

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
  - Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
  - Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
  - Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
  - Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
  - Showthrough/  
Transparence
  - Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
  - Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue
  - Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from:/  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison
  - Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison
  - Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

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

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

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. V.

TORONTO, MAY 2, 1885.

No. 9.

## "THERE IS POISON IN IT."

**T**HE engraving in this number of PLEASANT HOURS represents an incident at a marriage. The ceremony has been performed, and the wine has been offered to the wedding guests. When it was presented to the bride a sudden shade of sadness passed over her face.

Lifting the glass in her hand, "No!" she said, "I cannot take it. There is poison in it!"

To the looks and expressions of astonishment of all around her she responded:

"Strong drink killed my brother. Edward was the brightest and smartest of the family. He was a kind hearted and generous boy. He grew up to be a strong and manly fellow. He was a champion at base ball and other games of which he was fond. He entered a wholesale house, and had the respect and confidence of the firm he served, and was a favourite with his fellows. Among them were one or two who had acquired drinking habits. At first Edward declined to taste intoxicating liquor. They overcame his scruples. He soon was the noisiest and the jolliest of the set.

"To shorten my story. His evil habit grew upon him to that extent, that after repeated warnings he lost his position; he lost respectability, and he lost his own respect. He left home and became a wanderer. For months and months we knew not whether he was living or dead.

"One day in the beginning of winter he came to the door of his old home, but oh, how changed! He was badly dressed. He was wasted and weak.

"When his wants had been attended to, and as



THERE IS POISON IN IT.

he sat in the place where he used to sit in the family circle, he said:

"Mother, I have come home to die!"

"Words of good cheer and encouragement were spoken to him but they did not lighten his gloom.

"But the old affection of his nature gleamed again in the looks he cast upon us.

"No," he said, "I feel it. I have but a short time to live. It is well! My life is blighted. The hopes and ambitions I once cherished are crushed now. My life has been poisoned by strong drink."

The bride concluded her narrative by saying:

"From what I have seen of the effects of liquor, I am resolved that I shall not use it myself nor shall I offer it to others. There is poison in it."

## A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

**A**S the weary laborer returns to his home from his busy day's toil he is cheered by the light which his wife placed in the window to light up his pathway, and more happy is he when he is met at the door by his darling daughter, and yet still more happy when he has entered his home and is quietly seated with his household around the family table. There is no place like home, however humble it may be. There every comfort centres and every joy has its fulness. Here happy voices commingle and a song of sweetest music fills the air.

Is not this a type of our heavenly home? Oh what joy when we shall enter its portals!

God, our heavenly Father, has placed a light in the window of heaven, which shines down on the weary pilgrim's path, and by which his steps are guided through the

darkness of sin to the better place. Jesus is that light, and oh, with splendour he shine and to what a beautiful home he guides the sinner's steps. There is a light in the window for thee, dear sinner, and a happy throng of loved ones are waiting for your arrival at the portal. Just as the dear child met her father, so the angels and redeemed are anxiously awaiting to receive you, and will take you in to enjoy the peace, rest and comfort of our heavenly home, and sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of God, and with those who have gone there from our own firesides we shall be in everlasting communion. What a blessed light and what an everlasting home.

#### IN SOUDAN.

**F**INDED that strange career,  
Long so victorious,  
Stain by an Arab's spear,  
Gordon the glorious;  
Stark under torrid skies,  
Girded with gloom,  
Britain's best soldier lies  
Dead in Khartoum.

Stewart falls bleeding, and  
Earle is in glory—  
Steady, now! hand to hand,  
Sweep all before ye!  
Close up the shattered square,  
Stand fast, who can!  
Strike! while a hope is there  
Left in Soudan.

Mothers of England, weep!  
Weep, son and daughters!  
Weep for the brave who sleep,  
Hard by the Nile's waters!  
Weep for your Burnaby,  
Dead in the van—  
Weep, ye, for all who lie  
Cold in Soudan!

Winds of the desert sweep  
Over them, lying  
Locked in eternal sleep,  
Death still defying—  
Mammon and Avarice  
Well may grow wan,  
At thought of the sacrifice  
Made in Soudan.

—J. N. Matthews.

#### CRUEL TWITTING.

**Y**EARS ago, when I was a boy, it was customary, and probably is now to some extent among district schools in the country, to have spelling schools during the winter term. These gatherings were always anticipated with great interest by the scholars, as at those times was to be decided who was the best speller. Occasionally one school would visit another for the test of scholarship in this regard. Ah! how the little hearts would throb, and big ones thump, in their anxiety to beat the whole.

Once on a time, a neighbouring school sent word to ours, that on a certain day, in the afternoon, they would meet at our school-house for one of these contests. As the time was short, most of the other studies were suspended, and at school and at home in the evening, all hands were studying to master the monosyllables, dissyllables, polysyllables, abbreviations, &c. &c., which the spelling books contain.

At length the day arrived, and as our visitors were considered rather our superiors, our fears and anxieties were proportionately great. The scholars were ranged in a standing position, on opposite sides of the house, and the words pronounced to each alternately, and the scholar that "missed" was to sit down. His game was up.

It did not take long to thin the ranks of both sides. In a short time our school had but eight on the floor, and theirs but six. After a few rounds the contest turned in their favour, as they had four standing to our two. For a long time it seemed as though these six had the book "by heart." At length the number was reduced to one on each side. Our visitors were represented by an accomplished young lady, whose parents had recently arrived in town, and ours by myself, a ragged little boy of ten summers, who had sat up night after night, while my mother, with no other light than produced by pine knots, pronounced my lesson to me. The interest of the spectators was excited to the highest pitch, as word after word was spelled by each. At length the young lady missed and I stood alone. Her teacher said she did not understand the word. She declared she did; that the honour was mine and that I richly deserved it. That was a proud moment for me. I had spelled down both schools and was declared the victor. My cheeks burned, and my brain was dizzy with excitement.

Soon as the school was dismissed, my competitor came and sat down by my side and congratulated me on my success, inquired my name and age, and flatteringly predicted my future success in life.

Unaccustomed to such attentions, I doubtless acted as most little boys would under such circumstances, injudiciously. At this juncture, Master G., the son of the rich man of the neighbourhood, tauntingly said to me, in the presence of my fair friend and a number of boys from the other school—"O you needn't feel so big—your folks are poor and your father is a drunkard."

I was happy no more—I was a drunkard's son—and how could I look my new friends in the face?—My heart seemed to rise up in my throat, and almost suffocated me. The hot tears scalded my eyes—but I kept them back; and soon as possible crept quietly away from my companions, procured my dinner basket, and, unobserved, left the scene of my triumph and disgrace, with a heavy heart, for my home! "My folks were poor—and my father was a drunkard." But why should I be reproached for that? I could not prevent my father's drinking, and assisted and encouraged by my mother, I had done all I could to keep my place in my class at school and to assist her in her worse than widowhood.

Boy as I was, I inwardly resolved never to taste of liquor, and that I would show Master G., if I was a drunkard's son, I would yet stand as high as he did. But all my resolves could not allay the gnawing grief and vexation produced by his taunting words and haughty manner. In this frame of mind—my head and heart aching, my eyes red and swollen—I reached home. My mother saw at once that I was in trouble, and inquired the cause. I buried my face in her lap, and burst into tears. Mother, seeing my grief, waited until I was more composed, when I told her what had happened; and added passionately, "I wish father wouldn't be a drunkard, so we could be respected as other folks." At first, mother seemed almost overwhelmed, but quickly rallying, said:

"My son, I feel very sorry for you,

and regret that your feelings have been so injured. G. has twitted you about things you cannot help. But never mind, my son. Be always honest; never take a drop of intoxicating liquor; study and improve your mind. Depend on your own energies, trusting in God, and you will, if your life is spared, make a useful and respected man. I wish your father when sober could have witnessed this scene, and realized the sorrow his course brings on us all. But keep a brave heart, my son. Remember you are responsible only for your own faults. Pray God to keep you, and don't grieve for the thoughtless and unkind reproaches that may be cast on you on your father's account."

This lesson of my blessed mother, I trust, was not lost upon me. Nearly forty years have passed since that day, and I have passed many trying scenes, but none ever made so strong an impression on my feelings as that heartless remark of G's. It was so unjust and so uncalled-for. Now, boys, remember, always treat your mates with kindness. Never indulge in taunting remarks toward any one, and remember that the son of a poor man, and even of a drunkard, may have sensibilities as keen as your own.

But there is another part to this story. The other day a gentleman called at my place of business, and asked if I did not recognize him. I told him I did not. "Do you remember," said he, "of being at a spelling school at a certain time, and a rude, thoughtless boy twitting you of poverty and being a drunkard's son?" I do most distinctly," said I. "Well," continued the gentleman, "I am that boy. There has not probably a month passed since then but I have thought of that remark with regret and shame, and as I am about leaving for California, perhaps to end my days there, I could not go without first calling on you and asking your forgiveness for that act." Boys, I gave him my hand as a pledge of forgiveness. Did I do right? You all say yes. Well, then, let me close as I began. Boys never twit one another for what we cannot help.

—Uncle Joseph.

#### HINTS TO OUR BOYS.

##### MANNERS.

**B**E courteous, frank, obliging, always "in honour preferring one another."

Nothing is lost, but almost everything is to be gained, by the observance of what Milton finely characterizes as—

"Those graceful acts,  
Those thousand decencies, that daily flow"  
from our "words and actions."

Perfect sympathy is the key to courtesy. Be courteous to all. Do good to all men. Speak evil of no one. Hear before judging. Hold an angry tongue. Think before speaking. Be kind to the distressed. Ask pardon for all wrongs. Be patient toward everybody. Disbelieve most ill reports.

Ever show marked respect to those who are older, and who may therefore be supposed to know more than yourself. It is a step gained to know your ignorance. Many youths who fancy themselves to be regular bricks are only half-baked clay. Be willing to learn. Avoid rash assertions re-

garding things on which your information is defective or partial; for, as Shakespeare says, "Modest doubt is the beacon of the wise." Humility is inseparable from all true progress. "As you grow in your art," said Gounod to a young poet, "you will judge the great masters of the past as I now judge the great musicians of former times. At your age I used to say 'I'; at twenty-five I said 'I and Mozart'; at forty, 'Mozart and I.' Now I say 'Mozart.'"

When you have occasion to differ from anyone, whether he be your superior, inferior, or equal, do not flatly contradict him; but, while clearly and modestly stating your own opinion, always be careful to maintain respect and courtesy in your communications with others, making no claim to infallibility.

Never interrupt others who are speaking, even when tempted to try to get a word in edgeways. Avoid loud talking, and all rude, awkward gestures.

Always be kind and considerate to the aged, the infirm, and the helpless, whether young or old; also befriend, and whenever you can, protect the lower animals from cruelty of any kind.

Be sincerely what you seem, and never be ashamed to say "I do not know" when you are ignorant of anything; or to say, either in regard to time or money, "I cannot afford it," when you know that you can't.

Consider well before you say "Yes," and be able, on right occasions, decidedly to say "No."

In all that you do be thorough, and ever and ever strive bravely and manfully to do your duty, both to God and man.

#### THE FLY ON THE CATHEDRAL PILLAR.

**T**HERE is a striking passage in which a great philosopher, the famous Bishop Berkeley, describes the thought which occurred to him of the inscrutable schemes of Providence, as he saw in St. Paul's Cathedral a fly moving on one of the pillars. "It requires," he says, "some comprehension in the eye of an intelligent spectator to take in at one view the various parts of the building, in order to observe their symmetry and design. But to the fly, whose prospect was confined to a little part of one of the stones of a single pillar, the joint beauty of the whole, or the distinct use of its parts, was inconspicuous. To that limited view the small irregularities on the surface of the hewn stone seemed to be so many deformed rocks and precipices." That fly on the pillar of which the philosopher spoke, is the likeness of each human being as he creeps along the vast pillars which support the universe. The sorrow which appears to us nothing but a yawning chasm or hideous precipice may turn out to be but the joining or cement which binds together the fragments of our existence into a solid whole! That dark and crooked path in which we have to grope our way in doubt and fear may be but the curve which, in the full daylight of a brighter world, will appear to be the necessary finish of some choice ornament, the inevitable span of some majestic arch!

LITTLE BESSIE.

THE WAY IN WHICH SHE FELL ASLEEP.

**H**UG me closer, closer mother,  
Put your arms around me tight,  
I am cold and tired, mother,  
And I feel so strange to-night;  
Something hurts me here, dear mother,  
Like a stone upon my breast,  
Oh! I wonder, mother, mother,  
Why it is I cannot rest.

All the day while you were working,  
As I lay upon my bed,  
I was trying to be patient,  
And to think of what you said,—  
How the kind and blessed Jesus  
Loves his lambs to watch and keep,  
And I wish he'd come and take me,  
In his arms, that I might sleep.

Just before the lamp was lighted,  
Just before the children came,  
When the room was very quiet,  
I heard some one call my name,  
All at once the window opened;  
In a field where lambs and sheep,—  
Some from out a brook were drinking,  
Some were lying fast asleep.

But I could not see the Saviour,  
Though I strained my eyes to see;  
And I wondered if he saw,  
If he'd speak to such as me;  
In a moment I was looking  
On a world so bright and fair,  
Which was full of little children,  
And they seemed so happy there.

They were singing, oh! how sweetly,  
Sweeter songs I never heard;  
They were singing sweeter, mother,  
Than can sing our yellow bird.  
And while I, my breath was holding,  
One, so bright, upon me smiled,  
And I knew it must be Jesus,  
When he said, "Come here, my child."

"Come up here my little Bessie,  
Come up here and live with me,  
Where the children never suffer,  
But are happier than you see."  
Then I thought of all you'd told me  
Of that bright and happy land;  
I was going when you called me,  
When you came and kissed my hand.

And at first I felt so sorry  
You had called me, I would go;  
Oh! to sleep and never suffer;—  
Mother don't be crying so!  
Hug me closer, closer mother,  
Put your arms around me tight;  
Oh, how much I love you, mother;  
But I feel so strange to-night!

And the mother pressed her closer  
To her overburdened breast;  
On the heart so near to breaking  
Lay the heart so near its rest  
In the solemn hour of midnight,  
In the darkness calm and deep,  
Lying on her mother's bosom,  
Little Bessie fell asleep!

WHIRLING DOWN NIAGARA.

**J**UST as a grain scow, containing  
a crew of four men and towed  
by two horses, swung out the  
Chippewa cut into the Niagara  
river, she met a raft of timber rather  
near to the shore for the scow to pass  
between it and the land. The scow  
was forced to take the outside. The  
driver of the horses did his best to  
keep the line clear by urging his  
horses, but it finally caught in the  
logs and snapped. As the rope parted,  
the boat trembled on the surface of  
the water for an instant, as if in dread  
of the fate that awaited it, and then  
swung around and started for Niagara  
Falls at a terrific pace.

The scow being destined for canal  
navigation, had no smaller boat.

Appreciating in an instant their  
awful danger, the men on the scow  
yelled to the men on the raft to get a  
boat quickly. One of their number  
sprang ashore and ran for Chippewa,  
shouting as he ran:

"Help! a boat! quick! men going  
over the falls."

The sound of the voice reached the  
village considerably in advance of the  
man, and the cry was taken up and  
repeated from street to street. The  
people rushed out of their houses and  
shops, each inquiring of the other what  
could be done.

Some scattered to hunt for a boat,  
while those who felt that they could  
be of no use if one were found, ran  
down the creek to see what was the  
situation of the river.

On reaching it they were horrified  
to see that the scow had already gotten  
considerably below the mouth of the  
creek and was speeding down stream  
with its precious human freight, to what  
seemed certain destruction. Some of  
the men on the vessel were on their  
knees with clasped hands and upturned  
faces, commending their souls to God.

Very soon the Canadian bank of the  
river was lined with hundreds of  
people, while quite a crowd could also  
be seen on the Goat Island side.  
They were all agonized witnesses of  
four fellow-beings in horrible terror.

Just as all hope had been abandoned,  
apparently by the people on land  
and the men on the scow, a voice  
cried from the upper end of the crowd:  
"Here comes a boat!"

In an instant every eye was turned  
in the direction of Chippewa Creek,  
and there most of them recognized the  
tall athletic form of a bargeman named  
Smith, in an ordinary clinker boat,  
boldly pulling into the river.

As he forged out into the stream,  
he made a hasty survey of the situation,  
and then plied the white ash with  
redoubled energy.

As he sped along, the boat almost  
leaping from the water at every stroke,  
a cheer arose from the people on shore  
that fairly rent the air. The moment  
he appeared, the attention of the men  
on the scow was riveted on him and  
his frail craft.

On and on he shot, each stroke  
narrowing the distance between him  
and the scow, but the latter was  
getting alarmingly near the rapids,  
to enter which was certain destruc-  
tion.

Those on shore could not help ad-  
miring and applauding the heroism of  
young Smith, but they could only feel  
that the result of his daring would be  
to add another to the list of the lost.

As he neared the scow he shouted to  
the men: "Scatter alongside of the boat  
and drop in as I pass by."

The demand was promptly obeyed,  
and in an instant the little craft was  
alongside. One after another the men  
sprang in, until the four were safely in  
the bottom.

Now came a moment of painful  
anxiety. "Now what will he do?"  
was the query that came to every  
mind. Smith had his plan of action  
and never hesitated a moment. At a  
point some distance from the Canada  
side the current divided at the head of  
the rapids, part of the stream flowing  
around an island in the vicinity of the  
burnt spring. On reaching the current  
leading around the island lay the only  
chance of escape.

Taking a diagonal course across and  
down the stream, Smith bent every  
effort to reach the Canadian divide.  
It was a desperate struggle for the life  
of five men, between the seething,  
boiling waters, and the muscle and  
endurance of young Smith, with the  
odds seemingly against him.

But the divide was finally gained  
with not a boat's length to spare. At  
the foot of the island the channel  
widened materially, the current slack-  
ened, and the water became more  
shallow.

Here young Smith landed his boat,  
having performed one of the most  
heroic and daring feats ever performed  
by mortal man.—*Nashville Advocate.*

GAS WELLS.

**I**T was our privilege to visit these  
wonderful wells not long since.  
We wanted to know all about  
them and asked many questions.  
We were surprised that so few people  
could tell us anything about them.

They bore down in the earth, then  
sink an iron pipe, screw one on to the  
end of this, and so on; only when they  
bore through stone, then they don't  
need any tube. When they strike the  
gas-well, they put a light to the end of  
the tube out of the ground and it burns  
like the gas made in the cities. They  
use this gas to run mills and factories.  
Many firms save thousands of dollars  
yearly in this way. They need no fuel  
to run their machinery. The private  
houses and hotels use it for heating  
purposes and to cook by.

It looks very pretty and clean, burn-  
ing in an open grate. An iron bar,  
full of little holes, runs across the fire-  
place near the hearth. A large screw  
regulates the blaze.

The town of Wollsburg, W. Va., is  
lit by this gas, and instead of the lamp-  
post and glass top we are accustomed  
to seeing, just an iron tube sticks up  
and is finished off in various designs,  
such as circles, squares, stars, hearts,  
and many have signs and names made  
of it. This is done by making the iron  
bar any shape desired and put holes  
here and there. When the gas is lit  
it burns through each little opening  
and has a very pretty effect. An arch  
was made in this way, and the word  
"Welcome" hung 'neath the arch. A  
whistle, similar to those used on the  
cars and steamboats was blown by this  
gas. The noise it produced was fairly  
deafening.

There are three of these gas-wells.  
The last and largest of the three was  
bored only a few months ago. Calling  
them "wells," would give one the  
idea they were an opening in the  
ground. Such is not the case. You  
simply see a large iron tube sticking  
out of the ground, with an immense  
blaze coming out of the top of it. The  
flames dart, lick and snap up through  
the air.

The largest well makes more noise  
burning and roaring, than any engine  
we ever heard. They light the whole  
country around. A piece of board or  
wood thrown near the blaze is drawn  
in and consumed in the flames.

Very little seems to be known of  
the cause of this gas.

The inhabitants seem to think "It  
is so it is," and take very little thought  
as to where it comes from or how long  
it will last. We felt afraid that, in  
time, the gas would all be exhausted,  
a vacuum created and the result would  
be a young earthquake in that vicinity  
one of these days. We heard one  
theory advanced, viz: That oil is  
formed in the earth in pockets. It  
becomes very light at certain stages,  
and forms this gas, which rises and  
finds its way into crevices and open-  
ings in the bowels of the earth.

THE LOOM OF LIFE.

**A**LL day, all night, I can hear the jar  
Of the loom of life; and near and far  
It thrills, with its deep and muffled sound,  
As, tireless, the wheels go always round.

Busily, ceaselessly, goes the loom,  
In the light of day, and the midnight's gloom.  
And the wheels are turning, early and late,  
And the woof is wound in the warp of fate.

Click, click there's a thread of love woven  
in;  
Click, click! another of wrong and sin.  
What a checkered thing this life will be,  
When we see it unrolled in eternity!

When shall this wonderful web be done?  
In a thousand years, perhaps, or one;  
Or to-morrow! Who knoweth? Not thou,  
nor I;  
But the wheels turn on, and the shuttles fly.

Are we spinners of good in this life-web say?  
Do we furnish the weaver a thread each day?  
It were better, O my friends, to spin  
A beautiful thread, than a thread of sin.

LIZZY'S LIGHT.

**W**ILL FOSTER was a coast-  
guardsman, and lived in  
one of the cottages facing  
the grand old ocean. He  
had no wife, but he had one little girl,  
Lizzy, who was to him as the very  
apple of his eye. And Lizzy was just  
as fond of Will; they were all in all  
to each other, and very happy they  
both were. But one bleak, windy  
evening in December, when the ground  
was covered with snow, it was Will's  
turn to go round by the cliffs on guard;  
and these cliffs, safe as they were  
in the daytime, proved exceedingly  
dangerous at night, especially when,  
as now, the treacherous snow had hid-  
den up all the landmarks. Therefore  
Lizzy lighted the big lantern, and  
braved the rough wind, though it  
every moment threatened to blow her  
away, and keeping her eyes fixed upon  
the cliffs, battled nobly on, for with  
her father's danger still in view, she  
could not, oh! she could not, turn  
back. Brave little girl! And now  
I'll just tell you of another light held  
out by Lizzy to the father she loved  
so well. Will, being a sailor, was,  
you may guess, rough and not over  
good in his ways; but Lizzy, who had  
been to Sabbath-school, had learned of  
the beautiful home in heaven; there-  
fore, perched on Will's knee, when it  
was his "turn-in night," she would  
sing songs telling of the home and the  
Great King who dwelt there; she  
would also tell Will of the way leading  
to the home, till by-and-by he, like  
Lizzy, journeyed heavenward too.  
Little children cannot all bear Lizzy's  
lantern to light their dear ones over  
the cliff; but all can bear the second  
light—all can do their best to lead  
some souls to heaven.

EAT FRUIT.

**F**RUIT-EATING must obtain  
more largely than it does, not  
as a luxury, but as a hygienic  
measure. Our lives are becoming im-  
paired, and meat-eating is a luxury  
which is incompatible with many gen-  
erations without deterioration of the  
viscera; and consequently our dietaries  
must be modified accordingly.

Fruit should be kept where the  
children can help themselves to it. A  
barrel of apples will often save a fit of  
sickness. Three or four eaten every  
day will do them over so much good.  
Never scrimp your children's supply of  
fruit if you can help it.

## GRANDMOTHER.

**M**RUSH, little feet I go softly  
Over the echoing floor,  
Grandmother's reading the Bible  
There by the open door.  
All of its pages are dearer still,  
Now she is almost down the hill.

Mellow September sunshine  
Round her is gently shed—  
Gold and silver together  
Crowning her bended head—  
While she follows where saints have trod,  
Reading the blessed-book of God.

Grandmother's past the morning,  
Past the noonday sun,  
And she is reading and resting  
After her work is done;  
Now in the quiet autumn eves  
She has only to bind her sheaves.

Almost through with trial,  
Almost done with care,  
And the discipline of sorrow  
Hallowed by trust and prayer,  
Waiting to lay her armour down  
To go up higher and take the crown.

No little feet to follow  
Over this weary road,  
No little hand to lighten  
Of many a weary load;  
Children standing in honoured prime,  
Bless her now in her evening time.

Grandma has closed the volume,  
And by her saintly look  
Peace I know she has gathered  
Out of the sacred book;  
May be she catches through that door  
Glimpses of heaven's eternal shore

—Selected.

## OUR PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp. monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	2 00
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly	0 65
Berean Scholar's Quarterly, 20 pp. 8vo.	0 65
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c a copy, \$4 per 100, per quarter, 6c a doz; 50c per 100	
Home and School, 8 pp. 4to., semi-monthly, 4c a copy	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp. 4to., semi-monthly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Berean Leaves, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50
Sunbeam—Semi-monthly—when less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upward	0 12

Address: **WILLIAM BRIGGS,**  
Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
75 and 80 King Street East, Toronto.

**C. W. Coates,**  
3 Bleury Street,  
Montreal.

**S. F. Huestis,**  
Wesleyan Book Room,  
Halifax, N. S.

## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK:

Rev. W. H. WITHERS, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MAY 2, 1885

## COME TO JESUS.

**W**HY do you so long resist the strivings of the holy Nazarene, who gives you such wonderful opportunities of advancement in the religious life? "Plenty of time yet; I will become a Christian before I die," is the reply. O do not be deceived. "Now is the accepted time." Harden not your hearts with the vain imagination of "time enough yet." How suddenly the hand of sickness is laid upon some who, perhaps, looked forward with pleasant hope of a long life, and are brought down as with a mighty grip into the grave. And, dear reader, would it be any easier for you to come to Jesus in old age than now? Christ is the way and we must come by him, if we expect to reap

eternal life beyond the grave. It has been said, "To-morrow never comes." "Behold now is the accepted time; behold now is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. 6:2.) Oh, reader, hastening on with such wonderful rapidity to the final judgment day, when you cannot escape the fiery indignation of a just and holy God, how can you do otherwise than now to stop and turn in the road that will lead you to happiness through all eternity? "How can I be saved?" Is that what we hear? "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Accept Christ and be made "an heir to an inheritance incorruptible, and that fadeth not away." Seventy years, the allotted age of man, must soon pass away, and every living soul must then enter upon an eternal existence in a separate state. Neglect not so great a transaction, since upon your decision hangs the doom of an immortal soul. Christ is merciful, but if his offer is not improved, how can you expect him to do otherwise than to banish you from his holy presence, and cast you into hell? O sinner, come now to Jesus before it shall be too late. For you Christ died. Christ wants to save you now.

The writer of the above is not yet seventeen years old, but has consecrated his life to the service of God, and intends to fit himself more fully to the work of the Master.

## HOW SUCCESS IS WON.

**G**EORGE STEPHENSON, unable to read the alphabet till he was eighteen, working in the coal-pits for sixpence a day, and mending the boots and patching the clothes of his fellow-workmen in the evenings to earn a few extra pennies that he might attend a night-school, is a good illustration of what a poor and ignorant boy may become. Never idle, never above doing the commonest work, never an ale drinker, as was the custom among miners, he showed the fine quality of his nature by giving the first money which he ever earned, one hundred and fifty dollars, to his blind father, that he might pay his debts.

When he became an engineer and projected a railroad between Manchester and Liverpool, the people said, "He is a madman. His 'roaring steam engine' will set the houses on fire with its sparks, the smoke will pollute the air, and carriage makers and coachmen will starve for want of work." The excitement following his public proposals was intense. For three days he was questioned by a large committee of the House of Commons. This was one of the questions: "If a cow gets on the track in the way of an engine travelling ten miles an hour, will it not be awkward situation?" Very soberly answered George Stephenson, but with a twinkle in his eye: "Yes, varry awkward indeed for the cow!"

The government inspector said that if ever a locomotive went ten miles an hour, he "would undertake to eat a stewed engine-wheel for breakfast." Stephenson's "Rocket," a clumsy engine, but a wonder at the time, and now to be seen at Kensington Museum, made the trial trip at an average speed of fourteen miles an hour, and so the inspector had the opportunity of keeping his promise. During the next ten years being employed to open up rail-



A BIT IN OLD LONDON.

roads in every direction, Stephenson became wealthy and renowned, the friend of Sir Robert Peel, owner of a large country seat, and the pride of England. He declined the honour of knighthood. His famous son, Robert, said of him, "His example and his character made me the man I am."—*Wide Awake.*

## FILIAL DUTY.

**N**EAR girls and boys, we want you all to be good and kind to your father and mother. If you do you will surely have the approbation of God, and of all good people. Few things can be more painful to parents than to be treated with disrespect by their own children. Your parents may have their peculiarities and weaknesses, and may not at all times be as considerate as you think they ought to be. But you see, when they were young they did not have advantages that are afforded to you. Remember always that they love you dearly; they love you with a wealth of affection which you cannot estimate. And they are trying hard to do the very best for you that they know how. In the common order of nature you must soon follow father and mother to the grave. Standing there beside the open grave you will remember the disrespectful words, and actions, and thoughts of which you have been guilty towards them. Alas! how many a man and woman have kneeled upon the grave where father and mother lay mouldering, and lamented with burning tears of shame and sorrow, the disobedience, the unkindness, the neglect shown in earlier years. How they have longed to lift up the faded forms from their coffins,

to re-animate them, and to have them again in their homes, that by unwearied ministrations of tenderness they might atone for the past. God forbid that any of the dear young people who read these lines should store up for themselves this fruitless remorse.—*Lamp of Life.*

## A BIT IN OLD LONDON.

**T**HE march of improvement is removing almost every trace of old London, except a few of its most stately monuments, as the tower, the abbey, the temple church. The quaint old domestic architecture which once lined the streets has almost disappeared. Only in a few sequestered courts and narrow streets and lanes are any traces of it to be found. In our picture we have a glimpse of one of these bits of old London, long since vanished. The swinging signs, the quaint gabled houses, the arches across the street, the lumbering coaches, the queer costumes, all speak of a distant past, and it is a past that we need not regret. The present with its manifold improvements and discoveries of science—"The long result of time"—brings to the household of the average citizen comforts and luxuries that even kings in the vanished "good old times" could not possess. Notwithstanding all the poverty and wretchedness and vice, the condition of the people of London as a whole is, we believe, better than it ever was before.

POLISHED steel will not shine in the dark; no more can reason, however refined and cultivated, shine efficaciously, but as it reflects the light of divine truth shed from heaven.



FALLING STARS.

FALLING STARS.

**M**ETEORITES are composed chiefly of iron and stone, and fall from the skies. When they appear in the day time, they come like a thick cloud passing swiftly overhead, and usually explode with a loud report. They are seen very frequently at night, all over the country, and shine like a falling star. One of the largest ever seen in the United States appeared about twenty-four years ago, in the still summer evening, coming from the west. It was about as bright as the moon. It passed swiftly over the heads of thousands of observers. People in their country houses in Westchester county, men, women and children, ran out of doors to see the unusual visitor in the sky. Many were very much frightened. But the meteor passed on, harming no one, and seemed at last to burst and disappear over Long Island sound. Many interesting stories are told of the strange appearance and violent explosions of these meteors in the sky. Yet no one seems ever to have been harmed by them. At night, April 5th, 1800, a bright object of great size—"as large," it was said, "as a house"—moved over our country, and seemed to rush forward with terrible swiftness. It gave a light as brilliant as that of the sun. It disappeared in the northwest. A violent crash was heard that seemed to shake the earth, and the meteor buried itself in the ground.

Where it fell, trees were broken down and burned, the earth torn up, the vegetation scorched as if by fire. But the most brilliant display of meteors ever witnessed was on November 12-13, 1883, at night. Suddenly the whole heavens shone as if in flames, and countless balls of fire flashed for hours along the sky. It was a rain of fire. In all parts of our country, from Maine to Georgia, the people were awakened, and watched with wonder the falling stars. Many fancied the earth was burning, and that they themselves would soon perish in the fiery furnace. The coloured people in the Southern States, who were very ignorant, came out from their cabins, and often fell into wild convulsions of terror. They prayed, they shouted; they cried out, "The Day of Judgment has come!" The beautiful sight continued until morning. It has never appeared again. But meteors are always seen about the 12th of November, and every thirty-three years they come in great numbers. It would appear as if the earth at those periods passed through a cloud of them. None of them in 1883 fell upon the ground or did any harm. The meteors that come in November are called Leonids, because they seem to fall from the constellation Leo. The stones that fall from the sky when the meteors explode are black, brittle, and covered with a shining or dark glaze. Some of them are more than a hundred pounds in weight.

The Chinese have recorded great numbers of them in their histories. Among the Greeks and Romans these black stones that fell from the skies were worshipped as if they were gods. One of them was called the "Mother of the Gods." It was brought to Rome from the East, where it is said to have fallen from the skies in a cloud of fire. The ancient philosophers thought these black stones fell from the sun. It is remarkable that the fallen stones have never done any harm. They have usually fallen in the country or in the sea, or even far away upon some deserted island. One may almost always see one or more meteors shooting over the sky on clear nights, and leave behind a trail of light.—*Harper's Young People.*

HOW DRUNKARDS ARE MADE.

**N**OW you watch those children. They'll drink half that beer before they get home, and their mother will scold me for not giving a good pint, and I've given near a quart," said the bartender of a downtown saloon yesterday, referring to two little girls of six and eight, thinly clad, who had come in for a pint of lager.

The reporter did watch the young ones. They had scarcely got outside the saloon door when the one who carried the tin pail lifted it to her lips and took a drink. Then her companion took a few swallows. A little farther on they entered a tenement house halfway, and both again took a sip.

"I have lots of such customers," said the bartender when the reporter returned to the saloon to light his cigar. "Girls and boys and women form half our trade. We call it family trade. It pays our expenses. Our profits come from the drinkers at the bar. But I tell you what, half the children who come here drink. That's how drunkards are made. Their mothers and fathers send 'em for beer. They see the old folks tittle and they begin to taste the liquor themselves.

"Few of the children who come in here for beer or ale carry a full pint home. Sometimes two or three come in together, and if you watch 'em you'll hear one begging the one with the pail for a sip. We must sell it, however, when their parents send for it. We are bound to do so. Business is business. We don't keep a temperance shop."—*N. Y. Herald.*

WHAT A SCHOOL-GIRL DID.

**A** RECENT issue of the *Pall Mall Gazette* contains the almost incredible record made by a school-girl:

"A girl named Akerman, aged fourteen, daughter of a labourer, has just completed her education at Langley School, Bucks. She has never missed being present since the school was opened, October 4, 1875, and in completing her 3,451 attendances is said to have walked 6,000 miles. She has passed every standard successfully, and in the three subjects on first grade drawing obtained 'excellent' prizes in freehand and model, as also in the three stages of the specific subjects, literature, domestic economy and animal physiology, and in one stage in physical geography. She has also obtained twenty-six other prizes for good attendance, sculpture, sewing, knitting, etc."

ALWAYS DO RIGHT.

BY S. K. Z.

**C**HILDREN who read my lay,  
Thus much I have to say:  
Each day and every day,  
Do what is right!  
Right things in great and small,  
Then though the sky should fall,  
Sun, moon, and stars, and all,  
You shall have right.

This further I would say:  
Be you tempted as you may,  
Each day and every day,  
Speak what is true,  
True things in great and small!  
Then though the sky should fall,  
Sun, moon, and stars, and all,  
Heaven would show through!

Figs, as you see and know,  
Do not out of thistles grow;  
And though the blossoms blow  
While on the tree,  
Grapes never, never yet  
On the limbs of thorns were set;  
So, if you would get,  
Good you must be!

Life's journey, through and through,  
Speaking what is just and true;  
Doing what is right to do  
Unto one and all.  
When you work and when you play,  
Each day and every day,  
Then peace shall gild your way,  
Though the sky should fall.

TALKING BACK.

**C**ONTRADICTING is the Latin of it. Some boys and girls have a bad habit of doing this. The habit grows upon them till they become quite unconscious of it. Whatever is said to them by parent or teacher, in the way of requirement, advice, expostulation, reproof, these boys or girls have some defence or objection to make. What they ought to do, is to receive admonition in silence, or else with a thoughtfully spoken assent.

There are children that never seem to regard a direction from father or mother, as binding on them, if they can only think of something to say against it. And generally they can. The direction must be repeated, or they consider themselves free, because they have talked back.

Boys and girls, don't "talk back." It is a miserable habit. Ask your friends if you do it; for if you do, it is probable you are not aware of it. So ask to be reminded when you talk back. Then stoutly say nothing in reply to the reminder except "Thank you," and bite your lips in silence. Make your lips bleed rather than "talk back."

THE BERKSHIRE "WHITE HORSE."

**P**ERHAPS the biggest horse in the world is the "White Horse" of Berkshire. It is a figure one hundred and seventy yards long, cut in the side of a hill. A long way off it looks as though drawn in chalk lines, but the outlines are really deep ditches in the soil, kept clean and free from grass by the people, who take great pride in it. The ditches are six yards wide and two feet deep. The eye of the horse is four feet across, and the ear is fifteen yards long. It can be seen for sixteen miles. When the time comes to clear out the ditches, the people make a sort of picnic of it, and play all sorts of rustic games. It is said to have been cut in commemoration of a great victory obtained by Alfred over the Danes, during the reign of his brother Ethelred, in 871.

## THE TWO GLASSES.

HERE sat two glasses, filled to the brim,  
On a rich man's table, rim to rim;  
One was ruby, and red as blood,  
And one clear as the crystal flood.  
Said the glass of wine to his paler brother,  
"Let us tell the tales of the past to each other.  
I can tell of banquet, revel, and mirth  
And the proudest and grandest soul on earth  
Fell under my touch as though struck by blight  
Where I was king; for I ruled in might.  
From the heads of kings have I torn the crown,  
From the heights of fame have I hurled men down;  
I have blasted many an honoured name,  
I have taken virtue and given shame,  
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste,  
That has made the future a barren waste.

"Far greater than any king am I,  
Or than any army beneath the sky.  
I have made the arm of the driver fail,  
And sent the train from the iron rail.  
I have made good ships go down at sea,  
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me;  
For they said, 'Behold, how great you be!  
Fame, strength, wealth, genius before you fall,  
And your might and power are over all.'  
Ho! ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,  
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"

Said the crystal glass, "I can not boast  
Of a king dethroned or a murdered host;  
But I can tell of hearts that once were sad  
By my crystal drops made light and glad;  
Of thirst I've quenched, and brows I've laved,  
Of hands I've cooled, and souls I've saved.  
I've leaped through the valley, dashed down  
The mountain,  
Laid in the lake, and danced in the fountain,  
Slept in the sunshine, and dropped from the sky,  
And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye.  
I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain;  
I have made the parched meadows grow fertile  
With grain;  
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill  
That ground out the flour, and turned at my will;  
I can tell you of manhood debased by you,  
That I have lifted and crowned anew.  
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid,  
I gladden the heart of man and maid;  
I set the wine-chained captive free,  
And all are better for knowing me."

These are the tales they told each other—  
The glass of wine and its pale brother—  
As they sat together, filled to the brim,  
On the rich man's table, rim to rim.

## BLACK-AND-BLUE MARKS.

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

MATTIE HOLMES, whose father was an immoderate drinker, was visiting Nannie Arnold, whose father was a moderate drinker. She was only eight years old, but she had formed some strong opinions on various subjects. She felt a great admiration for Nannie's mother, lovely Mrs. Arnold, with her gentle, winsome ways and beautiful face. Whenever Mrs. Arnold kissed her she looked curiously into her face—which was fair and without blemish—as if searching for something.

"How pretty your mamma is, Nannie!" Mattie said one morning as the children were playing with their dolls in the nursery.

"Of course she's pretty—the prettiest mamma in the whole city."

"How do you know that?" asked matter-of-fact Mattie.

"Cause papa says so."

"Does your papa love your mamma?"

"Pho! what a question!" Nannie answered, opening her eyes wide in surprise. "Of course he loves her better than all the world besides."

"Well, that's good," said Mattie, breathing a sigh of relief. "That's

the reason, I guess, that I didn't find any black-and-blue marks upon her."

"What!" Nannie gasped, "were you looking for black-and-blue marks upon my pretty mamma?"

"Yes, I was," answered Mattie soberly; and then, in a lower voice, while tears came into her soft black eyes, she said, "My mamma is pretty, too; her face is fair and her hair yellow and wavy, but she's got a great black-and-blue mark right on her temple."

"Why, that's too bad!" spoke Nannie pityingly. "Did your mamma fall?"

"No; she was pushed down, and my own papa did it. Wasn't it awful?"

"Awful! I should think it was. What made your papa do such a dreadful thing?"

"That was what I asked mamma, and she said it was because papa drank so much wine. Your papa drinks wine, too, don't he?"

"Yes," confessed Nannie, "he does, and it makes mamma sorry, and sometimes she cries until her eyes are red and heavy, but my papa would never make a black-and-blue mark upon my mamma—I am sure of that."

Mr. Arnold, with heavy eyes and aching head, was sitting on one of the piazza-chairs just outside of the nursery-windows. He had heard all that the children had said. He winced when his own little Nannie said she was sure her papa would never make a black-and-blue mark on her beloved mother.

"Oh, Nannie! Nannie!" he wailed, mentally, "you do not know that a very demon seemed to possess me only last night. You asked your mother where her heavy cut-glass perfume-casket was. You do not know that it was your father who threw it, not at her—oh, no, not at her!—but all the same, it would have hit her had she not dodged just in time to save herself. When the wine is in the wit is out. Oh, Nannie! Nannie! God must have interposed, or your young eyes might have seen something worse than black-and-blue marks—might have seen a cold, still form lying in its last sleep. Oh, Nannie, Mattie! you have been teachers this morning, and I have learned my lesson well. Wonder if Dick Holmes will learn the lesson too? I must run over and talk to him, for somehow my eyes are opened."

In the nursery the conversation changed very soon. Mattie and Nannie were laughing and chatting cheerily. Was it because they felt the bright sunshine that was about to beam upon their lives? Before the day closed the two fathers had had a long, serious talk; the issue was repentance. Both had resolved that no more bitter tears should be shed for them, no more wakeful hours kept wearily, no more bruised hearts to ache because of their wrongdoing, no more black-and-blue marks to be feared, no more anguish to be endured for them. And would their resolutions avail? Yes, because each husband and father reached up and clasped the Hand ever ready to lead upward.—*Morning Star.*

SPURGEON tells an amusing story of the old lady who started up when her grandson was about to take her umbrella, exclaiming, "No, now, you don't. I've had that umbrella twenty-three years, and it's never been wet yet, and you ain't going to begin."

## "GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD."

TWO boys in China, eight and ten years of age, were together in a catechetical class, and one asked the other why Jesus came into the world and died.

The other replied: "Well, I don't believe that anybody ever loved the world so well as that."

"But," continued the other, "you must believe that, for the book says it is so; and you must believe the book; the missionary does."

"Well, I do not," said the young Thomas; and the teacher coming, he asked:

"Teacher, do you believe what the book says about Jesus Christ dying for the world?"

"Yes, I do," said the teacher.

"Well, I do not," said the little fellow, "for neither my brother, nor my sister, nor my mother, who loves me ever so much, would ever die for me, and I never heard of such love. I do not think it can be so."

"But," replied the missionary, "God so loved the world, and he loved you, and gave himself for you."

This seemed to startle the boy, and he asked:

"Does Jesus Christ love me?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"And does he love me now?"

"Yes."

"And will he let me know that he loves me?"

"Yes."

And the boys eyes moistened, when he asked again,

"And will he hear me when I ask him?"

"Yes."

"Well then, teacher, won't you kneel down with me, and I will pray right here?"

So, all kneeling together, he began:

"O, Jesus, my book says, and my teacher says, that you died for me, and that you love me. He says he believes it, but I do not hardly believe it yet. If you do love me, won't you make it appear that you love me?"

Thus prayed the little pagan boy. Who of my young readers, like him, will go to Jesus, and tell him all his fears and unbelief and wants?

## WHAT SAVED HIM.

A YOUNG wife in Michigan had just settled in her new home. All seemed fair and promising, for she did not know her husband was a drunkard. But one night he came home at a very late hour, and much the worse for liquor. When he staggered into the house, his wife, who was very much shocked, told him he was sick, and must lie down at once; and in a moment or two he was comfortable on the sofa, in a drunken sleep. His face was reddish purple, and, altogether, he was a pitiable looking object.

The doctor was sent for in haste, and mustard applied to the patient's feet and hands. When the doctor came he felt his pulse and examined him, and finding that he was only drunk, he said:

"He will be all right in the morning."

But the wife insisted that he was very sick, and that severe remedies must be used.

"You must shave his head and

apply blisters," she urged, "or I will send for one who will."

The husband's head was accordingly shaved close, and blisters were applied.

The patient lay all night in a drunken sleep, and, notwithstanding the blisters were eating into his flesh, it was not till near morning that he began to beat about, disturbed by pain.

About daylight he woke up to the most uncomfortable consciousness of blistered agonies.

"What does this mean!" he said, putting his hands to his bandaged head.

"Lie still; you mustn't stir," said his wife; "you have been sick."

"I am not sick."

"Oh, yes, you are; you have the brain fever. We have worked with you all night."

"I should think you had," groaned the poor victim. "What's the matter with my feet?"

"They are blistered."

"Well, I am better now; take off the blisters—do," he pleaded piteously.

He was in a most uncomfortable state—his head covered with sores, his feet and hands still worse.

"Dear," he said groaning, "if I should ever get sick in this way again, don't be alarmed and send for a doctor; and, above all, don't blister me again."

"Oh, indeed I will! All that saved you were the blisters. And if you have another such spell, I shall be more frightened than ever; for the tendency, I am sure, is to apoplexy, and from the next attack you are likely to die unless there are the severest measures used."

He made no further defence. Suffice it to say, that he never had another attack.—*The Golden Censer.*

## EXAMPLE BETTER THAN PRECEPT.

BY T. H. EVANS.

"IF I caught a boy of mine smoking I'd thrash him," said a sturdy mechanic once in our hearing; and he puffed the smoke from his mouth with all the virtuous indignation imaginable. "Why would you thrash him?" we inquired, following the question by relating the street incident of a gentleman with a cigar in his mouth pointing out to his son a group of boys whom he saw smoking, remarking that it was very wrong for lads like these to smoke. To which the little fellow innocently replied, "If it's wrong for boys to smoke, isn't it worse for a man, father?" Of course it is. If, with our judgment and superior knowledge, we do not know better, what can we expect from the inexperience of mere lads? They commence the habit in thoughtless imitation of those who are older than themselves, and who ought, therefore, to be much wiser; but length of years is not always a sure indication of wisdom. Even as the future possibilities of a great tree lie mysteriously folded up within the narrow confines of a tiny seed, so, in like manner, all great truths lie in a small compass. The whole question of how to deliver our country from this great curse has a nut-shell for its hiding-place. Train up the young in the path of total abstinence, and for their sake, if not for our own, let us walk the same pleasant road ourselves. Then will these pest-houses that disgrace our public streets die out, and become things of the past.

ALL THE CHILDREN.

**S**UPPOSE if all the children  
Who have lived through the ages long  
Were collected and inspected,  
They would make a wondrous throng.  
Oh, the babble of the Babel!  
Oh, the flutter and the fuss!  
To begin with Cain and Abel,  
And to finish up with us.

Think of all the men and women  
Who are now and who have been—  
Every nation since creation  
That this world of ours has seen.  
And of all of them, not any  
But was once a baby small;  
While of children, oh, how many  
Have not grown up at all!

Some have never laughed nor spoken,  
Never used their rosy feet;  
Some have even flown to heaven  
Ere they knew that earth was sweet;  
And, indeed, I wonder whether,  
If we reckon every birth,  
And bring such a flock together,  
There is room for them on earth.

Who will wash their smiling faces?  
Who their saucy ears will box?  
Who will dress them and careen them?  
Who will darn their little socks?  
Where are arms enough to hold them?  
Hands to pat each shining head?  
Who will praise them? Who will scold them?  
Who will pack them off to bed!

Little happy Christian children,  
Little savage children too,  
In all stages, of all ages  
That our planet ever knew—  
Little princes and princesses,  
Little beggars wan and faint:  
Some in very handsome dresses,  
Naked some, bedaubed with paint.

Only think of the confusion  
Such a motley crowd would make,  
And the clatter of their chatter  
And the things that they would break!  
Oh, the babble of the Babel!  
Oh, the flutter and the fuss!  
To begin with Cain and Abel,  
And to finish up with us.

—The Welcome.

WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

BY MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.

**N**YBODY would have known  
that these boys were quite  
unused to city sights, while  
any one observing them closely  
would have known equally well that  
they were at a loss which way to  
direct their steps. Passing through a  
narrow street, they stopped before a  
dilapidated house to listen to a singu-  
larly sweet voice, singing

"What shall the harvest be?"

Over and over these words were  
repeated, and still the boys lingered,  
until they felt obliged to move on.

"That singing made me think of  
home," remarked one. "I was a fool  
to leave such a good home. It reads  
well enough in a book, but it is a  
different thing when you try it for  
yourself. I never was so tired in my  
life."

"You can't expect to have every-  
thing just as you want it to begin  
with," said another. "It is no time  
to complain now. Come and have  
some beer; I'll treat all 'round, and  
we shall feel better. I saw a saloon  
as we were coming along."

As they turned back they heard the  
same singer and the same words. A  
child was leaning so far through an  
open window that it would have lost  
its balance and fallen to the ground  
had not James Woodman, the boy who  
wished himself at home, caught her in  
his arms. Then some one called:

"Oh! bring my sister to me. I

can't walk a step, and there is no one  
here but me. Do bring her!"

James Woodman followed the voice  
and found himself in a small, plainly-  
furnished room, where sat a young  
girl, who welcomed him gratefully.

"How can I ever thank you  
enough!" she exclaimed, taking her  
sister from him. "Mamie is gener-  
ally very good, but to-day she has been  
restless, and I was so busy with my  
sewing I forgot to look after her as I  
should."

"I am glad I saw her. She made  
me think of my own little sister," said  
the boy, adding in a voice half-choked  
with sobs, "I wish I could see her,  
but I don't know as I ever shall."

"Why not? Is your home so far  
away?"

"No, but I have run away from  
home, and—and—"

"What shall the harvest be?"  
It was the singer, and James Wood-  
man forgot his companions waiting  
outside, while she gradually won from  
him the story of his discontent and  
folly.

"Where were you going when you  
saw Mamie in the window?" she  
asked at length.

"We were going to a saloon for  
beer," he replied.

"Oh! don't drink that dreadful  
stuff. You don't know about it as I  
do. What would your father and  
mother say? Oh! how could you  
come away and leave them? If you  
drink beer you'll be sure to drink  
something worse when you are older.  
Stop now, before it is too late. Go  
home as soon as you can, and persuade  
the other boys to go with you."

"I don't know as I can."

"Then go alone, and don't, for any  
reason ever taste a drop of beer. The  
missionary woman who comes round  
every month says boys who visit saloons  
and drink beer will reap a terrible  
harvest. I can't go out, so I sit here  
and sing that hymn, hoping and pray-  
ing somebody will hear me and stop to  
think what kind of seed they are  
sowing."

The boys waiting outside manifested  
their impatience in such a way that  
James Woodman felt obliged to go to  
them, but before doing so he promised  
to return to his newly-found friend.

"I have made up my mind, and I  
am going home," he said firmly. "I  
know what the harvest would be of  
such seed as we calculated to sow. I  
have seen enough since I left home to  
satisfy me. No more dime-novels or  
beer for me. Now let us all take  
back-tracks, own up that we have  
acted like fools, and go home as soon  
as we can. If I am punished when I  
get there it will be no more than I  
deserve."

"What shall the harvest be?" still  
sang the singer, and an hour later  
three repentant boys answered:

"We will try for a good harvest,  
and thank you for making us think  
of it."

A PHILADELPHIAN went to a physi-  
cian with what he had feared was a  
hopeless case of heart disease, but was  
relieved on finding out that the creak-  
ing sound which he had heard at every  
deep breath was caused by a little  
pully on his patent suspenders.

I THINK all lines of the human face  
have something either touching or  
grand unless they seem to come from  
low passions. How fine old men are!

A BRAVE LITTLE MEXICAN GIRL.

**M**R. NEWTON PERKINS  
gives the following account  
of a Mexican girl named  
Florescia Tomayao, who lives in the  
village of Guantla Morelos in Mexico.  
She had no father, and as soon as she  
was old enough she began to help her  
mother in the house and in the field.  
One day she heard a man who was  
gathering a crowd about him in the  
streets and talking to them. Drawn  
by curiosity, she followed him, and  
heard him tell of a good man who had  
at one time lived on earth, and who  
was kind and forgiving to his enemies,  
and died for all sinners. It was the  
first time she had heard of the Saviour,  
and she eagerly followed the missionary  
and heard him preach until she, too,  
believed the gospel and became a  
Christian.

Some months after this she again saw  
the missionary. It was in the ceme-  
tery, on the first of November, on  
which day the Roman Catholics go to  
the graves of their dead friends, and  
place on them dishes full of meat, bread,  
fruit and wine, believing that in that  
way the dead will be benefited by it. A  
great crowd had gathered. While  
Florescia was walking through the  
cemetery she saw her friend, the mis-  
sionary, addressing the people, and she  
stopped to listen. He was telling them  
that the dead needed no offerings of  
meats and drinks, and that Christians  
did not follow such customs. Some one  
threw a stone at him and wounded him.  
The others laughed, and some bad men  
shouted, "Kill him! kill him!" and  
threw more stones till he was beaten  
down to the ground.

Florescia rushed through the crowd  
and threw herself down upon the suffer-  
ing, bleeding man, covering his head  
with her arms; the big stones intended  
for him fell upon her and wounded her,  
but she clung courageously to her friend  
and shielded him unmindful of her own  
danger, and caring only to saving his  
life. In vain did they try to pull her  
away; she held on with all her strength,  
and cried for help. In a few moments  
help came; for the *gens d'armes* drove  
the assailants away, and took the mis-  
sionary and little Florescia, both bleed-  
ing and sore, to the house of friends,  
where they were carefully nursed. But  
for this noble act of self-sacrifice, the  
brave man would have been killed.  
The bravery of this little peasant girl  
alone saved him. She sympathized  
with his suffering, and dared to help  
him at the risk of her own life.

NEW EXPERIENCES.

**I**T is not easy to realize that pota-  
toes and tobacco were unknown  
to the civilized world before the  
discovery of America. How  
strange to think of Ireland without her  
"praties," or of a German without his  
meershaum! Yet even some of our  
common articles of food are strange to  
those who live on the other side of the  
ocean.

An English lady, while visiting the  
United States, dined with some friends  
on whose table was a dish of green corn.  
Having been asked if she would take  
corn, she replied, "A small piece, if  
you please," and was surprised when a  
large ear was placed on her plate. Not  
daring to attack it, she quietly watched  
the other persons at the table while

they ate. On writing home about the  
new vegetable she said,

"Their manner of eating it is some-  
thing like playing on a flute."

Less poetical but much bolder was  
the Irishman on his first introduction  
to green corn at a Boston restaurant.  
Observing how those about him man-  
aged, he quickly followed their example.  
He found the vegetable very palatable,  
and when he had finished one ear, he  
called the waiter, and handed him his  
cob, saying:

"Sure, an' I'll take some more banes  
on the stick, if you please."—*Ex.*

GIFTS FOR THE KING.

**T**HE wise may bring their learning,  
The rich may bring their wealth,  
And some may bring their greatness,  
And some bring strength and health.  
We, too, would bring our treasures  
To offer to the King:  
We have no wealth or learning;  
What shall we children bring?

We'll bring Him hearts that love Him;  
We'll bring Him thankful praise,  
And young souls meekly striving  
To walk in holy ways.  
And these shall be the treasures  
We offer to the King,  
And these are gifts that even  
The poorest child may bring.

We'll bring the little duties  
We have to do each day;  
We'll try our best to please Him,  
At home, at school, at play;  
And better are these treasures  
To offer to our King  
Than richest gifts without them;  
Yet these a child may bring.

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT A THING.

**T**WO boys went to hunt grapes.  
One was happy because they  
found grapes; the other was  
unhappy because the grapes had seeds  
in them.

Two men, being convalescent, were  
asked how they were. One said, "I  
am better to-day;" the other said, "I  
was worse yesterday."

When it rains one man says, "This  
will make mud;" another, "This will  
lay the dust."

Two boys, examining a bush, one  
observes that it had a thorn; the other,  
that it had a rose.

Two children were looking through  
colored glasses. One said, "The world  
is blue;" the other said, "It is bright"

Two boys were eating their dinner.  
One said, "I would rather have some-  
thing better than this;" the other said,  
"This is better than nothing."

Two men went to see New York.  
One visited the saloons, and thought  
New York wicked; the other visited  
homes, and thought New York good.

Two boys, looking at some skaters,  
one said, "See how they fall!" the  
other, "See how they glide!"

One man is thankful for his blessings;  
another is morose for his misfortunes.

One man thinks he is entitled to a  
better world, and is dissatisfied because  
he hasn't got it; another thinks he is  
not justly entitled to any, and is satis-  
fied with this.

One man enjoys what he has; another  
suffers what he has not.

One man makes up his account from  
his wants; another from his assets.

One man complains that there is evil  
in the world; another rejoices that there  
is good in the world.

One says, "Our good is mixed with  
evil;" another says, "Our evil is mixed  
with good."



## WHERE ARE THE COMING MEN?

BY ANNIE A. PRESTON.

DEAR Aunt Mary asked this question,  
Then, glancing up at Ben,  
Who a fine cigar was rolling,  
She asked it over again.

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

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

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

The boys all looked surprised enough.

"We'll think of this!" said Ben.  
"I tell you, lads, we'll mind our ways.  
We'll be the coming men."

—Christian at Work.

## ST. BERNARD DOGS.

IF a St. Bernard dog which had seen service in the Alps could write out his adventures, what a thrilling narrative of hair-breadth escapes and perilous undertakings would there be to read. An American, who visited the St. Bernard monasteries recently, says the utmost pains are given in training the dogs. The training begins when they are mere puppies. At meal time the little animals are required to sit in a row, each having before him a tin dish containing his food. Grace is said by one of the monks, the dogs, meanwhile, sitting with bowed heads. Not one of them stirs until the amen is spoken; if some young puppy, not well enough schooled in table manners, happens to begin to eat before the proper moment, he is reminded by a low growl or a tug at the ear, that he is misbehaving. After a severe snow-storm, or an avalanche, two dogs are sent out from the monastery. Around the neck of one is fastened a flask of cordial, and to the oak of the other is bound a heavy blanket. Should a traveller happen to be buried in the snow, their keen scent soon enables them to find the place. They then search for the spot where the snow is the softest, for they know that the traveller's breath must have made it soft, and, therefore that his head must be just beneath. They scratch away the snow, and with their powerful paws, smite the man on the chest, barking meanwhile, to arouse him from his stupor. Recovering his wits, the half-dead man drinks the cordial, revives, and to his great joy, finds himself shortly under a friendly roof.

## EVENING AMUSEMENTS.

Apparently burn water, fill a glass lamp with water, and put into it for a wick a piece of gum-camphor. The lamp should not be quite full, and the camphor may be left to float upon the surface of the water. On touching a lighted match to the camphor, it shoots up clear steady flame, and seems to sink below the surface of the water, so that the flame is surrounded by the liquid. It will burn for a long time. If the camphor be ignited in a large dish of water, it will commonly float about while it burns.

Wet a piece of thick wrapping paper, then dry by the stove; when warm lay it down upon a varnished

table or dry woollen cloth, and rub it briskly with a piece of indiarubber. It will become strongly electrified, and if tossed against the wall or looking-glass, will stick some time. Tear tissue paper into bits one-eighth inch square, and this piece of paper electrified will draw them. Or take a smooth teatray, and put it on three dry tumblers. Lay the electric paper on it; and, on touching the tray you will get a little spark; lift the paper out of the tray, and on touching the tray again you will get another spark, but of the opposite kind of electricity; replace the paper and you get another, and so on.—*Illustrated Weekly.*

## WHAT THE AFRICANS WANT.

WE often give our pennies to aid in foreign missionary work, but we know very little of the longings the people express to receive what we give so grudgingly. Here is a curious letter from the *Little Pilgrim*, written by some natives on the sea coast of Africa. They wanted a missionary, and one of them writes:

"We people of Nifoo, a big town on the coast, meet, and make law. We say we be all fool, we sit down in dark night; night be all around we. Our pickaninnies grow up fool, same as we. We want some one to come and show we the light, so we be fool no longer. I come to you, mammy. You say you cannot come to we town. We ask you, please sir, mammy, make one book, (i.e., write a letter.) "What shall I say you will do for them, suppose persons came?" I asked, "We be no rich, but them thing we have we give. We make one house to live in, and give him plenty boy to wait on him. We build one church house, for our pickaninny to learn book sabee, and where he can talk God palaver all same (i.e., the building to be used for school and church.) Suppose some one whose heart be sorry for we come, we do him plenty. We old people no learn book sabee, God palaver, and all dem ting American man know. We no more willing to be all fool. We done talk that palaver. You know how to fix that book (i.e.,) letter all fine, so when the American people look him (i.e., see it) their heart feel sorry, and some ons come. Me, head man, Tappa, send this letter. My daddy be king one time, for all thy country "TAPPA."

"Oh, don't propose to me here!" exclaimed a young lady, whose lover was about to pour out his avowal as they were riding by a corn field. "The very corn has ears."

## LESSON NOTES.

A.D. 63] LESSON VI. [May 10.

CHRIST OUR EXAMPLE.

*Phil. 2. 5-16. Commit to memory vs. 8-11.*

GOLDEN TEXT.

Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus. *Phil. 2. 5.*

OUTLINE.

1. The Christ Humbled, v. 5-8.
2. The Christ Exalted, v. 9-11.
3. The Christ Followed, v. 12-16.

TIME.—A.D. 63, near the close of Paul's imprisonment.

PLACES.—Written from Rome to the Church of Philippi, in Macedonia.

EXPLANATIONS.—*This mind*—Christ's self-denying sacrifice for others. *Form of God*—

The majesty and glory in which God dwells. *Not robbery*—Better translated this will read, He did not deem his being on an equality with God a thing to be seized on. *No reprobation*—Literally, emptied himself; that is, of his divine glory. *Wherefore*—In consideration of the humiliation of Jesus. *At the name*—In submission to his authority. *To will and to do*—God does not create the will, but gives it help as he also assists in doing. *Without rebuke*—Unblamable in life. *Word of life*—"The" Gospel, private Christians by teaching its doctrines, living its purity, illustrating its power, are holding it forth.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. The divinity of Jesus Christ?
2. The glory of true humility?
3. The duty of right-living?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What mind should be in us? That which was also in Christ Jesus. 2. Unto what was Christ obedient? Unto the death of the cross. 3. What should every tongue confess? "That Jesus Christ is Lord." 4. How should we work out our salvation? "With fear and trembling." 5. How should we do all things? "Without murmurings and disputings."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The exaltation of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

6. How shall we show that we love our neighbour as ourselves?

By doing to others what we would wish them to do to us. *Matthew vii. 12; Luke vi. 31.*

7. How does He teach us to act towards our enemies?

That we should return good for evil. *Luke vi. 27, 28.*[*Rom. xii. 19, 20; 1 Peter iii. 9.*]

A.D. 63.] LESSON VII. [May 17.

CHRISTIAN CONTENTMENT.

*Phil. 4. 4-15. Commit to memory vs. 4-7.*

GOLDEN TEXT.

The God of peace shall be with you. *Phil. 4. 9.*

OUTLINE.

1. The Christian Triumph, v. 4-7.
2. The Christian Standard, v. 8-9.
3. The Christian Experience, v. 10-13.

TIME.—A.D. 63, toward the close of Paul's imprisonment.

PLACES.—Rome, and Philippi, in Macedonia.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Moderation*—That is forbearance, gentleness, character as opposed to undue sternness. *Careful*—Uduly solicitous, the opposite of full confidence in God. *All understanding*—Some understand peace that passes comprehension, others a peace beyond that which any reasoning can secure. *True*—In harmony with gospel morality. *Honest*—Honourable, worthy of honour. *Just*—Upright, that is, as it ought to be. *Lovely*—That which by reason of being generous and noble secures love. *Good report*—Those things which sound well of themselves. *Think*—Ponder, meditate. *Content*—Not indifference, but quiet composure which the abiding peace of God alone can give.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. The joy of a contented heart?
2. The themes of Christian contemplation?
3. The true source of Christian power?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. In whom should we rejoice? "In the Lord always." 2. Where is the Lord? "The Lord is at hand." 3. How should we make our requests known unto God? "By prayer and supplication with thanksgiving." 4. When should we be content? "At all times." 5. How did the apostle say he could do all things? "Through Christ which strengtheneth me."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The peace of God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

8. And how towards those who have injured us?

He commands us to forgive them, if they repent. *Matthew vi. 15.*[*Luke xvii. 3, 4.*]

9. What does St. Paul teach us about love to our neighbour?

That love is the substance of our duty to men. *Rom. xiii. 5, 10.*

AUTHORIZED COPYRIGHT EDITION.

LIFE OF

## "CHINESE" GORDON

R.E., C.B.

With a Portrait on the Title Page.

By CHARLES H. ALLEN, F.R.G.S.

Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society.

Price 5 cents,  
post free

Over 300,000 copies of this life of "Chinese" Gordon, by Mr. Allen, were sold in England in a very short time.

## WAR MAP OF EGYPT

AND THE EGYPTIAN

## SOUDAN,

SHOWING

## THE SEAT OF WAR,

INCLUDING A

## HISTORY OF EGYPT,

ITS GOVERNMENT, &amp;c.

Price 25 Cents, post-free.

## RUSSIA AND THE EAST!

## The Story of the Merv.

A WORK OF THRILLING ADVENTURE AND GREAT DESCRIPTIVE POWER.

(Epitomized from "The Merv Oasis.")

By EDMOND O'DONOVAN

(Special Correspondent of the London Daily News.)

PRICE, Paper, 25 Cents.

Read this book. It gives an accurate and interesting description of the people and country adjacent to Afghanistan. Low exciting so much interest throughout the World and of such gravity between England and Russia.

## THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT;

OR, THE SOURCES OF THE NILE,

Around the Great Lakes of Equatorial Africa and down the Livingstone River to the Atlantic Ocean.

By HENRY M. STANLEY.

Abridged from the Original Edition in Two

Volumes. Profusely Illustrated. 12mo. cloth, 51pp. \$1.00.

A larger edition of this book, \$1.50.

The story seems to resemble the vast river along whose course its scene is laid, gathering strength, intensity and volume as it proceeds, until at last there is laid before the reader's imagination a picture of a dancer, terrible escape and thrilling adventure so striking that we know not where to find a parallel for its absorbing interest. . . . For deep dramatic interest we know of nothing in the whole range of modern travel equalling the scenes here described.—*Daily News, London.*

IN THE

## Heart of Africa.

TRAVELS OF SIR SAMUEL BAKER, F.R.G.S.

With Map, Paper. 25 cents.

"Of especial interest at the present time are the chapters on the Houtan, and its capital Khartoum."—*Evening Gazette, Boston.*"The narrative as here presented, covers the entire journey up the Nile through the Houtan to Lake Nyanza."—*Traveller, Boston.*WILLIAM BRIGGS, Publisher,  
79 and 90 King Street East, Toronto;  
or C. W. COATES, 3 Bleury Street, Montreal.  
S. F. HURSTIS, Halifax, N.S.