

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. VIII.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 13, 1888.

[No. 21.]

## Break, Break, Break!

BREAK, break, break,  
On the cold, gray stones, O Sea!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the fisherman's boy  
That he shouts with his sister at play!  
Oh, well for the sailor lad  
That he sings in his boat on the bay.

And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill;  
But, oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still

Break, break, break,  
At the foot of the crags, O Sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me.

—Alfred Tennyson.

## PAWNEE CHIEF.

THE Pawnees are a very fierce tribe of Indians in the far west. The picture gives a very good idea of their fantastic dress. The most conspicuous feature is the tremendous crest of eagle's feathers. It almost makes the man look as if he could fly.

## FOR OTHERS.

On the New Jersey coast there stands a quiet little farmhouse which was the scene of a long, heroic struggle, never recorded in any history. Twenty years ago it was occupied by Mrs. Blank, a woman of great beauty and intellectual power, a favourite in New York society.

After her husband's death, she remained throughout the year in this country house. One day a dissolute woman, in rags and bloated with drink, came to the door begging. Mrs. Blank inquired into her history, found that she had some feeble wish to reform, to "be like other women again." She took the woman in, clothed her, and gave her work.

The woman brought her companions. Mrs. Blank received eight of them. Her means were small. To enable her to do this thing, she was forced herself to dress coarsely, to live on the plainest fare, to share in the work of her inmates. For eighteen years she carried on this charity, always keeping her house full. Many of the women were brought back to decency and respectability; some of them even to a religious life.

She laboured to help each one, as if she were her own child. But she was often deceived by impostors; many of the women went back to a life of crime; still more were ungrateful. As time passed, too, her friends urged her to come back to



PAWNEE CHIEF.

the city again; to lead a life of ease and enjoyment in the society and pursuits for which she was suited. But she persevered in her work until her death, about a year ago.

Molokai, one of the Sandwich Islands, as our readers know, is set apart as a Home for Lepers. Five years ago, a young priest, Father Damen, left his home and friends and gave himself up to work among these people, every one of whom is marked for a slow and awful death.

For some time he was able to return for a yearly visit to his family and home, but recently a farewell letter was received from him.

"It is impossible," he wrote, "for me to go any more to Honolulu, as the leprosy has broken out in

me. Now that I am satisfied as to the true character of my disease, I am more calm, and am resigned and happy among my people."

There he remains, administering consolation to the members of this wretched colony, more than ever devoted to the work of the Master now that he, like themselves, is living under the shadow of a terrible doom. Who, better than such a man, could inspire them with hope and confidence in an immortal life free from the spots and taints which in this lower world affect both body and soul!

This man and woman belonged to sects of widely different creeds. But surely, they who have thus given their lives to their fellow men are together, very near to that Saviour who is Elder Brother and helper of us all.—Companion.

## HIS MANNERS.

He was a pretty little fellow, but it was his manners, not his looks, that attracted everybody—clerks in the stores, people in the horse-cars, men, women and children. A boy four years old, who, if anybody said to him, "How do you do?" answered, "I am well, thanks," and if he had a request to make, be it of friend or stranger, began it with "Please." And the beauty of it was that the "Thanks" and "Please" were so much a matter of course to the child that he never knew he was doing anything at all noticeable.

"How cunning it is," said a showy woman to his mother, as they sat at dinner at the public table of a hotel one day, "to hear that child thank the waiters, and say 'please' when he wants anything. I never saw any-

thing so sweet. My children have to be constantly told if I want them to thank people. How well you must have taught him, that he never forgets."

"He has always been accustomed to it," said the mother. "We have always said 'Please' to him when we wished him to do anything, and have thanked him. He knows no other way."

The showy woman looked as if she did not need any further explanation of the way in which habits are formed.

Probably you do not.

THERE are some folks in this world who spend their whole lives hunting after righteousness, and can't find any time to practise it.

**Britons, One and All.**

REALMS of the President and Queen,  
Two nations strong and glorious,  
Your banners through the world are seen  
O'er every foe victorious!  
One blood still courses in your veins,  
One hope, one grand endeavour  
To save a world from slavish chains  
And lift it up forever.

For ye are Britons, one and all,  
True to your nation's story;  
Ready to rise at Freedom's call,  
And win new fields before ye.  
The bugle-call of help for men  
Rings out for prohibition!  
Come, battle for your homes again,  
And help a world's condition.

This campaign is no idle dream,  
But men from slumber waking  
To frustrate every rum-built scheme,  
The chains of Bacchus breaking,  
True manhood marshals in this fray  
To bring men's foes to order,  
The world groans for a brighter day,  
With Righteousness as warder.

Grand people that in mercy join  
To raise each reeling nation,  
Bring all your forces into line,  
Compact on Truth's foundation.  
Beat back the furies in this fight;  
Destroy Rum's cursed fountain;  
Onward behold the goal of light  
Shines clear on Freedom's mountain!

Realms of the President and Queen  
Be true to God and duty,  
And let no demon come between  
To sever or to rout ye.  
United you can move the world  
To crown this grand endeavour;  
Then let your banners be unfurled  
To raise the world forever!

THOS. CLEWORTH.

**THE MISSION OF JESUS.**

BY DR. TALMAGE.

**I. WHERE DID HE COME FROM?**

It is spelt with six letters, and pronounced Heaven. That is where Prince Jesus lived nineteen centuries ago. He was the King's son. It was the old home-stead of eternity, and all its castles were as old as God. Not a frost had ever chilled the air. Not a tear had ever rolled down the cheek of one of its inhabitants. There had never been in it a headache, or a sideache, or a heartache. There had not been a funeral in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. There had never in all the land been woven a black veil, for there had never been anything to mourn over. The passage of millions of years had not wrinkled or crippled or bedimmed any of its citizens. What floral and pomonic richness! Gardens of perpetual bloom and orchards in unending fruitage. Had some spirit from another world entered and asked, What is sin? what is bereavement? what is sorrow? what is death? the brightest of the intelligences would have failed to give definition, though to study the question there were silence in Heaven for half an hour.

The Prince of whom I speak had honours, emoluments, acclamations, such as no other prince, celestial or terrestrial, ever enjoyed. As he passed the street, the inhabitants took off from their brows garlands of white lilies and threw them in the way. He never entered any of the temples without all the worshippers rising up and bowing in obeisance. In all the processions of the high days he was the one who evoked the loudest welcome. Sometimes on foot, walking in loving talk to the humblest of the land, but at other times he took chariot, and among the twenty thousand that David spoke of, his was the

swiftest and most flaming; or, as when John described him, he took white palfrey with what prance of foot, and arch of neck, and roll of mane, and gleam of eye is only dimly suggested in the Apocalypse.

He was not like other princes, waiting for the Father to die and then take the throne. When a few years ago an artist in Germany made a picture for the Royal Gallery representing Emperor William on the throne, and the Crown Prince as having one foot on the step of the throne, Emperor William ordered the picture changed, and said: "Let the prince keep his foot off the throne till I leave it."

Already enthroned was the Heavenly Prince side by side with the Father. What a circle of dominion! What unending round of glories! All the towers chimed the Prince's praises. Of all the inhabitants, from the centre of the city, on over the hills and clear down to the beach against which the ocean of immensity rolls its billows, the Prince was the acknowledged favourite. To describe his celestial surroundings the Bible uses all colours, gathering them in rainbow over the throne and setting them as agate in the temple window, and hoisting twelve of them into a wall, from striped jasper at the base to transparent amethyst in the capital, while between are green of emerald, and snow of pearl, and blue of sapphire, and yellow of topaz, gray of chrysopterus, and flame of jacinth. All the loveliness of landscape in foliage, and river, and rill, and all enchantment aquamarine, the sea of glass mingled with fire as when sun sinks in the Mediterranean. There stood the Prince, surrounded by those who had under their wings the velocity of millions of miles in a second, himself rich in love, rich in adoration, rich in power, rich in worship, rich in holiness, rich in God.

**II. WHAT DID HE COME FOR?**

For your sakes! It was not on a pleasure excursion that he came, for it was all pain. It was not on an astronomical exploration, for he knew this world as well before he alighted as afterward. It was not because he was compelled to come, for he volunteered. It was not because it was easy, for he knew it would be thorn, and spike, and hunger, and thirst, and vociferation of angry mobs. For your sakes! To wipe away your tears, to forgive your wrongdoing, to companionship your loneliness, to soothe your sorrows, to sit with you by the new-made grave, to bind up your wounds in the ugly battle with the world and bring you home at last; kindling up the mists that fall on your dying vision with the sunlight of a glorious morn.

For your sakes! No; I will change that. Paul will not care, and Christ will not care if I change it, for I must get into the blessedness of the text myself, and so I say: "For our sakes!" For we all have our temptations, and bereavements, and conflicts. For our sakes! We who deserve for our sins to be expatriated into a world as much poorer than this, than this earth was poorer than Heaven!

For our sakes! But what a faithful coming down to take us gloriously up. When Artaxerxes was hunting, Tirebazus, who was attending him, showed the king a rent in his garments. The king said: "How shall I mend it?" "By giving it to me," said Tirebazus. Then the king gave him the robe, but commanded him never to wear it, as it would be inappropriate. But see the startling and comforting fact, while our Prince throws off the robe, he not only allows us to wear it, but commands us to wear it, and it will become us well; and for the poverties of our spiritual state we may put on the splendours of heavenly regalements!

For our sakes! Oh, the personality of this religion! Not an abstraction, not an arch under which

we walk to behold elaborate masonry; not an ice-castle, like that which Empress Elizabeth, of Russia, over a hundred years ago, ordered constructed, Winter with its trowel of crystals cementing the huge blocks that had been quarried from frozen rivers of the North; but a father's house with a wide hearth crackling a hearty welcome. A religion of warmth and inspiration, and light, and cheer—something we can take into our hearts, and homes, and business, recreations, and joys and sorrows.

**THE YOUNG PEDANT.**

PROFESSOR PORSON, the celebrated Grecian, was once travelling in a stage-coach where a young Oxonian, fresh from college, was amusing the ladies with a variety of talk, and, amongst other things, with a quotation, as he said, from Sophocles. A Greek quotation, and in a coach too, roused the slumbering Professor from a kind of dog-sleep in a snug corner of the vehicle. Shaking his ears and rubbing his eyes, "I think, young gentleman," said he, "you favoured us just now with a quotation from Sophocles; I do not happen to recollect it there." "Oh, sir," replied the tyro, "the quotation is word for word as I have repeated it, and from Sophocles, too; but I suspect, sir, it is some time since you were at college." The Professor, applying his hand to his great-coat pocket, and taking out a small pocket edition of Sophocles, quietly asked him if he would be kind enough to show him the passage in question in that little book. After rummaging the pages for some time, he replied, "Upon second thoughts, I now recollect that the passage is in Euripides." "Then, perhaps, sir," said the Professor, putting his hand again into his pocket, and handing him a similar edition of Euripides, "you will be so good as to find it for me in that little book." The young Oxonian again returned to his task, but with no better success, muttering, however, to himself a vow never again to quote Greek in a stage-coach. The titting of the ladies informed him plainly that he had got into a hobble. At last, "Why, sir," said he, "how dull I am! I recollect now; yes, now I perfectly remember that the passage is in Æschylus." The inexorable Professor returned to his inexhaustible pocket, and was in the act of handing him an Æschylus, when our astonished freshman vociferated, "Coachman! halloa, coachman! let me out; I say, instantly let me out! There's a fellow here has the whole Bodleian library in his pocket."

**KIND-HEARTED HAL.**

HAL is a very unselfish boy. He never pouts and frets if he is roused in the morning to build the kitchen fire before his last nap is finished.

There are boys, you know, who never come out of dreamland without grumbling. Hal is not one of these. He knows that it belongs to boys to help their mothers.

Hal never runs away to school and leaves his sisters to pick their own way through the snow. He always tries to make a path for them.

Hal carries his unselfishness farther—he is just to his dog.

Carlo is a stout little fellow, and can easily draw the sled on which Hal likes so well to ride.

Hal allows him to do this very often, but after he has had his own ride, he says:

"Now, Carlo, it is only fair that I should take my turn pulling the sled. The boy should not have all the fun, and the dog all the work. You shall ride half the time, and I will draw you."

We are sure we all think this is fair play, and we like Hal all the better because he looks out for others' happiness as well as his own.

**Faithful unto Death.**

"MINE is a starless crown," she said,  
 "For up into the Mercy Seat  
 Not one poor wandering soul I've led;  
 In heaven none will my name repeat  
 And say, 'You led my trembling feet  
 To where the waters gushing sweet,  
 Refreshed, and made me whole.'"

But he knows best who sent me pain,  
 And I rejoice no praise of mine  
 Will mingle in the sweet refrain  
 And take away the glory Thine,  
 Dear Lord, for souls redeemed that shine  
 And round thy coronal entwine—"  
 And so she fell asleep.

"Whose crown is this?" the angel said;  
 For unto him was given  
 The crowning of each saintly head  
 That passed from earth to heaven.  
 Adown the vista's golden light—  
 Where crowned heads whose circlet bright,  
 Surpassed the starry gems of night—  
 His gaze went searching far.

Those waiting their reward spoke not;  
 None dared demand the crown of light;  
 Yet, there were those whose weary lot  
 Had been harsh toil from morn till night.  
 Some, workers in the vineyard, strong,  
 And some had laboured late and long;  
 But unto them did not belong  
 The crown so rich with stars.

A brilliant light illumed the place,  
 And there the Saviour stood, a smile  
 Of welcome lighting up his face.  
 Calling them each by name, the while,  
 He gave the crowns, some jeweled bright,  
 And others starless crowns of light,  
 But kept the one with gems so bright  
 Until the last one came.

With prostrate form a maiden knelt  
 And kissed the feet she loved alone,  
 Nor raised her eyes until she felt  
 Her name was called in tender tone.  
 A soft hand rested on her head:  
 "Art ready for thy crown?" He said.  
 "Hast thou some lamb to shelter led;  
 Some wanderer reclaimed?"

"Dear Father, I have lived in vain;  
 Thy love is all the crown I ask.  
 I only bore a cross of pain,  
 Whilst waiting was my only task.  
 I only prayed by day and night  
 For toilers in the harvest white,  
 For those who struggled for the right  
 And trusted all to Thee."

"Well done, my child," the Father said,  
 And placed the glowing, starry crown  
 Upon the lowly, patient head.  
 "Thy life was free from earth renown,  
 But still thy pain-crushed life has shone  
 Like a bright star that burns alone,  
 And led sad hearts unto My throne,  
 And this is thy reward."

—Selected.

**THE BLUECOAT BOY.**

I will tell you, my dear children, a tale of a little English Bluecoat boy, who had faith in God's Word. The story happened about twenty years ago, to a young friend of my acquaintance, and I had it word for word from him as I now write it. Strong was the impression it made on me at the time, and age has not effaced it. Vividly to my mind were recalled the words of our Saviour, "Ask, and ye shall receive."

In the autumn of 1855 many Bluecoat boys were laid up with the scarlet fever, my young friend among the number. On his recovery, an uncle, a doctor in Surrey, expressed a desire to have him with him for a month; and accordingly he went, and passed a very pleasant holiday.

The evening before returning to school his uncle said, "As you will start early in the morning for

Esher, I shall in all probability not see you. Here are your travelling expenses, and five shillings. Mind and be a good boy at school. God bless you!" The poor boy went to bed in a very unhappy state of mind. The pernicious custom of owing money after the holidays then existed, and he was seven shillings and sixpence in debt, and not to pay it when promised was deemed a most dishonourable thing. What could he do? He had but one resource, to that he went. "God help me in my trouble," ascended from his heart, as well as from his lips, many, many times that night till sleep came.

Early the next morning the bus took him to Esher station—sad in leaving his uncle's roof, sad in the knowledge of a debt he could not pay.

As he was walking along the platform, a venerable gentleman came up to him, and after asking a few questions, said, "I am a Governor, and always look after little Blues. I daresay you will find a use for this," and at the same time giving him half-a-crown—just the sum required. God had surely answered my young friend's prayer. And that was the turning point of his life. No more debts! no more follies! He has since grown up a young man, humble in his own opinion, but faithfully doing the work of his Master in that state of life to which it hath pleased God to call him.

Oh, children! should we after this hesitate any longer to bring even our most trivial sorrows to a loving Father? Oh, no; come in faith; and never doubt that whatsoever ye ask in his name, that shall ye receive.

**HOW TO DRINK.**

So far as the mere sensation of thirst is concerned, there can be no question that it is a mistake to drink too much or too frequently in hot weather; the fluid taken in is very rapidly thrown out again through the skin in the form of perspiration, and the outflow being promoted by this determination toward the surface, a new and increasing demand for fluid follows rapidly on the successive acts of drinking and perspiring, with the result that "thirst" is made worse by giving way to it. But if we refuse to drink when we are thirsty simply because we shall thirst again, we are imposing a restraint on the activities by which nature is endeavouring to preserve the health. We are doing precisely what the irrational homeopaths do, or did when refusing fluid to cholera patients, or limited the drink of those who suffer from fever. Of course, like produces like in the matter of thirst from any cause, but the like produced is natural; and it is, or rather was, strange to note that in one of the earliest notorious cases of malpractice by persons calling themselves homeopaths in England the dogma, "Similia similibus curantur," should be flung to the winds, and drink refused to a patient dying of liquid diarrhea, because, forsooth, the taking of fluids increased the diarrhea and made him more thirsty! We venture to hope that those who are zealously urging the policy of refusing to quench thirst in this hot weather because "drinking makes people more thirsty" will reconsider their policy from the physiological standpoint, and that they will recognize that to thirst and drink and perspire and drink again are the natural steps in a process by which nature strives to maintain the integrity of those organic changes which the external heat has a tendency to impede. The natural and true policy is to supply an adequate quantity of fluid without excess. Therefore, do not abstain from drink, but drink slowly, so as to allow time for the voice of nature to cry "enough." There is no drink so good as pure water. For the sake of flavour, and because the vegetable acids

are useful, a dash of lemon juice may be added with advantage. The skin should be kept fairly cool, so that a sufficient quantity of the fluid taken may pass off through the kidneys. *London Lancet.*

**STRAIGHT LINES.**

BY CLARISSA POTTER.

ONE day Edith's mamma was making the sewing-machine hum over a pretty white apron she was stitching for grandma.

Edith stood close to her mamma's chair, watching the shining wheels whirl, the flying needle flash up and down, and the straight rows of white, even little stitches that dropped faster than she could wink from off the needle's point.

"O, mamma! I can do that, I know I can!" she cried, as snap went the thread at the end of another tuck. "Please let me help make grandma's apron; it's such easy work."

Edith's mamma knew it would not be easy work for her little girl, for there was not only the wheel that must be kept turning, but the work to guide just right, so the stitches would come in straight, even rows across the muslin, but Edith begged so earnestly to be allowed to help on the pretty, tucked apron, her mamma gave her her seat before the machine and told her just how to guide her work.

"Don't watch your stitches, little girl, don't trust your eyes in trying to get the width of the tucks alike from edge to edge," Edith's mamma said, "but keep your eye sharp on this little cross on the brass slide. That is my gauge. If you watch that, keeping the edge of the tuck you are stitching close to the little cross on the slide, you will make even rows in your work."

But Edith thought her way better than her mamma's way. She did not watch the little mark that was her mamma's gauge in guiding work under the needle, but, instead, watched the needle as it went flying across the breadth of white muslin. Edith thought her stitches would make a line as straight as her mamma's work, but when the tuck that her mamma had carefully creased was stitched, she found she had sewed a wobbling, crooked line. There were zigzags and curves and backtracks and gouges in it.

"Why, Edie!" her mamma said, holding up the work, "Grandma shall never wear such a crooked row of stitches as this in her apron. You must pick out every thread. Did you keep your work following close to the little mark that I showed you?"

And then Edith confessed that she had not once looked at the cross on the slide, but had kept her eyes sharp and wide open on her work and the needle.

"O, child! no wonder that you stitched a crooked line with no better guide to follow than your untrained eye and hand!" her mamma answered. "If, instead of watching your stitches, you had watched the little cross which I set for your guide, you would have sewed straight lines and your work would not have to be ravelled."

Dear little children, there is another Cross that you and I and everybody must follow if we would make straight, true lines of our work. If we fail to keep close watch of this Cross, refuse or neglect to gauge our lives by this Guide that alone can help us to run straight paths through life, we shall surely make miserable crooks and turns and windings that will spoil all our work.

Children, I think you know that this Cross that has been set as our Guide, and which we must follow, is the Cross of Christ.

When men close their hearts against you, God opens his to receive you.

**Let's Play.**

Oh, the blessed and wise little children !  
What sensible things they say !  
When they can't have the things they wish for,  
They take others, and say, " Let's play !—

" Let's play that the chairs are big coaches  
And the sofa a railroad-car,  
And that we are all taking journoys,  
And travelling ever so far.

" Let's play that we live in a palace,  
And that we are queens and kings ;  
Let's play we are birds in a tree-top,  
And can fly about on wings.

" Let's play that we are school-keepers,  
And that people come to our school ;  
Let's play we shall punish them soundly  
If they break but a single rule."

Oh, the blessed and wise little children !  
What sensible things they say !  
Every one might be as happy as they are  
If all would be happy their way.

—Selected.

**OUR PERIODICALS:**

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 60
Berean Leaf Quarterly, 10 pp., 8vo.	0 08
Quarterly Review Service, by the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100;	
per quarter, 6c. a doz.; 50c. per 100.	
Home and School, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 10 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
21 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Day, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	6 50

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,  
Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
78 & 80 King St. East, Toronto.

G. W. COYNE, 3 Beury Street, Montreal.  
S. F. HICKEY, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

**Pleasant Hours:**

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 13, 1888.

**THE BLIND GIRL'S GRATITUDE.**

ONE pleasant summer day a feeble little blind girl was sitting in the shade of a large tree listening to the songs of the birds as they hopped from bough to bough. A fresh breeze rustled the leaves, fanned her brow, and strengthened her, and the violets exhaled their fragrance around her. While she sat silently on the soft grassy bank enjoying all the loveliness around her, tears filled her eyes; she was really weeping, though it was evident that she was not troubled. Her tender heart was full of thankfulness.

Clasping her little hands together, the child raised her poor sightless eyes to the sky and said softly, " Dear Father up in heaven, I thank thee for having made the little birds that sing to me, the flowers that send forth their fragrance, and the summer breezes that refresh me. Dear Heavenly Father, how good thou art to me, how thou dost bless me!"

The prayer was short and simple, but it reached the heart of God, and there was another who heard it. A thoughtless young girl was passing the tree, and hearing the weak voice, turned to see the blind, feeble child who was so sweetly and artlessly thanking God for his gifts and blessings. Her heart was touched and she reproached herself.

From her very birth she had received great and

numerous gifts, but she had never thought of thanking the Lord or felt the slightest gratitude to him. She was now thoroughly ashamed in the presence of this afflicted child, who lacked so many things to enable her to enjoy life as she could, and yet was so grateful. Repentance seized the young girl, and when she reached home she clasped her hands and prayed that her Master and Saviour would forgive her ingratitude.

From that time she daily sought her Heavenly Father, thanked him, and prayed that she might be permitted to render him some little service. At each communion with him she obtained fresh strength and received the blessing of doing many a little act in his service.

The blind child's gratitude became a blessing and bore fruit of which she had not thought. Always thank your Heavenly Father for everything, in the name of your Saviour Jesus Christ.

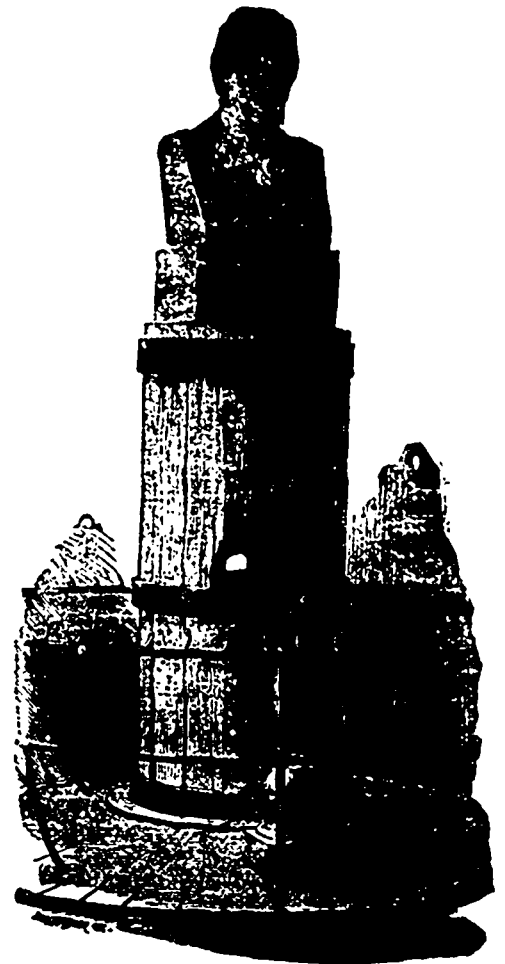
**WHAT IS FAITH?**

So asked an unbelieving physician of his friend, a merchant, in whose room both were quietly sitting during an evening. " Yes, what is faith?" And the tone of his question involuntarily called to mind Pilate's question, " What is truth?" " My boy," said the merchant smiling to his son, a merry little lad of eight years, who had with much pains arranged a whole army of leaden soldiers, and now as an important a general in his own estimation stood up to command them to engage in battle. " My boy, carry back your hussars to the barrack box and go to bed: and be quick and do it without objection; it is high time." The poor boy! It came so hard upon him to leave his favourite play! Who could blame him for it! He threw a beseeching glance towards his father, but at once he saw unbending sternness on his countenance. He swallowed down his tears, carried his soldiers back to their quarters, embraced his father and went. " See, doctor, this is faith," said the merchant. Then, calking back his child, he whispered in his ear, " Listen, my child, since assurance now is as good as a permission when the time comes, I will take you with me to the Autumn fair at Hamburg." Exulting for joy, the lad left the room. It came to him by anticipation as though he were already on the way to Hamburg. For a long time after they heard him singing in his sleeping chamber. And again the father said, addressing his friend, " That is called faith, doctor. In this boy is planted the germ of faith in man. May he yield himself to his heavenly Father with like humility and love, with like obedience and trust, and his faith will be as complete as the faith of Abraham, the father of the believing ones!" The doctor was clearly answered. After a moment of silence, he said: " Now I know more of faith than I had learned from many preachers."

**CARE FOR THE LITTLE ONES.**

I PASSED a florist, so absorbed with his " cuttings," that he did not hear my " Good-morning" till twice spoken. " I beg pardon, sir," said he, " but you see, one must put his whole mind on these young things, if he would have them do well; and I cannot bear that one should die on my hand, for I should always feel as if I had murdered it by neglect. Young plants need much more care than old ones, that are used to storms and blight." Here is a word for us all. Tenderly, patiently, perseveringly, wisely, let us care for the little ones.

O LORD, remove our ignorance, that we may know thee: our idleness, that we may seek thee; our unbelief, that we may find and enjoy thee.

**FLAG MAST OF THE SHIP "VICTORY."**

THE above cut shows a part of the mast of the ship *Victory*, the flag-ship of the gallant Nelson at the world-famous battle of Trafalgar. The hole made through the mast by a cannon ball will be observed, also the bust of the great sailor above. He sleeps his last sleep beneath the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, but he lives in the heart of the nation forever.

**BLACK HARRY.**

ABOUT a hundred years ago, a black man, named Harry, went to St. Eustatius, one of the West India Islands. He was a simple, earnest Christian, and was a member of a Methodist class in the United States, where he had lived. When he reached St. Eustatius, he found that he must either give up having any Christian friends, or try to bring somebody to know and love his Master. He soon began to preach Jesus, and as he was the only preacher on the island, he had large congregations. He was allowed to preach for some time, and a large number were converted.

But by and by the planters who lived on the island began to complain to the governor, and so Harry was forbidden to preach again. After several months, however, he prayed openly with some of his brethren, and for this he was publicly whipped, imprisoned, and then banished from the island.

But was his work lost? Oh, no! Dr. Coke, a great English missionary, visited the island, and found a company of faithful Christians there, and this island now has churches and Sunday-schools, which have grown from the seed planted by faithful Black Harry.

If this poor, ignorant black man could do such a work for the Lord, shall we dare to say that we can do nothing? Black Harry just used the one talent his Lord had given him, and that is all he was asked to do. Are we using our gifts as faithfully as Black Harry used his?





A MARKET CROSS.

**The Departed.**

HUSH! Blessed are the dead  
 In Jesus' arms who rest,  
 And lean their weary head  
 Forever on his breast.  
 O beatific sight!  
 No darkling veil between,  
 They see the Light of light,  
 Whom here they loved unseen.  
 For them the wild is past,  
 With all its toil and care,  
 Its dry sirocco blast,  
 Its fiery noonday glare.  
 Them the Good Shepherd leads,  
 When storms are now rife,  
 In tranquil, dewy meads,  
 Beside the fount of life.  
 Ours only are the tears  
 Who weep around their tomb,  
 The light of by-gone years  
 And shadowing years to come.  
 Their voice, their touch, their smile—  
 Those love-springs flowing o'er:  
 Earth for its little while  
 Shall never know them more.  
 O tender hearts and true,  
 Our long last vigil kept,  
 We weep and mourn for you;  
 Nor blame us—Jesus wept.  
 But soon at break of day  
 His calm, almighty voice,  
 Stronger than death shall say:  
 Awake—weep not—rejoice.

**A MARKET CROSS.**

In many old English towns will be seen a Market Cross like that shown in our cut. Frequently a group of stalls for the sale of farm produce is constructed around it, but often the market is in the open air. Before the days of newspapers all proclamations and announcements were made at the Market Cross. At St. Paul's Cross, London, sermons were preached, and sometimes in the stormy days of persecution the martyrs were burned in this public place. In the very heart of London, in front of Charing Cross Station, is a restoration of one of these ancient crosses. A strange relic of the past in one of the most busy scenes of the crowded present.

**WHO ARE THE HAPPY CHILDREN?**

CHILDREN'S DAY calls out crowds of bright-faced happy little people. Birds and flowers and sunshine and children ought to make bright faces. Don't you think so?

But some faces are brighter, and some hearts are happier than others. And the PLEASANT HOURS knows which are the very brightest and happiest of all! The children want to know too, and so we will tell them.

The boys and girls who have been saving, and sacrificing and denying self, so that somebody might be helped, these are the happiest of all.

Here is Willie Jones. How his eyes do shine! He has been saving his pennies a good while for this Children's Day Collection. He has had to shut his eyes sometimes when he went past a candy store, but he will forget all that in the joy that will fill his heart when he drops his shining fifty-cent piece into the basket, and listens to the pastor as he tells how this money will help to educate poor boys and girls, and fit them to do earnest work for God and humanity.

And look at pretty Ruth Brown. She does not look sad; does she? And yet she gave up a great pleasure

so that she might help on this grand educational work.

"Which will you have, Ruthie," said papa, "the pleasure trip, or the money for Children's Day?" And Ruthie made her choice!

Ah! dear children, "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

May this be the very best and brightest of all the Children's Days we have yet known!

**PAINSTAKING WORK.**

Good work is the result of painstaking labour. The book which we read with ease was hard to write. The poem which packs thought into a few well-chosen words was brought forth by months of toil. The speech which keeps the public ear was elaborated by intense brain-work.

Mr. M. M. Ballou tells us, in his "Genius in Sunshine and in Shadow," that the original draft of Longfellow's "Excelsior" is so interlined and amended as to be difficult to decipher. Mr. Ballou also mentions other illustrations of the painstaking of literary workers.

Balzac was not satisfied with writing his manuscript over and over half-a-dozen times, but he drove the printer almost to exasperation by his many alterations of the proof.

Charles Lamb's Essays read as if they had come spontaneously from his pen. But he worked at them for weeks, and the printers dreaded him, because he would make many alterations after his manuscript was in type.

Dr. Channing was also the printers' dread. He sent them manuscripts the alterations and inter-lineations in which made it very hard to decipher, and required them to furnish him with three or four successive proofs, in each of which he made extensive corrections.

Moore wrote "Lalla Rookh" at the rate of ten or fifteen lines a day. Longman & Co. paid the poet fifteen thousand dollars for the poem, and thereby made a good bargain for themselves. When Lady Holland met Moore in company after

the first appearance of his poem, she exclaimed, "Mr. Moore, I don't intend to read Larry O'Rourke; I don't like Irish stories!"

Wordsworth laid his verses aside for weeks. He then took them up for corrections, and re-wrote some twenty times.

John Foster, author of "Decision of Character," and other essays, spent hours upon a single sentence. Goldsmith's "Traveller" was not completed until ten years after its first sketch. Rogers gave ten days to a single verse, and Rochefoucauld was for fifteen years busy over his little book of maxims. *Youth's Companion.*

**THE KING'S MESSENGER;**

OR,

**LAWRENCE TEMPLE'S PROBATION.**

(A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.)

BY THE EDITOR.

**CHAPTER XII.**

WITH THE FLOCK.

"Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep."—ROMANS xii. 15.

"I must go forth into the town,  
 To visit beds of pain and death,  
 Of restless limbs, and quivering breath,  
 And sorrowing hearts, and patient eyes  
 That see, through tears, the sun go down,  
 But nevermore shall see it rise.  
 The poor in body and estate,  
 The sick and the disconsolate,  
 Must not on man's convenience wait."  
 LONGFELLOW.—*Golden Legend.*

LAWRENCE went right among the people—sympathizing with their sorrows, rejoicing in their simple joys; sitting with the harvesters as they partook of their frugal meal beneath the beech trees' shade; walking with the ploughman as he turned the furrows in the field; talking with the blacksmith at his forge; sitting with the shoemaker in his little stall; snatching a word with the stable-boy at the inn; taking some fish, caught by his own hands, to old Widow Beddoes; and reading the Bible and Wesley's hymns to old blind Father Maynard.

One of his most difficult tasks was answering the catechism of questions which Father Hawkins' shrewd, intelligent wife Peggy, asked him every week concerning what was going on all over the world. An alert, brisk old bod, she was, with a cheek like a peach, an eye like a sloe, a frame that seemed made of steel springs that never got tired and never wore out, and a tongue—but here all comparison fails us. And her mind was as active as her body. The *Christian Guardian* made its weekly visit to their cabin, for though Father Hawkins could not read, his wife could, and that to better purpose than many who read more. Like a window opened out of a prison into the great, busy, bustling world, was the weekly visit of that speculum of the world's and Church's progress—the much-prized household friend.

Could weary, hard-worked editors but know the joy, the deep delight, the fool for the insatiable craving of knowledge of many who have no other means of gratifying it than the weekly paper, that they have the happiness to impart, they would feel a compensation for all the sweat of brain that they have undergone.

There were no churches as yet on the Centreville mission. The preaching was in school-houses, barns, or the shanties of the settlers. The congregations came from near and far, mostly on foot, a few on horseback, and sometimes a family in a lumber-waggon—no other vehicle could stand the

rocks and corduroy roads. The school house at Centreville was always crowded. One would wonder where all the people came from. The women, in all sorts of toilets—frequently with straw hats or poke bonnets—sat on one side, the men, often in their shirt sleeves, on the other. The hard, backless seats, were a prophylactic against sleep; and happy was he who got one next the wall, where he could support his weary spine. The young men and boys hung around the door, discussing the points of the few horses that drove up, and clustering around outside the open windows as the singing began.

It was an excellent school in which to learn extempore preaching. There was no desk to support notes or manuscript; and unless the speaker could keep the attention of his audience, those about the windows would stroll off to the woods, and sometimes even those inside of the door.

The preacher was also obliged to learn self-possession. He must not be put out by trifles. A commotion among the horses that took half of the men outside, or a little disagreement among the dogs under the seats, that could not be settled till both belligerents were kicked out, must not disturb him. Nor must the presence of a dozen children, more or less—some of them of a very tender age. Two or three wandering about the floor, occasionally climbing on the preacher's platform, and as many crying at once, must not throw him off his mental balance. In this school, many a Methodist preacher has learned the art of sacred oratory. It is better than putting pebbles in one's mouth, and haranguing the ocean waves, after the Demosthenic example.

The singing was an important feature at these services. At Centreville, Brother Orton—a tall man with a large nose, a small mouth, a weak, irresolute chin, and glassy eyes, but with a sweet and powerful voice—led the singing. He was assisted by Squire Hill, a man of intensely florid complexion—indeed of almost a brick-dust colour—with a black tie wound around his neck almost to the point of strangulation, who pitched the tunes on a high-keyed flute, which he carried in a green baize bag. As he manipulated this instrument, which seemed to require an immense quantity of wind, the good brother seemed at times in danger of apoplexy, so red in the face did he become.

Yet there was nothing grotesque or indecorous in these services. Indeed the spectacle was one of great moral sublimity. Here were a number of toil-worn men and women, bowed down by daily labour and worldly care, wresting a living, with much difficulty, from a rugged, if in parts a fertile, soil. But for these elevating, ennobling, spiritual services, which lifted their thoughts above the things of earth and time, and set them on things in heaven and eternal, they would sink into utter materialism, almost like the oxen that they drove. But now, through these religious influences, they were raised to the dignity of men, and, in many cases, to the fellowship of saints. Such has been, and such is still, the mission of Methodism in many parts of our country.

The week-night preachings, at "early candle-light," in schools or private-houses, were much less formal than the Sunday services. Men and women came in their working clothes—the former sometimes barefoot, the latter with a shawl over their heads. Several brought lanterns, or pine knots, by which to find their way home through the woods. Others brought candles, inserted in the half of a potato or turnip, or in the neck of a bottle—the latter kind of candlestick was so precious as to be rather rare.

Full of pathos were the humble rustic funerals,

which always called forth the deepest sympathy of that simple rural community. One took place not long after Lawrence arrived. It was that of a poor widow, the mother of a number of young children. Her great concern in her last hours was for them, and she prayed God, with great earnestness, to be a father to her fatherless and motherless babes. Lawrence begged her to lay aside her apprehensions; and although not knowing how it would be accomplished, yet full of faith that some way would be found, he promised her that he would see them cared for. With that promise, as a pillow under her dying head, and the hope of meeting them in a better world in her heart, the loving mother seemed to die content.

The neighbours, poor as they were, were very kind. Father Hawkins, rich in faith, if poor in this world's goods, took two of the children.

"Peggy an' Oi be lonesome by times when us thinks of oor oan pretty bairns buried long years sin' in the green churchyard o' Chumleigh, in dear old Devon. They'll be like gran'childer to us in oor old age in this strange land. An' the good Lord, that never foorsook us yet, 'll send us food," and the old man wiped a tear from his eyes, as if longing for the better country—even the heavenly.

"Our house is purty full o' childer," said cheery Hopini Perkins, "like a press bustin' out with noo wine, as the Scriptur' says; but I guess we can take one o' these poor little motherless creetur. Can't us, mother?"

"Course we can," said his wife Jerusha, her great motherly heart already enfolding the little orphan in its wealth of love.

"Motherliest woman that I ever see," said Hopini, proudly. "She nusses all the sick lambs, an' raises chickens that ther own mother gives up. Even the calves an' pigs thrives better under her than anybody else. Powerful smart woman, she is."

So the poor children all found homes among these humble but brave-souled people. Even the baby was adopted by a young mother who had just lost her own "pretty little Izrel," and "who knows but the Lord had sent her this in his stead," she devoutly said.

On the day of the funeral, although it was the height of the wheat harvest, the whole neighbourhood assembled from near and far to pay their last sad tribute of respect to the mother of the children thus adopted. After reading the Scriptures and prayer, amid the solemn hush that always falls upon a house in which lies the unburied dead, the plain black-stained coffin, amid the sobs of the children, was carried to a rough waggon and borne to the school-house, which was near the little "God's Acre" already set apart as the seed-plot of the sowing for the harvest of the resurrection morn.

In the seats near the desk sat the motherless children—the younger ones with a look of wondering curiosity on their faces, and other relatives of the deceased. It was touching to notice their attempts to provide symbols of bereavement—the faded and threadbare mourning dress, the meagre black ribbon, and the little wisps of crape.

In the solemn presence of the dead, Lawrence faithfully addressed the living, on the momentous lesson of the occasion—a lesson which, in this simple community, had not lost its force through frequency and familiarity. As he prayed for the bereaved ones at the close of his sermon, and for the orphaned children, hearty amens went up from many lips, and, we doubt not, from every heart.

The relatives of the departed then approached the open coffin to take their last long-lingering farewell of the beloved form that they should see no more. Serene and peaceful was now that toil-worn face, with the holy calm which comes when

God giveth his beloved sleep—a beam of sunlight glinting through the window, lighting it up as with the halo of a saint. The thin and wasted hands, that had ceased from their labour forever, were folded on the pulseless breast, and held in their cold death-clasp a cluster of ripe wheat ears and blue-eyed flax flowers—symbols of the resurrection unto everlasting life.

All was ended now, the hope and the fear and the sorrow;  
All the aching of heart, the restless unsatisfied longing.

Life's weary wheels at last stood still.

As the children's kisses fell on the pale, cold lips of the unanswering clay, their heart-rending sobs filled the room, and many a mother wept in sympathy, and even hoary-headed men furtively wiped the tears from their eyes. Lawrence, though accustomed to restrain his feelings, fairly broke down, and sobbed his sorrow with those motherless children.

Little Mary, three years old, uncomprehending the awful mystery of death, broke the silence with the artless question: "Why don't mother wake up? She always did when I touched her face. Won't she wake any more?"

And the baby—in the arms of its new mother—laughed and crowed, as unconscious of its loss as the humming-birds flitting, like winged jewels, in the sunlight without.

Slowly—tenderly—reverently—devout men bore the dead to her burial, lifting the coffin as softly as if they feared to awake the sleeper within. As they walked to the little graveyard, not far off, the rustic congregation followed, reverently singing those words of holy consolation:—

"Hear what the voice from Heaven proclaims  
For all the pious dead!  
Sweet is the savour of their names,  
And soft their dying bed."

As Lawrence for the first time read the sublime burial service of our Church, hallowed by the pious associations of centuries\* of use in crowded churchyards in the dear old Motherland, or by the lonely graves of the English-speaking race throughout the world, a solemn awe came over his soul. At the words "earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes," as the clods fell with hollow sound on the coffin-lid, they seemed like a warning knell to many a heart; and by more than one soul, by the side of that open grave, was the solemn vow recorded to serve God in newness of life—to walk as in the shadow of eternity, and on the very verge of the other world.

As the grave was filled up, and gently and smoothly sodded over, with many a tender pat of the spade, as if to shelter the sleeper from the approaching winter storms, even little Mary seemed to realize the utterness of the parting, and wept bitterly for her "dear mamma, covered up in the cold dark ground."

But the birds sang on, and the flowers bloomed still, and the lengthening shadows crept across the ripened wheat fields, and the great world whirled on, as it will still when all of us are folded in its bosom forever.

(To be continued.)

WHAT a man should not say, he should not hear. The things which defile a man in going out of his mouth, defile him also when they go in at his eyes and ears.

He who deserts truth in trifles can seldom be trusted in important matters.

\* It is substantially that of King Edward the Sixth's Prayer-Book.

**He Loveth Best.**

He loveth best within whose breast,  
The love of Christ is shed ;  
His grateful heart doth love impart,  
As one gives daily bread,  
And for the gracious one distilled,  
"An hungered one" his heart has filled.

He loveth best whose soul hath pressed  
The sweet from bitter cup,  
In love accord with his dear Lord,  
Who stooped to drink it up,  
Grown strong and brave, his heart of need  
The Master's tender love doth feel.

He loveth best who with request  
Doth wait upon his God,  
So all alone with tear and moan,  
His pleading bends the rod,  
For love he doth each burden bear  
With radiant look as angels wear.

He loveth best with holy zest,  
Whom nigh hath been forgiven ;  
The wicked sin that entered in,  
Jesus the bond hath riven,  
Low kneeling at his sacred feet,  
To do his will is joy replete.

Who loveth best doth patient rest,  
Through suffering on God's Word,  
And e'er abide close to his side,  
With supplication stirred,  
Pain's arrow keen doth lose its sting,  
When love, through death, is crowned king.

He loveth best who cherished guest  
Is father, Spirit, Son,  
God loveth all, both great and small,  
His love hath victory won,  
Now hope, with love's believing eyes,  
Beholds the gleam of Paradise.

**POLLY PERCY'S PRIZE.**

BY BERTHA E. BURNHAM.

"If I were not trying to be a Christian," soliloquized little Miss Polly Percy, "I could try for that prize. Oh dear! I most wish I wasn't. N-no; I don't mean that, not exactly, but—well, it would be lovely if I could get the prize. I guess—yes, I think I will try for it. Any way, don't papa and mamma expect me to be the very best scholar? If they were at home, they'd tell me to, I know, and of course I ought to obey. And that watch is the loveliest thing! I've wanted one for ages, and now—I declare I most wish that there wasn't any Kitty Lowe; for then I could try for that prize—Why I didn't see you before, grandma."

"You do not use your eyes to as good advantage as I do my ears," smiled Mrs. Percy. "But what is the trouble, my dear? Perhaps I can tell you what to do, as mother is not here to advise. Well, Polly?"

"It's a prize," began Polly, eagerly. "Mr. Roberts, one of the committee, has offered it, and he said—it's the very dearest little watch, grandma,—he said that if there were two best scholars the rest of the term, he would divide the money that the watch is worth between them, and if there was only one best scholar, he would give her either the money or the watch. I'd take the watch, grandma,—wouldn't you?"

"I see no reason why you should not try to win the watch, darling," said grandma; "that is, provided you are honest in your endeavours."

"I didn't tell you the reason," explained Polly. "I—you see, Kitty and I are both best scholars; she is No. 1 one week, and I'm No. 1 the next. But she's dreadfully poor, grandma, and so I lend her my books, and we study together,—and—you see—if—we—study together any more, we shall both have the prize,—and I don't want fifteen dollars, I want the watch,—and it will be selfish if I don't study with her, and—"

Grandma smiled sympathetically as Polly paused.

"You know what you ought to do, Polly," she said; "now tell me what you will do."

"I don't know," Polly confessed, shaking her head mournfully. "I don't want to be selfish, for it is horrid; and besides, it doesn't please Jesus,—and I do want to please him. But O grandma! you don't know how much I want that watch! It's any quantity prettier than Caddy Hollandson's ever thought of being. Grandma, don't you suppose our Lord was ever selfish—just the least bit, you know—when he was a little boy?"

"Even Christ pleased not himself," quoted Mrs. Percy softly.

"Well," sighed Polly, after a long silence,— "well, I rather guess, grandma, that I shall try to be willing for Kitty to win the prize. I know she will if I don't, because the other girls don't care about having good lessons; and I wish you'd pray that I may be willing that she should have the whole prize, instead of only half."

"That's my brave girl!" said grandma, approvingly.

Ever so many weeks after, Mr. Roberts handed scarlet-cheeked Kitty three bright gold eagles as the reward for her patient study. Then Miss Kidder, the teacher, said: "Polly Percy deserves honourable mention; had it not been for an unlucky spelling-lesson, in which she mis-spelled one word, she would be entitled to half the prize."

And Kitty, her arms thrown about Polly's neck, whispered, "You are the loveliest girl! I know you missed 'elocution' on purpose that day, and I wish you hadn't,—only now I can buy lots of medicine for mamma, and shoes for Baby Rob."

After all, grandma's praise was best: "Darling, yours is the 'prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.'"

**HOW TO TREAT PETS.**

Most boys and girls love pets, and are anxious to have them for their own.

Birds, kittens, dogs, squirrels, rabbits, lambs, anything almost that is young and playful, is a joy to the heart of a child. What comfort is taken with these little companions! They cannot talk, to be sure, but they are able to make many of their wants and feelings understood, for all that. And then, as a rule, the boy or girl can talk enough for both.

Pets should be kindly treated always. Simple thoughtlessness often causes a great deal of suffering among the innocent little creatures who have no words in which to make complaint. The little master or mistress is busy with lessons or play, and forgets to give food and drink to the pet, and real suffering follows. We once knew a boy who could not rest until he had a pair of rabbits. But in a very short time they had lost their charm, and he forgot to look after them, thus leaving them to suffer from hunger and thirst. They lost their beauty, moped, grew sick, and finally died.

This was cruelty. He had no right to take God's beautiful rabbits, shut them up, and put them to a slow death!

And in doing so he left an ugly stain upon his soul.

Take good, loving, constant care of your pets. Do not fail to give them food and drink, and a clean, sweet place to live in. And always be gentle in your treatment of them.

If you find that you have not time to take the best kind of care of them, then give them away at once to some one who will love them, and who can afford the time to care for them.

**FOUR DRINKS.**

POLICEMAN number sixty seven was an older and more thoughtful man than is usually found on the municipal force. He was retained, in spite of his gray hairs, because of his staunch integrity. He was apt, in his leisure moments, to look below the misery and crime which came in his way, to find their cause.

"I was once standing in front of Tuft's saloon," he said one day, "when the bar-keeper set down a blue bottle on the counter, and said, 'There are just four drinks in that.' It occurred to me I'd like to trace up them four drinks where they went and what they did.

"Well," continued the policeman, "a woman, got the first glass. She wasn't an old woman, nor used to whiskey, about thirty years old, had been pretty once, and accustomed to having a gay time, I suppose. She was on her way home now from a day's hard work, tired and cold, and the whiskey was a temptation. It would take the place of the dance and theatre and fun. She turned down into a by-street, and stopped at the door of a snug, little house.

"I knew her husband, Crafts, the carpenter, a cheerful, hard-working fellow. He opened the door, and her baby ran to meet her. She struck it down to the ground with an oath. Her husband looked at her, and fell back as though he, too, had been struck. Then he picked up the child and carried it into a pretty, warm room. I saw the mother lying stretched across the hearth as though she were dead.

"The second drink out of the bottle, the bar-keeper told me, was given to old Stacy. He is nigh seventy, and soaked with liquor; blood, stomach and brain is poisoned by it. There's not a healthy atom of flesh left in his body, not a good feeling in his heart nor manly thought in his head. The drink only helped, with all the liquor that he has drunk to kill him surely inch by inch.

"By this time I had got back to the saloon, and in a few minutes I saw a young man named Waters stop for the next. He had been drinking already. I called to him. I used to know Waters, a young clerk with a good salary, had a nice little home, and pretty wife and babies. He's quarrelsome in drink and a glass or two upsets him.

"Waters, I said, don't drink that, you've had enough.

"But he laughed, took his drink, and went down the street. A few minutes later I heard a row going on and followed him. He had picked a quarrel with one of his friends and shot him dead. Waters was sentenced to ten years; his home is broken up, his wife takes in washing to keep her children from starving.

"There was one drink left in the bottle. An hour later a young lad came in, a bright-faced boy, the son of Dr. Bunker. He's about sixteen now. I've watched him grow up since he was a baby in his pretty lace dresses. I know what he is to his mother. They have but this one child. I think they never heard of a good or great man that they do not fancy Jim will be like him.

"He tossed off the drink, and went down the street, with a red face and leering, stupid eyes. He is on the same road as Waters and old Stacy. They are a little ahead of him.

"I only traced up those four drinks; but I know there is not a drop of liquor which goes out of Tuft's saloon which does not help to carry discomfort, ill-temper, misery, disease, poverty and disgrace into some wretched, unfortunate home."—*Youth's Companion.*

A good conscience is more to be desired than earthly riches.



## Who is the Truly Brave?

Who is the truly brave?  
The boy with self-control,  
Who curbs his temper and his tongue,  
And, though he may be big and strong,  
Would scorn to do the slightest wrong  
To any living soul.

Who is the truly brave?  
The boy who can forgive,  
And look as though he had not heard  
The mocking jest, the angry word:  
Who, though his spirit may be stirred,  
Yet tries in peace to live.

Who is the truly brave?  
The boy whose daily walk  
Is always honest, pure, and bright,  
Who cannot lie, who will not fight,  
But stands up boldly for the right  
And shuns unholy talk.

Who is the truly brave?  
The boy who fears to sin:  
Who knows no other sort of fear,  
But strives to keep his conscience clear,  
Nor heeds his comrade's taunt or jeer,  
If he hath peace within.

Who is the truly brave?  
The boy who dates to pray,  
And humbly kneeling, seeks the face  
Of God, and asks supplies of grace  
To help him run the Christian race,  
And walk in wisdom's way.

## LESSON NOTES.

## FOURTH QUARTER.

## STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1451] LESSON III. [Oct. 21

## THE STONES OF MEMORIAL.

Jo. 4. 10-24. Memory verses, 20, 2.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Then ye shall let your children know,  
saying, Israel came over this Jordan on dry  
land. Josh. 4. 22.

## OUTLINE.

1. The Leader Honoured.
2. The Lord Remembered.

TIME.—1451 B.C.

PLACE.—Same as in last lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Clean passed over*—Entirely over, every one over. *Waters . . . returned into their place*—That is, the streams began to flow again as usual. *Over all his banks*—That is, filled up to the full the whole bed and bottom of the river. *Fifth day of the first month*—Not quite forty years since the first passover. *Pitch*—Ver. 20: Not paint or cover with pitch, but build up into a pile, or monument.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson, are we taught

1. That God's mercies never fail his people?
2. That we ought to remember God's mercies?
3. That we ought to fear the God of mercies?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How long did the priests stay with the ark in the dry river bed? Till all had passed over. 2. When only did they come forth? When Joshua gave the command. 3. What did Joshua do with the twelve stones carried by the twelve men? Built a memorial pillar. 4. What did he say this was for? An object lesson for their children. 5. What were they to tell the children it meant? "Then ye shall let," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Honouring God

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

3. What is sin? Sin is disobedience to the law of God in will or deed. Romans viii. 7. The mind of the flesh is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can it be. 1 John v. 17. All unrighteousness is sin. James iv. 17. To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin. [1 John iii. 4; Isaiah liii. 6; James i. 14. 15.]

B.C. 1451] LESSON IV. [Oct. 28

## THE FALL OF JERICHO.

Josh. 6. 1-16. Memory verses, 15, 16

## GOLDEN TEXT.

By faith the walls of Jericho fell down,  
after they were compassed about seven days  
Heb. 11. 30.

## OUTLINE.

1. The Besieged City.
2. The Lord's Host.

TIME.—1451 B.C.

PLACE.—Before the city of Jericho.

EXPLANATIONS.—*traihtly shut up*—Closely shut up; the gates closed and defended; also hemmed in by the army of Israel. *Seven trumpets of rams horns*—Signal trumpets, or horns for blowing a loud sound. *Seven*—The number so often used here and elsewhere was the Hebrew sacred number. *The rearward*—The gathering host, or entire rear of the army following the priests.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where does this lesson show—

1. A demand for faith in God?
2. An illustration of faith in God?
3. The reward of faith in God?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What promise had God given Joshua concerning Jericho? I have given it into thy hand. 2. How many parts compose the besieging army? The soldiers, the priests and the people. 3. What was the method of the warfare? To march each day around the city. 4. On the seventh day how was it varied? By seven marches and a blast of trumpets. 5. When the trumpets sounded, what did the people do? Shouted with a great shout. 6. What was the effect of the people's obedience? "By faith the walls of Jericho," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Triumphs of faith.

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

4. What was the sin by which our first parents fell from their holy and happy state? Eating of the fruit of the tree of which God had forbidden them to eat. Genesis ii. 16, 17. The Lord God commanded the man, saying: Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat: but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die. Genesis iii. 6.

## THE CORAL WORKERS.

IN the Pacific Ocean there were long ago many empty spaces without any land. The sun shone brightly, but no flowers or trees could grow beneath its rays. The seeds that fell from other countries into the water floated by, but there was no soil where they could stop to rest. The Master saw that if there were only some islands there might be lovely homes for men and animals.

"My little builders can do this," said he.

So he called for the coral insects, and told them to build some islands. The little workers were so taken by surprise that they popped their heads out of their windows and looked at each other in astonishment.

"We!" they exclaimed. "We are no bigger than pin-heads. We never could build even one island."

"If the whales would only try it! A whale's work would amount to something," said the astra.

"But the whales have their own work to do," said the Master-builder "and if they come down here to make islands, who will keep the North Pacific free from sea-weeds? I do not ask one of you alone to build an island. Think how many of you there are!"

"But we do not know how to shape

the islands, they will all be wrong!" cried the coral insects.

"I will take care of that," said the Master; "only see that each one builds *one little cell*."

So the corals divided the work among themselves. Some began to build the middle and some the outer edge. Very lazily they worked. The islands grew higher and higher, until they came up to the top of the water. Then the waves and winds brought sand and weeds and leaves to make soil. The nuts and seeds that had fallen into the water found a nice bed to sleep in for a few days. When they felt rested they got up and grew into thorn-trees and bushes and cocoa-nut trees. Long vines began to creep across the sand, and sweet flowers blossomed; men and animals came to live there, and little children ran about and played beside the ocean.

"Who would have believed we could have done it?" said the little corals. "The whales could have done no better!" They felt so proud of their islands that they put a lovely fringe of red and white and pink coral around the edge.

Shall we not learn a lesson from the smallest of God's creatures, and each one work in our place? If every scholar in our Sabbath-schools would help, what an army it would be for the Lord's work!

## A BOY'S FAITH.

ONE of the most beautiful illustrations of believing prayer, which I have ever known, was furnished the other day by a little boy some four years old. His grandparents were talking about the drought.

"Yes," said the grandmother, "my flowers will all be burnt up, and we shall have no strawberries."

Little Bozzy listened with deep interest, but said nothing. A few minutes afterward he was seen kneeling in one corner of the room with his hands to his face, and was overheard praying thus: "O Lord, send down rain so that grandma's flowers shan't be burnt up, and so we shall have plenty of strawberries."

He then arose and came to his grandmother saying:

"Your flowers won't burn up, grandma. We are going to have rain."

"How do you know?"

"Oh!" said little Bozzy, "I have been praying for it, and it will come." He seemed to have no doubt of it.

The next morning the first thing the little fellow did, when he came down stairs, was to go to the back door and open it to see if it rained. According to his prediction, the rain was falling upon the thirsty flowers and the perishing berries. As soon as he saw it, he joyfully shouted: "It's come, it's come, I know'd it would! I prayed for it."

LET the word of God be written in the heart, and that which is written there will remain.

## JUST ISSUED!

## Aims and Objects of the Toronto Humane Society.

Edited by J. GEO. HODGINS, LL.D.

Royal octavo, 231 pages, 112 illustrations.

Paper covers, 25 cents each, five for \$1.00. Cloth, bevelled boards, gilt side and back, 50 cents.

This book contains a large number of anecdotes and stories in prose and poetry, showing that the objects of the society are to prevent cruelty to dumb animals, and to aid in the rescue of homeless waifs and neglected children.

With these objects in view the book is sent forth by the society on its mission of kindness and mercy.

## AUTHORIZED EDITIONS.

## Newest Book by

## "PANSY."

## JUST ISSUED!

Canadian Copyright Edition, from Original Plates.

## JUDGE BURNHAM'S DAUGHTERS.

A Sequel to "RUTH ERSKINE'S CROSSIES."

12mo, cloth, 329 pp., post free,

PRICE, \$1.00.

This book is Pansy's latest, and is well, strongly, and tastefully bound in extra cloth, gilt, bevelled boards, etc.

Canadian Copyright Book by Pansy, from Original Plates, etc.

## "Eighty-Seven."

A Chautauqua Story, dedicated to the "Class of '87."

Price . . . \$1.00.

Bound in extra cloth, gilt, bevelled boards, etc., and is in good demand.

## OUR CHEAP 50c. EDITION.

BEST AND CHEAPEST EDITIONS FROM ORIGINAL PLATES.

In good Cloth Binding, Gilt Lettered.

There are substantial reasons for the great popularity of the Pansy Books, and the foremost among these is their truth to nature and to life.

Mrs. Sol. Smith Looking on.  
New Grart in the Family Tree.

From Different Standpoints.  
Chautauqua Girls at Home.

Four Girls at Chautauqua.  
Ruth Erskine's Crosses.

One Commonplace Day.  
The Man of the House.

The Hall in the Grove.  
Ester Reid. Three People.  
Interrupted. Julia Reid.

## WILLIAM BRIGGS,

PUBLISHER,

75 &amp; 80 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

C. W. COATES, Montreal, Que.  
S. F. HUESTIS, Halifax, N.S.