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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES. VOL. VII.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 5, 1887.

[No. 3.



MOUNT HOLYOKE.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Two Little Simplotons.

Two little sisters were Bessie and May,
The sweetest of sweet little girls.
Their faces perhaps no great beauty could
boast,
But both had the loveliest curls.

One day an old gentleman called on mam-
ma

An intimate friend, who had brought
For his two little pets, two beautiful dolls,
Which he in the city had bought.

"Oh! Oh!" exclaimed Bessie, "how lovely
they are!

Oh! dear Mr. Spring, you're so good!
I wish that we, too, could give something to
you;"

And said May, "How I wish that we
could!"

And old Mr. Spring, who was fond of a
joke,

Said slyly, "Look here, little girls,
Just see my poor head; it's as bald as your
hand;

Come, why can't you give me your curls?"

And after he'd laughed at their look of
dismay,

He turned to mamma, and forgot
What he'd said to the two little darlings in
play;

But the two little darlings did not.

They crept to the nursery—the nurse was
away,

But a great pair of scissors was there;
They climbed on two chairs which they
pushed to the glass,

And gazed on their beautiful hair.

Then chip went the scissors and off went the
curls;

Then, who ever saw such a sight?
With hair all cut jagged, in some places
bald,

Each child was a terrible fright;

While the floor was all strewn with the
beautiful hair,

Mixed together, the gold and the brown.
Then, each little girl having chosen her
own,

To the parlour they both hurried down.

Mamma gave a scream when she saw them
appear.

"Why, children! What under the sun?"
And old Mr. Spring looked aghast when he
saw

The mischief his joking had done.

MOUNT HOLYOKE.

MOUNT HOLYOKE is described as
"The Gem of Massachusetts's Moun-
tains." It is situated near the Con-
necticut river, three miles from the
picturesque village of Northampton.
The mountain can be ascended by the
inclined railway on its side, shown in
the picture. Although it is only 1,120
feet above the sea, it commands a
beautiful view of the winding valley of
the Connecticut, which has been pro-
moted by tourists the finest prospect
in America. The view embraces no
less than ten mountains in four States,
and about forty villages. First across
the river is Mount Tom, 200 feet
higher than Mount Holyoke. Further
off is the Hoosac range, Grey Rock,
Mount Everest, Sugar Loaf, and
others, and in the distance rises, in dim
and misty grandeur, the cloud-capped
Monadnock.

FAITH and the cross are inseparable;
the cross is the shrine of faith, and
faith is the light of the cross.

VIC VINTON'S VALENTINE.

BY AGNES CARR.

"O, Vic! have you heard the news!
Isn't it perfectly splendid!" burst
from a chorus of girls clustering about
the school-room register on a cold
frosty morning early in February, as
a bright-eyed, golden-haired maiden
entered and joined the group.

"No; what is it?" asked the new-
comer, drawing off her gloves, and
endeavouring to warm her hands.

"Why, Maidie Seymour is to give a
valentine party on the 14th, and
every one of our class is to be invited,"
explained Clara Townley.

"And there is to be a letter-box,
through which we are to send valen-
tines to each other," continued Bella
Osgood, "and Maidie's little brother
Fred, dressed as Cupid, is to distribute
them. Isn't it a pretty idea?"

"Lovely!" responded Vic; "but
Maidie ought to have let us know
sooner, so we could have saved up our
pocket-money."

"O, you always have plenty, and
can favour us all," laughed Nellie
Frost, twining her arm around her
friend's waist.

"Don't be so sure," said Vic. "I
have drawn pretty heavily on my
month's allowance already, and father
always objects to advancing me any
money. He says I will never learn
the value of it if he does. But there
goes the bell, and I haven't learned a
word of my French yet." As the
gong sounded, the girls dispersed to
their respective seats, but little was
thought or talked of during the en-
suing week except the coming enter-
tainment and the dainty missives to
be sent on the occasion.

Every school has its belle, or lead-
ing girl, and at Madame Berger's, Vic
Vinton was certainly that one.
Handsome, brilliant, and withal kind-
hearted and generous to a fault, few
could help loving her, and with both
teachers and scholars she was a gen-
eral favourite, while a certain royal
manner of her own had won for her
the title of "Queen Vic" among her
schoolmates.

But perhaps her most ardent ad-
mirer was one quite unknown to her-
self—a little demure lassie, the poorest
and plainest of the class, to whom she
had scarcely spoken a dozen words
throughout the year, and of whom she
rarely thought. Milly Melville looked
upon Vic Vinton as her ideal of every
beauty and grace, although she never
ventured to do more than gaze at and
admire her from a distance, being
much too timid and reserved to mingle
and make many friends among the
girls. So she was only known in the
school as "Milly the book-worm" (for
she was very studious), and at recess
she was left alone and unheeded in her
distant corner.

In due time the invitations were
issued, and on Valentine's Eve, Vic,
warmly wrapped up, for it was bitter
cold, ventured her way down-town in

quest of the fancy missives for her
mates, to be distributed by Cupid on
the following evening. As she walked
briskly along, her busy brain was cal-
culating how far the five dollars in her
purse would go, for, having always
taken the lead, she felt some pride
about having her gifts as handsome as
any that would be sent; and Maidie,
she knew, had invited a large number
of friends to do honour to St.
Valentine.

So engrossed was she in her own
thoughts that she almost ran into
another girl, who was coming up the
street, and was only roused by a timid
"Excuse me, Miss Vinton."

Vic stopped and spoke to Milly
Melville. "You are going to Maidie's
party, I suppose," she asked presently.

"No, I have nothing suitable to
wear," she answered frankly.

"That is too bad."

"Yes, I particularly wished to go
to this party. The dream of my life
is to be an artist, and I wanted to see
Mr. Seymour's pictures."

"Yes," said Vic, "and Maidie's
artist uncle is to be there. Perhaps
you may go yet. Do not send your
regrets before to-morrow. Good-by."

Vic went on her way thinking about
Milly. "I had no idea she was so
poor. I might send her the embroid-
ered muslin Cousin Charlotte gave me,
which will fit her, but whatever would
it be without the 'fixings,' as brother
Tom calls them?"

Vic thought a moment longer.
Then she announced, as though she
was speaking to some one: "So, my
dear friends, I fear you will have to
dispense with any love-tokens from me,
for hearts and darts, although very
tempting, must give way to gloves and
flowers." And turning resolutely from
the stationer's dazzling display, she
hurried to a dry goods establishment
across the way.

"A messenger boy just left th's
valentine at the door for you, Milly,"
said Mrs. Melville the next morning.

"For me! Who in the world
would send me a valentine?"

And Milly glanced inquiringly from
her mother's face to the large box she
carried in her hand. But the brown
orbs opened still wider when the lid
was lifted, displaying the snowy skirts
with their delicate embroidery, the
dainty gloves and slippers, and the
cluster of crushed rose-buds, so natural,
that Milly uttered a scream of de-
lighted astonishment as they were
drawn forth.

"This is Vic Vinton's work, I am
sure," she exclaimed. "O, how grand
she is! just like her royal name!"
And her mother nodded a glad assent.

Neither Vic nor Milly appeared at
school that day, but each member
present of the class was surprised to
receive a tiny note containing these
words:

I have decided to send no valentines to-
night, so please do not put me in debt if
you love

Your friend and schoolmate,

Vic.

"What now whom is this the Queen
has taken up?" asked Nelly Frost.
No one could answer her.

Mr. Seymour's brilliantly lighted
house was a vision of youth and hap-
piness on that St. Valentine's evening,
and graceful little Maidie, dressed in
pure white, with knots of true blue
ribbon, welcomed her guests with easy
courtesy.

Vic was radiant. But of all the
girls that flocked the spacious dress-
ing-room, none was so great a surprise as
Milly Melville.

"I had no idea she could look so
pretty," exclaimed Clara Townley.

"Yes, the little brown grub has
come out quite a gorgeous butterfly,"
said Bella Osgood.

Vic, meanwhile, was being plied
with questions, which she parried for
some time with considerable skill, as
to her new notion of neglecting her
friends, some of whom were inclined
to be a little indignant. They pressed
her so hard, that at length she was
forced to confess.

"Well, girls, the truth is, I did
send one valentine, but it was too
large to go in the letter-box, so I dis-
patched it a little ahead of time."

"And I am that valentine," said
Milly, who had stolen softly up be-
hind. Then in a few words she told
of the gift she had received.

"Three cheers for Queen Vic!"
cried all the girls.

"I did not mean them to know,"
said Vic.

"But I am very glad they do," said
Milly, and, taking her friend's arm,
they descended to the parlor to-
gether.

Vic was now a greater favourite
than ever, while Milly that evening
appeared so bright and merry, her
schoolmates all agreed that they had
never half appreciated her before.

Swiftly and gaily the hours sped
by, and when the tiny curly-headed
Cupid spread his silver wings and
fluttered about the room with his
tender missives, none could equal an
exquisite little picture painted by
Milly, and presented to "her dear
friend, Queen Vic."

Mr. Seymour, the artist, was in
raptures over it, and next day, having
heard Milly's story from his niece,
Maidie, paid Mrs. Melville a friendly
call. The result was a great joy to
Milly, for through his influence she
secured a good price for all the cards
and pictures she could paint, and she
became, as she had dreamed, a great
artist. Her first prize was won
through a picture of her friend, and
whenever any one asks her about her
art she tells them the story of Vic
Vinton's valentine.—*Harper's Young
People.*

MANY men who would be shocked
by an oath will utter words they would
be unwilling to use in the presence of
ladies. And in just so much they
lessen their manhood and deface their
Christian character.

The Wife's New Story.

THE story, ma'am? Why, really now, I haven't much to say; If you had come a year ago, and then again to-day, No need of any word to tell, for your own eyes could see Just what the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.

A year ago I hadn't flour to make a batch of bread, And many a night these little ones went hungry to their bed; Just peep into the pantry, ma'am; there's sugar, flour, and tea;— That's what the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.

The pail that holds the butter he used to fill with beer; He hasn't spent a cent for drink for two months and a year; He pays his debts, he's well and strong, and kind as man can be; That's what the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.

He used to sneak along the streets, feeling so mean and low, And always felt ashamed to meet the folks he used to know; He looks the world now in the face, he steps off bold and free;— That's what the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.

Why, at the shop, the other day, when a job of work was done, The boss declared, of all his men the steadiest one was John; "I used to be the worst, my wife," John told me, and says he— "That's what the friends of Temperance have done for you and me."

The children were afraid of him, his coming stopped their play; Now every night, when supper's done, and the table cleared away, The boys will frolic round his chair, the baby climb his knee;— That's what the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.

Oh, yes! the sad, sad times are gone, the sorrow and the pain; The children have their father back, and I my John again. Don't mind my crying, ma'am; indeed it's just for joy, to see All that the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.

And mornings when he's gone to work, I kneel right down and say, "Father in heaven, oh, help dear John to keep his pledge to-day!" And every night, before I sleep, thank God on bended knee For what the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.

—Selected.

THE UPAS TREE.

In 1775 a Dutch surgeon called Fersch, who had travelled much in Java, wrote a book, in which, among other things, he described the Upas poison valley of Java. The summary of his remarks is as follows: Somewhere in Java there is a tree, the poisonous secretions of which are so virulent, that they not only kill by contact, but poison the air for several miles around, so that nearly all who approach the vegetable monster are killed. For a distance of about fifteen miles round about the spot the ground is covered with the skeletons of birds, beasts and human beings.

The poisonous juice of the tree was much employed, not only to envenom arrows, and as a means of criminal execution, but for the still more objectionable purpose of secret poisoning.

You will, perhaps, be desirous to know how, according to Fersch, the poison was obtained, if it was impossible to approach the tree nearer than some fifteen miles without the most imminent danger. It was obtained by criminals condemned to die. They were asked to choose between immediate execution and the chance of saving their lives by procuring the poison. They usually preferred the latter; for, though dangerous it was not inevitably fatal.

Java really contains a poison valley, the air of which is so impure that no living being can live in it. Mr. Alexander London, who visited the spot in July, 1830, decided to explore the valley as far as possible. Arriving at the foot of the mountain, they left their horses, and with great difficulty, managed to scramble to the top. "We were lost in astonishment," he relates, "at the awful scene below us. The valley was an oval excavation, about half a mile in circumference; its depth from thirty to thirty-five feet. The bottom quite flat, and covered with skeletons of human beings, tigers, pigs, deer, peacocks, and a great variety of other birds and animals.

"This valley, however, is not poisonous because of the Upas tree. It is believed that sulphuretted hydrogen, if not the sole gaseous poison there, must be a constituent of it to a very large degree. This is the gas which accumulates in graveyards, cesspools, and other places where animal matter is collected. Surely all who are interested in the welfare of the community ought to remember that through our want of caution we are often allowing the very gases that constitute the destructive properties of the Upas valley to do their deadly work among us."

FACE YOUR TROUBLE.

"I HAD ploughed around a rock in one of my fields for five years," said a farmer, "and I had broken a mowing machine knife against it, besides losing the use of the ground in which it lay, all because I supposed it was a large rock that it would take too much time and labour to remove. But to-day, when I began to plough for corn, I thought that by and by I might break my cultivator against that rock; so I took a crow-bar, intending to poke around and find out its size once for all. And it was one of the surprises of my life to find that it was little more than two feet long. It was standing on its edge, and so light that I could lift it into the waggon without help."

"The first time you really faced your troubles, you conquered it," I replied aloud, but continued to enlarge upon the subject all to myself, for I

do believe that before we pray, or better, while we pray, we should look our troubles square in the face.

Imagine the farmer playing around that rock for five years, praying all the while, "O Lord, remove that rock!" when he didn't know whether it was a big rock or a little flat stone!

We shiver and shake and shrink, and sometimes do not dare to pray about a trouble because it makes it seem so real, not even knowing what we wish the Lord to do about it, when if we would face the trouble and call it by its right name, one-half of its terror would be gone.

The trouble that lies down with us at night and confronts us on first waking in the morning, is not trouble that we have faced, but the trouble whose proportions we do not know.

NOT ASHAMED OF THEIR RELIGION.

THE Emperor Constantine at one time desired to test his courtiers as to whether they were sincere in the profession of the Christian religion. He therefore permitted a proclamation to go forth, stating that whoever would not, on the following day, sacrifice to the gods, should be dismissed from his service. Soon a number of loose and characterless fellows reported to him that they felt it their duty to comply with his demand. But there was some honest, God-fearing souls who came to him and said, "Most gracious master and Emperor, next to God there is no one dearer to us than your Majesty. If asked to die for the welfare of your Majesty, we will cheerfully do so, only do not demand of us to do this, for it is against God and our consciences."

Whereupon the Emperor, turning to the faithless and wavering ones, said: "Ye unfaithful knaves! how would you prove faithful to me, when you are untrue to your own souls, your salvation, your God, your conscience, your religion and your own hearts? Leave my royal court at once, or I will severely punish you." But those who were not ashamed of their religion, he raised to great honour, and declared that they were more precious to him than large treasures of gold.

THE PILOT.

THAT was a brave and a noble pilot who, some years ago, on Lake Erie, when the steamer was discovered to be on fire, nearly half a score of miles from shore, turned her bow to the nearest land and stood at his post until the flames wrapped him round in lurid light. The passengers were frantic with alarm, the officers were bewildered by the tumult; but his eye was fixed through blaze and smoke upon the land, and he stood firm at the helm until the garments fell in cinders from his body.

"John Brainard," cried the captain from below, "can you hold on five minutes longer?" "I'll try, sir," was the reply. He stood there, determined

to die at his post rather than attempt to save himself at the peril of the passengers. He clung to the wheel until his sinews cracked and the bones of the right arm were laid bare by the fire, and then with foot and left arm held the ship ashore, and perished in his place just as the rescued people leaped from the wreck to the land. Who does not honour such a hero? Who would not trust in such a man? His was a greater achievement than that of Wellington at Waterloo—greater than any victory that carnal conqueror ever won.

A CHILD'S LETTER.

AMONG the slain at the battle of Woerth, a French captain was noticed, who held tightly in his hand an open letter which it seemed he had read in his last moments. One of the Prussian soldiers took an interest in it, and appropriated to himself this letter. He sent it as a curiosity from the battle-field to his own parents, who live at the extreme opposite end of Germany. All who read it were much affected by the simple but affectionate style of the letter. It was written by a good little French girl to her father, and it ran thus:

"My Dear Papa: Since you are far away, I have never left off to think of you. I am very sorry that I cannot see you and embrace you every new morning. But I hope the Lord will preserve your health, so that you may soon come home, and kiss your dear little girl again. I try to be very good, and I help mamma that she may bear your absence a little better. Good-bye, my dear, good papa. I kiss you very affectionately.

"The little girl who loves you,
MARGARET."

WORK.

ALWAYS remember, boys, whatever your occupation may be, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a paper, you must work. If you look around in the world, you will see the men who are the best able to live the rest of their days without work are the men who work the hardest.

Work gives you an appetite for your meals, it lends solidity to your slumbers, it gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday. There are young men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not know their names, even; it simply speaks of them as old So-and-so's boys. Nobody likes them; the great, busy world doesn't know that they are there. So find out what you want to be and do, and take off your coat and go at it. The busier you are, the less mischief you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will you be with the world and the world with you.

God Wants the Girls,

AND God wants the boys, all kinds of boys,
To love him, serve him, do his will;
He wants those boys that make a noise,
And those who keep so very still.

God calls the boys, yes, every one,
Those that are in and out of school;
Though jumping, shouting, full of fun,
He leaves none out - that is his rule.

God loves the boys of every kind,
The rich and poor, the short and tall;
Even for wicked ones you'll find
His grace is given to one and all.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 5, 1887.

\$250,000

FOR MISSIONS

FOR THE YEAR 1887.

CONSCIENCE.

WHAT a strange thing it is, that still, small voice, which speaks so continually to our hearts, approving when we do good and bitterly reproaching us when we commit evil. This quiet monitor has no articulate language, and its admonitions come to us without sign or sound, but we are cognizant of all it tells us just as well as though it spoke in sonorous tones audible to everybody around.

Conscience is the personal and particular director which God has given to every soul. It points ever to the path of right as the compass-needle points to the pole of its attraction. A degraded reason or diseased imagination sometimes embarrasses and interferes with the holy guide's freedom of action; but through all it faithfully maintains its natural tendency—the character of divine mentor is never wholly lost.

Listen then, young friends, to the zealous promptings of this voice of virtue's guardian pleading with your hearts. Never neglect to do that which it urges or avoid what it con-

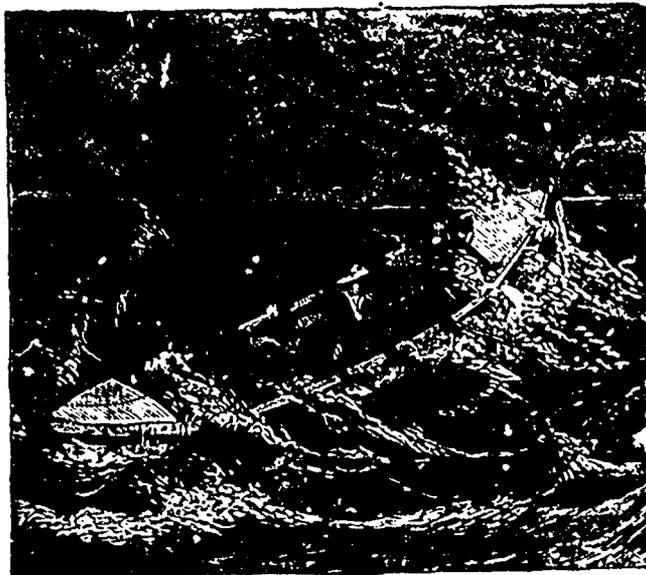
demns. In obeying it you not only please God and merit reward hereafter, but you secure for yourselves here that exceeding happiness—"the joy of a good conscience," with which no other earthly delight can in any wise compare.

SOMETHING ON THE ANVIL.

THAT we may make the most and best of life, we must live by rule. A rule not so rigid and exacting as to make it a snare or a yoke of bondage; but yet a rule by which our general conduct shall be regulated, a rule sufficiently elastic to admit of easy adjustment to time and circumstances, a general rule admitting of exceptions when inexorable necessity requires it. We urge all our young people to live by rule. Many of you are in attendance at the Common or High school, and have your regular course of study. Well, here let your rule be to "shirk" nothing, to "scamp" nothing, be thorough in your studies, know the "reason why" for everything. In your recitations, or examinations, be honest; scorn the idea of deceiving your teacher or the examiners; rather be "plucked" a dozen times than appear in feathers not your own.

In your intercourse with your school-fellows, be courteous to all, and upright in all your dealings with them; but let the rule be never voluntarily to associate with, or make companions of, any one addicted to the use of profane language, or low, filthy conversation: let the rule in this case be without exception. We have heard of very naughty doings by young people connected with our High schools, such as going off for a spree, using intoxicating drinks and tobacco, and endeavouring to induce boys, who have been religiously trained, to join them. To all such invitations, let this one text be the answer, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

In addition to your school studies, you must not forget the Book of books. Have time set apart for reading the Bible, say one half hour or more per day as you may determine, and always have a point before you. Read on one subject till you have read all the Bible says on that subject; for this purpose you will need a reference Bible, or what is still better, a good concordance of the Holy Scriptures. If you have never tried the plan here suggested, take the duty of children to their parents; or the keeping of the Sabbath, or the avoiding of bad company, and you'll be astonished at the result. Have your time for physical exercise, and in the open air if possible, playing, walking, or in the garden, or at the wood-pile. Have time for meditation, a few minutes every day, just to set down and meditate. Some try to do this when out for a walk - be it so, and if so, then just unbend your mind, forget all your ordinary studies, and let the eye rove round, and take in some of the many beauties scattered on every



THE LIFE-BOAT.

hand. There are lessons in the flowers, the stones, the running brooks; lessons everywhere. God's great book of nature is always open for your study.

You will often find it possible to couple with a great walk, an act of kindness; some one of your school-fellows is sick, call and see him; or perhaps some poor person would be thankful to have you call and read a chapter or two of the Bible to them. Always have something to do; something on the anvil, and hammer away as it; asking, and expecting the Great God, our heavenly Father, to help you in your studies and in all your efforts to do that which is right. To have something to live for, that must be your purpose; doing your duty in the particular state of life or circumstances in which, by the providence of God, you are placed. Have some good thing on the anvil and work away at it.

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

Little Lord Fauntleroy. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Sq. 8vo. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. Price \$2.

This is one of the most charming books for young people we ever read. It tells the story of a little boy, Cedric Errols, born to a lowly fortune, who unexpectedly becomes heir to a great estate. He has been carefully trained in unselfishness and kindness by a wise and loving mother. His change of fortune, instead of spoiling him, brings out the best points of his character, and enlarges his opportunities of unselfish kindness. He wins all hearts, but his chief conquest is that of his stern, hard, selfish old grandfather, the Earl of Dornicourt, whose icy nature melts, and whose crabbed old age, fairly blossoms into kindness through the influence of the love and trust of the dear little boy. It is a beautiful illustration of the Scripture, "A little child shall lead them." Unlike most children's books, this one has a fine literary style that will be relished by old as well as young. That accomplished writer, Mrs. Bryant,

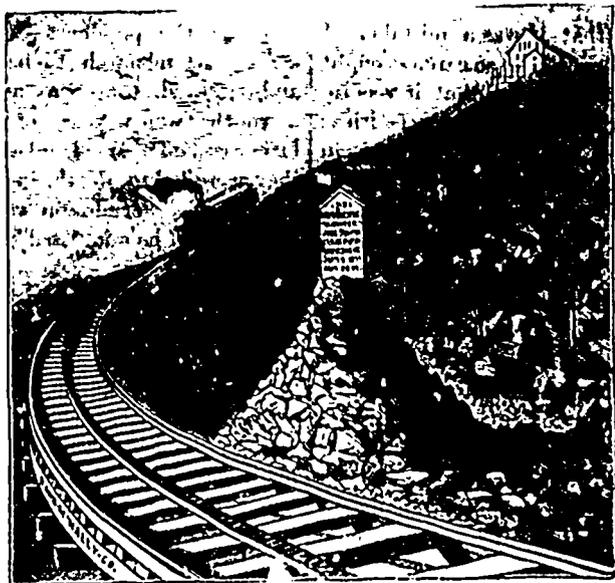
has put some of her finest touches upon it. Little Lord Fauntleroy is said to be a sketch of her own child. The story of such a sweet and noble character will do all children good. The book is most charmingly gotten up, and the numerous pictures are worthy of the accompanying text, which is saying a great deal.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

If you will observe the boat in this picture, you will see that a covering has been placed over either end. These are the air-chambers, which are so closely sealed that it is impossible for the water to find entrance into them. They are so large that they will keep the boat from sinking, not only when it is filled with passengers, but also with water; indeed, while the air-chambers remain uninjured, the life-boat will float under almost all circumstances. In the midst of storms that wreck the stoutest vessels the life-boat moves securely. For this reason it is used as a type of Christ, through whom the sinner escapes impending judgment, and through whom he passes on through life, secure from all the temptations and perils that beset his path.

THE Rev. James Hannon, an honoured minister of the Guelph Conference, writes:—"I take the *Sunday-School Times* published at Philadelphia, am familiar with Cook's publications, and other Sunday-school literature, and I find that our own papers are equal to any, and superior to most papers of their kind on the continent. May they be read by millions. The whole Methodist Church should unite in an effort to increase their circulation."

LET us suppress this systematic agency for the temptation and ruin of men. Shielded behind the ramparts of law and custom, the traffic is proof against all those weapons which we have found effectual in other directions. The strong arm of the law alone can reach it. We must stop this authorized trade in destructive drinks.—*Rev. H. D. Kitchel.*



UP MOUNT WASHINGTON.

What's It Good For?

BY JESSIE M'GREGOR.

WHAT'S it good for—beer or whiskey?
 "Good to make a fellow frisky,
 Good for burns and chills and wheezes,
 Good, they say, for all diseases—
 Rather funny, if it's true!"
 Alcohol's a base deceiver;
 It will "cool" you in a fever,
 Warm you when you're blue and chilly—
 Ever hear of things so silly?

Why, it's nonsense through and through.

What's it good for? If a blessing,
 What it does will need no guessing.
 Old Aunt Chloe at her baking
 Says, her yellow turban shaking,
 "Good for misery, I'm shore."
 Yes, it's very good to make it;
 It will fill you (if you take it)
 Full of poverty and sorrow,
 Leave you far worse off to-morrow
 Than you ever were before.

It has draped the world with curses
 Worse than rags and empty purses;
 Given thirst, but not for learning;
 Kindled everlasting burning—
 "Good for misery," we own.
 But there's one thing more it's good for,
 Though to many it has stood for
 Pills and pottage: you will find it,
 Spite of "prejudice" behind it,
 Very good to *let alone*.

THE BOY AND THE MASON.

The still form of a little boy lay in the coffin, surrounded by mourning friends. A mason came into the room and asked to look at the lovely face.

"You wonder that I care so much," he said, as the tears rolled down his cheeks; "but your boy was a messenger of God to me. One time I was coming down by a long ladder from a very high roof, and found your little boy standing close beside me when I reached the ground. He looked up in my face with childish wonder, and asked, frankly, 'Weren't you afraid of falling when you were up so high?' And before I had time to answer, he said, 'Ah, I know why you were not afraid—you had said your prayers this morning before you began your work.' I had not prayed; but I never forgot to pray from that time to this, and by God's blessing I never will."—*Selected.*

We must inspire Government with a sense of its responsibility to high heaven.—*Gerrett Smith.*

UP MOUNT WASHINGTON.

Crowds of people, in the months of July and August, visit the White Mountains. Of this great range Mount Washington is the highest, its summit being 6,288 feet above the level of the sea. On the very top a hotel has been built; and by the side of this is an observatory, in which the Government has a small force of men to make meteorological observations all the year round. From the hotel, or observatory, on clear days, a magnificent view may be had of the surrounding country. It is said that, with a good glass, ships on the sea ninety miles away can be distinctly seen.

Formerly, those who wished to get to the top of Mount Washington had to go up by the coach, or on foot, or on horseback. Recently a railroad has been built, which takes people up more rapidly and comfortably. The accompanying picture gives a good idea of this railroad and of the hotel at the top. The mound of rocks at the side marks the place where, on September 14, 1855, Miss Lizzie Bourne perished with cold in an attempt to reach the summit.

"GOOD WILL."

OUR Blood Indian mission has good reason for rejoicing in the *good will* of some energetic Christian people. Never having had a bell to call the people to worship and the children to attend the school, I wrote a letter to the Dundas Centre Methodist Sunday-school, London, Ont., thanking them for the help that had been given to the mission in former years, and asking them to send us a bell. In a very short time the pleasing announcement reached me that a bell had been procured, and an excellent and novel entertainment held on the occasion of its dedication. Several young persons in connection with the school collected sums to purchase it, and these had their names "cast" in it. The bell was named "Good-will," and as expressive of the love of the pale faces for the Blood Indians, it is

very appropriate. I cannot tell you all the good things that were said and done at the dedication of "Good-will," but a gentleman in Lethbridge, Alberta, told me about the "Bell-Ringers" of the Methodist Sunday-school, and the pleasant songs they sang.

We are now getting ready to erect a building suitable for school and church, and then "Good-will" shall call aloud in joyous strains to all the Bloods, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." The Indians say that they are glad they are going to have a suitable building with a bell on it. Our old school is in a very poor condition, being built of cottonwood logs, and is not in a central location. Two young lads who attended our school were amongst the number who were killed and scalped by the Gros Ventres about three months ago. As I held service a short time after word reached us of the sad affair, while yet we were in doubt as to the truthfulness of the report, some persons began talking about a few minor matters. Button Chief's widow said to the parties, "Don't talk about that to-day. It is Sunday. I have been praying earnestly for my boy." There is light beyond and God is with us.

JOHN MCLEAN.

Blood Reserve, Alberta.

THE SAVIOUR'S LITTLE PET LAMB.

It is doubtful in what language our Saviour usually spoke—whether Greek or Syriac; but in one instance, at any rate, the Syriac words are given. They are, "Talitha cumi;" that is, "My little lamb, my little pet lamb, rise up." By these endearing appellations he roused the sleeping soul. By this he showed to the parents that he was one with them in their parental love, in their domestic joy, as well as in their domestic sorrow. The daughter came again to life, and was to them as she had been before.

And, children, these words are also addressed to you—"My little lamb, arise." "My little lamb"—the very words tell you how precious you are to the Good Shepherd. Arise, get up, bestir yourself; get up from any slothful habit, from any idle, selfish habit you have formed. Let his voice reach your innermost heart and raise you from the deepest sleep.

He says to each one of us, "Talitha cumi," My little lamb, rise, mount up, be better this year than you were last year. Mount up, become better and wiser; mount up, rise up, as if you were climbing a long ladder; mount up, rise up, as if you were climbing a high mountain—and then you will indeed know that this gentle Jesus who has been your strength and aid in the past will be your hope in years to come, and will be your guide even into eternity.

A TASTE FOR READING.

TIME should be devoted by every young man and woman entering life, were it only half an hour a day, to the development of their mind, to the gaining of useful information, to the cultivation of some ennobling taste. A taste for reading is worth more than any sum we can name. A rich man without this or some similar taste does not know how to enjoy money; his only resource is to keep on making, hoarding money, unless he prefer to spend it, and a mind that is not well developed does not know how to spend wisely. A well-known millionaire used to say that he would gladly give all his money if he could only have himself the education which his lazy, stupid boy refused to acquire. Be advised, make it a rule never to be broken, to devote at least half an hour a day to the reading of some useful and instructive book. Every man needs a knowledge of history, the elements of science, and other useful subjects, and, if only half an hour a day is given to reading, he will find the advantage of it. Be hungry and thirsty after knowledge of all kinds, and you will be none the worse, but all the better, as business men and women. Beware of novels; they are ensnaring and pernicious.

THE TOWER OF REPENTANCE.

IN the neighbourhood of Hodnam Castle, Dumfriesshire, there was once a tower called the "Tower of Repentance." What gave the tower its name we are not told, but it is said that an English baronet, walking near the castle, saw a shepherd lad lying upon the ground reading attentively. "What are you reading, lad?" "The Bible, sir." "The Bible, indeed!" laughed the gentleman; then you must be wiser than the parson. Can you tell me the way to heaven?" "Yes, sir, I can," replied the boy, in no way embarrassed by the mocking tone of the other; "you must go straight by way of yonder tower, and then keep to the right." The gentleman saw that the boy had learned right well the lesson of his book.

I wish some of our great statesmen would walk through our great towns, and would go from house to house with some of the devoted clergymen who know the condition of the people. I wish they would come and hear the biographies of intense misery which are to be found under the humblest roofs; and when they have learned these things, and found that they are all to be traced up to one black fountain—intoxicating drink—I believe they would lay aside their political questions and conflicts, and take in hand that which touches the very root of the life and morals of the people.—*Cardinal Manning.*

VENTURE not on the threshold of wrong.

Jim's Dream.

BY MINNIE G. FRASER.

Roon homeless Jim—his small, bare feet
Had wandered down the sloppy street
Since the sun rose; and now, 'twas going
down,
But tired out, he lingered in the town.

'Twas Christmas eve; the angels sang
Long years ago. The heavens rang
With the glad news—"To us a child is
born,"
But Jim had tolled since early, early morn.

And now within cathedral walls
He creeps; the softened light enthral
His little heart. With awe he gazes round;
He dare not move—the place is hallowed
ground.

Sweet music—tender, soft and low,
Rippling like waters in their flow—
Is floating on the fascinated air,
Dying away in the deep, pleading prayer.

The boy lay down and fell asleep,
And slumbering, heard the organ sweep
In mighty harmonies from chord to chord,
While choral voices sang: "Praise ye the
Lord!"

And fleeting fancies filled his brain,
And visions mingled with the strain;
Pure forms of beauty dawned upon his sight,
Elysian scenes—bright transports of delight.

He saw the city of the King,
He heard a voice say: "Go and bring
Home little Jim"—and then he seemed to
rise
And angel wings to bear him to the skies.

The golden gates were open wide,
And he passed through, while by his side
An angel walked, who gently took his hand
And showed him all the glories of that land.

For beautiful fields of green were there,
And Esheol's grapes in clusters rare
Hung purple ripe, and shady, waving trees,
Whose branches whispered in the balmy
breeze.

Each seraph's face was full of love
And perfect peace. They dwelt above
All thought of ill. Their robes were
glistening white,
And on their heads were jewelled crowns of
light.

Jim fain would hide his little feet,
Black with the squalor of the street!
Looked at his ragged coat with brimming
eyes—
He was not fit to be in Paradise.

The angel led him to a throne,
And in its midst was seated One
Who took his hand, and wiped away his
tears,
And comforted and calmed his tremulous
fears.

And looking up, he knew the Lord;
'Twas he; and his gracious word;
And in agony began to pray:
"O, keep me, Father; send me not away."

And, wondrous ecstasy!
With joy he heard him say:
"Behold little Jim," and, O, the radiant
light!
For evermore he walked in spotless white.

And when the sexton came at morn,
A formless waif with clothes all torn
Was lying dead within the sacred dome,
He mourned, nor knew the lad was safe at
home.

"HERE, now," said a mother to her
little boy, "take this good medicine.
It's sweet as sugar." "Mamma, I
love little brother," he replied; "give
it to him."

WAS IT LUCK.

THE curtains were drawn to keep
out the wintry blasts, and the bright
firelight aided the shaded gaslight in
revealing all the comfort of that
pleasant room. The number and
variety of books in the elegant book-
case, and numerous papers on the
table, indicated that the owner was a
man of culture and familiar with the
world's daily doings, while luxurious
chairs and lounges proved that he was
not unmindful of physical comfort.
Indeed, as we look at the owner of
this beautiful establishment as he is
seated in an easy-chair reading a paper,
we feel that he is every inch of a
gentleman, and worth our entire re-
spect. The merry group by the fire,
who are visitors for the holidays,
evidently share our opinion. Suddenly
one of the boys, turning to his uncle,
said:

"Uncle Harry, do you believe in
luck?"

"Well, boys," said he, "that is
rather a leading question. I will tell
you a little story, and you can call it
what you please:

"When I was about ten years old,
my father died, after a lingering illness.
He had been unfortunate in business
ventures, and his sickness had entirely
exhausted our funds. I left school,
and felt that, as I was the oldest, I
must help mother to support the family.

"Poor mother! it grieved me greatly
to see her patiently stitching away on
the coarse work she received such a
pittance for from the shops. I tried
to get a place in some store, but could
not succeed. My efforts in that line
and my many rebuffs would astonish
you.

"I concluded I would sell papers, but
at first it was very hard work. I did
not mind the fatigue. I sold the even-
ing papers, but could not call my paper
out loud and clear, and then some other
boys would get ahead of me. I was
better dressed than the other 'newsies,'
and so they looked upon me as an inter-
loper, and tried to run me out of the
world; but I thought of my mother at
work at home, and determined I would
succeed. One evening I jumped on a
car, carrying my papers in my best style.
I sold several, and was just leaving
the car, when a gentleman, who was
busily talking with his neighbour,
while both occupied uncertain stand-
ing room, called me: 'Here, boy
—a *Cronicle*,' I gave him one, and he
put his hand in his pocket and drew
out and gave me what he supposed was
a three-cent piece, but I saw it was a
gold piece. I jumped off the car in a
hurry, and soon went home. I felt a
little uncertain as to how mother would
view the matter, but I never had any
secrets from her, so I told her all
about it, adding that I considered it a
rare piece of luck, for we needed the
money more than you children can im-
agine; but mother argued that moral-
ly I had no right to any more than
the price of the paper, unless it was

given me; that it was a mistake. I
insisted that any man so careless ought
to lose his money, and that it was in-
tended to relieve our own necessities;
but mother said: 'My son, he in
whom I put all my trust has never
deserted me yet, and I cannot distrust
him now. I would rather starve than
have my boy become dishonest.'

"I believe there comes to everyone
some supreme crisis in life, when good
and evil strive for his soul, and that
night was the crisis in mine." Mr.
Morton had forgotten his eager listen-
ers, but was recalled by the question:

"But what did you do?"

"Well, your grandmother finally got
me to promise that if I saw the man
again I would return the money. No
fear of my not knowing him; his face
was before me all the time. Next
evening I began my work as usual. I
had been through several cars, and
almost hoped I could not find my
generous (!) patron; but at last I came
face to face with him. I spoke quickly,
for fear my courage would fail.

"You bought a paper of me last
evening, sir," I exclaimed.

"Well," said he, "I suppose I did.
I bought one from some boy. What's
wrong? Didn't I pay you?"

"I told him what was the matter,
and his astonishment was great. He
looked at me as if I were a curiosity,
asked my name, and where I lived.
Others heard the conversation, and my
papers were soon all sold at double
their price, the gentlemen laughingly
telling me that they knew what they
were about. I fairly flew home that
night, and I never felt so proud and
happy as when I poured that money
into my mother's lap, and heard her
say: 'Thank God for having kept you
honest, my boy.'

"The next day my mother had a
call from the gentleman, and the
result was that my career as a newsboy
ceased, and mercantile life began—
very low down, to be sure, but I work-
ed away. I attended night school, and
by degrees I rose, till, as you know, I
am a partner in the house. Now, you
may judge whether I believe in luck,
or the 'divinity which shapes our ends,
rough them how we will.'"—*Kind
Words*.

DYING FOR A SON.

TWELVE men in the reign of Kureem
Khan were robbed and murdered
under the walls of Shiraz. The
murderers were not discovered for a
long time; but the king, resolved in
making an example, commanded his
officers, under heavy threats, to perse-
vere until all should be brought to
light.

At length, by accident, it was found
out that a small branch of the king's
own tribe were the guilty persons.
Their crime was clearly proved, and
they were condemned to death. The
circumstances that they were of the
king's own clan made the case worse.
They had dishonoured their sovereign,
and could not be forgiven.

When the prisoners were brought
before the monarch to be sentenced
and executed, there was among them
a youth twenty years of age. His
father rushed forward and asked, before
they were led to death, to speak with
the Prince. Permission was easily ob-
tained; and he addressed the monarch
as follows:

"Kureem Khan, you have sworn
that these guilty men shall die, and
it is just that they should suffer; but
I, who am not guilty, come here to
ask a boon of my chief. My son is
young; he has been led into crime,
his life is forfeited; but he was just
about to be married. I come to die
in his stead. Be merciful; let an old
worn-out man perish, and spare a
youth who may long be useful to his
tribe.

The chief was deeply moved by
this appeal. To pardon the offence
was impossible; for he had sworn on
the koran that all concerned should
die. He granted the father's prayer;
and the old man went to meet his fate,
while the son, wild with grief, loudly
called on the Prince to inflict on him
the doom he deserved and save the
life of his aged and innocent father.

How much greater was the love of
the Lord Jesus; for "while we were
yet sinners, Christ died for us." And
how deep should be the gratitude of
those in whose stead he gave up his
life!

That Boy.

THROUGH the house with laugh and shout,
Knees threadbare and elbows out,
Mamma hears with anxious doubt,
That boy.

Vain are all the lessons taught;
In one short hour they are forgot.
Gentle manners learneth not
That boy.

Vain the work of fingers deft,
Till of strength they are bereft;
One fatal fall in rags has left
That boy.

Thus she muses, while she tries
To soothe the wakened baby's cries;
While to other mischief hies
That boy.

With aching head, this mother mild,
Looks to the future of her child—
Still heedless, yells in accents wild,
That boy.

She hears the dread, unearthly tone,
And stifles something like a groan.
To some bad end will surely come
That boy.

Patient mother, wait awhile;
Summon back thy loving smile;
Soon will graver cares beguile
That boy.

Soon the boy "with cheek of tan"
Will be the brawny, bearded man.
If thou wouldst trust and honour then
That boy,

Trust him now, and let thy care
Shield his soul from every snare
That waits to capture, unaware,
That boy.

And when, though worn and oft distressed,
Thou knowest that God thy work has
blessed,
Then trust with him for all the rest,
That boy.

Daniel.

Good Daniel of old, when tempted with wine,
For truth grew quite bold, and dared to decline;
Though others might eat, he would not defile
His body with meat, nor let wine beguile
His heart into sin, lest he should offend
His conscience within and God, his wise friend.
Devoutly he took God's law for his guide;
The truth ne'er forsook, whatever might slide;
He wavered at naught, learned lessons each day;
Adversity taught that he should obey
The laws of his God—the people had erred.
And under the rod his spirit was stirred
To meekly obey, whatever the cost;
Not take his own way like some, and be lost;
But followed the light God lovingly gave,
That, choosing the right, his soul he might save.
The king gave command the Hebrews should feed
On food from his hand. Some weakly gave heed;
But Daniel, with those who like him did think,
Much simpler food chose, and water to drink.
Permission they sought, their principles tried,
Proved clearly that naught like truth would abide;
For fairer and fatter their bodies were found
Than those in the matter by custom well bound.
From this let us learn how we should obey;
Who will may discern how wise Daniel's way.
His life's lesson grand on us be not lost;
Like him may we stand firm, true at all cost!

—David Lawton.

LAYING THE CLOTH.

I HAVE only just found out what makes it so nice to dine at Mrs. Leslie's. If you are asked to stay to any other meal it is just the same. The fare is simple, for they are far from rich, yet it always seems to me much better than it could be in a palace. And I have just found out that the whole secret, next to the careful cooking, is the pretty way they have of laying the cloth. Who would have thought so much depended on this trifle. The cloth is not damask, but it is as white as snow, and has been folded neatly. The spoons and forks shine just like real silver, and the knives are a wonder. The glass sparkles so that the very sunbeams like to play about it and every plate and dish is as bright as a new pin. It is the same with everything on the table. The mats are put on straight; the salt is nicely smoothed, and so on; and the chairs are placed round the table as if waiting to welcome each to his own particular seat. And Mary Leslie always has some sort of flower or green thing on the table. She says it costs nothing and makes all the difference, which is quite true.
I mean to lay our cloth myself tomorrow, and see if I cannot save trouble and give pleasure. There is so much to do in our house that there seems no time to think of anything

pretty. 'Yot, as we lay the table three times every day, and sometimes oftener, it is right to do it nicely. Father is sure to notice if the room looks tempting when he comes in to dinner. I hope he will ask who laid the cloth.

I have never used that little white and gold cup Aunt Margaret brought me from Mayfield last summer. It will be the very thing to hold flowers for the table. I will put only a few, but freshen them every day. How long it seemed to wait. However, it's nearly bedtime now, and I really think I will get up earlier and lay the cloth for breakfast. It will be such fun to be as nice as the Leslies'.

BREAK THE CHAIN.

THE fable story is told of some young and inexperienced sailors who once, when out fishing, cast anchor as they thought, but soon found their boat moving slowly along.

A great fish had hold of the chain, and was dragging them down to a rocky coast, near which was also a dreadful rapid and waterfall.

What could they do? No time was to be lost. Their only hope was in breaking the chain. The fish was not in sight; but by cutting loose from it they could then row the boat with safety.

So it is every day in life. We seem to be safe; but a careful look will show us that we are moving toward danger. Some unseen enemy has hold of us at some point, and dragging us toward death. A bad habit, an ugly temper, laziness, dangerous company, evil desires, strong drink, and many other things, take strong hold on men.

Oh, break the chain! Cut loose from the enemy. Tear away from all that is unholy. And safety lies also in doing this at once. Waiting is dangerous. When too near the precipice death is certain.

PLAYING STAGE-COACH.

"ALL wanting the same place makes a good deal of trouble in this world," said mamma, thoughtfully. "Shall I tell you a little story about it—something I know is true?"

"O yes, do!" chimed the children.

"It's a very sad story, but I will tell it to you," she went on; "and the next time you are tempted to be selfish, stop and think of it. Once long ago there were four children playing stage-coach, just as you have been doing now; and just like you, they all wanted the first place. Instead of playing on a log, however, they were in the spreading branches of a willow tree.

"'I want to drive,' said Lucy, getting in the driver's seat.

"'No; let me drive.' And Harry climbed up beside her. 'Let me sit there.'

"But Lucy did not move.

"'Let me sit there,' repeated Harry, giving her a slight push, and crowding

his way on the same branch where she sat. 'You must let me drive.'

"A moment more, a sudden crash, and they were on the ground. The branch had broken. Harry was on his feet instantly, trying to raise his sister. But there was a sharp cry of pain; then she lay very still. Mother and father came running out of the house, and gently raised the little fainting form, from which the arm hung limp and broken. There was sorrow and crying, but it was too late; nothing could turn aside the weeks of suffering and pain that must be borne before the little girl could take her place again among the other children. I think they all learned a lesson of loving unselfishness in those weary days, each trying who could bring the most brightness and happiness into the dreary hours. I was that little girl; and I learned to appreciate little kindnesses as I had never done before. It was then that I learned something else, too—something that I want you all to remember"—and mamma looked at the little group—"it is: 'Even Christ pleased not himself.'"—Selected.

STRANGE THINGS IN NATURE.

THE spider spins its ladder out of itself. When it ascends it eats the ladder; when it wants to go down it spits it out again. There are plants which eat animals. They have mouths and stomachs. If a fly falls on one of these it shuts up and begins at once to digest it. Having done so, it opens again ready for another meal. The leaves are the lips. The opossum has pockets. In its side-pockets this animal carries its young. "If the cat had only been provided with pockets she would not have to carry her kittens in her mouth by the back of their necks."

It is said that the huma never alights. There are sea-birds which can roost on the waves in the worst storm. The carrier pigeon knows the way home if let loose many a mile away. Camels weep. They are patient, but know by smell and sight when danger is near, and show their fear by tears. While being loaded the camel stops chewing its cud.

The mouth of the whale is an instance of ingenuity and foresight. It is a kind of shrimping net. One would hardly suppose that one of the largest animals would seek its food among the smallest, that millions would be daily destroyed to support one life, but so it is according to M'Culloch. But if the whale had to swallow all the water it must draw into its mouth with its prey it would be exceedingly inconvenient. So Providence has provided a singular piece of machinery to prevent this. It is a series of flat hoops meeting from both sides of the mouth into arches carrying ranges of bristles which form a strainer and also a kind of net. The water is thus rejected, and the mass of shrimps is delivered to the throat.—Anon.

ACTION OF MONKEYS.

AN officer stationed at Kalladgee, in India, was once climbing a rocky hill, when he and a native who accompanied him, witnessed the following episode. A poor monkey was being slowly enwrap in the voluminous folds of an enormous boa, its bones breaking like pipe-stems by the pressure. Gradually the reptile unwound itself, leaving a crushed, unrecognised mass. The numerous monkeys on the rock were in the greatest state of excitement, running wildly about, gesticulating, chattering, and moaning, though of course powerless to help their comrade. While the snake was commencing its gorge, and before its body began to fill and swell, the officer and native went in quest of a stout cudgel and a sharp knife, expecting to make an easy prey as soon as it should be filled to repletion. When they returned to the scene of strife the boa lay thoroughly gorged beneath a projecting mass of cliff, looking more like a log than anything more lively. On the summit above a troop of monkeys was assembled, and three or four of the largest and strongest were occupied in displacing a massive fragment of rock, already loosened by the rains from the main ledge. By enormous exertion—made too, with a silence quite unusual to monkeys—they at length succeeded in pushing the rock until it trembled just over the boa's head; then uttering a yell of triumph they dropped it over the miniature precipice. It struck the boa on the head, mashing it to a jelly. As its great tail lashed about ineffectually in its last struggle there was a chorus of exultation—man joining his near relative, if we believe some of our instructors—over this well accomplished act of vengeance.

A BLIND SPARROW.

LAST spring one of the old birds in Dr. Prime's collection—a gray sparrow—became blind, and straightway a little dark brown and white bird, known as a Japanese nun, and named Dick, became the sparrow's friend. The sparrow's home had a round hole as a doorway. Little Dick would sit down on a perch opposite the hole and chirp. The blind bird would come out, and, guided by Dick's chirps, would leap to the perch, and so on to the seed cup and water bottle. But the most curious part of the performance was when the blind sparrow would try to get back into the house. Dick would place the sparrow exactly opposite the hole by shoving him along the perch. When opposite, Dick would chirp, and the blind bird would leap in, never failing.—Exchange.

WHAT powerful persuasion to sin are the license laws! How idle to hope that men engaged in the traffic will abandon it while these laws remain unrepealed! Many will cherish a spirit of self justification under the shield of the law; and thus the law will aid in perpetuating the evil.—Hon. Gerritt Smith in 1858.

Try Again.

MARGY with the flaxen hair
Sat the picture of despair,
"Five times six and eight times seven,
Add results, and by eleven
Multiply—oh no, divide—
And I don't know what beside;
Oh, this horrid, horrid sum!
Right I cannot make it come."
So said Margy, with a sigh,
Crying, "'Tis no use to try."

Gray-haired grandma, sitting near,
Heard the sigh and saw the tear.

"Margy, darling, hither come;
Let me see thy 'horrid sum.'"
Scanning all the work, she saw
Here a slip and there a flaw.
"Ah, my Margy, plain to see
Why the figures don't agree.
Little maid, thy sore distress
Is the fruit of heedlessness."

"Oh, but, grandma, I have tried
Just as hard!" poor Margy cried:

"But the naughty figures go
Somehow always wrong, you know."
Then to her supreme dismay,
Grandma sponged the work away,
And for Margy's eyes to read,
Wrote in letters large and plain,
"If at first you don't succeed,
Try, and try, and try again."

When the wise old law she read,
"Thank you grandma, dear," she said.
Then with bright and cheerful air
Worked the sum with double care;
And the answer—happy sight!
Came at last exactly right.

"Now," the little maiden cried,
Laughing, in her girlish pride,
"When my naughty sums go wrong,
'Try Again' shall be my song."

—Harper's Young People.

LESSON NOTES IN SUNBEAM.

At the meeting of the Niagara Conference, held in the town of Woodstock in June, 1886, the following resolution of the Conference Sunday-school Committee was adopted by the Conference:—

"That, as the publication of the Sabbath-school lessons in the children's papers is needless, and wasteful of space that attractively filled would make the papers more acceptable, we urge its discontinuance."

(See Minutes of Niagara Conference, page 65, section 2.)

This resolution was forwarded to the Sunday-school Board, with the assurance that it had been carefully considered before adoption. In deference to the judgment of the Conference, the Lesson Notes were omitted from the *Home and School* and from the *Sunbeam*. They are continued in *PLEASANT HOURS*, *Banner*, *Berean Leaf*, and *Berean Quarterly*. This explanation is given for the satisfaction of friends who write complaining of the omission and asking why it was made. It is resolved, in deference to the views of many patrons, that the Lesson Notes shall be restored to the *Sunbeam*.

A LITTLE boy of extraordinary abilities being introduced into the company of a dignified clergyman, was asked by him where God was, with the promise of an orange. "Tell me," replied the boy, "where he is not, and I will give you two."

THE MAN OF GLASS.

In the famous asylum at Bicetre, in France, died a short time since, at the age of one hundred and three, a lunatic named Jubissier, better known as "The Man of Glass."

He was admitted to the madhouse in the spring of 1797, having become insane through injuries on the head from a heavy blow with a stone, and he had nearly completed his eighty-fourth year of residence there when he suddenly expired. Shortly after his admission he became possessed by the idea that he was made of glass, and from the moment in which this conviction fixed itself in his disordered brain down to the day of his death, he never spoke a word nor moved of his own accord from a crouching attitude in one corner of his room, except for a few days during the siege of Paris, when the noise of the cannon appeared to agitate and distress him.

His fear lest he should be broken or damaged by rough handling, though never expressed in words, was so plain from the agonized witchings of his features whenever any attempt was made to move him, that his keepers disturbed him from his favourite position as seldom as possible. Thus he passed more than four-fifths of a century in complete silence.

Emperors, kings, and republics ruled France in turn while the Man of Glass sat silent in his cell, knowing nothing of them all, and brooding over his own fixed idea. The only Frenchman of the nineteenth century who, having outlived both Napoleons and their Empires, knew nothing of the battles of Waterloo and Sedan.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1913.] LESSON VII. [Feb. 13.

GOD'S COVENANT WITH ABRAM.

Gen. 15. 5-18. Commit to mem. vs. 5-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Fear not, Abram: I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward. Gen. 15. 1.

OUTLINE.

1. A Vision.
2. A Covenant.

TIME.—1913 B.C.

PLACE.—Abram's home near Hebron.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Tell the stars*—Count the stars: you cannot. This is the first hint of history that the stars are infinite in number. *A heifer of three years old*—An animal in full strength and vigour, and representing Abram's wealth: the same as to the ram of three years old. *Divided them in the midst*—Cut them each into two equal parts, and laid them apart, so that he might pass between them, and so that God might pass between. *A horror of great darkness*—As night came down God seems to have made his presence felt, and the soul of Abram was appalled. *Four hundred years*—An expression in round numbers for the time from the call, in 1921, to the exodus, in 1491. *Go to thy fathers*—Simply shall die in peace in a good old age. *A smoking furnace, and a burning lamp*—Symbols of God's actual presence. *Passed between those pieces*—When the two parties had passed between the parts of the slain animals the covenant was complete. Thus the covenant was made between God and Abram.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where are we taught in this lesson—
1. That God demands faith?
2. That God encourages faith?
3. That God rewards faith?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did God say to Abram in the GOLDEN TEXT? "Fear not," etc. 2. How great did God promise that Abram's seed should be? As many as the stars. 3. What was God's covenant with Abram concerning his seed? To give them the land of Canaan. 4. How did Abram receive God's promise? He believed in the Lord. 5. How may we be the children of Abram? By believing God's word.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Justification by faith.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

7. What is the other part of man? His body, which is flesh and blood, and will die. Matthew x. 28. Be not afraid of them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul.

B.C. 1898.] LESSON VIII. [Feb. 20.

ABRAHAM PLEADING FOR SODOM.

Gen. 18. 23-33. Commit to mem. vs. 23-25.

GOLDEN TEXT.

In wrath remember mercy. Hab. 3. 2.

OUTLINE.

1. The Doom of Sodom.
2. The Prayer of Abraham.

TIME.—1898 B.C.

PLACE.—Plains of Mamre near Hebron.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Drew near*—Perhaps to his altar, his place of worship. *Peradventure*—Abraham thought perhaps there might be some found who were righteous. God knew there were none. *Went his way*—As if God came to the altar to meet his servant in his prayer. *Left Communing*—When Abraham had finished praying.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

What are we taught in this lesson—
1. Concerning God's justice?
2. Concerning God's mercy?
3. Concerning God's love?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was the character of Sodom, where Lot, Abraham's nephew, lived? It was a very wicked city. 2. What purpose did God reveal to Abraham? To destroy the city of Sodom. 3. What was Abraham's prayer to God? To spare the city. 4. Upon what condition did God promise to spare Sodom? If ten righteous were in it. 5. What prayer to God is contained in the GOLDEN TEXT? "In wrath," etc. 6. What does this lesson teach us? To pray earnestly, boldly, and perseveringly.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The power of prayer.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

8. In what else is your soul different from your body? My soul is that within me which thinks and knows, desires and wills, rejoices and is sorry, which my body cannot do.
9. Is not your soul then of great value? Yes; because it is myself.

No man who has a Christian heart, who has wept and prayed over the victim of intemperance, and has succeeded in elevating him into the image of God,—no man trembles more than that man when he sends him forth to his daily work to run the gauntlet of the legalized grog-shops that lie in his path. No matter what that man's theory may have been when he started, he comes back from the work of benevolence indignant at the civilization which allows the weak to be tempted back to destruction.—*Judge Robert C. Pitman.*

WHEN you give, take to yourself no credit for generosity unless you deny yourself something in order that you may give.

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