.

The same mission is yet a dreary solitude for the missionary and his family, though it can be reached much more easily than thirty years ago, by rail to Winnipeg, and in summer, once or twice a good steamer runs up to the place; and they are not generally more than three months at a time without a mail packet of some kind. But even so, they who labour on such a field are making sacrifices of personal comfort and ambition beyond anything we can conceive of, who live among our people in older parts of the country. The missionary and his wife up there now are as intelligent as the ladies whom fortune has favoured by giving them good homes in our cities. Their children are as bright as those who may read this. Yet they bear these privations cheerfully for the sake of Christ and his cause.

The Alms College of St. Thomas, Ont., Canada, has a missionary society which supports a Japanese orphan in the Christian College at Tokio. The name of their portage is O Sami San.

LATEST IMPROVEMENT IN TELEGRAPHY.

In the March number of *The North American*, Edison tells of a wonderful improvement he has lately made in telegraphy. Shortly, it amounts to this, that through the discovery referred to it is now possible to throw an electric current fully fifty feet through the air from one conductor to another, and this can be done in such a way as to transmit messages from and to a railway train when moving, say, at the rate of forty miles an hour, with all the ease and accuracy characteristic of ordinary telegraphic messages transmitted from station to station in the usual way. The messages can be received without difficulty amid all the noise and agitation of a moving train, and continued communication between such a train and all other points in circuit can be easily maintained.

For train despatching it will be invaluable. At every moment every train under his jurisdiction will be in direct communication with the train despatcher. In case of an overturn the exact spot of the occurrence can be indicated and every train in motion through the whole district can be warned, stopped, or changed in its route, so as best to help the injured one. Should a criminal be supposed to have started by such and such a train, not only will it be possible to transmit a full description of his person to the conductor of that moving train; but to all the others on the line, and should the suspected be discovered or caught, notice can be transmitted to the next station to have the necessary officers ready to seize him when the train enters the station. A merchant who has started on a business journey, so as to give him additional needed information while he is speeding along to his destination.

"Despatches," says Edison, "can be sent to or from the cars in either direction, either forward or backward along the route. The current leaps over to and runs along the wires, and whatever train or station may be called, that train or station will hear the call and answer it, but others which are not called will, of course, make no reply. Two trains passing each other on the road will not materially interrupt communication, because they pass within a few seconds, and the telegraphing to and from each can be resumed immediately."

The extent to which the new discovery can be utilized is simply marvellous, if indeed we are permitted in these days to call anything marvellous.

Of course for train despatching it will be invaluable, but for everyone almost who has much occasion to use the telegraph at all it will be almost equally so.

Mr. Edison claims that he will soon be able to make ships have direct communication with each other though separated by miles, and he hopes also to have railway telephones by which passengers will be able to talk with those at home just as is now done between thousands of offices and private residences.

We merely add what the inventor says in conclusion:—"The working of the invention is not a matter of uncertainty. It is already developed and perfected, and can be applied anywhere. I have had it elaborately

tested for several months and it operates equally well in all weathers." Now, then, what shall it be next!

THE PILGRIMS NEB!.

BY MRS. M. J. CRICK.

"NOW" tarry here, the young man said,  
"And rest thee by the way;  
For thou hast come from distant lands,  
A pilgrim, old and gray.

"And thou hast trod the sacred hill  
Of Palestine afar;  
Hast crossed the plains where wise men first  
Saw Bethlehem's morning star.

"And thou hast stood by Jordan's wave,  
And crossed its swelling tide;  
Climbed Calvary's hard and rugged mount,  
Where Christ was crucified.

"Thou hast knelt by tomb of martyrs,  
At prophet's mosque and shrine,  
Say, found you charm or solace  
For every heart like mine!

"In that land of sacred story  
By waves of Galilee,  
Say, found you charm or solace  
For weary ones like me!"

"Yes, I have found a fountain  
Where all who drink may live,  
And a pearl of price more precious  
Than Eastern kings can give.

"I have found the charm and solace  
For weary hearts like thine,  
But no one need go seek it  
In distant Palestine.

"For all who seek may find it,  
Believe me, gentle youth,  
The charm for which thou seekest  
Is the priceless pearl of truth."

KIND WORDS.

"Buy a box, please, sir!" The speaker was a little match girl, who, on a summer's afternoon, stood at the entrance of one of the large London railway stations. She was trying to find customers among the gentlemen who were hurrying along to catch the trains that would take them from busy, smoky London to their pleasant homes. Most of them never saw the little girl, or, if they did, took no notice of her. At length one gentleman, at the sound of the plaintive voice, "Buy a box, please, sir!" stopped a moment. "No, I don't want any," he said, and was passing on when the hungry look of the poor child arrested him, and he remembered a bag of biscuits which his little daughter had given him that morning for his luncheon, but which he had been too busy to eat. So he took them out of his pocket, and gave them to her, saying, "Here, darling, here are some biscuits for you." She took them with out one word of thanks, which rather surprised the gentleman, and he turned to go, but looking back he saw her standing with the biscuits still in her hand, her eyes full of tears, and he heard her say to herself, "he called me darling, he did!"

Don't you think that my friend went home to his own darlings with a happier heart for the kind word he had spoken to that poor child? Perhaps it was the only one she had heard for many a day.

Dear children,—you who live in happy homes, and have sunny smiles and loving words given you all day long,—will you not think sometimes of those poor little outcasts who have no homes! and if you have no more to give them, at least give them kind words.



## THE GIRLS AND BOYS.

WHAT is the work for the girls and boys  
In this beautiful world of ours!  
Is it only play, and traps, and toys,  
And stopping to gather flowers!  
With their busy hands and tireless feet,  
And hearts so jocund and free,  
Is there not some work for the girls and boys  
They can do with the heartiest glee!

There's a foe to fight—a foe to the boys.  
He for men will spoil them quite,  
And often the sweet and innocent girls  
He lures away from the right.  
King Alcohol 's the demon's name;  
You will meet him everywhere.  
Sixty thousand men he kills each year,  
And to fight him who will dare!

The army, I think, is the girls and boys;  
With God for their leader they go,  
And they will conquer in his name  
This cruel, murderous foe.  
Then "down with King Alcohol," girls and boys,  
Let this your watchword be,  
"For God, and home, and native land  
We'll fight till we are free."  
MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK:  
Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MAY 1, 1886.

**\$250,000**  
FOR MISSIONS  
For the Year 1886.

## OUR CONTINUED STORY.

We have from time to time received requests to publish in our Sunday-school papers, a continued story. Desirous of learning to what extent this feeling prevailed, we asked through this paper, some weeks ago, superintendents to ascertain the wish of their schools on the matter. A good deal of very interesting correspondence was received, some schools desiring no change, but a larger number requesting a continued story. One of the strongest protests against the story, was from our respected contributor, the Rev. James Lawson, of Cobden, Ont. That we do perfect justice to his objection, we give it in full, omitting only certain complimentary remarks about the present Editor.



MAUNA LOA.

Dear Editor,—Having just noticed your "query" in PLEASANT HOURS of January 23, I hasten to drop a few lines on the subject to which it refers.

I sincerely hope you will not make the change suggested. Will you kindly permit me to say that one of the many excellent features of our very superior Sunday school papers, according to my mind, is, that there are no "continued stories" in them, every paper is complete in itself—just as I think every Church paper should be. Our Sunday-school papers fall into the hands of many who do not get them regularly; and to such, the continued story instalment would be rather annoying than edifying. Many papers use this plan on purpose to increase their circulation, and manage at the end of the year to secure a renewal by beginning some "thrilling story" of "intense interest" just before the new volume begins. Our Sunday-school publications happily need nothing of that kind to secure a large circulation, nor would our editor, I am fully persuaded, think of introducing serials with that object in view. And as the circulation in the past has shown how highly our papers were appreciated, I hope none of the present subscribers will be disappointed by finding the paper different from what they were led to expect. The fact that hitherto such stories have not appeared seems to indicate that in the judgment of the editor, they were not desirable.

I am very glad that hitherto the editor has so decided. I very much appreciate his judgment in the matter, and hope I shall still have the privilege of doing as I have been accustomed to do, namely: recommending our own publications, publicly as well as privately, laying special emphasis on the very gratifying fact that "each paper is complete in itself, and no continued stories." I thought of offering a few additional reasons for not introducing the proposed change, but fear I have already made my letter too long. My intense loyalty to our own publications, and my very strong objections to continued story papers, must be my apology, which I trust will be kindly accepted by both indulgent editor and readers.

Yours loyally,  
JAMES LAWSON.

Now, we must say, frankly, that we feel quite strongly the force of Bro. Lawson's objections. At the same time many more schools request the story than object to it. And in this respect we desire to meet, so far as possible, the reasonable wishes of our active Sunday-school workers, on whom rests the burden of making our schools and our papers, the grand success that they are.

We shall endeavour to avoid the objections set forth in Bro. Lawson's letter. We think it not honest to print a story which continues after many of the schools close in the fall, or which begins before they open in the spring. We have therefore delayed beginning our story till the month of

May, when all the schools will be open for the summer. And as that in PLEASANT HOURS will only run through three or four months, and that in *Home and School* a little longer, they will both be ended before the winter-sleeping schools close in the fall.

We think most readers, both old and young, are too fond of stories. They should be used only as the salt, or spice, or sugar, of our mental food, and not as its staple diet. They will therefore form only a subordinate part of the reading of these papers. We shall try in each number to give a variety of religious instructive reading, based on solid fact, on biography, history, the study of nature, the great movements of the age, and shall try to saturate each paper with religion, temperance, patriotism, love of missions, and everything that will benefit both head and heart.

But a reasonable amount of story can do no harm, and will do good. Religious lessons can often be taught by a story or parable, as they can no other way, and there is something to be said in favour of a longer story than can be contained in a single paper. There is an opportunity in such a story to more clearly describe and develop character, to more strongly affect the mind, to more deeply impress important lessons, than in the short story sketch. After reading a score or a hundred of these, one very often has only a very confused recollection of what they are about, or perhaps no recollection at all. Now the sustained interest of the continued story keeps it fresh in the mind, and one can remember it as a whole, with its religious lessons, or moral teaching, for years, or perhaps for life.

But just here is the difficulty; to find a continued story of sufficient value, and of such distinct religious teaching as to justify its being put into the hands of the nearly 100,000 readers of PLEASANT HOURS. There are scores of stories which will interest and amuse, but will not instruct the mind, or profit the soul. These we do not feel at liberty to use. We have made diligent search before we were able to find one which came up to our ideal of what a religious story, for PLEASANT HOURS, should be. And even this we abridged from a large-sized book, containing a good deal that we would not feel justified in printing in this

paper. For *Home and School* we were unable to find such a story. So we use one written by the Editor, to supply just such a need.

We hope that their religious teaching will be owned and blessed of God, to the spiritual and eternal welfare of their readers.

## MAUNA LOA.

THE Sandwich Islands contain the largest volcanoes, both active and quiet, in the world. The two most lofty mountains are Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa, each of which is fourteen thousand feet in height. Kilauea, on the latter mountain, is the largest active volcano in the world, having an oval-shaped crater nine miles in circumference. In this immense cauldron is a red sea of lava, always in a state of fusion. At intervals the lava is thrown to a great height, and rolls in rivers down the mountain sides. Except at these intervals the mountain is covered with perpetual snow. It is in the centre of Hawaii, the largest island of the group. Near to it is the native village of Waiohinu, which is in a forest of orange, fig and guava trees.

## JOINING THE CHURCH.

How soon should I join the Church? The best answer we can give to that question is: Just as soon as your heart has joined the Saviour. When God gives conversion, he demands confession. Make the most of your early love. If your heart goes out to Jesus in loving trust, then stand up for him, and with him, joining your hands to his, take the blessed vow of spiritual wedlock. The whole drift of the Bible is in favour of prompt trust in Christ, prompt confession of Christ, and prompt obedience to his every call of duty. The teaching of the Word is: "Whosoever he saith to you, do it." But the devil's version reads: "Whosoever he saith to you, delay it."

The latest number of "Caseell's National Library" that has reached us is Horace Walpole's famous Gothic romance, "The Castle of Otranto." Prof. Morley writes a graceful introduction. This Library brings within the reach of everybody some of the most striking works of English literature at the nominal figure of 10 cents per volume.



HOME FROM THE WARS. (OPEN X PAGE)

## WHY DON'T HE LEAVE IT ALONE!

HE says he can drink or love it alone  
He's foolin' himself, that same vagabond.

Why then don't he leave it alone:  
Habits at first easy to sever  
Become iron bands that howl to be never  
Why then don't he leave it alone!

The young fop thinks that it's brave to  
drink,  
He has no brains that would help him to  
think  
Of father and mother at home;  
But when he drinks a beer he thinks he is  
smart,  
The danger lies in he don't lay at heart,  
He had better love it alone.

He'll take no advice, the pledge he derides,  
In drinking he will be fool-like confides,  
To resist temptation's cyclone,  
He tipples his wine and drinks his rum,  
If grain his soul, soon his end will come.  
Oh, why don't he leave it alone!

As down the current of life's straits he floats,  
He sees on each side many stranded boats;  
And oh, how sadly they moan,  
Wishin' that they had stopped in time,  
Before they were lost wid drinkin' wine,  
For now they can't leave it alone.

"A bad heart has turned him aside,"  
Won't listen to reason, is puffed up wid pride.  
He sez, "I've a will of my own,"  
And so he goes on down the broad path of  
sin,  
As I soon the Devil will gather him in,  
For the devil won't leave him alone.  
—*Temperance Record.*

## HOME FROM THE WARS.

OUR large picture represents a joyous scene which must have often happened during the late Franco-Prussian war. The husband and father is returning from the victorious battlefield. He has won the iron cross of honour which hangs on his breast. His wife and little son hail him with eager joy. The little fellow carries in his arms a mimic battle-flag and sword. But it is so long since the baby saw its father that it clings in terror to its mother's neck. The invalid grandmother in the chair is so overcome with joy as to be unable to rise. But, alas! there were many home circles where the father never came back. Thousands of brave men were left dead upon the gory field, and their wives and children were left to weep in solitude and poverty and despair. War is among the greatest of evils that affect the race. Of this we had last year a slight experience in our beloved Canada. God grant that we may never know its evils again.

## CHINESE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THE superintendent and teachers of the Chinese Sunday-school, in Toronto, held their annual social on Monday, the 24th inst. Nineteen out of twenty-one Chinamen in town sat down about 7 p.m., at well-spread tables in the gaily-decked reading-room of Shaftesbury Hall. One hundred and odd teachers sat with them, to show Celestials how Canadians can eat. After supper all adjourned down stairs to the large parlour and an interesting and varied programme was gone through. Fong Fung recited the Lord's Prayer in Chinese, Woo Quan Bow, at one time a leading theatre singer in the Flowery Kingdom, sang a Chinese song. Now followed readings in English and Chinese from Ohng Fung and Hung Woo. The Celestial programme was sprinkled with barbarian efforts, instrumental, vocal and oratorical. Mr. Morse, the indefatigable superintendent, read some interesting statistics

of the great Asiatic empire, showing the almost absolute nonentity of the Christian work yet done there and the vast harvest awaiting the reapers. "Who can tell," said one of the speakers, "but that out of this small class there may go forth a Chinese Luther to turn the vast nation to Christ! 'With God all things are possible.'" An evening, enjoyable both to teachers and pupils, closed with the benediction and "God Save the Queen," and the Chinaman trotted off home smiling and nodding, their usually expressionless faces beaming with pleasure and with the knowledge that in one part of America at any rate the Asiatic stranger can find not only justice but kindness and friendship.

## PIONEER METHODISM.\*

BY THE REV. EDWARD EGGLKSTON, D. D.  
CHAPTER I.  
HOW METHODISM CAME TO HISSAWACHEE VALLEY.

COLONEL WHEELER was the great man of the Hissawachee settlement, in Ohio, sixty years ago. He lived in a log house on the hill side, and to this there rode one day a stranger. He was a broad-shouldered, stalwart, swarthy man, of thirty-five, with a serious but aggressive countenance, a broad-brim white hat, a coat made of country jeans, cut straight-breasted and buttoned to the chin, rawhide boots, and "linsey" leggings tied about his legs below the knees. He rode a stout horse, and carried an ample pair of saddle-bags.

Reining his horse in front of the colonel's double cabin, he shouted, after the Western fashion, "Hello! Hello the house!"

"Hello!" answered Col. Wheeler, opening the door, "Hello, stranger, howdy," he went on, advancing with caution, but without much cordiality. He would not commit himself to a welcome too rashly; strangers need inspection. "Light, won't you?" he said, presently; and the stranger proceeded to dismount, while the colonel ordered one of his sons who came out at that moment to "put up the stranger's horse, and give him some fodder and corn." Then turning to the new-comer, he scanned him a moment, and said: "A preacher I reckon, air?"

"Yes, sir, I'm a Methodist preacher, and I heard that your wife was a member of the Methodist Church, and that you were very friendly; so I came round this way to see if you wouldn't open your doors for preaching. I have one or two vacant days on my round, and thought maybe I might as well take Hissawachee Bottom into the circuit, if I didn't find anything to prevent."

By this time the colonel and his guest had reached the door, and the former only said, "Well, sir, let's go in, and see what the old woman says. I don't agree with you Methodists about everything, but I do think that you are doing good, and so I don't allow anybody to say anything against you preachers without taking it up."

Mrs. Wheeler, a dignified woman, with a placidly religious face—a countenance in which scruples are balanced

by evenness of temperament—was at the moment engaged in dipping yarn into a blue dye that stood in a great iron kettle by the fire. She made haste to wash and dry her hands, that she might have a "real good, old-fashioned Methodist shake-hands" with Brother Magruder, "the first Methodist preacher she had seen since she left Pittsburg."

Colonel Wheeler readily assented that Mr. Magruder should preach in his house. Methodists had just the same rights in a free country that other people had. Besides, he proceeded, his wife was a Methodist; and she had a right to be, if she chose. He was friendly to religion himself, though he wasn't a professor. If his wife didn't want to wear rings or artificial, it was money in his pocket, and nobody had a right to object. Colonel Wheeler plumed himself before the new preacher upon his general friendliness towards religion, and really thought it might be set down on the credit side of that account in which he imagined some angelic book-keeper entered all his transactions. He felt in his own mind "middlin' certain," as he would have told you, that "betwixt the prayin' for he got from such a wife as his, and his own gineral friendliness to the preachers and the Methodist meetings, he would be saved at the last, somehow or nother."

Colonel Wheeler's son was despatched through the settlement to inform everybody that there would be preaching in his house that evening. The news was told at the Forks, where there was always a crowd of loafers; and each individual loafer, in riding home that afternoon, called a "Hello!" at every house he passed; and when the salutation from within was answered, remarked that he "thought liker'n not they had'n hearn tell of the preacher's comin' to Colonel Wheeler's." And then the eager listener, generally the woman of the house, would cry out, "Laws-a-massy! You don't say! A Methodist! One of the shoutin' kind, that knocks folks down when he preaches! Well, I'm agoin', jist to see how redik'ins them Methodist's does do!"

The news was sent to the school, which had "tuck up" for the winter, and from this centre also it soon spread throughout the neighbourhood. It reached Captain Lumsden's very early in the forenoon.

"Well!" said Lumsden, excitedly, but still with his little crowing chuckle, "so Wheeler's took the Methodists in! We'll have to see about that. A man that brings such people to the settlement ought to be lynched. But I'll match the Methodists."

Captain Lumsden accordingly got up a dance as a counter-attraction to the preaching.

Despite the dance, however, there were present, from near and far, all the house would hold. For those who got no "invite" to Lumsden's had a double motive for going to meeting; a disposition to resent the slight was added to their curiosity to hear the Methodist preacher. The dance had taken away those who were most likely to disturb the meeting; people left out did not feel under any obligation to gratify Captain Lumsden by raising a row.

Both lower rooms of Wheeler's log house were crowded with people. A little open space was left at the doors between the rooms for the preacher,

who presently came edging his way in through the crowd. He had been at prayer in that favourite oratory of the early Methodist preacher, the forest.

Magruder was a short, stout man, with wide shoulders, powerful arms, shaggy brows, and bristling black hair. He read the hymn, two lines at a time, and led the singing himself. He prayed with the utmost sincerity, but in a voice that shook the cabin windows and gave the simple people a deeper reverence for the dreadfulness of the preacher's message. He prayed as a man talking face to face with the Almighty Judge of the generations of men; he prayed with an undoubting assurance of his own acceptance with God, and with the sincerest conviction of the infinite peril of his unforgiven hearers. It is not argument that reaches men, but conviction; and for immediate, practical purposes, one Tishbite Elijah, that can thunder out of a heart that never doubts, is worth a thousand acute writers of ingenious apologetics.

When Magruder read his text, which was, "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God," he seemed to his hearers a prophet come to lay bare their hearts. Magruder had not been educated for his ministry by years of study of Hebrew and Greek, of Exegesis and Systematics; but he knew what was of vastly more consequence to him—how to read and expound the hearts and lives of the impulsive, simple, reckless race among whom he laboured. He was of their very fibre.

On this evening he seized upon the particular sins of the people as things by which they drove away the Spirit of God. The audience trembled as he moved on in his rude speech and solemn indignation. Every man found himself in turn called to the bar of his own conscience. There was excitement throughout the house. Some were angry, some sobbed aloud, as he alluded to "promises made to dying friends," "vows offered to God by the new-made graves of their children,"—for pioneer people are very susceptible to all such appeals to sensibility.

When at last he came to speak of revenge, Kike Lumsden, who had listened intently from the first, found himself breathing hard. The preacher showed how the revengeful man was "as much a murderer as if he had already killed his enemy and hid his mangled body in the leaves of the woods where none but the wolf could ever find him!"

At these words he turned to the part of the room where sat, white with feeling, Hezekiah Lumsden, or Kike Lumsden, as he was generally called. Magruder, looking always for the effect of his arrows, noted Kike's emotion and paused. The house was utterly still, save now and then a sob from some anguish-smitten soul. The people were sitting as if waiting their doom. Kike already saw in his imagination the mutilated form of his uncle Enoch (with whom he had had a deadly quarrel), hidden in the leaves and scented by hungry wolves. He waited to hear his own sentence. Hitherto the preacher had spoken with vehemence. Now, he stopped and began again with tears, and in a tone broken with emotion, looking in a general way toward where Kike sat: "O, young man, there are stains of blood on your hands! How dare you hold them up before the Judge of all! You are another Cain, and God sends

\* Condensed from "The Circuit Rider: a Tale of the Heroic Age." Routledge & Sons, London; Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.



his messenger to you to-day to inquire after him whom you have already killed in your heart. You are a murderer! Nothing but God's mercy can snatch you from hell!"

No doubt all this is rude in refined ears. But is it nothing that by these rude words he laid bare Kike's sins to Kike's conscience! That in this moment Kike heard the voice of God denouncing his sins, and trembled! Can you do a man any higher service than to make him know himself, in the light of the highest sense of right that he is capable of! Kike, for his part, bowed to the rebuke of the preacher as to the rebuke of God. His frail frame shook with fear and penitence, as it had before shaken with wrath. "O God! what a wretch I am!" cried he, hiding his face in his hands.

"Thank God for showing it to you, my young friend," responded the preacher. "What a wonder that your sins did not drive away the Holy Ghost, leaving you with your day of grace sinned away, as good as lost already!" And with this he turned and appealed yet more powerfully to the rest, already excited by the fresh contagion of Kike's penitence, until there were cries and sobs in all parts of the house. Some left in haste to avoid yielding to their feeling, while many fell upon their knees and prayed.

The preacher now thought it time to change, and offer some consolation. However imperfect his symbols, he succeeded in making known to his hearers the mercy of God. And surely this is the main thing. The figure of speech is but the vessel; the great truth that God is merciful to the guilty, what is this but the water of life?—not less refreshing because the jar in which it is brought is rude! The preacher's whole manner changed. Many weeping and sobbing people were swept now to the other extreme, and cried aloud with joy. Perhaps Magruder exaggerated the change that had taken place in them. But is it nothing that a man has bowed his soul in penitence before God's justice, and then lifted his face in childlike trust to God's mercy? It is hard for one who has once passed through this experience not to date from it a revolution. There were many who had not much root in themselves, doubtless, but among Magruder's hearers this day were those who, living half a century afterwards, counted their better living from the hour of his forceful presentation of God's antagonism to sin, and God's tender mercy for the sinner.

It was not in Kike to change quickly. Smitten with a sense of his guilt, he rose from his seat and slowly knelt, quivering with feeling. When the preacher had finished preaching, amid cries of sorrow and joy, he began to sing, to an exquisitely pathetic tune, Watt's hymn:

"Show pity, Lord, O; Lord, forgive,  
Let a repenting rebel live.  
Are not thy mercies large and free?  
May not a sinner trust in thee?"

The meeting was held until late. Kike remained quietly kneeling, the tears trickling through his fingers. He did not utter a word or cry. In all the confusion he was still. What deliberate recounting of his own misdoings took place then, no one can know. Thoughtless readers may scoff at the poor backwoods boy in his

trouble; but who of us would not be better if we could be brought thus face to face with our own souls! His simple penitent faith did more for him than all our philosophy has done for us, maybe.

At last the meeting was dismissed. But Kike stayed immovable upon his knees. His sense of guilt had become an agony. All those allowances which we in a more intelligent age make for inherited peculiarities and the defects of education, Kike knew nothing about. He believed all his revengefulness to be voluntary; he had a feeling that unless he found some assurance of God's mercy then he could not live till morning. So the minister and Mrs. Wheeler and two or three brethren that had come from adjoining settlements stayed, and prayed and talked with the distressed youth until after midnight. The early Methodists regarded this persistence as a sure sign of a "sound" awakening.

At last the preacher knelt again by Kike and asked "Sister Wheeler" to pray. There was nothing in the old Methodist meetings so excellent as the audible prayers of women. Women oftener than men have a genius for prayer. Mrs. Wheeler began tenderly, penitently to confess, not Kike's sins, but the sins of all of them; her penitence fell in with Kike's; she confessed the very sins that he was grieving over. Then slowly—slowly, as one who waits for another to follow—she began to turn toward trustfulness. Like a little child she spoke to God; under the influence of her praying, Kike sobbed audibly. Then he seemed to feel the contagion of her faith; he, too, looked to God as a father; he, too, felt the peace of a trustful child.

The great struggle was over. Kike was revengeful no longer. He was distrustful and terrified no longer. He had "crept into the heart of God" and found rest. Call it what you like, when a man passes through such an experience, however induced, it separates the life that is passed from the life that follows by a great gulf.

Kike, the new Kike, forgiving and forgiven, rose up at the close of the prayer, and with a peaceful face shook hands with the preacher and the brethren, rejoicing in this new fellowship. He said nothing, but when Magruder sang

"Oh! how happy are they  
Who the Saviour obey,  
And have laid up their treasures above!  
Tongue can never express  
The sweet comfort and peace  
Of a soul in its earliest love."

Kike shook hands with them all again, bade them good-night, and went home and laid himself down to rest.

#### TEMPERANCE.

My experience and observation would lead me to say that seventy five per cent. of the cases of insanity is not too large a number to ascribe to alcohol. —*Superintendent of the Ohio Insane Asylum, 1884.*

MANY years ago, when I asked a noted drunkard to sign the pledge, she replied bitterly that I was the last man who ought to give her such advice; for it was my own father who had taught her to love the drink. He had prescribed whiskey for her in an illness, and she had learned to love it. I succeeded with her for fifteen months, but after that she fell into the old miserable habit.—*Dr. Branthwaite.*

#### LONDON MOBS

A GREAT mob, variously estimated at from ten thousand to forty thousand men, gathered in the central part of London on the 8th of February, and for three hours successfully defied the guardians of public order.

This mob comprised three different elements. The cause of its gathering was a meeting of distressed and half-starving working-people, who assembled to make a "demonstration" and to call public attention to their deplorable condition. To these were added a large number of "socialists" and political agitators, who availed themselves of the occasion to make fiery speeches, and to denounce the existing state of English society.

A third element consisted, no doubt, of the most brutal, ruffianly and criminal section of the London population, who swarmed out of the slums of Smithfield and Drury Lane to swell the ranks of the violent and disaffected.

In presence of the mob the police proved to be powerless, and the rioters for some time had their own way in Pall Mall, Regent Street, and Trafalgar Square. The window panes of many shops, clubs and private houses were broken, one private house was broken into and pillaged, and several jewelry and dry goods shops were quickly emptied of their wares.

Yet, strange to say, amid all this long-continued storm of lawless fury and excitement, not a single human life was taken, nor was a single person even seriously injured. This has, indeed, nearly always been a characteristic of London mobs, which, while they have pillaged, burned, demolished, have usually seemed inclined to spare human life.

There have been many fierce and formidable mobs in London in the course of centuries, but never once has a mob succeeded in getting the complete upper hand in that great metropolis. After a brief season of riotous violence, the London mobs have always succumbed at last to the force of law and order.

In this respect they have had less power than similar assemblages of men in Paris, for in the latter city mobs have overthrown governments, altered political systems, enthroned fanatics in office, and instituted terrible reigns of terror and desolation. The most redoubtable London mobs of the past have never been able to unseat a sovereign or to establish a minister in power, but they have sometimes exercised an influence on the course of events.

Wat Tyler, at the head of his stormy mob of Kentishmen, dealt a severe blow at the old system of serfdom on English land, which never was so rigidly enforced after his rising as it had been before. Jack Cade's revolt, in the next century, achieved less, perhaps, but even that uprising was followed by milder laws relating to the laborers.

The mob which, about twenty years ago, assembled in Hyde Park, and tore down the railings, aroused English statesmen to the fact that the people were resolved to have an extended suffrage; while the mob which, some years later, gathered around Westminster Hall, and clamorously demanded that the proposal to tax match-boxes should be withdrawn, caused the ministry to abandon that proposal in haste.

In the same manner the recent mob, deplorable and revolting as were its excesses and violence, has already awakened the English people to a vivid sense of the fact that very widespread and very bitter distress prevails among their labouring people.

Within a week after its occurrence a million dollars had been subscribed in London alone for the relief of the poor workmen out of employment, and their starving families; and a Parliamentary committee had set at work inquiring into the causes of the prevailing distress, and the way to relieve it.

#### HEATHEN CHILDREN.

DOES not Jesus love the children  
Who now dwell in heathen lands?  
Would he give to them like blessing,  
Lay on them his gentle hands!

Yes, oh, yes! the Saviour's pity,  
Limitless and ceaseless flows,  
And he died that he might rescue  
Them, with you, from endless woes.

And he bids you send the knowledge  
Of his love to them afar,  
To the children who in darkness  
See not our bright Morning Star.

Oh! be earnest that the tidings  
Which to you such mercies bring,  
May go forth to scatter gladness,  
Making all the desert sing.

#### AN INDIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

We have received the following from the Rev. A. W. Ross, the energetic missionary at Fisher River, Man: Dear Bro. Withrow,—Believing that a few lines relative to our Sunday-school here will be acceptable, I now send you a short statement relative to same.

On Sunday, Dec. 27th, we had a brief statement of the past three months' work, and found the position of our school as follows:

Girls reading Testament in English, 26, boys reading Testament in English, 23, girls' primary classes, 33; boys' primary classes, 35. Total teachers and officers, 10. Total on school book, 127. Average attendance for the last three months, 70½. Total number of verses recited by girls, 1,185. Total number of verses recited by boys, 544. Total for three months, 1,729. Largest by any girl, (Mary Williams,) 142. Largest by any boy, (Charlie Mason,) 119.

This work has been done in English, by boys and girls whose native language is Cree.

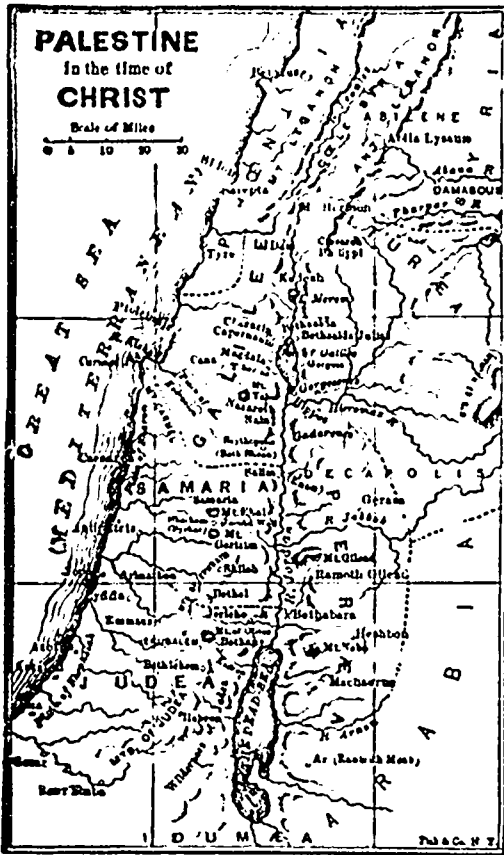
In connection with the lesson we give a short explanation in "Cree" on a large black-board made for the purpose. By that means we engage the attention of all present, and lessons of love and truth are brought within the comprehension of all. Since making and introducing the black-board exercise I have had no small reason for encouragement. Almost every Sunday some of the older people attend to hear the closing exercise.

Every Sunday a goodly number of our Sunday-school children may be seen occupying the front seats of the church, listening to the words of life, and, we have good reason to feel, not without good results.

I look upon and feel the Sunday-school as important as any—if not the most important—part of my mission work.

We are well supplied with books and papers. Many thanks to yourself and the Sunday-school Board, through whom we are supplied.





means, it strengthens me and revives me to teach this longing soul the way of life. *Four months, and then cometh harvest*—The principal harvest month corresponded to our May Barley harvest was in April. This may mean, "harvest is slow in coming, but our harvest is here." Or it may have been just four months before harvest. And when he said, "Lift up your eyes" how it must set them thinking what he meant. *That saying*—A common proverb

**TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.**  
Where, in this lesson, do we find—  
1. The duty of confessing Christ?  
2. The need of sowing before reaping?  
3. The reward of all true labor for God?

**THE LESSON CATECHISM.**  
1. After talking with Jesus what did the woman of Samaria do in her own city? She called the people to Christ. 2. To what did Jesus compare the world in speaking to his disciples? To a field white for harvest. 3. What does he gather who works for Christ? Fruit unto life eternal. 4. What is said of work for Christ in the GOLDEN TEXT? "One soweth," etc. 5. What was the result of the Saviour's visit to the Samaritan city? Many believed on him.

**DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.**—The spiritual harvest.

**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

22. How is it proved that the New Testament is inspired by the Holy Spirit? The Saviour told his Apostles that they should be witnesses of him, and promised that the Spirit should bring his word to their remembrance, and teach them things to come. (John xv. 26, 27, xiv. 26.)

**A. D. 28.] LESSON VII. [May 16.**

**THE NOBLEMAN'S SON.**

John 4. 43-54. Commit to mem. vs. 43-51.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Jesus saith unto him, Go thy way; thy son liveth. John 4. 50.

**OUTLINE.**

1. At Cana, v. 43-46.
2. A Call, v. 47-49.
3. A Cure, v. 50-54.

**TIME.**—The weeks following story of last lesson, A. D. 28.

**PLACES.**—Sychar, Cana, Capernaum.  
**EXPLANATIONS.**—*After two days*—The two days he stayed in Sychar. *Into Galilee*—Some of the country parts of Galilee, but not to Nazareth. *A prophet hath no honour in his own country*—The reason why he did not go to Nazareth. *Things that he did at Jerusalem*—Cleansing the temple, and asserting his position as a reformer in Israel. *Certain nobleman*—A person in high position and perhaps a kinsman of Herod. *Come down, and heal his son*—He probably knew about Jesus' miraculous power, and thought if he can make water into wine, he can turn sickness to health. *Except ye see signs*—Unless I keep doing miracles ye will not believe. *The seventh hour*—About one o'clock of our day.

**TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.**

Where, in this lesson, do we see—  
1. The plea of anxious love?  
2. The answered prayer?  
3. The power of faith?

**THE LESSON CATECHISM.**

1. To what place did Jesus go after leaving Samaria? To Cana in Galilee. 2. What did a nobleman ask of Jesus at Cana? To come and heal his son. 3. Where was his son at the time? At Capernaum, fifteen miles away. 4. What did Jesus say to him in the GOLDEN TEXT? "Jesus saith," etc. 5. How did the father receive the words of Jesus? He believed and went home. 6. What did he hear before he reached his home? "Thy son liveth." 7. At what hour had the fever left the son? At the hour when Jesus spoke.

**DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.** The power of Christ.

**CATECHISM QUESTIONS.**

23. What other proof is there that the Bible is inspired? Its wonderful and heavenly power over the human heart. (Heb. iv. 12, 13; Tim. iii. 16.)
24. How must we then esteem the Scriptures? As the true word of God, the sure and authentic rule of faith and practice.

**THE BELL OF JUSTICE**

It is a beautiful story that in one of the old cities of Italy the king caused a bell to be hung in a tower in one of the public squares, and called it the "bell of justice," and commanded that any one who had been wronged should go and ring the bell, and so call the magistrate of the city, and ask and receive justice. And, when, in the course of time, the lower end of the bell-ropes rotted away, a wild vine was tied to it to lengthen it; and one day an old and starving horse that had been abandoned by its owner and turned out to die wandered into the tower, and trying to eat the vine rang the bell. And the magistrate of the city, coming to see who had rung the bell, found this old and starving horse, and he caused the owner of the horse, in whose service he had toiled and been worn out, to be summoned before him, and decreed that as his poor horse had rung the bell of justice, he should have justice, and that during the remainder of the horse's life his owner should provide for him proper food and drink and stable.

**A LESSON IN A TUNNEL.**

WHEN we returned from Italy, some years ago, the Mont Cenis Tunnel was newly opened, and we reckoned that it must be a dreary passage, and very dark, and therefore we had better be provided with a candle. It would be damp and close, and therefore every window should be closed, for fear of our breathing the impure air. So we speculated; but when we traversed that wonderful passage, the carriages were well lighted, and much of the tunnel also; and we sat with open windows, finding it as easy to breathe as on the mountain's side. It was a joy rather than a peril to pass through the dreaded tunnel. So shall the voyager along the good old way find that death is not what he dreams. Jesus will light the darksome way, and the soul will need no candle of earth; fresh breezes from glory will drive away the death-damp, and the music of angels will make the heart forgetful of pains. How can the good old way lead into danger? What can it conduct us to but eternal rest?—*Spurgeon*

**THE MARTYR-FIRES IN ENGLAND.**

WHEN Latimer was about to die, he said that fire should that day be kindled in England which would never be put out. That fire is burning now, not in England only, but wherever the English tongue is spoken; and the warmth of it is felt in countries where the names of the Reformers are still held in detestation. Romanism may seem to revive, but every year will shorten its practical power to hurt. The hand is disarmed. It forgets and tries to deny the blood that rests upon it.

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**THE FARMER'S BOY.**

KNOW my face and hands are brown,  
But I am strong and spry;  
You cannot find in all the town  
A happier boy than I.  
With health, with hearty appetite,  
With nothing to annoy,  
It is a sweet and true delight  
To be a farmer's boy.

My pants are patched, my cap is torn,  
There's smut upon my nose;  
My muddy shoes are badly worn—  
They laugh at both the toes,  
My mother makes a suit for me  
That I can soon destroy,  
But it is always fun to be  
A lively farmer's boy!

I love the mountains grand and steep,  
They make me think of God;  
The hillside pastures, where the sheep  
Browse on the fresh, green sod;  
The spreading beech and maple trees,  
The squirrels, so cute and coy,  
The birds, the butterflies, the bees—  
I am a farmer's boy!

I can, with jack-knife, carve a ship,  
Or make a whistle shrill;  
Can stones upon the river skip,  
Down by the old red mill;  
The tallest trees can nimbly climb,  
Can sing, can shout with joy,  
Can have a splendid, jolly time,  
And be a farmer's boy!

—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**SECOND QUARTER.**

**A. D. 28.] LESSON VI. [May 9.**

**SOWING AND REAPING.**

John 4. 37-43. Commit to mem. vs. 35-38.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

One soweth, and another reapeth. John 4. 37.

**OUTLINE.**

1. Sowing, v. 27-34.
2. Reaping, v. 35-42.

**TIME, PLACE.**—Same as in Lesson V.  
**EXPLANATIONS.**—*Marveled*—Wondered: because the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans. *No man said*—None of the disciples dared to question what he was doing. *Left her water-pot*—A strange act for a Samaritan. It was, perhaps, a leather bucket, such as the Arab women now use. *Disciples prayed Alin*—Urged him to eat the food they had brought. *My meat is to do the will*—Meat strengthens and fits for work. Jesus