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# THE SABBATH SCHOOL

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. V.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 17 1885.

No. 21.



THE KING AND THE CHILDREN.—(See next page.)

## A WORD FOR THE BOYS.

JUST one word of advice, my lively young friend,

(And one word as you know is not two.)  
Down a terrible path your footsteps now tend,  
For whiskey will beat the best fellow, depend,  
And the dream of to-day, life's to-morrow  
may end.

Believe me, 'tis fearfully true, my young friend,  
Believe me 'tis fearfully true.

I know how the tempter assails you, dear boy,

Alas! none knows better than I!  
But the gold of the wine cup turns soon to alloy,  
And woe follows quick in the footprints of joy,

For the pain of to-morrow will rack and annoy;

The tempter's best vow is a lie my dear boy,  
Believe me, each vow is a lie.

I know that the boys whom you meet, my dear lad,

Are hale, good companions each one,  
With many an impulse that's not of the bad,  
And they join in the mirth with an ecstasy mad,

But the bright sun of hope ('tis terribly sad)

Often sets ere the day is begun, my dear lad,  
Often sets ere the day is begun.

I have known several "boys" in my time,  
Dear young man,

And royal good fellows were they,  
With brain which God meant in His infinite plan,

For the noblest of deeds; but they fell as they ran,

And the hopes which we cherished, no longer we can;

But fond hearts will mourn as they may,  
Dear young man,

Fond hearts are breaking to-day.

Ah! then, for the sake of the mother, dear boy,

Who loves you as mothers will do,  
Forswear, while you may, the wine cup's alloy;

Do naught that fond heart to disturb or annoy;

Encircle her face with the halo of joy,  
And life will be fairer for you, my dear boy,  
All life will be fairer for you.

## THE KING AND THE CHILDREN.

The greatest men have the greatest respect for children. President Garfield said: "I feel a profounder reverence for a boy than for a man. I never met a ragged boy in the street without feeling that I owe him a salute, for I know not what possibilities may be buttoned up under his coat."

Kings look upon the children with a great deal of interest, for the children will soon become men and women, the subjects of the kingdom, the strength and support of the king. If the children are not healthy, strong and intelligent, he cannot have a great and flourishing kingdom. If the children do not love and respect the king, when they become older they will refuse to obey his laws and cause him much trouble.

In some countries the kings have made schools for the children where they may be educated and thus become more useful and happy. Sometimes they visit these schools and speak to the children. In the picture on the first page is the king of Prussia, visiting some little children in a village school. They were greatly pleased to see their king, and especially to have him visit them, speak to them, and ask them questions. The children were very polite and answered the king's questions brightly and promptly. The king took an orange from a plate and holding it in his hand asked them to what kingdom it belonged. One bright little girl quickly replied: "To

the vegetable kingdom." Then the king took a gold coin from his pocket and asked to what kingdom it belonged. The little girl answered again promptly: "To the mineral kingdom." "And to what kingdom do I belong?" asked the king. The little girl did not like to say: "To the animal kingdom," but just then a new thought came into her mind, and looking up with her eyes flashing with brightness she said: "To God's kingdom, sire." The king was greatly moved. A tear stood in his eye. He placed his hand on the child's head and said, very tenderly, "God grant that I may be accounted worthy of that kingdom."

Jesus is King of the heavenly kingdom. There was never so good a king as Jesus. There was never a king who so much loved the children. When here among men he too visited the children and spoke to them. He took them up in his arms, laid his hands on their heads, and blessed them. And while thus talking to them and blessing them he said: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." The children all belong to King Jesus, and they should love him dearly and believe all that he has said unto them in his word and be careful to obey him and please him in all things.

## SISTER WYNNIE.

BY WILLIS ROYD ALLEN.

"I wish," said Wynnie, "I could be a Sister of Charity."

Her teacher smiled. Miss Channing had a way of smiling that was very pleasant, as if she were laughing, not at you, but with you.

"Why do you wish that, Wynnie?"

Wynnie Sherwood hesitated. She was shy about speaking of these things.

"Because—because, ma'am, they take care of sick people in hospitals, and—that's what He did in Palestine."

Miss Channing stroked the brown curls softly.

"And I want to do something that He did," concluded the little girl, looking up into her teacher's face.

"But He wasn't a Sister of Charity, dear."

"He couldn't be—"

"No; so He did what He could find to do, that was right and kind and loving, just as He was."

Wynnie pondered a moment. "I didn't think of that," she said slowly. "I guess I see what you mean, Miss Channing."

"Yes; it isn't wearing a black bonnet and veil, nor even being a nun, that makes the gentle sisters so loved by the sick. It is the kindness and devotion and true heart that is beneath it all. And you can have all that under your little poke bonnet and curls, as well as they—if you only want to do your Father's will."

"I see, ma'am. Good-by."

"One moment, dear. Just find the last verse of the twelfth chapter of Matthew and read it. That's the kind of Sister you can be if you wish."

Wynnie read the verse to herself twice, looked up brightly, kissed her teacher, and ran away through the city streets to her comfortable home in the South End.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was July. The Nantucket boats were crowded with people hurrying to the cottages and hotels along the beach. Business-men took off their coats and wiped their flushed brows, as they discussed the "hot wave" in their offices.

Elegantly-dressed young girls in hammocks and on shady piazzas out of town fanned themselves, sipped iced lemonade, and complained bitterly of their sufferings from the heat. The Sherwoods were staying in the city a little later than usual this year, but were packing for Nahant.

In the poorer quarters of Boston the blazing sunlight poured down until the brick fronts of the warehouses and tenements fairly seemed to quiver and swim in the dizzy eddies of hot air. The pavements burned the bare feet of the babies that toddled over them. Liquor-dealers, portly and crimson-faced, leaned against the sides of their doorways without moving, as they waited for customers—very much as certain well-fed insects hang motionless in the centre of their webs on a hot summer-day.

In a small room near the top of a building not far from the Albany Depot a thin, haggard-faced woman moved languidly to and fro, now pausing to adjust the rags hanging in the window to keep out the sun, now bending over a stove on which some kind of broth was simmering. The air was heavy with foul odors, but she didn't notice them; for she was used to that. Besides, she was thinking entirely of a narrow little bed in the farthest corner of the room, and the bit of human life panting upon it. "Meg," said the woman, coming up to the bed, "will yez be wantin' somethin' to ate, thin?"

The wee child shook her head and moved her parched lips slightly. The woman seemed to understand her, and held a mug of water for her to drink. In the few minutes the water had stood in the room it had grown warm, and the sick child was unrefreshed. Her mother sighed heavily and hopelessly as she turned, drooping, to the hot stove again.

Pant, pant, pant; then an uneasy struggle, and a dry, choking cough that would have told the story to an experienced ear in a moment.

The worst part of it was the terrible loneliness; for when the neighbours knew that little Meg Sullivan had diphtheria, they did what they could, at a distance—but, having children of their own to think of, kept away from the room.

Hotter and hotter!

"It's just horrid!" complained the pretty girls, in their gauzy muslins, as they idly swung back and forth on the shadowy piazzas with their swaying vines.

"Water!" moaned Meg Sullivan, tossing aside for the hundredth time the hot bed-clothes, and gasping for breath.

As her mother held the mug to her lips once more, there was a knock at the door.

"Don't come—kape out there!" called poor Mrs. Sullivan shrilly. "There's diphthary here!"

The door opened, and in walked Wynnie, sweet and fresh-looking in her cool dress.

The child and the woman looked at her a moment eagerly, as if she were a little spring of sparkling water in a desert. Then the latter found her voice again.

"Yer—yer mustn't come here, ma'am," she said, putting her two hands out to keep her away from the bed. "Shure you'll ketch it if you come—"

Wynnie laid down a little hand-satchol and calmly walked up to the

bed, on the edge of which she sat down, taking Meg's hot hand between her own.

"I heard there was sickness here," she said in her nice, lady-like way. "Some people I know in the next blood told me. They didn't know it was diphtheria, but I don't mind. Does your head ache, dear?" And stooping, she kissed the child's forehead.

\* \* \* \* \*

"What's all that red stuff in the street for?" asked the grocer's boy of Mrs. Sherwood's second girl.

"It's tan, Bill. Don't you know, Miss Wynnie is sick with—sh-b, don't tell!—diphtheria. They don't think she'll get well."

"How'd she get it?"

"Down in the North End somewhere, callin' on poor folks. There was a little Irish girl sick with it, and Miss Wynnie—God bless her!—went straight into the room. The other girl died next day, and Miss Wynnie was down about a week later."

The breeze, springing up at sunset, moved the curtains softly to and fro in the window of the chamber where the little Sister of Charity lay. In the next room Mrs. Sherwood was resting upon a bed, her face buried in her hands. Her husband paced back and forth, setting his lips tight together and clenching his hands.

By Wynnie's bedside sat the doctor, quietly but gravely watching every flicker of change in his little patient's face. Miss Channing stood near by.

Presently Wynnie turned her head feebly on the pillow, and beckoned to her teacher.

The doctor started, looked closely at the child's face, rose, and entered the room where her father and mother were waiting.

"Miss Channing," whispered Wynnie, with much effort, "I meant—to—do—right."

"Yes, darling," said the other; "and He loves you for it."

"I—thought—of—the—lepers," said Wynnie again. "And I wanted—to—be—a Sister."

Then she was still.

The doctor re-entered the room, followed quickly by Mr. Sherwood and his wife. They all three stood beside the bed in silence.

It was the doctor who spoke first. "Do you see," he said quietly, "that bit of moisture on her forehead. That's the sign I've been looking for. She will live."

And she did.

Her name has not been changed, and she wears no gown of black, but her teacher and one or two others have a specially tender name for her; it is "Sister Wynnie."

A TOUCHING story is told of a Chinese leper who was baptized. The disease had robbed him of his fingers and toes, but his intellect remained very bright. Helpless as he was, he wished to manifest in some practical way his love and gratitude to Christ, and his ingenuity suggested something he might do. Noticing the missionary's desk had become unsteady and rickety and not being able to grasp any tools in his hands, he put a knife between his teeth, and in that manner carved a beautiful little rest for the Bible.—*Wesleyan.*

WRITING A LETTER.

Two urchins, ragged and dirty and brown,  
On my front door stone steps sat them  
down.  
"To write a short letter," so one of them  
said,  
While the other one gravely nodded his head.  
I cautiously watched, through the friendly,  
closed blinds,  
And listened to efforts of young, untaught  
minds.  
"How glad mother'll be, when she hears  
from us boys!"  
And they both smiled reflective at thought of  
her joys.  
"Now, Howard, you tell her about your new  
hat;  
'Twas somebody's old one, but don't tell her  
that!  
And, brother, just say we have very good  
clothes,  
And shoes too—don't mention they're out at  
the toes.  
We find work in plenty, and very good pay;  
How much, you know, Luther, we need  
never say.  
Of what we've left over, we send you a ton,  
For tea and white sugar for you and small  
Ben.  
"Toll Annie and Rosie we miss their small  
talk,  
And often we wonder who takes them to  
walk.  
And how mother, darling, you'll be glad to  
hear  
That we don't chew nor smoke, neither drink  
wine nor beer.  
And now farewell, mother, don't cry and get  
blue,  
For soon we'll take care that you've nothing  
to do,  
But just what you fancy to busy your mind,  
For work keeps a fellow from thinking, we  
find."  
From my dream I am startled, a voice smites  
my ear,  
And our girl Bridget's harsh accents I hear:  
"You dirty young beggars, get off of this  
stoop!  
Or else I will swape you off with a good  
swoop!"  
I open the door, and the boys, hats in  
hand,  
Before the stern maiden in all meekness  
stand:  
"Good morning, young gentlemen, won't you  
come in,  
And finish your letter, from out the streets  
din?"  
Only two street-boys with letters to write—  
Two boys who sit by my side, night after  
night—  
Two embryo gentlemen, each with grand  
mind—  
I wonder how many such boys we can find  
In homes of the wealthy, or e'en on the  
street!  
Good, generous and noble, and free from  
deceit.  
That mother is poor, but I envy her joys,  
And would feel myself rich, with but one of  
her boys.

—Mary E. Lambert.

IT'S ALL THE LITTLE BOOK.

SOMETHING more than a year ago, as  
the writer was sitting in a railway  
carriage, a pleasant voice sang out:  
"Paper, sir? Paper, sir? Morn-  
ing paper, ma'am?"  
There was nothing now in the words,  
nothing new to see a small boy with a  
package of papers under his arm; but  
the voice, so low and musical—its  
clear, pure tones, as mellow as the  
flute, tender as only love and sorrow  
could make—called up hallowed mem-  
ories. One lock at the large, brown  
eyes, the broad forehead, the mass of  
nut-brown curls, the pinched and hol-  
low cheeks, and his story was known.  
"What is your name, my boy?" I  
asked, as, half blind with tears, I  
reached out my hand for a paper.  
"Johnny—;" the last name I  
did not catch.  
"You can read?"  
"Oh, yes; I've been to school a  
little," said Johnny, glancing out of

the window, to see if there was need  
of haste.

I had a little brother once whose  
name was Johnny. He had the same  
brown hair and tender, loving eyes;  
and perhaps it was much on this  
account that I felt much disposed to  
throw my arms around Johnny's neck  
and to kiss him on his thin cheek.  
There was something pure about the  
child, standing modestly there in his  
patched clothes and little half-worn  
shoes, his collar coarse, but spotlessly  
white, his hands clean and beautifully  
moulded. A long, shrill whistle, how-  
ever, with another short and peremp-  
tory, and Johnny must be off. There  
was nothing to choose; my little Testa-  
ment, with its neat binding and pretty  
steel clasp, was in Johnny's hand.

"You will read it, Johnny?"  
"I will, ma'am, I will."  
There was a moment—we were off.  
I strained my eyes out of the window  
after Johnny, but I did not see him;  
and, shutting them, I dreamed what  
there was in store for him—not for-  
getting his love and care for the desti-  
tute, tender-voiced boy.

A month since I made the same  
journey, and passed over the same  
road. Halting for a moment's respite  
at one of the many places on the way,  
what was my surprise to see the same  
boy, taller, healthier, with the same  
calm eyes and pure voice!

"I've thought of you, ma'am," he  
said; "I wanted to tell you it's all  
the little book."

"What's all the little book, Johnny?"  
"The little book has done it all. I  
carried it home and father read it.  
He was out of work then, and mother  
cried over it. At first I thought it  
was a wicked book to make them feel  
so bad; but the more they read it the  
more they cried, and it's all been  
different since. It's all the little  
book; we live in a better house now,  
and father don't drink, and mother  
says 'twill be all right again."

Dear little Johnny, he had to talk  
so fast; but his eyes were bright and  
his brown face was aglow.

"I'm not selling many papers now,  
and father says may be I can go to  
school this winter."

Never did I so crave a moment of  
time. But now the train was in  
motion. Johnny lingered as long as  
prudence would allow.

"It's all in the little book," sounded  
in my ear; the little book had told of  
Jesus and his love for the poor, perish-  
ing men. What a change! A com-  
fortable home, the man no more a  
slave to strong drink. Hope was in  
the hearts of the parents; health  
manned the cheeks of the children.  
No wonder Johnny's words came  
brokenly! From the gloom of despair  
to a world of light; from being poor  
and friendless the little book told them  
of one mighty to save, the very friend  
they needed, the precious Elder  
Brother, with a heart all love, all  
tenderness.

Would that all the Johnnies who  
sell papers, and fathers that drink,  
and mothers that weep over the ruins  
of once happy homes, took to their  
wretched dwellings the little book that  
tells of Jesus and his love! And not  
only these, but all the Johnnies who  
have no parents, living in cellars, and  
sleeping in filth and wretchedness—  
would that they could learn from this  
little book what a friend they have in  
Jesus.—*Appeal.*

THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

IN a lower room in one of those  
narrow alleys of a great city, where  
Poverty has her dwelling-place, were  
a widow and her son. The boy stood  
at the window, gazing out into the  
murky darkness, thinking perhaps who  
would take care of his poor mother  
when he was gone, or looking forward  
into the future with youthful hopes  
and bright anticipations. But he saw  
not his mother bending over the little  
trunk, and arranging, with all a  
mother's care, each article; he saw not  
the doubts and fears which filled her  
breast, and like harbingers of evil  
weighed heavily on her heart and filled  
her eyes with tears. No; and it were  
better that he should not.

The boy's dreaming was at length  
broken by his mother's voice—

"Charlie, I have forgotten one  
thing. Won't you run down to the  
store and buy it?"

The boy seized his hat and opened  
the door; but, as he looked out into  
the heavy darkness, he turned and  
said:

"Mother, it is dreadful dark!  
Place the light in the window so that  
I can find my way back."

The morn had come, and the time  
when the mother must take leave of  
her boy—her only child; when she  
must give him up to the cold, unfeel-  
ing world, and see him breasting with  
its angry surges.

"Charlie," she said, "take this—it  
is your mother's last gift. It is hard  
to send you forth into the world all  
alone, but forget not the lessons you  
have learned at home. Beware of evil  
companions! Meet the scoffs and  
jeers of those around you with a firm  
heart, and turn not from the true way.  
Beware of the intoxicating cup!—a  
drop may prove fatal—touch it not!"

"Charlie, do you recollect the lamp  
I placed in the window last night to  
direct you home? When temptations  
assail you, when evil ones are around  
you, remember the pages of this sacred  
book, and let them be as a lamp in the  
window; not only reminding you of a  
mother's instruction and a mother's  
love, but guiding you heavenward to  
that holier and happier land above."

More she would have said, but tears  
were filling her eyes, and she would  
not make heavier his heart at parting.  
So placing her hands upon his head  
(it might be for the last time,) she  
gave him her benediction.

"God preserve and bless thee—good-  
bye."

"Noble, true mother! Would that  
all were such! Where, then, would  
be all this intemperance, destroying  
thousands of our young men, and  
crushing many a parent's brightest  
hope? Where, then, would exist all  
this crime, which conceals not itself at  
midnight, but stalks abroad openly at  
noon-day?"

Mother, on you rests a great respon-  
sibility. To you is given this mighty  
work to moralize the world. Now, in  
the susceptibility of youth, must those  
influences be brought to bear which  
will fit them for true manhood.

"Little feet will go astray,  
Guide them, mother, while you may."

Impress upon their minds, now,  
those simple, healthful lessons; those  
noble, elevating truths, which, when  
the darkness of sin envelops them,  
when temptations assail them, shall be  
lights in the window, leading them on-  
ward in the straight and narrow way.

OCTOBER.

AND now October has come again—  
the month so named in the old Roman  
calendar from *octo*, eight, as Septem-  
ber was named from *septem*, seven, Novem-  
ber from *novem*, nine, and December  
from *decem*, ten. The seeming dis-  
arrangement of place in the year arises  
from the fact that the Roman year  
began with March, so making Septem-  
ber the seventh month, October the  
eighth, and so on.

October is the month of ripeness, of  
richness and beauty. Now the har-  
vests of the year have been gathered.  
Some of the apples yet remain, and the  
nuts in the forest offer their peculiar  
temptation to the boys. Happy are  
the lads who live within reach of the  
hickory or the chestnut. We can  
scarcely imagine a more genuine delight  
for country boys than that of gathering  
nuts late in the autumn days, when  
the pinching power of the frosts has  
loosened them from their stems or  
opened their hulls to let the precious  
contents drop out. What cares the  
hearty lad if the morning be a little  
frosty? He will only walk with a  
merrier step, and begin his work with  
a greater zest. How the memory of  
the dear old days comes back to us  
out of the dreamy past, when as boy  
with basket in hand we went in quest  
of these autumnal treasures.

October is the symbol of the rich  
fruitage that comes to many a life.  
When the spring-time has been spent  
in sowing precious seed, and the sum-  
mer in faithful and well-directed toil,  
there comes by and by the abounding  
ripeness of autumn. How rich is that  
charm which adorns old age when the  
earlier life has been spent in noble  
purpose and worthy endeavour. How  
sear and naked, on the other hand,  
when the morning and the noon have  
been wasted in idleness and folly.

But many a sweet life never reaches  
this autumnal period. Before the  
spring-time passes or summer's noon is  
gained the reaper comes. The buds in  
their morning beauty are gathered from  
their stems, and borne to reach their  
perfect bloom and richest fragrance in  
the gardens of God. Then let each  
young bud of childhood be just as sweet  
and just as beautiful as it can—beau-  
tiful to the eyes of friends on earth  
and beautiful to the eye of God. So  
while the earth is robed in so much  
beauty, while the forests flame forth  
their autumnal glories, and the air is  
dreamy in its autumnal haze, let each  
resolve to make life as rich, as fruitful,  
and as beautiful as it is possible to  
make it.

MIND

Your tongue, that it speaks, no  
hasty, unkind word.

Your hands, that they neither fight,  
steal, nor become idle and helpless.

Your feet, that they lead you not  
into temptation, nor stumble in the  
way of sin.

Your eyes, that they look not upon  
wickedness in any shape. Do not let  
them rest upon books that you know  
your parents would not approve.

Your ears, that they listen not to  
tale-bearing, evil speaking, or any ill  
report.

"PADDY, do you know how to  
drive?" said a traveller to the Jehu  
of a jaunting-car. "Sure I do," was  
the answer. "Wasn't it I that upset  
you honour in a ditch two years ago?"



## HOW AN ANGEL LOOKS.

BY MRS GEORGE AROHIDALD.

ROBIN, holding his mother's hand,  
Says "Good-night" to the big folks  
all,

Throws some kisses from rosy lips,  
Laughs with glee through the lighted hall,  
Then in his own crib, warm and deep,  
Rob is tucked for a long night's sleep.

Gentle mother with fond caress  
Slips her hand through his soft, brown hair,  
Thinks of his future, all unknown,  
Speaks aloud in an earnest prayer,  
"Holy angels keep watch and ward,  
God's good angels my baby guard!"

"Mamma, what is an angel like?  
Asked the boy in a wondering tone;  
"How will they look if they come here,  
Watching me when I'm alone?"  
Halt with shrinking and fear spoke he.  
Answered the mother tenderly:

"Prattest faces ever were known,  
Kindest voices and sweetest eyes"—  
Robin, waited for nothing more,  
Cried with a look of pleased surprise,  
Love and trust in his eyes of blue,  
"I know, mamma, they're just like you!"

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK:

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 17, 1885.

## NEVER TOO SOON.

Why do young people so frequently put off thoughts of religion till a future day? Do they imagine that they are too young; too young to be delivered from the guilt of sin, too young to be made happy in the love of God? Do they consider that the present time is too soon? Too soon to be doing right, and serving one's Creator and Benefactor! Whence can such an idea have arisen? Would any young man exclaim, "It is too soon for me to be honest and truthful; too soon to be loving to my parents, and kind to my friends?" How, then, can it be too soon to be true to God, and grateful to our Maker? Few ever think it too soon to gain the favour of men, much less of men who can do them great service; how is it that they talk of its being too soon to be in favour with God? The hand of the enemy of young men's souls is in all this.

If a fortune were to come in a young man's way to-morrow, we do not believe that he would refuse it on the plea that it was too early for him to be rich. If he could be promoted to an honourable situation in Her Majesty's service, we do not believe that our young friend would decline it

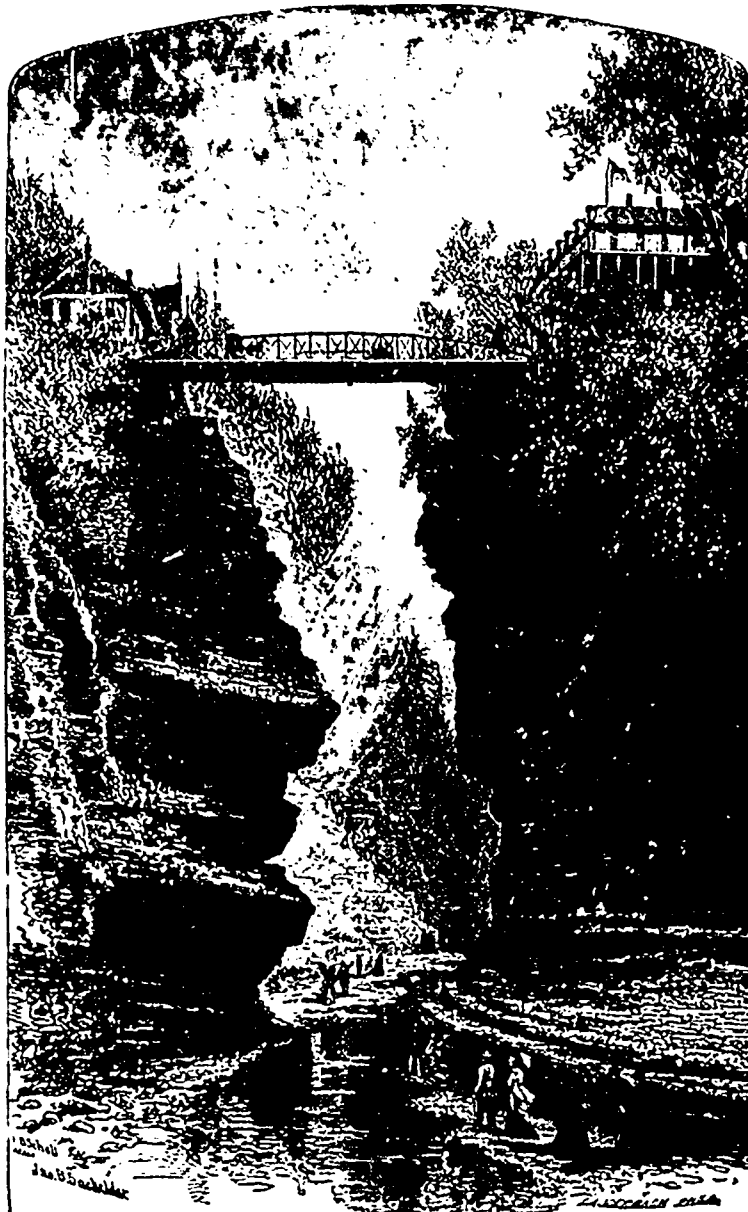
because it came to him too early in life. We have heard complaints of the slowness of promotion in the civil service, but we never yet heard any man say that he had risen too rapidly. Truly good things can hardly be obtained too soon, for the earlier they come the longer time remains in which to enjoy them. In spiritual things we may fitly use the world's old proverb, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." True godliness is best with the dew upon it. Those who begin with God betimes shall see cause for gratitude in this matter as long as they exist.

We advise those who have long been hoping, to decide at once for Christ and holiness. You have halted too long between two opinions. Decide! Decide! It is ill to stand by the hour together looking at a feast; why not sit down and enjoy it? Who wishes to postpone happiness, and put off peace? They do this who delay the seeking of pardon, and tarry long before accepting the blessings of free grace. "It is better late than never," says one; say rather that "It is better in such matters never to be late."

## HELPING POOR SCHOOLS

THE following is a specimen of many letters received. The Sunday-school Board is glad to help all such cases:—I crave your indulgence for a few minutes, while I represent the case of our Sunday-school which stands in need of your assistance. We came to this mission the first of July last, and found no Sunday-school, the place being very small indeed, and few children to go to school. But we went to work in good earnest, to organize a school if possible. My wife and another good sister spent part of two afternoons in going around among the people to see who would send children, and they succeeded beyond their expectations. Two weeks ago last Sunday was the first day of school, and they had 35 in attendance. The next Wednesday evening we organized the school according to our Discipline, and the next Sunday the superintendent proposed to bring up a collection, which was agreed upon, and yesterday was the first day they had any collection, which, I believe, was very good for the number present, about two cents per member. But the children require papers, and books, and tickets, and the people are poor, as a general thing, and unable at present to supply the funds necessary to the carrying on of the school. If you could send us some papers, say for six months, until we get some money on hand, it would be a great benefit to the school, and very materially assist us, in not only retaining those we have, but it would be a source of encouragement to others. We not only need papers, but the children would be much better to have tickets, and if we could have a small donation of them, perhaps, by the time the new year would open out, we would have enough funds on hand to send for a supply of such things as we need. We hope you will take a favourable view of our case, and send us such help as your judgment and benevolence deem necessary.

"How to Live" interests the average man and woman about as much as any question they think on. Edward Everett Hale proposes to tell in the coming volume of *The Chautauquan* his ideas on the subject.



WATKINS GLEN.

## THE NEW TESTAMENT AS A PASSPORT.

FROM Klum in Eastern Prussia to Sedalia, in the State of Missouri, is certainly no short journey, and one which the most courageous man will not contemplate without some beating of heart, as he thinks of the many accidents possible in his course. Nevertheless, three little children have completed this long voyage, entirely alone, unaccompanied by an adult. The three children—a boy of ten years, and his two little sisters, one seven and the other four—were to join their parents, already settled in America, and none of their friends or relatives were in a situation to accompany them; therefore there was nothing for them but to undertake the journey alone.

An aunt, in Berlin, conceived the happy and pious thought of furnishing each little traveller with a small New Testament, upon the first page of which she wrote the name, age, birthplace, and destination of the bearer, and below, in large letters, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me, saith Jesus Christ."

And this little guide book has well fulfilled its mission. To all with whom they came in contact, the three little children obediently showed this unusual passport, and in no instance did it fail to procure for them every kindness, tenderness, and protection which could be given, every heart

warming with parental love for the three little ones thus thrown on the kindness of passing strangers. They have finally reached their home in the far West to the inexpressible relief of their grateful and rejoicing parents.—*L'Avenir*.

THE Buffalo *Christian Advocate* says: Profusely illustrated papers on the Cruise of the *Challenger*; a Trip through the Virginias; and Chaucer, are the first contributions to the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* for September. "God's Glory above the Heavens" is a deep and inspiring paper which eloquently considers God's glory in nature first, but argues that great as it is, "the moral grandeur of the infinite nature" is the glory above the heavens. The article is by Rev. W. H. Dallinger. "Peggy's Haven" is a story of London poverty, which is touchingly told. One of the best departments of the magazine is that known as "The Higher Life," and a very suggestive selection this month is on "A Holy Life is True Force." A chapter on Charles Wesley, with many extracts from his hymns is also given. The number is an excellent one. Published by Wm. Briggs, Toronto, Ont., at \$2 a year.

"I don't say all I think," remarked Brown, when pressed for his opinion of the representative of his district. "I should think you might," replied Fogg, "and not be pressed for time either."



ARTIST'S DREAM—WATKINS GLEN.

WATKINS GLEN.

I.

THERE is not to be found in America a more strikingly wonderful and beautiful freak of nature than Watkins Glen. It is situated at the head of Seneca Lake, between two ranges of hills, which seem to have been torn asunder in the formation of this narrow valley. It consists properly of a number of Glens, or sections, rising one above another, and extending several miles in all, forming a series of rocky arcades, galleries and grottoes, the grandeur and magnificence of which cannot be fully realized by description. The total ascent is about eight hundred feet. It forms the channel for a limpid stream, which makes the descent from section to section by a series of beautiful cascades and rapids.

The entrance is of such a form that no one would imagine that the gorge extended more than a dozen rods. It is usually traversed by visitors for about two miles from its entrance; its character is such that the ascent is necessarily performed on foot. The scenery grows finer and more beautiful as we advance, until finally the culminating point is at the upper bridge, or Pilgrims' Rest, though many explore it for a mile or two beyond.

Turning from the main road, we enter the defile between the guarding hills and commence our pilgrimage. The first object that attracts our attention is a vast rocky entrance amphitheatre, the walls of which rise in beetling cliffs on either side. Ahead of us the walls almost meet, and farther passage seems barred, with the exception of a narrow rift in the rocks, as if they had, by some mighty power, been torn asunder.

We now ascend the staircase, which is strong and secure, and find ourselves in the entrance of what is called Glen Alpha, or the first section. Here, for the first time, the delightful sensation steals over us, produced by the invigorating and inspiring atmosphere. The air, as it draws down through the Glen, is cool, fresh and bracing, and is laden with sweet odours, the fragrance of many flowers. We look upward into the Glen and realize now the stupendous grandeur of this masterpiece of nature, and seem to draw inspiration from its wild magnificence. We seem to have forgotten the outer world that we have left behind us, and to be in a kind of fairy land, the work of some ancient race of giants.

Looking upward what a sight bursts upon us! Towering and irregular cliffs of dark rock rise one above another till they appear to meet in the clouds, angular and sullen, and seem to forbid approach! A little narrow thread of sky is all that reminds us of the world we have left, and that is barred and spangled by patches of bright green foliage.

"All the air a solemn stillness holds,"

unbroken save by the singing and plashing of some distant cascade, or occasionally the murmuring ripple of the stream as it courses through its rocky channel. At numerous places in the Glen we pause, and wonder how it is possible to go much farther, the way appears so impassable, and the distance so inaccessible; but as we advance, the path always opens, and gives far more interest to the ascent than though we could clearly mark our way before us.

After emerging from the dark chasm, we see before us silvery cascades, quiet



THE NARROW PASS.

LOVING HIM WHO FIRST LOVED ME.

S AVIOUR, teach me, day by day,  
Love's sweet lesson to obey;  
Sweeter lesson cannot be,  
Loving Him who first loved me;  
With a childlike heart of love,  
At Thy bidding may I move;  
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,  
Loving Him who first loved me.

Teach me all Thy steps to trace,  
Strong to follow in Thy grace,  
Learning how to love from Thee,  
Loving Him who first loved me.  
Thus may I rejoice to show  
That I feel the love I owe;  
Singing, till Thy face I see,  
Of His love who first loved me.

THE SCOTT ACT.

"I CAN say this," said Commissioner Coombs as he opened the Salvation Scott Act demonstration at the Richmond-street Barracks, "that if they would leave the passage of the prohibitory measure to us we would soon see whether it would pass or not."

Among the notables present was Senator Vidal.

After the usual opening knee drill, "Prof. Wiggins, late of whiskey fame," sang a Salvation song to the tune of "The Campbells are Coming." He then related the story of his salvation. "Happy Alf, late drunken Alf," in telling of his youthful ungodliness, said, He and a chum had swallowed up a \$5,000 farm and a house and lot. As he went down the street the morn-

ing following his salvation he "met Bill Cooper eating with one hand and praying with the other."

Mr. W. Munns, Secretary of the Ontario Branch of the Prohibitory Alliance, said, The drink traffic as the rival of the home, the educational institutions, and the interests of business should be opposed by all interested in the welfare of the country and its people. He believed in protecting the homes of the people. The whiskey should be locked up instead of the hard workingmen who drink it, who might fill important and useful spheres in life were it not for the curse. He appealed to those present on behalf of the boys and girls of the Dominion to put forth their mightiest efforts to save them.

THE recent visit of Dr. Carman to Newfoundland is likely to make that island and its earnest Methodist brotherhood more widely known than in the past. In addition to letters in the official papers Dr. Carman has contributed an article on the subject to our Magazine and another to the *North-western Christian Advocate* of Chicago. The Islands of our northern coast,—Prince Edward Island, Cape Breton and the still larger one, Newfoundland—with more room than several European nations enjoy—will yet be the summer sanitariums of the continent. —*Wesleyan.*

pools and moss-garnished walls, over-arched by stately forest trees and thick shrubbery, with a broad light flooding the distance; and far above is seen through the emerald foliage, like a web of gossamer, the beautiful Iron Bridge spanning the Glen.

It is a singular fact, that nowhere, perhaps, upon the Continent, can such a range of vegetation be found within such narrow limits and in such close juxtaposition. On the northern slopes, in sheltered nooks protected from the winds, and in a great measure from frost and snow, and exposed to the warm rays of the sun, the vegetation is almost tropical. Many plants are here found, especially among the lower orders, that are indigenous to Tennessee and the Carolinas. The fern family is largely represented, and some of the most beautiful species are found. Many of the varieties attain a degree of luxuriance that astonishes the student who is familiar with them. High up on the southern cliffs, exposed to the keen north winds, many plants are found that belong far to the north. Stunted firs, mosses and lichens, that are rarely found south of the Hudson's Bay country, are here represented.

#### IN SUNSHINE AND RAIN.

**M**AN, like a silly sheep, doth often stray;  
Not knowing of his way,  
Blind deserts and the wildness of sin  
He daily travels in.

There's nothing will reduce him sooner than  
Afflictions to his pen.  
He wanders in the sunshine, but in rain  
And stormy weather hastens home again.

Thou, the great Shepherd of my soul, O  
keep

Me, Thy unworthy sheep  
From gadding: or, if fair means will not  
do it,

Let foul, then, bring me to it.  
Rather than I should perish in my error,  
Lord, bring me back with terror:  
Better I be chastised with thy rod  
And Shepherd's staff, than stray from Thee,  
my God.

Though for the present stripes do grieve me  
sore,

At last they profit more,  
And make me to observe Thy Word, which I  
Neglected formerly:

Let me come home rather by weeping cross  
Than still be at a loss.

For health I'd rather take a bitter pill,  
Than eating sweetmeats to be always ill.

—Thomas Washbourne, 1606-1687.

#### "TAKE UP THE BOOK, AND READ."

In the midst of all the publishing of books, 7,452 books manufactured year after year, there is one book, containing more wisdom than all books, which goes through its editions and its editions, and is now, I believe, brought down to the price of one penny—a marvellous typographical feat in this age.

You may remember the story about St. Augustine. He was once in great doubt and trouble. He had a dream in which he dreamt that after he had tried all philosophy, and could find no real peace, no real wisdom in any book, he thought he heard some one say, "Tolle, lege"—"Take up the book, and read." He took up the Gospels and read them, and found they were the books which he wanted, and that wisdom was to be found there.

"So I say, Tolle, lege, and in that book you will find the greatest wisdom and happiness in this world, and that it is the best book for you."—*The Bishop of Carlisle.*

#### LIGHT AND SHADE OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

BY ROBIN RUSTLER.

SUNDAY morning found us as usual wending our way on the Blood Reserve from camp to camp, teaching, guiding, and blessing the minds and souls and bodies of the Blood Indians. Ever since sickness seriously attacked the people in their houses, they have dwelt in lodges, and thus for a time returned to the migratory habits of such a life. When the location where the camp is pitched becomes unclean, a new site is chosen, and the people move. The place of their habitation is often changed, consequent upon seeking cleanliness, fresh pasture for the animals, and other matters of more or less interest. Enter with us into one of the camps and see for yourself the lights and shades of missionary work among the Indians. One of the largest lodges is selected for holding service. Take this particular Sunday as representative of nearly all the others. As we went through the camp, we invited the people to come with us. One woman sat on the ground scraping the hair off the skin of a deer, who left her work and came with us to hear the good news of salvation through Christ. We entered the lodge of a chief. The seat of honour was given to the missionary, and soon the men, women, and children assembled. With the help of an interpreter a sermon was preached to the people, after which all joined together in committing to memory the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments in their own language. The children sang very sweetly "Come to Jesus," in Blackfoot, and English prayer was offered, and some Sunday-school papers distributed.

The service being over, the sick began to tell of their diseases, and the missionary gave them medicines out of the small stock at his command. Another camp has to be sought and off we went. A few miles distant we came to a camp of twenty lodges. On our way there we saw a group of Indian lads sitting on the ground gambling, and about a dozen men with very little clothing on, were busily engaged in a tea dance. When we reached the camp the people saw us, and came to the lodge where we were. An old chief stood outside calling the people to come to prayer. As we could not afford to pay the interpreter for another service on that day, and as it would be helpful to us in getting a clearer insight into the language, and enabling us to gain greater fluency in its use, we had to dispense with the services. The same routine had to be gone through, varied with answers to many questions asked, relating to the welfare of the people. Visits made to the sick and aged filled up the remainder of the day, and we returned to the mission-house praying that the good seed sown might produce blessed results. Sadness filled our hearts when we thought of the intense love manifested by some for the practice of heathenism. When we saw some of them following the evil ways of the unrighteous paleface, we mourned because of the unholy example of those who, because of their privileges, ought to have been our helpers in the good work; still we were encouraged. We beheld the attentive look of young and old, we listened to some of the people who said: "We have been praying to the Great Spirit to help us to do right,

and we want to do what the Bible tells us," and we felt that the reading of God's Word in the native language, with the memorizing of prayers and promises, would not fail of having the desired results. There is a bright living to the clouds, and the day is coming when those who are now near the kingdom shall enter in, and become sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty.

Blood Reserve,  
Alberta, N. W. T.

#### BEGIN RIGHT.

As the boy begins, so will the man end. The lad who speaks with affectation, and mimes foreign tongues that he does not understand at school, will be a weak chromo in character all his life; the boy who cheats his teacher into thinking him devout at chapel will be the man who will make religion a trade and bring Christianity into contempt; the boy who wins the highest average by stealing his examination papers will figure some day as a tricky politician. The lad who, whether rich or poor, dull or clever, looks you straight in the eyes and keeps his answer inside of truth, already counts friends who will last his life and holds a capital which will bring him a surer interest than money. Then get to the bottom of things. You see how it is already as to that. It was the student who was grounded in the grammar who took the Latin prize; it was that slow, steady drudge who practised firing every day last winter that bagged the most game in the mountain; it is the clerk who studies the specialty of the house in off hours who is promoted. Your brilliant, happy-go-lucky, hit-or-miss fellows usually turn out the dead weight of the family by forty-five. Don't take anything for granted; get to the bottom of things. Neither be a sham yourself nor be fooled by shame.

On the 20th day of next June our noble Queen will enter on the fiftieth year of her reign, and preparations are being made for a grand year of rejoicing over the event. But three sovereigns of England have reached the year of jubilee. These were Henry III., whose coronation took place October 16, 1216, and his death occurred November 16, 1272, giving him a reign of fifty-six years. The year 1266 was his jubilee. Edward III., crowned January 25, 1327, and died June 21, 1377, having closed his jubilee but six months before his death; George III., who came to the throne in 1760 and died in 1820, after a turbulent reign of sixty years. The peculiarity of the long reign of Victoria is that it has been one of almost unbroken peace and wonderful prosperity, which may well be celebrated with a jubilee.—*Canada Presbyterian.*

THE New York *Independent* says: "The Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., of Canada, who has been lecturing of late to the Christian Philosophers of New Jersey, is the author of 'Valeria,' a tale of early Christian life in Rome. Dr. Withrow is at home with his subject, and his enthusiasm for the catacombs might well tempt the Sunday-school reader to look up his larger volume on the same subject."

#### KEEP TO THE RIGHT.

**K**EEP to the right, as the law directs,  
For such is the rule of the road;  
Keep to the right, whoever expects  
Securely to carry life's load.

Keep to the right, with God and his truth;  
Nor wander, though folly allurs;  
Keep to the right, from the day of thy youth,  
Nor turn from what's faithful and pure.

Keep to the right, within an l without,  
With stranger and kindred and friend;  
Keep to the right, and you need have no  
doubt  
That all will be well in the end.

Keep to the right in whatever you do,  
Nor claim but your own on the way;  
Keep to the right, and hold on to the true  
From the morn to the close of life's day.

#### WHY WE ARE TEMPTED.

SUPPOSE I made a very wonderful steam engine, and put it into a ship, to make it into a steam packet. It is all beautifully made, and complete, and I want to "try" whether it is all good; whether the machinery is right, and works well. Where should I send it, into a smooth sea, or a rough sea? Should I send it "up the rapids"—up the river—against the stream, to see whether it would go up? I should.

So God does with you. He furnishes you with everything you want, then puts you up "the rapids," sends you on the rough water, just to "try" you, to see what you are made of.

In Eastern lands swords are made of such fine steel that men can bend them almost double without breaking them. In order to "try" them, when they are being made men bend them, to see if they can be relied upon. So God "tries" you, to see what you are made of. In this way, then, it is a good thing to be "tempted." Even Jesus was "tempted." Luther said, "Prayer and temptations make the Christian."—*Fireside News.*

#### AN EVERYDAY TEMPERANCE SERMON.

THE hired preachers may go out of town for summer vacations, but the temperance sermons are preached all the same. What may be termed personally conducted arguments for total abstinence are constantly being made, summer and winter, spring and fall, night and day. Libby and Struthers were poor clerks, side by side in Alex. T. Stewart's store a quarter of a century ago. For a few years Struthers got along faster than Libby did, for he became the head of the upholstery department at a time when Libby was still behind the ribbon counter. Then Struthers began to drink whiskey, while Libby stuck pretty much to water, and the difference in their beverages soon began to have the usual results. Struthers had the more fun for a while, but he went down a peg at a time in the Stewart establishment until finally he was literally kicked out, a sot. By that time Libby had risen clear out of the drunkard's sight and was in charge of the most important branches of that vast business. Last week Struthers was picked up as a vagrant in the streets by the police. Libby is a millionaire.—*Blakely Hall's "Life in New York."*

A MANUFACTURER of glass eyes says that his products are now so skillfully made as to defy detection. Even the wearers of the glass eyes cannot see through the deception.



A TRUE STORY.

"WHERE is the baby, grandmamma?"  
The sweet young mother calls  
From her work in the cosy kitchen,  
With its dainty whitewashed walls.  
And grandma leaves her knitting,  
And looks for her all around;  
But not a trace of baby dear  
Can anywhere be found.

No sound of its merry prattle,  
No gleam of its sunny hair,  
No patter of tiny footsteps,  
No sign of it anywhere.  
All through house and garden,  
Far out into the field,  
They search each nook and corner,  
But nothing is revealed.

And the mother's face grew pallid;  
Grandmamma's eyes grew dim;  
The father a gone to the village;  
No use to look for him,  
And the baby's lost! "Where's Rover!"  
The mother chanced to think  
Of the old well in the orchard  
Where the cattle used to drink.

"Where's Rover? I know he'd find her!  
Rover!" In vain they call,  
Then hurry away to the orchard;  
And there by the moss-grown wall,  
Close to the well lies Rover,  
Holding to baby's dress,  
Who was leaning over the well's edge  
In perfect fearlessness.

She stretched her little arms down,  
But Rover held her fast,  
And never seemed to mind the kicks  
The tiny bare feet cast  
So spitefully upon him,  
But wagged his tail instead,  
To greet the frightened searchers,  
While naughty baby said:

"Here's a 'tittle dirl in the ater;  
She's dust as big as me;  
Mamma, I want to help her out,  
And take her home to tea.  
But Rover, he won't let me,  
And I don't love him. Go  
Away, you naughty Rover!  
Oh! why are you crying so?"

The mother kissed her, saying:  
"My darling, understand,  
Good Rover saved your life, my dear—  
And see, he licks your hand!  
Kiss Rover!" Baby struck him.  
But grandma understood;  
She said: "It's hard to thank the friend  
Who thwarts us for our good."

ISAAC AND THE BEAR.

BY REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

WHEN the missionaries in the North-West visit their outposts, some of which are more than 100 miles distant, they are accustomed to take a few Indians with them, as it would not be safe to travel alone. Besides there are numerous duties to be performed when the missionary must have assistance.

Some of the companions of the missionary are usually good storytellers. One of those men was called Isaac. On one occasion he had been ordered to shoot a bear. Next morning, before starting on his journey, he was attending to his devotions, when his companions called his attention to a pair of deer which were approaching very near to where they were seated. But said he, when relating the adventure to the Rev. O. German, "I could not allow my mind to be drawn off my prayers by any earthly thing, and so I did not look up at all." Of course when they had finished worship, there were no deer to be seen. "Never mind," said Isaac, "one deer is not all." After two or three days his comrades returned home, and he was thus left alone. "I had loaded one barrel of my gun with a very light charge to shoot a rabbit, if I should see one, the other was primed for the deer I was tracking. Suddenly," said he, "I heard just in front a cracking of brush, and a grinding of teeth, and,

looking up, I saw three raging bears approaching me, the foremost one already standing up to receive me. What to do I hardly know. I was frightened. I could only kill with one barrel. I must give the first one that. I fired. He fell. But now the others come on more fiercely than before. What can I do? No time to run. I cannot kill with this light load. I will blind him. I fired into his eyes. He was dazed. I ran. Reaching a safe distance in a thicket I began to reload. The third bear had fled, but I heard the wounded one coming near, twisting and breaking the saplings in his course, in hope of finding me. But he passed, and I was quite willing he should." Isaac did not forget to thank God for his deliverance.

THE PROOF OF LOVE.

A TRUE STORY.

A poor Chinese woman was afflicted by a painful tumour or swelling, which gave her great pain and caused her life to be in danger. By some means she heard that there was in a certain city of her native land a foreign lady who had come from over the seas to teach and help the people of the country. This lady, it was said, knew how to cure disease, and the poor woman determined to go to her in the hope of finding relief. She had to travel some distance, and was accompanied by a young man, her own grandson.

When the missionary lady, who was in truth a doctor, saw the woman, she said, "I think I can help you, but it will be necessary for me to cut this tumour away."

To this the woman consented, for what will not one bear in order to escape from death? The operation was performed successfully, but when it was nearly over there was wanting a little piece of flesh to lay into the wound.

"Will you let me take it from your arm?" asked the lady of the young man. Somewhat ungraciously he answered, "Yes."

He was scarcely willing to suffer a little pain and inconvenience for the sake of his sick grandmother. When the flesh from his arm had been applied, a little more was still wanting. Then the missionary doctor bared her own arm and took from it so much as was needed in order to make the operation complete.

When the poor Chinese woman saw the white skin of the foreigner laid upon her own olive-coloured body, she exclaimed,

"Now I know what brought you here. It was love for us. I always thought before that you had come to make money, or in some way to get gain from the people of my country—but love, and love only, could make you willing to shed your blood for me."

Then the lady told her patient of Jesus, the blessed Saviour, who came to earth to suffer and die that he might redeem us by his blood. The woman listened and believed. From that time the Lord of the foreign lady was her Lord and Master too.

The few drops of blood thus shed by the missionary were the proof of her love. Jesus gave himself for us that we might be saved. When he was upon earth, still going about doing good, healing the sick, cleansing the lepers, giving sight to the blind, telling the people of the love of their heavenly Father, and of the home

above to which he would have them go, he said: "I am the Good Shepherd; the Good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." And again he said: "I lay down my life for the sheep."—*Word and Work.*

MARK TRAFTON IN MONTREAL.

THE Rev. Mark Trafton, of Boston, tells in *Zion's Herald* how he was treated in Montreal, which he reached with Bishop Foster at 8.50 one Saturday night.

"We seized our baggage and stepped out, when we were once arrested by a man over six feet in height, a perfect specimen of a policeman, who when he laid hold upon the Bishop, whose valise was larger and so more suspicious than mine, thought he had a prize; and I was about to start up, as in duty bound, in defence of our ecclesiastical functionary, when the burly official turned upon me, who, as the tail of a kite, was in the rear, put me under arrest, and calling an assistant gave me into his charge; and did he say it, or was it fancy, 'Look out for him; he's an old offender!' Well, fancy aside, that was the warmest and most hearty reception I had ever received, and will never be forgotten. We speak of the reticence, the coldness of the English people in contrast with Yankee forwardness and gush, but it is all imaginary. It was Dr. Potts, pastor of St. James Church, with Mr. Torrance, a lineal descendant of Philip Embury, who met us at the station, and gave the warm welcome to the Queen's Dominion of which I am writing.

"Now I had no call to Canada, but went to take care of our Bishop, as it were (but it is still an open question who had most need of care, and who received most personal attention), and so I intended to go to a hotel on my arrival in Montreal, but no, 'It is an absurdity; not to be thought of,' and so into a carriage we were put, and away we drove to the residence of Hon. James Ferrier, a senator of the Parliament, where we deposit the Bishop and Mr. Torrance, son-in-law of Mr. F., and then off we go up, up, up, until we stop in front of a large granite structure, and Dr. Potts says, 'This is our Theological College, and you are to be the guest of the president, Doctor Douglas.' The door was opened before we rang, and in we went, and there stood the great-hearted, clear-headed, scholarly Doctor, whom I had met in Boston years ago, and the greeting he gave me was worth a journey to Montreal. But, alas! when last we met he could look me in the face, but now over his brow was a green shade, and his eyes

roll in vain

To find a piercing ray, and find no dawn.  
He has lost his sight; yet cheerful, happy, resigned, he still works on, and finds a pleasure in his task as president of this young but flourishing college. His wife and his three accomplished daughters are eyes to him, and lighten his task.

"But it is Saturday night, and another communication must tell of that Sabbath."

BEAUTY, bounty and blessedness— all meet in perfection in the Lord Jesus Christ: "He is altogether lovely."

ALL CAN DO SOMETHING.

THERE is work in the world for even the smallest child.

A lady was going to visit a poor woman, when her nephew, five years of age, brought a biscuit to her, and begged her to take it to the sufferer.

"I can do without lunch," said the child; "I have had a good breakfast." And accordingly he did without lunch that the poor woman might have a biscuit.

A young girl fifteen years of age, being obliged to go into a shoemaker's shop to inquire for a poor boy who was in her class in the temperance school, said kindly to the cobbler who had given her the information sought.

"Are you a temperance man?"  
"No; but I ought to be," was the answer. "When I was we were better off than we are to-day."

After further conversation the girl asked,

"Will you come next Sunday evening to our temperance meeting?"

"I will," he promised.

He came, was converted, signed the pledge, and subsequently joined a Methodist church, and is to-day happy and prosperous.

He said to a comrade not long ago:

"That girl is my guardian angel."

You can all do something. Are you trying? Are you thoughtful of the poor? Are you self-denying that you may help some one less favoured than you are? Have you signed the pledge? Have you asked any one else to sign it? Do you speak pleasant, encouraging words to some one each day? Are you courteous and polite to all? Are you constantly watching for opportunities to say a cheerful word or do a kind act? Have you given your heart to Jesus, and are you praying by name for those of your friends who are not Christians? O how much there is for even the smallest child to do for Jesus!

WHAT OUR BOYS MUST LEARN.

To cultivate a cheerful temper.  
To choose their friends among good boys.

To learn to sew on their own buttons.  
Not to tease boys or girls smaller than themselves.

To take pride in being little gentlemen at home.

To be polite and helpful to their own sisters, as they are to other boys' sisters.

To treat their mothers as politely as if she were a strange lady, who did not spend her life in their service.

To feel a noble pride in making their mothers and sisters their best friends.

When their play is over for the day, to wash faces and hands, brush the hair, and spend the evening in the house.

If they do anything wrong, to take their mothers into their confidence, and above all never to lie about anything they have done.

Not to take the easiest chair in the room, and put it directly in front of the fire, and to forget to offer it to their mother when she comes in to sit down.

Not to grumble, or refuse, when asked to do some errand that must be done, and which otherwise will take the time of some one who has more to do than themselves.



### THE RED BREAST OF THE ROBIN. (An Irish Legend.)

Of all the merry little birds that live up  
in the tree,  
And carol from the sycamore and chestnut,  
The prettiest little gentleman that dearest is  
to me  
Is the one in coat of brown and scarlet  
waistcoat,  
It's cockit little robin!  
And his hood he keeps a bobbin'.  
Of all the other pretty fowls I'd choose  
him;  
For he sings so sweetly still  
Through his tiny slender bill,  
With a little patch of red upon his bosom.

When the frost is in the air, and the snow  
upon the ground,  
To other little birdies so bowlderin',  
Picking up the crumbs near the window he is  
found,  
Singing Christmas stories to the children,  
Of how two tender babes  
Were left in woodland glades,  
By a cruel man who took 'em there to lose  
'em;  
But Bobby saw the crime,  
(He was watching all the time!)  
And he blushed a perfect crimson on his  
bosom.

When the changing leaves of autumn round  
us thickly fall,  
And everything seems sorrowful and sad-  
dening,  
Robin may be heard on the corner of a wall,  
Singing what is solacing and gladdening,  
And sure, from what I've heard,  
He's God's own little bird,  
And sings to those in grief just to amuse  
'em;  
But once he sat forlorn  
On a cruel crown of thorn  
And the blood it stained his pretty little  
bosom.

### AT THE LAST IT BITETH.

Who can measure the woes that  
come to humanity through the use of  
strong drink? What other curse can  
be compared with this terrible blight?  
Dr. William G. Elliott, Chancellor of  
Washington University, St. Louis,  
Mo., thus testifies:

"I have lived in St. Louis forty-  
eight years, and have seen it grow  
from 7,500 to nearly 400,000 inhabi-  
tants. During these years, it has  
passed through trials of pestilence, of  
devastating fires, of water floods, and  
worst of all, four years of fratricidal  
war. But I here assert, in all sober-  
ness of mind and with readiness to  
prove what I say, that all other trials,  
and losses, and sufferings, and wrongs,  
in all these many years combined, do  
not equal the ruinous moral, social and  
financial evils that I have seen pro-  
duced, during the same period, by the  
one cause, intoxicating drink."

A gentleman said at a recent meet-  
ing: "A friend of mine who is a  
large ship-owner lost one of his ships  
at sea. I want to sympathize with  
him, as the loss amounted to \$40,000.  
When I spoke about it he replied,  
"Never mind the loss; I can bear  
that and another \$40,000 to that, and  
another \$40,000 to that, without feel-  
ing it much; but (opening the draw-  
ing-room door and pointing to his wife  
lying on a sofa helplessly intoxicated)  
if I could remedy this, I would give  
all I have in the world."

There are some evils which no  
language can measure. We stand  
dazed and horror-stricken in the pres-  
ence of woes worse than death, which  
are heaped upon us by this satanic  
power which blasts, and blights, and  
devours, and desolates all things which  
come beneath its sway, and cry, "How  
long, O Lord! how long?"

Those who think long are the better  
able to speak short.

### WHY HE QUIT IT.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York  
*Sun* thus relates the circumstances  
under which Secretary Garland aban-  
doned the use of intoxicating liquors:  
He was asked one day how it happened  
that he, coming as he did from a part  
of the country where liquor was be-  
lieved to be used as commonly as  
coffee, was a teetotaler. "Well, it  
was this way: I used to drink as  
regularly and as frequently as any  
one; but one day some years ago I was  
walking through our cemetery at  
Little Rock, and I saw the grave of  
one bright man who would have been  
my age, and then I saw another, and  
another, until I suddenly realized that  
almost all the young men with whom  
I began life had gone, and I almost  
alone was left, and I knew what had  
carried them away. Well, as I had  
been spared, it occurred to me that I  
had certainly had my share of alcohol,  
so I made up my mind that I wouldn't  
drink anybody else's share; that  
wouldn't be fair. So I just stopped  
right then and there."

### BAD WAGES.

"I HAVE left my place, mother; I  
could not stay," said a poor boy, when  
he returned one morning from his  
work.

"Why have you left?" said the  
mother. "Was your master unkind  
to you?"

"No, mother; he was kind enough,"  
said the boy.

"Didn't you like the work, my  
boy?" asked the mother.

"It was the wages I didn't like,"  
said the boy, solemnly. "My master  
wanted me to sin, and the wages of sin  
is death."

His master had expected him to lie  
about the goods, and deceive and cheat  
the customers; but the boy said, "No,  
sir, I can't do such things; I will  
leave your service first."

And he did leave it; and he was  
right, too. Such boys will make  
mothers' hearts glad, and will find that  
the Lord takes care of those who trust  
in him, and will not work for Satan,  
nor earn the wages of sin.

FRETFUL, passionate people tear and  
torment themselves.

### LESSON NOTES.

B.C. 878.] LESSON IV. [Oct. 25.  
THE TEMPLE REPAIRED.

§ Kings 12. 1-15. Commit to mem. vs. 9-11.

#### GOLDEN TEXT.

I was glad when they said unto me, Let us  
go into the house of the Lord. Psa. 122. 1.

#### OUTLINE.

1. The High Places, v. 1-3.
2. The Neglected Temple, v. 4-8.
3. The Wise Priest, v. 9.
4. The Abundant Treasure, 10-15.

TIME.—B.C. 878, the year of the accession  
of Jehoash, or Joash, in Judah.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Jehoash began to reign*—that is, in Judah, contemporary with Jehu,  
king of Israel. *Wherein Jehoash*—He did  
what was right as long as Jehoash lived to  
instruct him. *The high places*—The places  
devoted to idolatry. *Dedicated things*—Holy  
things. *The money that every man is set at*  
—A devout Israelite could dedicate himself  
or his child to the service of the sanctuary,  
and could redeem the dedication for a money  
value. The estimation for a male between  
twenty and sixty years of age was fifty shekels  
of silver; a female thirty shekels; from five  
to twenty years old for a male twenty shekels;

female ten shekels, etc. See Lev. 27. 1-13.  
*Repair the breaches*—The parts of the temple  
that were decayed, or that had been damaged  
by the sons of Athaliah. See 2 Chron. 24. 7.  
*King's scribe*—His private secretary. *Told  
the money*—Counted it. *Reckoned not*—Kept  
no strict account.

#### TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—  
1. A regard for the Lord's house!  
2. The duty of laying by something for his  
service!  
3. The confidence which faithfulness in-  
spires!

#### THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Jehoash order should be done  
with the money that was brought into the  
Lord's house? That it should be used for  
repairs. 2. Did Jehoash do at once as  
Jehoash had commanded? He did not. 3.  
When Jehoash received the command a second  
time, what did he put beside the altar to  
receive the money? A chest. 4. To whom  
was the money given when it was told? To  
those having oversight. 5. Why did they  
not reckon with those to whom they delivered  
the money? "For they dealt faithfully."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The public  
worship of God.

#### CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

36. How many sacraments has Christ  
ordained in his Church? Two only: Baptism  
and the Supper of the Lord.

37. Were these sacraments to abide  
always? Yes; until the Lord's coming at  
the end of the world.

B.C. 833.] LESSON V. [Nov. 1.

#### DEATH OF ELISHA.

§ Kings 13. 14-25. Commit to mem. vs. 20, 21.

#### GOLDEN TEXT.

He being dead yet speaketh. Heb. 11. 4.

#### OUTLINE.

1. A Royal Visitor, v. 14.
2. A Prophetic Lesson, v. 15-19.
3. A Sacred Sepulchre, v. 20, 21.
4. A Fulfilled Prophecy, v. 22-25.

TIME.—B.C. 833.

PLACE.—Unknown.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The chariot of Israel*—  
King Joash uses the same terms of Elisha  
which Elisha had used of Elijah. It was a  
Hebrew saying, "the chariot of Israel, and  
the horsemen thereof," to indicate that the  
individual of whom it was spoken was the  
defence of Israel. *Elisha put his hands*—To  
signify that he must look to God for strength.  
*He shot*—The shooting toward Syria indicated  
his success in his warfare with that country,  
for Israel was now under the Syrian yoke.  
*Smote thrice, and stayed*—Probably regarding  
it as a foolish sign, but by despising the  
sign he lost the thing signified. *Spied a  
band*—As roving companies of Moabites were  
ravaging Israel the funeral train broke up in  
haste and disorder for fear these were  
enemies. *Cast the man*—This shows their  
haste. *Three times*—This was according to  
the prophecy of Elisha when Joash smote but  
thrice on the ground.

#### TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we learn—  
1. That good men are honoured in their  
death!  
2. That partial obedience cannot become a  
perfect blessing!  
3. That a good man's influence reaches  
beyond his life!

#### THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Elisha tell Joash to do?  
"Take bow and arrows." 2. When Joash  
had shot the arrow what did Elisha say?  
"The arrow of the Lord's deliverance." 3.  
Why was Elisha wroth when Joash stayed  
after smiting the ground thrice? Because he  
had not smitten more. 4. What did Elisha  
say to Joash? "Thou shalt smite Syria but  
thrice." 5. What happened to the man who  
was cast into the sepulchre of Elisha? "He  
revived."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's fidelity  
to his covenant.

#### CATECHISM QUESTION.

38. What do you mean by the word sac-  
rament? I mean an outward and visible  
sign of an inward and spiritual grace given  
unto us, ordained by Christ himself, as a  
means whereby we receive the same, and a  
pledge to assure us thereof.

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