

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VI.

TORONTO, AUGUST 7, 1886.

No. 16.

CHRISTIAN MARTYRS.

BY THE EDITOR.

DURING the early Christian centuries the enthusiasm for martyrdom prevailed, at times, almost like an epidemic. It was one of the most remarkable features of the ages of persecution. Notwithstanding the terrific tortures to which they were exposed, the fiercer the tempest of heathen rage the higher and brighter burned the zeal of the Christian heroes. Age after age summoned the soldiers of Christ to the conflict whose highest guardian was death. They bound persecution as a wreath about their brows, and extolled in the "glorious infamy" of suffering for their Lord. The brand of shame became the badge of highest honour. Besides the joys of heaven they won imperishable fame on earth, and the memory of a humble slave was often haloed with a glory surpassing that of a Curtius or Horatius. The meanest hind was ennobled by the accolade of martyrdom to the loftiest peerage of the skies. His consecration of suffering was elevated to a sacrament, and called the baptism of fire or of blood.

Burning to obtain the prize, the impetuous candidates for death often pressed with eager haste to seize the palm of victory and the martyr's crown. They trod with joy the fiery path to glory, and went as gladly to the stake as to a marriage feast. "Their fetters," says Kusebins, "seemed like the golden ornaments of a bride." They desired martyrdom more ardently than men afterward sought a bishopric. They exulted amid their keenest pangs that they were counted worthy to suffer for their divine Master. "Let the ungules tear us," exclaims Tertullian, "the crosses bear our weight, the flames envelope us, the sword divide our throats, the wild beasts spring upon us; the very posture of prayer is a preparation for every punishment." "These things," says St. Basil, "so far from being a terror, are rather a pleasure and a recreation to us. "The tyrants were armed," says St. Chrysostom, "and the martyrs naked; yet they that were naked got the victory, and they that carried arms were vanquished." Strong in the assurance of immortality, they bade defiance to the sword. Though weak in body they seemed clothed with vicarious strength, and confident that though "counted as

sheep for the slaughter," naught could separate them from the love of Christ. Wrapped in their fiery vesture and abroad of flame, they yet exulted in their glorious victory. While the leaden hail fell on the mangled frame, and the eyes filmed with the shadows of death, the spirit was enraptured

to his ear—and the odours of an opening paradise filled the air. Though the dull ear of sense heard nothing, he could listen to the invisible Corypheus as he invited him to heaven and promised him an eternal crown." The names of the "great army of martyrs," though forgotten by men, are written

The crimson stream, the gash inflicted
And not a drop is shed in vain.

This spirit of martyrdom was a new principle in society. It had no classical counterpart. Socrates and Seneca suffered with fortitude, but not with faith. The loftiest pagan philosophy dwindled into insignificance before the sublimity of Christian hope. This looked beyond the shadows of time and the sordid cares of earth to the grandeur of the Infinite and the Eternal. The heroic deaths of the believers exhibited a spiritual power mightier than the primal instincts of nature, the love of wife or child, or even of life itself. Like a solemn voice falling on the dull ear of mankind, these holy examples urged the inquiry, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" And that voice awakened an echo in full many a heart. The martyrs made more converts by their deaths than in their lives. "Kill us, rack us, condemn us, grind us to powder," exclaims the intrepid Christian Apologist, "our numbers increase in proportion as you mow us down." The earth was drunk with the blood of the saints, but still they multiplied and grew, gloriously illustrating the perennial truth *Sanguis martyrum semen ecclesie*. The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.



CHRISTIAN MARTYRS.

the beatific vision of the opening heaven, and above the roar of the mob fell sweetly on the inner sense the assurance of eternal life. "No group, indeed, of Oceanides was there to console the Christian Prometheus; yet to his upturned eyes countless angels were visible—their anthem swept solemnly

in the Book of Life. "The Lord knoweth them that are his."

There is a record, traced on high,
That shall endure eternally,
The angel standing by God's throne
Treasures there each word and groan:
And not the martyr's speech alone,
But every wound is there depicted,
With every circumstance of pain

TRANSPORTING SHIPS BY RAILWAY.

THE world will soon know whether or not loaded ships can be safely and profitably lifted out of their element and carried across an isthmus upon a railway. Vessels plying between the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the ports of our north-eastern seaboard are now compelled, of course, to go around the peninsula of Nova Scotia. About three hundred miles would be saved if they could use a canal across the narrow neck that connects that peninsula with the mainland of New Brunswick. It was once proposed that a canal should be made there, but now a ship railway is to be built on the line of the proposed waterway. Work has already begun upon this railway, and it will be carried on by an English company whose president is Lord Brasenore and whose chief engineer is John Fowler, who built the London Underground Railroad. It may be that Captain Eads will find by and by

In the Dominion the strongest of arguments to support his project for an inter-oceanic ship railway on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec.—*New York Times.*

DRINK.

WHISKEY *alias* POISON.

DRINK! poison! who would think
Any man of sense would drink!
Who would think it could be true?
Yet we know that thousands do.

Thousands of millions we might say
Drink this poison every day!
In the grog-shops sink
Every day to get their drink.

Lounging 'round the whiskey shop,
Waiting for the burning drop,
Ever ready for the wink
To go up and have a drink.

Though their wives and children need
All their time to earn them bread,
That is naught, they seem to think,
In comparison with drink.

Self-respect and honour fled,
Every noble passion dead,
Character as black as ink,
Craving still the poison drink.

Then they madly onward go
Toward the gulf of endless woe,
Trotting over ruin's brink,
Brought there by the poison drink.

Following thus the fatal chain,
Soon its terminus they gain;
Step by step and link by link,
Till the last is reached by drink.

Honour, home, and health are gone,
Nothing now to rest upon,
Down they must forever sink—
All is lost—and that by drink.

—*Rev. James Lawson.*

ONLY A BOY.

BY MARY AUGUSTA THURSTON.

"WELL, Mark, my boy, how are you to-day?" said a gentleman, placing his hand upon the shoulder of a boy whose "thinking cap" must have covered his ears, for he started when he heard himself addressed and said.

"I beg your pardon, sir; did you speak to me?"

"I merely inquired concerning your health," answered the gentleman. "But what is the matter, Mark, are you in trouble?" he asked, as he noted the grave expression upon the boy's face.

Mark Driscomb's voice trembled as he replied,

"Only the old story, sir, father—"

"I understand," interrupted the clergyman, anxious to save Mark the pain of further explanation.

"Sometimes I feel as though it was no use trying to do what is right. Everything goes wrong at home, and O, Mr. Foster! last night father struck mother!" cried the boy, covering his face with his hands and giving vent to pent-up emotion which he had struggled so hard to repress.

"Has it come to that?" murmured the clergyman. Placing both hands upon Mark's shoulders, he said, "Don't give up yet, my boy. There is work for you to do; and even though it be the eleventh hour, there is still hope."

"What can I do?" cried Mark, despairingly.

"A great deal," said Mr. Foster, earnestly. "More human aid will not save your father, go to the One who is ever ready to reach out his strong right hand to succor those who believe in him. The way will surely be made

clear. I think of your mother, of her heart-aches and humiliations, and yet she has never ceased to pray to the Saviour who feedeth even the sparrows. Promise me that you will ask for aid."

"You make me feel ashamed, sir, when you talk like that. I will pray to God. I would not be my mother's child if I did not love and trust him, but sometimes—"

"I know that there are times when the heart grows weary," said Mr. Foster, as Mark hesitated. "That is the time to ask for strength, and rest assured, if you are earnest and patient, it will be given you. Remember, my boy, 'no cross, no crown.' Put your trust in him who says, 'Follow me, I am the way,' and the trust will not be betrayed. Be of good cheer, cling to the ray of hope which your Saviour will give you for a guiding light. I must leave you now, but I will pray earnestly that the one for whom your prayers are offered may be guided aright," concluded Mr. Foster, grasping Mark's hand sympathetically.

As Mark crossed the threshold of his home, a loud voice called out,

"It's about time you put in an appearance! Go up to Doyle's and get me ten cents' worth of whiskey."

"Father, I cannot go there. Anything else I will do willingly," said Mark, in a low tone.

"Why can't you go?" asked his father, angrily.

"Because it would be a sin for me to go there and get liquor for you," replied the boy, firmly.

"I'll teach you to disobey me!" cried the infuriated man.

Perhaps the expression in Mark's eyes stayed the uplifted hand, for, with an angry motion, the father let it fall to his side, at the same time exclaiming,

"I'll go for it myself. 'Tis the last time I'll ask a favor of you!"

Mark gazed sadly after the receding figure of his unnatural parent. Falling upon his knees he prayed long and earnestly for the way to be made clear.

The gentle pressure of a hand upon his shoulder caused him to spring to his feet, and putting his arms around the frail form of the mother who had suffered so much, he mingled his tears with the scalding drops that fell from eyes grown dim with weeping. With arms clasping each other, they prayed earnestly for the man who was plunging headlong toward destruction.

The school-house was nearly at hand, yet Mark lingered in the little garden. As he walked slowly to and fro along the pathway, his face wore a troubled expression. His hands were clasped tightly together, and every action betrayed the intensity of the emotion that surged through the boy's heart. His meditations were interrupted by the sound of voices.

There was a large factory situated several squares from Mark's home, and the men to whom the voices belonged were evidently employed there.

"I get mighty weak about noon-time," said one of the voices. "If I could get a good cup of coffee I'd be glad enough to keep away from Doyle's."

"My case exactly," said another voice. "I bring my dinner, but have got to get something to wash it down. I got into Doyle's with all the other boys an' sometimes I spend a quarter before I get out. I've heard half a dozen of

the fellows say that they spend enough money at Doyle's to keep all their children in shoes."

"Well, I guess that's so," replied the first voice. "My Billy's feet are on the ground. When pay-day came around I found that I owed Doyle two dollars and a half, an' so Billy had to go without his shoes. I've got to have somethin' to drink in the middle o' the day, that's settled!" concluded the speaker, emphatically.

Both men moved away still discussing the importance of having "somethin' to wash down their dinner."

Mark, with eyes cast down, remained motionless for a few minutes after the men had taken their departure. Suddenly he clasped his hands together and exclaimed,

"I'll do it! If I can't keep all the men away from Doyle's, some of them will be sure to stop going there; and, besides, perhaps I can make enough to help mother; then she will not have to work so hard."

Mark re-entered the house, and seeking his mother laid his project before her.

"It's a good plan, my son. You can rely on my assistance. Who knows," she murmured, "but it may prove the means of saving many a man from the effects of the evil that has ruined so many lives!"

"There is the money that Mr. Robbins paid me for running errands. I will take it and buy coffee, sugar, milk, and half a dozen tin cups. Come, mother let us count the money," said Mark.

Mrs. Driscomb opened a bureau drawer, and taking therefrom a box, handed it to Mark, saying, "There ought to be nearly a dollar."

Mark opened the lid of the box; he peered into it, he turned it upside down. "Why, mother," he cried in astonishment, "the box is empty!"

Mrs. Driscomb covered her face with her hands and sobbed.

"Even the mite earned by his child must go to that dreadful place!"

"Never mind, mother, dry your tears," said Mark, placing his arms tenderly around her neck. "There will be another way; I feel sure of it. Mr. Foster says that God will answer our prayers if we are in earnest and wait patiently. I keep saying, 'Help us, help us,' all the time, and somehow I feel as though God will answer."

A knock upon the door interrupted them.

"Ah, Mark, I am glad to find you at home," said a pleasant voice. "I will be very busy to-morrow. One of my clerks is down with a fever. Can you come to the store and remain all day? I will pay you seventy-five cents for the day's work."

"I will be glad to go, Mr. Robbins; thank you very much for asking me," replied Mark.

"There, mother!" cried the boy, "didn't I tell you that help would come! I'll get the coffee and sugar at Mr. Robbins' store; he will let me have the things at cost."

The next morning Mark was up with the lark, and as he walked briskly in the direction of Mr. Robbins' store his eyes brightened and his cheeks glowed as he thought of the good he might be able to accomplish.

"When he started for home in the evening he carried with him three

pounds of coffee and an equal quantity of sugar.

"When I told Mr. Robbins about my plan he gave me half a dozen bright new tin cups, and charged only twenty-five cents for the sugar and coffee," said Mark.

The noon whistle at the factory sounded loud and clear. As the men descended the stairs and passed through the broad corridor they paused to look at a boy who stood near the outer door. Beside him, on the floor, stood a great tin kettle filled with some kind of steaming liquid.

"Come here, boys, an' get a whiff o' this stuff!" exclaimed a big, broad-shouldered workman. "What's the charge for a pint o' that?" he asked.

"Five cents, sir," was the reply.

"Here's yer five cents. Give us a cup brim full; 'twill save the time spent in walkin' to Doyle's," said the man.

"I'll be ather takin' a cup for the same rayson," said a brawny son of Erin.

"And I, and I, and I," chorused a dozen voices.

"This is coffee!" said one of the men, as he quaffed the contents of his cup.

"I'll be here every day at noon," said Mark, as he poured out the last cupful.

"I say, bub, you'd better bring another kettleful!" was the parting injunction given by one of the men.

Time passed on and Doyle's customers fell off one by one.

"That boy o' yours tryin' to ruin me!" said Pat Doyle, wrathfully, as he shoved a glass half filled with whiskey toward a figure standing at the bar.

"Trying to ruin you?" echoed the figure in an astonished tone.

"Yes, that's what I said," replied Pat. "The money spint by the men at the wurruks paid me rint. I'm two months behind owin' to me custumers droppin' off. It's all the fault av that spalpean. He's been at the door av the factory dealin' out cups av coffee ivery day at noon these two months."

The man to whom Pat addressed his remarks paused with the glass half-way to his lips. As the proprietor of the saloon concluded, the glass was slowly lowered and placed upon the counter, and without uttering a word the man turned and left the saloon.

"Is that the way money is earned to buy what I ought to provide?" The man shivered as though seized with ague. How intensely he longed to go back and drink the fiery liquid left untouched upon the counter. He turned as if about to re-enter the saloon. The words, "He's been at the door av the factory dealin' out cups av coffee ivery day at noon these two months," seemed to startle before him in letters of fire.

"I'll not go there again," he muttered, turning his face resolutely away. "Mark selling coffee to men to save them from my fate, and to keep his mother and himself from starving? O, my boy, my boy! My shame is greater than I can bear!"

As the miserable man wended his way homeward the tempter whispered, "Come, go back; Mark gets along very well. No need for you to deprive yourself of what you need. Come, you paid for the drink, it is waiting for you. See how you tremble! It will make you strong again."

All the way home John Driscomb

fought the tempter. "Get thee behind me, Satan!" he cried in his agony of spirit. "I cannot pray. I cannot ask God to help me. I am a stranger to him!"

It was night when he entered the cottage. All was silent. Presently the low murmur of a voice reached him. With a weary sigh he moved toward the door of the room from whence the sound proceeded. He paused as he heard the following words:

"God has been so good to mother and me. O how happy we might be if he would bring father back to us! O God! save father for Jesus' sake!"

The door turned silently upon its hinges, and the father, whose heart had been wrung by the words of supplication which fell from the lips of his child, crossed the floor, and sank upon his knees by the side of the boy.

"Father!"
A whole volume of unspoken gratitude lingered in the name as it fell softly from the lips of the kneeling boy.

"Pray for me, child, I cannot!" pleaded the father.

When the wife and mother entered the room she found them still upon their knees. Who can portray the joy that filled the heart of the woman who had been worse than widowed!

The change was slow but sure. Many hard battles were fought, and many times, but for the saving help of divine grace, poor weak humanity would have been conquered by the tempter. John Driestomb fought bravely until at last, encouraged by the blessed assurance, "Ask, and ye shall receive," the man whose life had been so nearly wrecked was able to exclaim,

"How safe, how calm, how satisfied
The soul that clings to thee!"

"Let the good work go on," said Mr. Foster, when he heard of Mark's noble efforts to weaken the influence of the wide-spread evil. "His example will bear fruit in the years to come, and demonstrate to many a youth the fact that, though *only a boy*, he, too, can be a worker in the good cause, and perhaps by his efforts bring sunlight into many homes now darkened by the shadow of intemperance."

A VERY SMALL LION.

WRITTEN FOR "PLEASANT HOURS."

THIS queer little lion usually makes his home in the Middle and Southern States, but he sometimes ventures as far north as New England.

He was given the name of Ant-lion because, although he eats many other kinds of insects, ants seem to be his favourite food. His manner of building his traps and catching his game is as cunning as that of any lion of larger size.

He is the larva of a species of dragon-fly. I dare say all of my readers have seen the dragon-flies which live in their vicinity. They are quick-moving, darting, flying creatures with four transparent, gauzy wings, reflecting rainbow tints; long, lithe, slender bodies; large heads; and big, black, bulging eyes. They have a peculiar way of hovering quite motionless in the air, for a moment or two, and then darting off with lightning-like speed. The boys call them darning-needles, and say they carry a sting in their tails, which is a mistake, as they really do no harm, except, perhaps, to

bite one a little; and that only upon provocation.

All of the different kinds of dragon-flies are pretty much alike in their general appearance, though they come from very dissimilar larvae.

The Ant-lion is, perhaps, the most curious and interesting in its habits of any known larva. He is but little more than half an inch in length, is flat, and shaped something like a squash-bug. He has six legs, but uses only the hindmost pair in walking. He moves very slowly and generally backwards. His appetite is insatiable, and he feeds upon the juices of insects, particularly ants.

In order to capture them he builds a pit. First, he finds a soil of loose, dry sand, and selects a place in it well-sheltered from the wind. Then he traces a circle as large as he wishes his trap to be, usually about three inches across; this he does by half-burying his body in the sand and moving backwards, turning up a furrow just as a little plough would, and throwing the earth outward. He goes round again and again, each time inside the last furrow until the centre is reached; then he begins to dig with his head and foreleg, throwing all the sand over the edge of the circle, which he gradually deepens in the centre and smooths upon the sides until it becomes a funnel-shaped hole, two or more inches deep.

When it is finished to his satisfaction, he buries himself in the very middle of it, leaving only the tips of his jaws above the ground. There he lies in wait. When an insect, in travelling about, comes to the delicate edge of the pit, the sand begins to give way under its feet, and it slides down the sides of the trap; perhaps it struggles, and stops itself, and begins to crawl out; but, when this happens, the lion loads its head with sand, and again, and again throws it with great force upon the poor captive, until the terrible shower brings it to the bottom, and into the strong and greedy jaws waiting to receive it.

These jaws are most formidable weapons, being claw-like and hollow, and specially adapted for sucking up the juices of insects. When the body is sucked quite dry the lion throws it over the edge of his den, and once more places himself in position to wait for the coming of another victim, which very soon appears and falls into his pit.

He lives in this manner for nearly two years, destroying an incredible number of the most active insects, which by his cunning he catches alive, though he is himself all the while in a very sluggish state.

At the end of the two years he forms a cocoon of sand, gluing the grains together, and lines it softly with layers of beautiful silken stuff, which he spins from his own body. The whole cocoon is less than half an inch in diameter. In this he lies down to await his transformation into the perfect insect.

After some three weeks it is completed, and the little creature gnaws with its jaws or mandibles through the cocoon. When it first emerges it is only a half inch in length, and is very wet and miserable-looking; but as it suns and dries itself it stretches out with the most amazing rapidity, soon becoming at least an inch and a half long in the body, while the wings expand from less than one-fourth of an inch to nearly three inches in length.

Then, as it flies away on its lace-like iridescent wings, with its black body glistening in the sun, it is as pretty a sight as one need wish to see.

S. L. CLAYES.

A HOME FOR HIS MOTHER.

BUSINESS called me to the United States land office. While there a lad, apparently sixteen or seventeen years of age, came in and presented a certificate for forty acres of land.

I was struck with the countenance and general appearance of the boy, and inquired of him for whom he was purchasing the land.

"For myself, sir."
I then inquired where he had got the money.

He answered, "I earned it."
Feeling then an increased desire to know something more about the boy, I asked about himself and his parents. He took a seat and gave me the following narrative:

"I am the oldest of five children. Father is a drinking man, and often returns home drunk. Finding that father would not abstain from liquor, I resolved to make an effort in some way to help my mother and brothers and sisters. I got an axe and went into a new part of the country to work, clearing land, and I have saved money enough to buy forty acres of land there."

"Well, my good boy, what are you going to do with the land?"

"I will work on it, build a loghouse, and when it is all ready will bring father, mother, brothers, and sisters to live with me. The land I want for my mother, which will secure her from want in her old age."

"And what will you do with your father if he continues to drink?"

"O sir, when we get him on the farm he will feel at home, and be happy, and I hope become a sober man."

"Young man, God bless you!"
By this time the receiver handed him his receipt for his forty acres of land. As he was leaving the office he said, "At least I have a home for my mother."

PERSEVERANCE.

YEARS ago a German boy read of the siege of Troy, and made up his mind to find the ruins of that great ancient city. Troy had perished three thousand years ago—if, indeed, it ever existed at all. But, said the little German, "I will find it though." Though a poor lad, slaving at work until bedtime, he procured books and taught himself six or seven languages. He pushed on and prospered, until as a merchant he had made a fortune. Every step of this study and money-making was taken with the aim of fulfilling the vow of his boyhood. In due time he started eastward with a company of labourers, and for long, long years pursued his search. At last he found Troy. His discovery was a sensation through all Europe. A short time ago the treasures of gold, silver and bronze dug out of the palace of the Trojan king were exhibited at South Kensington. For three thousand years the burnt ruins of that city had lain covered with sand, and by money it was regarded only as a faded creation of poetry, but Dr. Schlieman, at his own unstinted expense, and by his own amazing enterprise, proved its discovery to the world.

Think of it. A poor lad, learning languages, making money, spending seven years or more in far away deserts, sustained through a lifetime by a one fixed resolution. He vowed in boyhood that he would find Troy, and he did find it. This German lad said, "Put down my name," and when life was far spent he succeeded in hacking his way into the temple of Fame.

Now, if we can find Truth and God, if we can find "Glory, honour, immortality and eternal life," is it not worth while, for the sake of these imperishable possessions, to summon up our utmost resolution and to pursue our aim with diligence through the swift years of our mortal pilgrimage? "They do it for a corruptible crown, but we for an incorruptible." Do it with thy might.

Write on thy heart this holy principle,
Nobly resolved and as a man resolved,
Thou shalt not die till victory crown thy brow."

GLEAN AWAY, CHILDREN, AND BRING IN THE MITES.

BY REV. ALFRED J. HODGKIN, OF THE N. Y. CONFERENCE.

GLEAN away, children, a million in gold,
Jesus is asking for harvest this year,
All around the world must his Gospel be told.
Glean away, children, our triumph is near.

CHORUS.

Glean away, children, the master receives
Gifts from the dear ones in whom he delights;
After the reapers that bind the big sheaves,
Glean away, children, and bring in the mites.

Glean away, children, the million will come,
Faster because little hands lend their aid;
Follow the reapers and add to the sum,
Wealth that the Lord's little gleaners have made.

CHO.—Glean away, etc.

Glean away, children, and gather with care,
Kara that have fallen unnoticed aside;
Bring in your handfuls for Jesus and share
Joy with his reapers at life's harvest tide.

CHO.—Glean away, etc.

Glean away, children, the reapers are fast
"Some of the handfuls of purple for you";
Follow the reapers and gather them all,
Glean away, children, see what you can do.

CHO.—Glean away, etc.

A MILLER AND HIS BURDEN.

A CHRISTIAN gentleman driving to town overtook a miller who was walking. The gentleman asked the miller to ride with him.

"No," said the humble miller, "I wouldn't be seen in such a plight riding into town with you."

"Never mind that," said the gentleman, "I wish to talk to you; come, get in."

The mealy miller then got in and sat down on the back seat, but still keeping the sack on his back.

"Why don't you put down that sack?" asked the gentleman.

"Why," replied the miller, "I should think it was enough for you to carry me, without my adding the weight of this heavy sack of meal."

Many Christians who have given themselves to the Lord, insist on trying to carry their sorrows and troubles on their own back. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."

THE WORLD FOR JESUS.

THE whole wide world for Jesus,
For his is its domain,
And his is the dominion
From sea to sea to reign:
To him the kings of Sheba
Their royal gifts shall bring,
And isles afar their tribute
Shall render to their King.

The whole wide world for Jesus,
His banner be unfurled
Wide as his great commission,
"Go ye to all the world,
And preach to every creature
The messages of peace,
Lo! I am with you always
Till time itself shall cease."

The whole wide world for Jesus;
O Church of Christ, awake!
Put on thy strength, O Zion,
Thy post of duty take;
Go forth upon thy mission
In Jesus' name alone,
Till earth with all her millions,
His sovereignty shall own.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 7, 1886.

CHRIST AND CHILDREN.

METHODISM has had its discussions and its committees on the relation of infants to Christ and his Church. On this subject, as on many others, social and religious, opinion changes. We will not discuss it now. The little ones are God's children, and from their birth are the objects of his care and the subjects of his grace. As to the majority of the children in our schools and congregations, parents, churches and pastors have formally recognized this pre-existent fact by the administration and acceptance of the baptismal sacrament. But no one will question that so soon as responsibility begins, personal obedience must also begin. To say that a child is not a partaker of the blessings of the Covenant until it has fulfilled its conditions would be utterly unscriptural. Many of those blessings are conferred before any such fulfilment is possible, and before and in order that the fulfilment may become possible. But whether those blessings shall remain after the child has entered upon its personal responsibilities depends upon the fulfilment of conditions, just as in the case of the adult it depends upon a similar fulfilment whether the grace of to-day shall

be equally realized to-morrow. To present the truth in a form which shall be proportionate to the child's development, is one of the chief difficulties. Definitions and forms of doctrine which may be healthful to one of maturer years, may be utterly confusing and repulsive to one of more tender age. As for the vast majority of the scholars in our Sunday-schools, they have had so much contact with the world, and have so much knowledge of its ways, that truth may be spoken and duty plainly enforced. Yet with the most precocious of them all, authority and reason may do much, yet love will do the most.—*Methodist Recorder.*

THE LAMP WITHOUT OIL.

LATELY whilst spending a week in the society of a great number of faithful pastors from the Canton of Vaud, one of them, at a public meeting, related to us the recent conversion of a lady of his acquaintance. She was one of those who lived only for this world; the thought of her sins had never caused her uneasiness; she was careful and troubled about many things, but neglected the one thing needful.

One night, while alone in her room, she saw the lamp which lighted it, suddenly go out. Although she was alone, she said aloud (thinking only of the accident which left her in the dark), "There is no oil in the lamp!" The words thus spoken echoed in the room and sounded in her ears, but with a new sense. She recalled the parable of the Five Foolish Virgins, who had no oil, and whose lamps had gone out at the coming of the bridegroom; and from that moment, day and night, that word of God remained in her soul as an arrow remains in the side of a stag who flies away from the hunter. It recurred to her constantly: "No, I have no oil in my lamp. My God! what will become of me? I have not the grace of God in my heart!" She was filled with fear; then she began to pray, and God opened her eyes and showed her her lost condition in his sight. Very soon she was enabled to accept him who came to seek and to save the lost, and to know that in him she had eternal life. Dear reader, you may have the lamp of profession and nothing more; soon the cry may be heard, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh!" Will you be left outside when the door is shut?

KIND WORDS.

AN editor's work is for the most part done in the dark. He does not see or know those whom he writes for, and seldom hears from them—unless he happens to offend some one—and then he hears promptly enough. A word of appreciation is therefore always welcome, and imparts new vigour to jaded brain and weary pen. The following has just come to hand from a sympathetic reader, to us personally unknown:

"Have just finished reading your book, 'Life in a Parsonage.' I read it through in two sittings. I have shed tears and laughed alternately while so doing. The story of parsonage life is true to nature. I have had a similar experience to Lawrence with Rev. Karl. May you be long spared to wield your pen in giving to our young people books so elevating in tone."



EASTERN WATCHMEN.

EASTERN WATCHMEN.

THE ancient Jews employed watchmen to patrol their cities during the night, to prevent disorder arising in the streets, or to guard the walls against the attempts of a foreign enemy. This custom may be traced to very remote times. So early as the departure of Israel from the land of Egypt, the "morning watch" is mentioned. In Persia, the watchmen were obliged to make good the losses of those who were robbed in the streets, and even to make satisfaction with their own blood for those who were murdered. They were also charged to announce the progress of the night to the slumbering city. Thus we read in Isaiah (xxi, 11, 12), "The burden of Dumah. He calleth to me out of Seir, Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night."

The watchmen in Alexandria and Cairo at the present day place themselves in pairs, each with his piece of matting or carpet at the side of the street. They are within hail of another couple, and during the night several times in the course of an hour, they call "Allah il Allah" ("God the true God.") This is caught up and passed on to the next, and so on. The cry, coming by degrees from afar, grows louder and louder, until the climax is reached underneath the window; it then passes away again into the distance. By this it is known whether the watchmen are awake. In the intervals between their cries they lie covered up on their carpets.

I hope my readers do not forget to commit themselves every night in prayer to the protection of that ever-present Watcher of whom it is said, "He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep."

THE VALUE OF THE BIBLE.

So we say that we never need try to prove anything that the Bible asserts. We are to preach the word to the people and the Bible will take care of itself. The Bible was the guide of my mother. It was the stay of my father's life; it was a lamp unto his feet and a light unto his path, and he bequeathed it to me as his richest gift to his wayward boy, and I say to you to-night, take all other things from me and my home, but leave me my Bible.

The precious book I'd rather have
Than all the golden gems
That e'er in monarchs' coffers shone
Or on their diadems.
And were the seas one chrysolite,
This earth a golden ball,
And gems were all the stars of night,
This book were worth them all.

Ah, no, the soul ne'er found relief
In glittering hoards of wealth;
Gems dazzle not the eyes of grief;
Gold cannot purchase health.
But here's a blessed balm
For every human woe,
And they that seek that book in tears,
Their tears shall cease to flow.

I HAVE tried both ways: I speak from experience. I am in good spirits, because I use no spirits. I am hale, because I use no ale; I take no antidote in the form of drinks. Thus, though in the first instance, I sought only the public good, I have found my own also, since I became a total abstainer. I have these reasons for continuing to be one—my head is clearer, my health is better, my heart is lighter, and my purse is heavier.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

I NEVER heard praise ascribed to a drunkard, but for bearing of his drink, which is a commendation for a brewer's horse or a drayman rather than a gentleman.—*Dodd Burleigh.*



A CASTAWAY.

LEARN TO ANSWER "NO."

As you march along life's highway,
Thro' the dust and thro' the heat,
As you mount the rugged hill-side,
Or you rest in valleys sweet;
Thro' what scenes of joy or sadness,
You may pass as on you go,
If you wish to be successful,
Learn to sometimes answer "No."

It is but a simple lesson;
If you learn it in your youth,
You shall walk with peace and gladness,
In the pleasant paths of truth;
When the tempter's voice assails you
With its whisper soft and low,
Learn to turn your back with firmness,
Learn to boldly answer "No."

Keep a heart that's brave and steadfast,
Who can tell what still may be?
For our lives are what we make them,
Fortune's favours all are free.
Only learn this simple lesson,
Tho' they call you "tame," and "slow,"
If you wish to be successful,
Learn to sometimes answer "No."

A CASTAWAY.

ON this page we have a view, often witnessed as a living scene by dwellers on the sea-coast. The old fisherman is endeavouring to bring back to consciousness and strength the young man whom he finds cast upon the beach among the debris of a wrecked vessel after one of those terrible storms which so frequently sweep over the ocean. Numerous are the human acts, and not uncommon the deeds of heroism, performed by the lowly of this world who work hard for a scanty livelihood, behave generously to all they come in contact with, and crave no other applause than that which a good, gratified heart bestows.

WHAT GIRLS CAN DO.

A MISSIONARY of the American Sunday-school Union writes from Colorado: "One girl of thirteen years, whose father moved into a new place, first laboured with him, then with her schoolmates, and then canvassed the neighbourhood, to create interest to secure a Sunday-school; and falling of this desire of her heart, she sent for the Sunday-school missionary, when the school was organized and the people became interested.

"Another girl went into an out-of-the-way place among the mountains, where there had never been church nor Sunday-school, to teach a few children; and she taught them about Christ.

"Another girl excited such an interest in a neighbourhood, miles away from her home, as secured a prayer meeting and a Sunday-school in a community made up mostly of a crotchety denomination opposed to both. Her knowledge of the Bible is wonderful."

We have just heard of an Eastern young girl who recently received on her birthday a present of \$10 from her grandfather and aunt; and she gave the whole to the missionary cause.—*Exchange.*

PROHIBITION is worth to us as a firm at least \$10,000 a year in the general regularity of the men at their work.—*Whitall, Tatum & Co., employing 1,500 men in their glass factories at Millville, N. J.*

GENUINE THANKFULNESS.

It is not often that letters like the following are received from persons commonly regarded as vagabonds. It proves that some of these wanderers are not professional tramps, and that even beneath a soiled and dust-covered coat may beat a warm and grateful heart. The letter is printed in order to show that we should not be hasty in repelling from our door every one that seeks our charity. The letter of this English boy speaks for itself. It was received a few days ago by a gentleman in the town of Napanee.

LITTLE EXETER STREET,
MARYLEBONE, LONDON.

"DEAR SIR,—It gives me great pleasure to write to you. If you remember, Thursday, the 21st May, last year, two English lads were walking into Napanee about 8 o'clock in the evening. You were sitting at your gate. Calling their attention you asked them how far they had come. After preliminary conversation you asked them if they were hungry. Replying, 'yes, sir,' you invited them into the house, where they had as much as they wanted to eat and drink, and the same in the morning, after which they resumed their journey. Arriving in Montreal, they soon got a ship and arrived safely home in London in June.

"Dear sir, I am one of those two lads, and I wish to convey to [you] in this little note the heartfelt thanks of myself, likewise that of my friend and companion who was with me, and my parents and friends, who are greatly indebted to you for your kindness to strangers in a distant land.

"I remain, yours truly,
"HENRY O."

"I'LL MASTER YOU IF I DIE FOR IT."

IN the course of a recent address Mr. John B. Gough said:

"I know a man in America who undertook to give up the habit of chewing tobacco. He put his hand into his pocket, took out his plug of tobacco and threw it away, saying as he did so, 'That is the end of it.' But that was the beginning of it. Oh how he did want it! He would lick his lips, he would chew chamomile, he would chew toothpicks, quills—anything to keep the jaws going. No use: he suffered intensely. After enduring the craving for thirty-six or forty-eight hours, he made up his mind: 'Now, it's no use suffering for a bit of tobacco, I'll go and get some.' So he went and bought another plug and put it in his pocket. 'Now,' he said, 'when I want it awfully, I'll take some.' Well, he did want it awfully, and he said he believed it was God's good Spirit who was striving with him as he held the tobacco in his hand. Looking at it, he said, 'I love you, but are you my master or am I yours? You are a weed, and I am a man. I'll master you if I die for it.' Every time he wanted it he would take it

out and talk to it. It was six or eight weeks before he could throw it away and feel easy, but he said the glory of the victory paid him for his trouble."

PIONEER METHODISM.

BY THE REV. EDWARD KOGLESTON, D.D.
CHAPTER VIII.

AN ALABASTER BOX BROKEN.

WHEN Kike had appeared at the camp-meeting, as we related, it was not difficult to forecast his fate. Everybody saw that he was going into a consumption. One year, two years at farthest, he might manage to live, but not longer. Nobody knew this so well as Kike himself. He rejoiced in it. He was one of those rare spirits to whom the invisible world is not a dream but a reality, and to whom religious duty is a *voxce* never neglected. That he had sacrificed his own life to his zeal he understood perfectly well, and he had no regrets except that he had not been more zealous. What was life if he could save even one soul!

"But," said Morton to him one day, "you are wrong, Kike. If you had taken care of yourself you might have lived to save so many more."

"Morton, if your eye were fastened on one man drowning," replied Kike, "and you thought you could save him at the risk of your health, you wouldn't stop to calculate that by avoiding that peril you might live long enough to save many others. When God puts a soul before me I save that one if it costs my life. When I am gone God will find others. It is glorious to work for God, but it is awful. What if, by some neglect of mine, a soul should drop into hell! Oh! Morton, I am oppressed with responsibility! I will be glad when God shall say, it is enough."

Few of the preachers remonstrated with Kike. He was but fulfilling the Methodist ideal; they admired him while most of them could not emulate him. Read the Minutes of the old Conferences and you will see everywhere, among the brief obituaries, headstones in memory of young men who laid down their lives as Kike was doing. Men were nothing—the work was everything. Methodism let the dead bury their dead, it could hardly stop to plant a spear of grass over the grave of one of its own heroes.

But Pottawottomie Creek circuit was poor and wild, and it had paid Kike only five dollars for his whole nine months' work. Two of this he had spent for horse shoes, and two he had given away. The other one had gone for quinine. Now he had no clothes that would long hold together. He would ride to Hissawachee and get what his mother had carded and spun, woven, and cut, and sewed for the son whom she loved all the more that he seemed no longer to be entirely here. He could come back in three days. Two days more would suffice to reach Peterborough circuit. So he sent on to the circuit, in advance, his appointments to preach, and rode off to Hissawachee. But he did not get back to camp-meeting. An attack of fever held him at home for several weeks.

To reach his circuit Kike had to go through Morton's great diocese. He could not ride far. Even so intemperate a zealot as Kike admitted so much economy of force into his calculations. He must save his strength in journey—

ing or he could not reach his circuit, much less preach when he got there. At the close of his second day he inquired for a Methodist house at which to stop, and was directed to the double-cabin of a "located" preacher—no who had been a "travelling" preacher, but, having married, was under the necessity of entangling himself with the things of this world that he might get bread for his children. As he rode up to the house Kike gladly noted the horses hitched to the fences as an evidence that there must be a meeting in progress. He was in Morton's circuit, who could tell that he should not meet him here!

When Kike entered the house, Morton stood in the door between the two rooms preaching, with the back of a "split-bottomed" chair for a pulpit. For a moment the pale face of Kike, so evidently smitten with death, appalled him; then it inspired him, and Morton never spoke better on that favourite theme of the early Methodist evangelist—the rest in heaven—than while drawing his inspiration from the pallid countenance of his comrade.

"Ah! Kike!" he said, when the meeting was dismissed, "I wish you had my body."

"What do you want to keep me out of heaven for, Mort? Let God have his way," said Kike, smiling contentedly.

But long after Kike slept that night Morton lay awake. He could not let the poor fellow go off alone. So in the morning he arranged with the located brother to take his appointments for awhile, and let him ride one day with Kike.

"Ride ten or twenty, if you want to," said the ex-preacher. "The corn's laid by and I've got nothing to do, and I am spoiling for a preach."

Kike's circuit lay off to the southeast of Hickory Ridge, and Morton, persuaded that he was unfit to preach, endeavoured to induce the dying man to turn aside and rest at Dr. Morgan's, only ten miles out of his road.

"I tell you, Morton, I've got very little strength left. I cannot spend it better than in trying to save souls. I want to make one or two rounds at least, preaching with all the heart I have. Then I'll cease at once to work and live, and who knows but that I may slay more in my death than in my life!

But Morton feared that he would not be able to make one round. He thought he had an over-estimate of his strength, and that the final break-down might come at any moment. So, on the morning of the second day, he refused to yield to Kike's entreaties to return.

Now it happened that they missed the trail and wandered far out of their way. It rained all the afternoon, and Kike got drenched in crossing a stream. Then a chill came on, and Morton sought shelter. He stopped at a cabin.

"Come in, come in, brethren," said the settler, as soon as he saw them "I 'low ye're preachers. Brother Goodwin I know. Heard him down at camp-meetin' last fall,—time Conference met on the Ridge. And this brother looks miserable. Got the shak's, I 'low? Your name, brother, is—"

"Brother Lumsden," said Morton. "Lumsden? I kinder recollect that you were sick up at Dr. Morgan's, Conference time. Hy?"

Morton looked bewildered.

"How far is Dr. Morgan's from here?"

"Nigh onto three quarters round the road, I 'low."

"How did we get here? We aimed at Lanham's Ferry," said Morton bewildered.

"Tuck the wrong trail a mile back, I 'low. You should've gone by Hank's Mills."

In spite all protestations from the Methodist brother, Morton was determined to take Kike to Dr. Morgan's. Kike was just sick enough to be passive, and he suffered himself to be put back into the saddle to ride to the doctor's.

It did not require very great medical skill to understand what must be the result of Kike's sickness.

"What is the matter with him, doctor?" asked Morton, next morning.

"Absolute physical bankruptcy, sir," answered the physician, in his abrupt manner. "There is not water enough left in the branch to run the mill seven days. Wasted life, sir, wasted life! It is a pity but you Methodists had a little moderation in your zeal."

When the doctor came in to see Kike after breakfast the next morning, the patient looked at him wistfully.

"Doctor Morgan, tell me the truth. Will I ever get up?"

"You can never get up, my dear boy," said the physician huskily.

A smile of relief spread over Kike's face. At that word the awful burden of his morbid sense of responsibility for the world's salvation, the awful burden of a self-sacrifice that was terrible and that must be lifelong, slipped from his weary soul. There was then nothing more to be done but to wait for the Master's release. He shut his eyes, murmured a "Thank God!" and lay for minutes motionless.

When Saturday morning came, Kike was sinking. "Doctor Morgan," he said, "do not leave me long. I am looking for my mother to-day."

Saturday passed and Kike's mother had not arrived. On Sunday morning he was almost past speaking.

"Splendid life wasted," said the doctor, sadly, to Morton, pointing to the dying man.

"Yes, indeed. What a pity he had no care for himself," answered Morton.

"Patty," said Kike, opening his eyes, "the Bible." Patty got the Bible.

"Read in the 26th of Matthew, from the seventh verse to the thirteenth, inclusive," Kike spoke as if he were announcing a text.

Then she read about the alabaster box of ointment, very precious, that was broken over the head of Jesus, and the complaint that it was wasted, with the Lord's reply.

"You are right, my dear boy," said Doctor Morgan with effusion, "what is spent for love is never wasted. It is a very precious box of ointment that you have broken upon Christ's head, my son. The Lord will not forget it."

When Kike's mother rose up the door on Sunday morning, the people had already begun to gather in crowds, drawn by the expectation that Morton would preach in the Hickory Ridge church. Hearing that Kike, whose piety was famous all the country over, was dying, they filled Doctor Morgan's house and yard, sitting in sad, silent

groups on the fences and door-steps, and standing in the shade of the yard trees. As the dying preacher's mother passed through, the crowd of country people fell back and looked reverently at her.

Kike was already far gone. He was barely able to greet his mother.

A white pigeon flew in at one of the windows and lit upon the bosom of the dying man. The early Western people believed in marvels, and Kike was to them a saint. At sight of the snow-white dove pluming itself upon his breast they all started back. Was it a heavenly visitant? Kike opened his eyes and gazed upon the dove a moment. The dove plumed itself a moment longer, looked round on the people out of its mate and gentle eyes, then flitted out of the window again and disappeared in the sunlight.

A smile overspread the dying man's face, he clasped his hands upon his bosom, and it was a full minute before anybody discovered that the pure heroic spirit of Ezekiah Lumsden had gone to its rest.

He had requested that no name should be placed over his grave. "Let God have any glory that may come from my labors and let everybody forget me," he said. But Doctor Morgan had a slab of the common blue limestone of the hills—marble was not to be had—cut out for a headstone. The device upon it was a dove, the only inscription: "An alabaster box of very precious ointment."

Death is not always matter for grief. If you have ever witnessed a rich sunset from the summit of a lofty mountain, you will remember how the world was transfigured before you in the glory of resplendent light, and how, long after the light had faded from the cloud drapery, and long after the hills had begun to lose themselves in the abyss of darkness, there lingered a glory in the western horizon—a joyous memory of the splendid pomp of the evening. Even so the glory of Kike's dying mid all who saw it feel like those who have witnessed a sublime spectacle, which they may never see again. The memory of it lingered with them like the long-lingering glow behind the western mountains. Sorry that the suffering life had ended in peace, one could not be; and never did stormy day find more placid sunset than his.

The only commemoration his name received was in the Conference Minutes, where, like other such heroes, he was curtly embalmed in the usual four lines:

"Ezekiah Lumsden was a man of God, who freely gave up his life for his work. He was tireless in labour, patient in suffering, bold in rebuking sin, holy in life and conversation, and triumphant in death."

The early Methodists had no time for eulogies. A hand out of earth, a few hurried words of tribute, and the bugle called to the battle. The man who died was at rest, the men who stayed had the mere work to do.

THE END.

A recent German writer says: "The lark goes up singing toward heaven; but if she stops the motion of her wings, then straightway she falls. So is it with him who prays not. Prayer is the movement of the wings of the soul; it bears one heavenward, but without prayer we sink."

THE NAME UPON THE WINDOW-PANE.

IN the old Scottish inn we met,
A motley group from every land,
Scholar and artist, poor and great,
And many a traveller browned and tanned,
All pilgrims waiting for an hour,
Chatting in idle courtesy,
And yet amid the drifting talk
A little message came to me.

It happened thus, a restless boy
Unto the dripping window went,
Whose glass, starred with a thousand names,
His mind to the same fancy bent.
He sought and found a vacant spot,
And took the diamond from his hand,
But ere a letter had been formed,
A voice accustomed to command

Cried, "Philip, stop; before you write,
Consider well what you're about."
"Father, why should I hesitate?"
"Because you cannot rub it out."
These words fell on my idle ear;
I said them o'er and o'er again,
And asked myself, O who would choose
All they have written to remain!

Unto a loving mother oft
We all have sent, without a doubt,
Full many a hard and careless word
That now we never can rub out;
For cruel words cut deeper far
Than diamond on the window-pane;
And oft recalled in after years,
They would harrow o'er and o'er again.

So in our daily work and life,
We write and do and say the thing
We never can undo nor stay
With any future sorrowing.
We carve ourselves on beating hearts,
Ah, then, how wise to pause and doubt,
To blend with love and thought our words,
Because we cannot rub them out.
—Harper's Weekly.

NEVER WASTE BREAD.

ONE day, about one hundred and thirty years ago, a young Scottish maiden was busy about her household affairs, when an aged stranger came to the door and asked permission to enter and rest, requesting at the same time something to eat. The young girl brought him a bowl of bread and milk, and tried in various ways to make him comfortable. A piece of bread happening to fall on the floor, she pushed it out of the way into a heap of ashes. "Never waste bread!" cried the stranger with much emotion, plucking up the bread and putting it into his milk. "I have known a time when I would have given gold for a handful of corn kneaded in a soldier's bonnet." A quick suspicion crossed the girl's mind, and sent her to the room of her invalid mother, who hastened to the kitchen on hearing the description of the old man with the delicate hands and clean coarse linen. In a moment she knew him to be the good Scottish lord on whose estate they were tenants. He had just returned from the battle of Culloden, where the young prince, Charles Edward, had been defeated by the royal troops. He and many others were obliged to hide for their lives. After being driven from one cave to another, he at last found a safe hiding-place on a part of his estate where were large cairns, called the "cairns of Pit-aligo." The lady who tells the story says that "everyone in the neighbourhood knew of his retreat; but the very children would go peep at him as he sat reading, but never breathe his name." "No," she adds, "shall I ever forget the lesson the poor fugitive taught me—never to waste bread."

Never be idle. When your hands are not usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

LAURA SECORD.

We greatly deprecate anything that would foster a wicked war spirit in the minds of the young. Even a just war is a great evil, and an unjust war is the greatest of crimes.

But every instinct of patriotism and duty warrants us in defending our rights and liberties and native land, when unjustly assailed. The heroic adventure of Laura Secord is one of the most thrilling in the annals of Canadian patriotism. It is told at length in our "Story of the War of 1812," and we have pleasure in reprinting from the columns of the *Orillia Packet*, one of the best of our Canadian exchanges, the accompanying spirit-stirring ballad on this subject by Dr. C. E. Jakeway, of Stayner, Ont.—Ed.

On the sacred scroll of glory
Let us blazon forth the story
Of a brave Canadian woman with the fervid
pen of fame;
So that all the world may read it,
And that every heart may heed it,
And rehearse it through the ages to the
honour of her name.

In the far-off days of battle,
When the musketeer's rapid rattle
Far re-echoed through the forest, Laura
Secord sped along;
Deep into the woodland mazy,
Over pathway wild and hazy,
With a firm and fearless footstep and a
courage staunch and strong.

She had heard the host preparing,
And at once with dauntless daring
Hurried off to give the warning of the fast
advancing foe;
And she fitted like a shadow
Far away o'er fen and meadow,
Where the wolf was in the wild wood, and
the lynx was lying low.

From within the wild recesses
Of the tangled wildernesses
Fearful sounds came floating as she fastly
fled ahead;
And she heard the guttural growling
Of the bears, the snarl her prowling,
Crushed their way throughout the thickets
for the food on which they fed.

Far and near the hideous whooping
Of the painted Indians, trooping
For the foray, peeled upon her with a weird,
unearthly sound;
While great arakes were gliding past her,
As she sped on fast and faster,
And disaster on disaster seemed to threaten
all around.

Thus for twenty miles she travelled
Over pathways rough and ravalled,
Braving danger for her country like the fabled
ones of yore;
Till she reached her destination,
And forwarned the threatened station
Of the wave that was advancing to engulf it
deep in gore.

Just in time the welcome warning
Came unto the men, that, scorned
To retire before the foemen, rallied ready for
the fray;
And they gave such gallant greeting,
That the foe was soon retreating
Back in wild dismay and terror on that
glorious battle day.

Few returned to tell the story
Of the conflict sharp and goary,
That was won with brilliant glory by that
brave Canadian band.
For the host of prisoners captured
Far outnumbered the enraptured
Little group of gallant soldiers fighting for
their native land.

Braver deeds are not recorded
In historic treasures hoarded,
Than the march of Laura Secord through the
forest long ago;
And no nobler deed of daring
Than the cool and crafty snaring
By that band at Beaver Dam of all that well-
appointed foe.

But we know if war should ever
Boom again o'er field or river,

And the herds of the invader should appear
within our land,
Far and wide the trumpets pealing,
Would awake the same old feeling,
And again would deeds of daring sparkle out
on every hand.

CHRIST INTERCEDES FOR US.

To intercede is to ask a favour for some one else. Suppose some little girl wants a new doll. She asks papa to buy her one, but he does not promise. Then the little girl goes to her mamma and asks her to please tell papa to get her a doll. Mamma has a tender heart and so she says to papa, "Bessie wants a doll, and I wish you would buy her one." Do you know what mamma is doing? She is interceding for Bessie.

The Lord Jesus intercedes to our heavenly Father for us. He asks God for his sake to give us what is for our good.

We are sinners. God is angry with us because of our sins. But we have a good friend. That good friend is the Lord Jesus, who is God's only Son. He asks God not to be angry at us but to forgive us. And for the sake of his only Son God does forgive us. When we want God to do anything for us we must always say, "for Christ's sake."

There was once a man who had three friends. He knew them well and lived near them. This man got into trouble. His king heard that he had done something bad, and ordered that he should be put to death. This made the man feel very sad. He went to one of his three friends, the one he liked the best, and asked him to go and beg the king to spare his life. But this friend would not go.

He went to his second friend and asked him to go with him and intercede for him to the king. This second friend went along. But when they got to the king's gate the friend would go no further.

Then the man went to his third friend, the one he loved least of all. This friend knew the king, and the king knew him. He gladly went with the man. The king heard what he had to say and for his sake forgave the one who had been condemned to death.

Children, we sinners have three friends. The one whom we love the best is the world, that is, money, houses, farms, and the like. But when we have to die, and most of all need a friend, our money and farms can do no good. Worldly things can not give us a happy death.

The second friend is our loved ones who care about us. They can go with us through our sickness. They can comfort and cheer us as we lie on our bed of pain. But when we get to the King's gate, which is death, our dear ones leave us like the second friend in the story. Earthly friends can do us good in life, but not in death.

The third friend, the one we love least of all, is the Lord Jesus. He goes with us through the valley and shadow of death. He does not forsake us. He stays by us even as we enter the presence of the great Judge of heaven and earth. He then intercedes for us. And God for Christ's sake will receive us, and will say, "Enter into the joy of thy Lord." How glad we should be to have such a friend!

"Let no man beguile you of your reward."

FRED AND THE MICE.

FRED was a little five-year-old boy. Everybody loved him; for he was a contented and happy child. He thought himself a little hero, and often, armed with a stick, made war on the chickens and the geese. Although Fred thought himself so brave, there was one animal of which he was much afraid. What do you think it was? Well, it was a mouse! Such a little animal could make our young hero trouble and cry.

In the evening when Fred went to bed he was obliged to go through an unused room, where the mice seemed to hold possession. When he saw them running over the floor, or heard them gnawing, he would cry, in a cowardly way, for his mamma to come to him. One evening his mamma was sick and his nurse was away from home. There was no one there but his papa, who was in the sitting room reading the paper. He told Fred it was time for him to go to bed.

"Oh, papa, will you not take me to bed? I do not wish to go through that room alone."

"What do you fear?" asked his father.

"I am afraid of the mice, and I believe there are rats, too."

"If that is all," answered his father, "I can soon help you."

He took pen, ink, and paper, and quickly wrote the following:

"To all the rats and mice in this house: I hereby command you to let my little son go through all the rooms of this house unmolested. Any rat or mouse that does not obey will be dealt with according to law."

She father signed and then read the paper to his son.

Fred took it, thanked him, said "Good-night" very prettily, and went to bed. He was no longer afraid. He had often seen his father give passes to people who wished to make a railroad journey, so he had a high opinion of passes written by his father.

When he came to the door of the room he stopped and said in a loud voice, "Rats and mice, you cannot hurt me, for here is my pass." And so he did every night afterward until he became a large boy, and was no longer afraid of rats and mice.

Can not our little readers have faith in their heavenly Father as this little boy had faith in his father?—*From the German.*

HOW DRUNKARDS ARE MADE.

At one of the meetings in Philadelphia, during the recent week of prayer, one of the speakers related this incident:

A lad was approached by one of those dispensers of that which deprive men of their property and destroys both body and soul, who solicited him to come into his place of destruction and take a glass of lemonade. The boy hesitated, but on being skurred that he would get nothing but a glass of nice, sweet lemonade, he was induced to go in. Sure enough, he was offered and partook of what had been promised him, and nothing more. This was repeated several times, till at length, the trap having been set, it was now time to spring it. Accordingly, the rum-seller began his work by dropping in the glass of lemonade one drop of strong liquor, increasing it so

as thus imperceptibly to form in the lad a taste for it. As the boy never paid for his drinks one of the old customers of the place asked the landlord why he so favoured the boy. He replied by pointing and saying, "Do you see that fine mansion upon the hill yonder? That belongs to the boy's father, and will probably soon belong to him, and then in turn it may belong to me."

Fiendish! Horrible! A long-headed, deep-laid scheme to ruin a family and rob them of their property; for certainly such a scheme, if successful, could be looked upon as nothing less than downright robbery, and as much a penitentiary offence as any other kind of robbery. And if there is any one place of greater punishment in the devil's kingdom than another, is not such a one entitled to share in it?

But are not all rum-sellers alike in this respect? They do not care who is hurt, who comes to grief, who suffers the pangs of hunger and cold, who goes to a home of sorrow and wretchedness, whose children cry for bread or whose wife is abused, or beaten, or murdered, so they but fill their own coffers and live on the fat of the land through their ill-gotten gains. For the most of them take good care not to jeopardize their own property by indulging in excess in the nasty and destructive stuffs that they deal out to others.—*Van.*

HER GRAMMAR.

It is a pathetic sight to watch the meanderings of the childish mind through the intricacies of English grammar. Little Jane had been repeatedly reproved for doing violence to the moods and tenses of the verb "to be." She would say, "I be," instead of, "I am," and for a time it seemed as if no one could prevent it. Finally Aunt Kate made a rule not to answer any incorrect question, but to wait until it was corrected.

One day the two sat together, Aunt Kate busy with her embroidery and little Jane over her dolls. Presently doll society became tedious, and the child's attention was attracted to the embroidery frame.

"Aunt Kate," said she, "please tell me what that is going to be?"

But Aunt Kate was counting and did not answer. Fatal word *be!* It was her old enemy, and to it alone could the child ascribe the silence that followed.

"Aunt Kate," she persisted, with an honest attempt to correct her mistake, "please tell me what that is going to *am!*"

Still auntie sat silently counting, though her lip curled with amusement.

Jane sighed, but made another patient effort.

"Will you please tell me what that is going to *are!*"

Aunt Kate counted on, perhaps by this time actuated by a wicked desire to know what would come next. The little girl gathered her energies for one last great effort:

"Aunt Kate, what *am* that going to *are!*"—*YOUTH'S COMPANION.*

NONE knows, save he that feels them, how burning hot the fiery darts of Satan are; neither can any know the worth of faith to quench them but he that hath it.

SUMMER SILENCE.

BY MARY B. DODD.

HERE is stillness, rapturous stillness, in the August afternoon, Though the low-sung leaflets quiver to the crickets' drowsy tune.

The droning of the crickets—did it break the breathless swoon Of the half-unconscious senses, in this August afternoon!

Oh the echoes of the silence of this strangely vocal hour, Outflowing from the honey-bee that hums above the flower,

Yes, the golden day is dreamful, through the music summer breaths— Her myriad voices quickened like her myriad-flowering seeds—

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

A.D. 30.] LESSON VII. [Aug. 15.

JESUS TEACHING HUMILITY.

John 13. 1-17. Commit to mem. vs. 15-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.—John 13. 17.

OUTLINE.

- 1. A Holy Thought, v. 1. 2. A Lowly service, v. 2-11. 3. A Lordly Example, v. 12-17.

TIME.—Thursday night. The night before the crucifixion.

PLACE.—Jerusalem: the upper room where he kept the feast.

EXPLANATIONS.—Supper being ended—The passover feast which they were observing in the upper room in Jerusalem. Laid aside his garments—Put off his outer mantle, or seamless robe, which was the usual dress in which he appeared.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

- 1. The divine example of love? 2. The divine example of humility? 3. The divine example of forbearance?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What took place on the evening before the Saviour's death? His last supper with the disciples. 2. What is said of his love to his disciples at that time? "He loved them to the end."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The nature of true service.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

42. How is God righteous or just? His laws and government are righteous; and he will reward and punish justly.

A.D. 30.] LESSON VIII. [Aug 22.

WARNING TO JUDAS AND PETER.

John 13. 21-38. Commit to mem. vs. 30-35.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. 1 Cor. 10. 12.

OUTLINE.

- 1. The Servant of Satan, v. 21-30. 2. The Law of Love, v. 31-35. 3. The Mistaken Disciple, v. 36-38.

TIME, PLACE. See preceding lesson EXPLANATIONS.—Troubled in spirit—Saddened, depressed to the depth of his soul that a friend should be the one to betray him.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

- 1. The treachery of formal service? 2. The forbearance of Jesus? 3. The duty of brotherly love?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Of what did Jesus forewarn his disciples at the last supper? That one of them should betray him. 2. Who was the betrayer of Jesus? Judas Iscariot. 3. What led him to this act? The love of money.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Deliverance to Satan.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

43. How is God faithful and true? His words are always true, and his promises can never fail.

A HARD SUM.

ARE you good at arithmetic? I will give you some losses to add up, and calculate how much they come to. They are the losses made by strong drink: Loss of money, time, health, business, character, friends, good conscience, feeling, mind, life, soul.

BEER OR A HOME—WHICH?

MRS. ANNIE WITTENMEYER, referring to the wastefulness of beer-drinking, says: "Where land is worth twenty dollars an acre, one glass of beer at five cents would represent a piece of land twelve feet long and nine feet wide; and this money duly invested in this land, would be paving the way to a good home and prosperity all around."

METHODIST MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXIV.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1886.

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