

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

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

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

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

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.

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

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

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, JULY 7, 1888.

[No. 14.



THE BABY.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Precious Ointment.

Do not keep your box of ointment;
Break it o'er your friends to-day;
Do not keep it in the darkness,
Halt forgotten, laid away,
Little deeds of love and kindness,
Don't forget to give them now;
Don't forget to smooth the pillow—
Don't forget to bathe the brow.

Send your flowers to the living;
Do not keep them for the grave—
They may comfort some poor mourner,
They may strengthen, help and save.
Send them in their fragrant beauty—
Show your friendship true and warm;
What would care a rosewood casket?
What would care a hibernian form?

Hearts there are with burdens laden,
Bearing bravely toil and care;
Ready to receive your kindness
Should you have your ointment there.
Don't forget the kindly counsel—
Don't forget the loving tone;
They will make the cross seem lighter
To some sorrow laden one.

All along life's rugged pathway
Stretch your hand and lift your voice,
Bringing all your love and kindness,
Making every heart rejoice.
Keep your ointment ever ready;
Use it freely—there is room:
It will bring you richest blessings,
Soothe your passage to the tomb.
—Exchange.

THE BABY.

The poet Tupper has said, "A babe in a house is a well-spring of delight." Truer words were never uttered; there is something that appeals to all that is best in our natures in the guilelessness, and innocence, and winning ways of childhood. Small wonder that the loving Saviour took them in his arms and blessed them. He must have a cold, hard heart, who does not love the little children. There, angels do always behold the face of our Father who is in heaven.

Our cut is a very clever example of engraving. See how plainly the baby's face and the nurse's fingers show through the veil, and how delicately the embroidery is shown.

JUDGE NOT.

We have no right to judge others until we know all of the circumstances that influence their conduct. In many cases we might act like those we condemn, under like circumstances.

A young man employed in a printing office in one of our large cities, incurred the ridicule of the other compositors, on account of his poor clothes, and unsocial behaviour. On several occasions, subscription papers were presented to him for various objects, but he refused to give his money.

One day a compositor asked him to contribute for a picnic party, but was politely refused. "You are the most niggardly man ever employed in this office," said the compositor, angrily. "Stop," said the young man, choking with feeling, "you have insulted me." The other compositors gathered around the excited man. The young man looked at them for a few minutes with a famished look, and a strange fire in his eyes. "You little know," he

said, "how unjustly you have been treating me. For more than a year I have been starving myself to save money enough to send my poor blind sister to Paris, to be treated by a physician, who has treated many cases of blindness similar to hers. I have always done my duty here in this office, and have minded my own business. I am sacrificing everything in life for another. Would either of you do as much? Could you do more?" He had been judged without a knowledge of circumstances. Be slow to censure and condemn. We cannot read the hearts of others, and, in many cases, to know all is to judge all. Judge not, that ye be not judged.

DID NOT HEAR "THE VOICE."

THERE is a tradition in Italy that Columbus had an elder brother who was a builder in Genoa, and who refused to leave his work to go with the navigator in search of a land of gold and for empire beyond the western sea.

"You can go and look for kingdoms," he said, "but I will build my shops."

Columbus gave a new continent to the world, but the shops of his brother were torn down by the next generation.

In the village of Mount Holly, when John Woolman was a tailor there, lived a shoemaker named Babbitt, a Quaker also, and a man of practical sense and industry. John Woolman heard the heavenly Call to preach the gospel in the wilderness of the West, but Babbitt refused to go with him, and stitched his shoes. Woolman was "driven by the Spirit" to carry the good tidings to the Indians, and again to the slaves in the West Indies, but Babbitt worked on over his last.

The preacher grew old and gray obeying the Call which sent him here and there in the world to do his Master's will. Babbitt grew gray also—making shoes. Woolman followed the Voice to England, where the plague was raging, and there died. Babbitt, safe at home, made shoes until he died of old age.

Woolman's work and words have remained in the world like a pure, lofty hymn, to cheer and comfort countless souls. Babbitt's shoes were worn out and forgotten before he himself was dead and forgotten also.

There are many 'abbitts in every community. They are well-intentioned, honest men, who, finding some work in their hands at the beginning of their career, believe that it fills up the whole life, and shut their ears to the call of any higher duty. Martha, with the supper to make ready, was indignant with her sister who, instead of cooking, sat at the Master's feet. She could not see that meals would be cooked daily for ages, but that this was the one opportunity to receive truth and life from the Son of God.

How many Marthas plod wearily

on with their cooking! how many Babbitts bend over their lasts, deaf to the heavenly call which comes to them!

The churches are but brick and stone buildings to them, which they never enter; the woods, which are full of voices telling of God, are but so much timber; music, which carries infinite messages of peace and love to the soul, is a scientific noise. They "have their work to do" and they refuse to endue it with high and holy meaning.

Zebedee mended his nets while his sons followed Christ through self-sacrifice, suffering, and martyrdom, to his kingdom.

We all have nets to mend. But when the voice is heard saying, "Friend, come up higher," shall we shut our ears to it, and declare that life has nothing for us but the mending of nets?

Loss and Gain.

Do not count when day is o'er
Daily loss from life's rich store;
But the gains, however small,
Count them only, one and all.

Every sweet and gracious word,
Every pleasant truth you've heard;
Every tender glance and tone,
Every kindly deed you've known.

Every duty nobly done,
Every rightful victory won—
Treasure all, and count them o'er
As a miser counts his store.

But if bitter word or thought
Have a bitter harvest brought;
If some foe man hath assailed you,
Or the friend most trusted failed you;

If unkindness and untruth
Have to you brought saddest ruth,
Blot the score without delay—
Keep no record of _ _ day.

MARKETING IN CHINA.

A CHINESE market is noisy and animated. You ask the price of shad, for instance, or of crabs, and the dealer raises the price of an ounce by so many cash, which you have to beat down. What Adam Smith called the "higgling of the market," exists here in its perfection. After wasting considerable time in talking and splitting differences, you at last decide to buy, or the trader concludes to sell. But however much you may congratulate yourself on having made a good bargain, you cannot be certain that others may not make much better bargains with the same man. Vegetables are sold by other dealers, and the same process must be gone through before you can make a fair purchase. Grocery stores are plenty, and there you will find on sale all sorts of sauces, preserves, sugars, and so forth, in fact whatever is dealt in by grocers in America.

Beef is not often eaten by the Chinese, on account of their religious scruples, most of them being tinged, more or less, with Buddhism, but especially because the ox is used in plowing. Occasionally you will see stall

for the sale of beef. Through the same prejudice, little cow's milk is used by the people, and that little is made into thin cakes, well salted, to be taken as a relish.

But a kind of cheese is made of bean curd. The beans are ground in hand-mills and dissolved in water, then strained and steamed. The result is a perfectly white cake, something like blanc-mange. It is eaten with shrimp sauce. This cake is also dried. There is also a sauce made from beans.

You perhaps wonder why I have not described the cats, kittens, and dogs, which are said to be the common food of the Chinese people. The reason is because no such things are to be found in the market. In fact, I know of no place where such articles of food can be had, except in a low part of Canton, where people who are almost starved will buy almost anything to sustain life. The Chinese people live on wholesome food, as you will learn from good authorities. They eat rice as you eat bread. They make cakes of wheat, too.—From "A Chinese Market," by Yan Phou Lee.

A NEW LEAF.

HARRY WILDE says he has "turned over a new leaf." His teacher thinks he has, and his mother knows he has. The boys, Harry's old companions, laugh a little, and say, "Just wait a while and you'll see."

What has Harry done?

He has smoked his last cigarette; he has bought his last sensational story; he has taken hold of his school-work in earnest; he has turned his back on the "fast" boys, and says to them in a manly way, when they want him to join them in some of their old-time wicked fun, "I can't go into that with you, boys."

At home he is a different boy. There is no more teasing to spend his evenings in the street; no more slamming of doors when he is not allowed to have his own way; no more sour looks and lagging footsteps when required to obey.

Just this:—A looking-glass was held before Harry's eyes; in it he saw himself a selfish, conceited, wilful boy, on the road to ruin. The sight startled him, as well it might. He did not shut his eyes, as he might have done, but he looked long enough to see that he was fast getting to bear the likeness of one of Satan's boys, and he said: "This won't do! I must be one of God's boys."

Harry soon found that he could not change one of his evil ways, so he was obliged to let God make the change in him; and it is indeed a great change.

Harry has chosen "the good" Will you, dear boy? Will you, dear girl?

"My dear," he said, "what is the difference between ingenious and ingenuous?" "The difference between u and i, my love," she replied.

The Barren Tree.

THREE stood in a beautiful garden
A tall and stately tree;
Crowned with its shining leafage,
It was wondrous fair to see;
But the tree was always fruitless;
Never a blossom grew
On its long and beautiful branches
The whole bright season through.

The lord of the garden saw it,
And he said, when the leaves were sore:
"Cut down this tree so worthless,
And plant another here.
My garden is not for beauty
Alone, but for fruit as well;
And no barren tree must cumber
The place in which I dwell."

The gardener heard in sorrow,
For he loved the barren tree
As we love some things above us
That are only fair to see.
"Leave it one season longer—
Only one more, I pray."
He pleaded; but the master
Was firm, and answered, "Nay."

Then the gardener dug about it,
And cut the roots apart,
And the fear of the fate before it
Struck home to the poor tree's heart.
Faithful and true to his master,
Yet loving the tree so well,
The gardener toiled in sorrow
Till the stormy evening fell.

"To-morrow," he said, "I will finish
The task that I have begun."
But the morrow was wild with tempest,
And the work remained undone.
And through all the long, bleak winter
There stood the desolate tree,
With the cold, white snow about it,
A sorrowful thing to see.

At last, the sweet spring weather
Made glad the hearts of men,
And the tree in the lord's fair garden
Put forth their leaves again.
"I will finish my task to-morrow,"
The busy gardener said,
And thought, with a thrill of sorrow,
That the beautiful tree was dead.

The lord came into his garden
At an early hour next day,
And then to the task unfinished
The gardener led the way.
And lo! all white with blossoms,
Fairer than ever to see,
In its promise of coming fruitage
There stood the beautiful tree!

"It is well," said the lord of the garden,
And he and the gardener knew
That out of his loss and trial
Its promise of fruitfulness grew.
It is so with some lives that cumber
For a time the Lord's domain;
Out of trial and mighty sorrow
There cometh a countless gain,
And fruit for the Master's pleasure
Is born of loss and pain.

**WHERE IVORY COMES FROM—
ITS USE.**

MAMMOTH tusks of ivory occasionally come to this country from Siberia, but as these have been lying exposed for centuries, and probably for many thousands of years, and often buried in ice, the "nature" has gone out of them, and they are not fit for the cutter's use. The teeth of the walrus and hippopotamus are used in considerable quantity, and being of suitable size, are used whole for making expensive carved handles.

Ivory of the best quality comes from the west coast of Africa under the

names of Cameroon, Angola and Gaboon ivory. This is brought down from the interior, and retains a large proportion of the fat or gelatine from the fact, probably, that it is more recently from the animal. In this state it is called "green ivory." It is more translucent and not so white as the Egyptian and other kinds, called "white" ivory, that have been lying a longer time and in a more sandy region, and exposed to the heat of the sun until the animal matter has disappeared.

The excellence of the "green" ivory consists in its greater toughness and in its growing whiter by age, instead of yellow, as in the case with the whiter varieties. Yet buyers of cutlery, through ignorance of these qualities, usually prefer the whiter kinds, which, on that account, are more in demand for the Sheffield trade, and have more than doubled in price since 1879.

The sales of ivory occur every three months at London and Liverpool, and sales are also held to a limited extent and at irregular intervals at Rotterdam. At Liverpool only ivory of the best quality and from the west coast of Africa is offered. Buyers from Germany and France and agents of American consumers attend these sales, and it is estimated that about one quarter of the whole amount goes to Sheffield, another quarter to London, and the other half to Germany, France and the United States.—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE ODD OCCIDENTAL OWL.

AMONG all the birds of America there are none better deserving to receive the protection of the laws than the little prairie owls of the Pacific slope. They may generally be seen sitting on a heap of sand thrown up by the prairie dog in digging his hole. This hole is appropriated by the owl for his house, and as you ride past he never fails to salute you with a very polite bow, and in the style of a real gentleman. The female may often be seen with her half-grown brood sitting at the entrance of an invisible prairie dog hole. Should you come too near she makes her obeisance and retires with her little ones as gracefully as might a fashionable lady. Because of the positive good he does in the destruction of many harmful insects and reptiles, and especially the scorpion, he should have protection. In Southern California and the warmer parts of Utah and Arizona, every summer evening brings forth numbers of scorpions. They get into the gardens and infest the paths and walks about dooryard and gardens; and but for the appetite and industry of the owl they would become an intolerable nuisance in these hot climates for three or four months of the year. At such seasons our little owl comes quietly about the house at dusk, every night, and picks up the scorpions by

scores. Usually he has some place near by, as the cornice of the house or some broad beam in the barn, where he deposits his load and eats what he desires. He devours only the soft part of the body of the scorpion, leaving the head, claws and tail of the reptile, until there may often be found a quart or more of such remains at the place he has chosen for his nightly banquet.—*Forest and Stream.*

**ACROSS THE RUSSIAN
FRONTIER.**

GEORGE KENNAN contributes to the *May Century* an illustrated description of his trip across the Russian frontier, and the following extract shows what the author and the artist found when they reached the boundary. A picture of such a scene as the one described here forms the frontispiece of the number.—

"We sprang out of the tarantas and saw, standing by the roadside, a square pillar, ten or twelve feet in height, of stuccoed or plastered brick, bearing on one side the coat of arms of the European province of Perm, and on the other that of the Asiatic province of Tobolsk. It was the boundary post of Siberia. No other spot between St. Petersburg and the Pacific is more full of painful suggestions, and none has for the traveller a more melancholy interest than the little opening in the forest where stands this grief-consecrated pillar. Here hundreds of thousands of exiled human beings—men, women, and children; princes, nobles, and peasants—have bidden good-bye forever to friends, country, and home.

"No other boundary post in the world has witnessed so much human suffering, or been passed by such a multitude of heartbroken people. More than 170,000 exiles have travelled this road since 1878, and more than half a million since the beginning of the present century.

"As the boundary post is situated about half-way between the last European and the first Siberian étape, it has always been customary to allow exile parties to stop here for rest, and for a last good-bye to home and country. The Russian peasant, even when a criminal, is deeply attached to his native land; and heartrending scenes have been witnessed around the boundary pillar when such a party, overtaken, perhaps, by frost and snow in the early autumn, stopped here for a last farewell. Some gave way to unrestrained grief; some comforted the weeping; some knelt, and pressed their faces to the loved soil of their native country, and collected a little earth to take with them into exile; and a few pressed their lips to the European side of the cold brick pillar, as if kissing good-bye forever to all that it symbolized.

"At last the stern order, 'Stroisa!' ['Form ranks!'] from the under officer of the écuvey, put an end to the rest

and the leave-taking, and toward the 'March' the gray-coated troop of exiles and convicts crossed themselves hastily altogether, and, with a confused jangling of chains and leg-fetters, moved slowly away past the boundary post into Siberia."

How Easy It Is.

How easy it is to spoil a day!
The thoughtless word of a cherished friend,
The selfish act of a child at play,
The strength of a will that will not bend,
The slight of a comrade, the scorn of a foe,
The snail that is full of bitter taings—
They all can tarnish its golden glow,
And take the grace from its airy wings.

How easy it is to spoil a day
By the force of a thought we did not check;
Little by little we mould the clay,
And little flaws may the vessel wreck.
The careless waste of a white-winged hour,
That held the blessings we long had sought,
The sudden failure of wealth or power,
And, lo! the day with ill is wrought.

How easy it is to spoil a life—
And many are spoiled ere well begun—
In home light darkened by sin and strife,
Or downward course of a cherished one;
By toil that robs the form of its grace,
And undermines till health gives way;
By the peevish temper, the frowning face,
The hopes that go, and the cares that stay.

A day is too long to be spent in vain;
Some good should come as the hours go by;
Some tangled maze may be made more plain,
Some lowered glance may be raised on high,
And life is too short to spoil like this,
If only a prelude it may be sweet;
Let us bind together our thread of bliss,
And nourish the flowers around our feet.

ORIGIN OF "WATCH-NIGHT."

It was a fashion among the early Methodists to spend the closing hours of the old year in religious services, and this custom is still kept up, more generally, perhaps, among the English Methodists than with us. The custom originated in Bristol at the close of the year 1710. The Kingswood colliers, many of whom were very bad men, had been in the habit of spending the last hours of every old year in dissipation. Some of them were converted under the ministry of the Wesleys and of Whitefield. Among them was one James Rogers, who had been a great fiddler and leader in dissipation among his neighbours. On his conversion he burned his fiddle and began to lead a new life. As the year came to a close he proposed that, instead of keeping a midnight revelry as heretofore, he and his neighbours should have a midnight season of prayer. To this they agreed, and at half-past eight the people gathered and continued in praise and prayer until the year had closed. After this for a long time, "watch-night," as it was called, was observed monthly. Every sensible person will admit that this was a much better way "to see the old year out and the new year in" than the former custom of revelry and drunkenness. Every man ought to begin the year sober and to keep sober until the year ends, and then begin and continue the other years in the same way. This is a sure preventive of drunkenness.—*S. S. Clemens.*

We Know Not.

THERE may not be time on the morrow
For all the grand deeds we have planned;
It may be too late for our sorrow,
Too late for the kind, helping hand.

The friend whom we hurt in the morning
Ere night may be gone from our reach;
The lips that brought us grave warning
Too soon may be closed to all speech.

Death's angel may knock at our portal
While we are too hurried for prayer;
The light of that country immortal
May dawn on our lives unaware.

At twilight the latch may be lifted;
Or at night, when the world is at rest,
The darkness be suddenly rifted
And pale hands be clasped on our breast.

Ah! sometime, uncared for, unheeded,
Earth's glories shall proffer their dower—
While penitent faith is sore needed—
We know not the day nor the hour.

OUR PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

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

Christian Guardian, weekly \$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96pp., 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, 16 pp., 8vo 0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$3 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a doz; 50c. per 100.

House and School, 8 pp., 6to., 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 20 copies..... 0 25
Over 20 copies..... 0 22

Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies... 0 15
20 copies and upwards..... 0 12

Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies.. 0 15
20 copies and upwards..... 0 12

Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month... \$ 50

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

C. W. COATS, 3 Bleury Street, Montreal.
S. F. HUNTER, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N. S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.
Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JULY 7, 1888.

THE TOBACCO VICE.

A GENTLEMAN in one of our Canadian towns sends us the following letter:—

"Dear Sir,—Knowing the interest you take in condemning the use of tobacco, I take the liberty of sending you one of my circulars, also one of the circulars to which I refer. I do think that if our ministers and Church consider the habit wrong, it is time the matter was taken up in the Conferences, and their opinion pronounced upon it."

The circular reads thus:—

"For a long time I have had my doubts as to its being right for me to sell tobacco, especially when called upon—as I frequently have been—to sell to boys. I could not conscientiously use it; and some of my friends tell me it is just as bad to sell it. I have made a careful estimate, and am of the opinion that not less than four thousand dollars—probably over five thousand dollars—is spent annually on tobacco in this town. This is cer-

tainly a great waste for that which does harm rather than good. The Scriptures saith: 'Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.' I have never felt that I could sell tobacco to his glory; and I do not want to be engaged in anything upon which I cannot ask his blessing. If it is true, as is generally admitted by those who use tobacco, that it is a bad habit—and I have never known a father who would want his son to become addicted to it—then, I think, every Christian ought to use his or her influence in persuading young men to avoid it; especially as the business community, at the present time, is being flooded with circulars and advertisements recommending the sale of cigarettes, with the use of which many boys commence the habit. I have felt that I could not do this consistently while engaged in the sale of tobacco, and for these and other reasons I have decided to give it up. I am aware it may interfere with my business relations, as some of my best friends and customers buy and use tobacco."

The cigarette circular says:—
"We deem it of interest to draw attention to the fact that the demand for cigarettes throughout Canada is unparalleled, and in this respect is following in the footsteps of the United States and Europe, where their consumption is ever on the increase. Dealers have, in the sale of cigarettes, a large field for additional profits to their business, and which can be made one of its best paying branches."

Thus the boys in our families—the hope of our households—are sacrificed to the greed for gain of the manufacturers of these pernicious articles. Experts say that the use of cigarettes is even worse than that of cigars. We hope that every conscientious Methodist will refrain from their sale, and discourage their use in every way. Another devilish wile by which the sale of these articles is encouraged, is the use of garish pictures—often of an indecent character—which accompany each package. Next to the liquor habit, the use of tobacco is one of the great evils of the day. We are disgusted every time we travel by the selfishness of smokers, and the filth they cause in the cars in which poor people, and often delicate women, have to remain.

The following indignant protest in a daily paper is not too strong:—

"Will you permit me to protest against what for years past has been becoming an unmitigated nuisance. The idea of allowing a hundred or two of young men and boys to occupy the best parts of the steamer, puffing the abominable stench into the faces and down the throats of a lot of seasick ladies and children, and ejecting their saliva about the deck, to be mopped up by the dresses and wraps of the former, is a foul offence against common decency that ought not any longer to be tolerated. The one object sought in these short afternoon



CROWNING THE MAY QUEEN.

CROWNING THE MAY QUEEN.

IN many parts of England the old custom prevails of crowning the May Queen with dance and song. The method shown in our picture seems to us much better. Not one alone is crowned with flowers, but several: the most diligent scholars are, at the summer picnic of the school, crowned with flowers and with the love of their teachers and fellow-scholars.

BE ACCURATE.

MAKE it a habit to be accurate in everything you do. Never make a single step until you are sure that it is just what you want. Be accurate in your writing. Dot your "i's" and cross your "t's" is what our school-teacher used to ding into our ears in our boyhood days, and it taught us habits of accuracy which we never had cause to regret. In sending orders to your merchant, be accurate in them; put down just what you want and how you want it in such plain language that you can't be misunderstood. Be very careful to get your address right, street, number, town, county, and State, and you will save a great deal of trouble at the office where your order is received. A great deal of the misery in this world is caused by inaccuracy of word or deed.—Exchange.

WOULD JAR THE EARTH.

IF I could gather all the armies of the dead drunkards and have them come to convention, and then add to that host all the armies of living drunkards—five and ten abreast; and then if I could have you mount a horse and ride until he fell from exhaustion, and you would mount another horse and ride along that line for review, you would ride that horse until he fell from exhaustion; and you would take another, and another, and you would ride along hour after hour and day after day. Great hosts, in regiments, in brigades. Great armies of them. And then if you had voice enough stentorian to enable them all to hear, and you could give the command, "Forward, march!" their first tramp would jar the foundation of the earth.—Selected.

COME and return unto the Lord. Only acknowledge your transgressions, for it is written, "He that covereth his sin shall not prosper, but whose confesseth and forsaketh it, shall find mercy;" "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin;" "Through his name, whosoever believeth on him shall receive remission of sins."



BUYING AND SELLING IN THE TEMPLE.

Dominion Anthem.

BY THE REV. T. CLEWORTH.

God of our hope and trust,
Thou holy, wise, and just,
In mercy shine!

Oh, bless this northern land,
Our fair Canadian strand;
And all our hearts command,
For we are thine.

Our people all impress
With truth and righteousness;
Build up in thee.

Direct us day by day,
Make known thy saving way,
Who dost the sceptre away
O'er land and sea?

Let selfish interests fall,
Give equal rights to all
Of every creed.

Let peace and love extend,
Let every spirit blend
To serve the wisest end
By thee decreed.

To build one brotherhood,
Sober and wise and good,
Based on thy hand.

To work with heart and will
The world with light to fill,
And bid each soul to thrill,
At love's command.

God save our northern land!
Let this dominion stand
For truth and right.

One people may we be,
Made one by love of thee,
United brave and free
In thy great might!

BUYING AND SELLING IN THE TEMPLE.

This is a graphic picture of the buying, and selling, and huxtering, and money changing, which used to go on in the temple at Jerusalem in the days of our Lord, to the great profanation of that holy place. Small wonder that our Lord, filled with righteous indignation, made a scourge of cords and drove out those who thus made the house of God a den of thieves. God will have his house consecrated to holy work. Let us beware how we profane it in our day by anything that is inconsistent with the holy uses for which it is set apart.

THE BIBLE IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

BIBLES were never used in the Sunday-school as generally and as freely as they are to-day. They are as common now, in the Sunday-school, as were catechisms and question-books, with all the answers printed out, half a century ago. There are literally thousands of Sunday-schools where passages from the Bible are read in alternation by the superintendent and his school, as a portion of the opening exercises, every Sunday. There are certainly many hundreds, if not many thousands, of Sunday-schools, where a show of the Bibles—the scholars and teachers holding up their Bibles at the call of the superintendent—is a common practice, as tending to promote uniformity in the bringing of Bibles to the Sunday-school. There are single Sunday-schools where, on an average, at least five hundred Bibles are thus held up at the superintendent's call every Sunday in the year; and there are even other Sunday-schools where the Bibles thus exhibited every Sunday number more than a thousand. There are Sunday-schools where at least one Bible to every class is provided by the school itself, in addition to all the Bibles brought to the school by scholars and teachers. And this large multiplication of Bibles in the Sunday-school dates, as a new start, from the introduction of the International lesson system, with its literature of lesson leaves and lesson helps in infinite variety. A single illustration is sufficient to indicate the whole current of affairs in this direction. During the first seven years of this new system of lesson study, the aggregate issues of Bibles and Testaments by the American Bible Society was a little short of 6,900,000. During the second seven years, the aggregate issue was more than 10,800,000,—an increase of nearly sixty per cent. And

this takes no account of the very large introduction, meanwhile, of English Bibles from the Oxford Press, from the London Bible House, and from the Bagsters; nor does it include the millions of lesson leaves containing precious portions of God's Word as the leaves of the tree for the healing of the nations—*S. S. Times*.

The King's Messenger;

OR,

Lawrence Temple's Probation.

(A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.)

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER V.

THE LUMBER CAMP IN WINTER.

All night the snow came down, all night,
Silent and soft and silvery white;
Gently robing in spotless folds
Town and tower and treeless woods:
On homes of living, and graves of the dead,
Where each sleeper lies in his narrow bed:
On the city's roofs, on the marts of trade,
On rustic hamlet and forest glade:

When the morn arose, all bright and fair,
A wondrous vision gleamed through the air:
The world transfigured and glorified,
Shone like the blessed and holy Bride—
The fair now earth, made free from sin,
All pure without and pure within,
Arrayed in robes of spotless white
For the Heavenly Bridegroom in glory dight.
—WITHROW.

THAT beautiful season, the Canadian autumn, passed rapidly by. The air was warm and sunny and exhilarating by day, though cool by night. The fringe of hardwood trees along the river's bank, touched by the early frost as if by an enchanter's wand, was changed to golden and scarlet and crimson, of countless shades, and, in the transmitted sunlight, gleamed with hues of vivid brilliancy. The forest looked like Joseph in his coat of many colours, or like a medieval

herald, the vaunt-courier of the winter, with his tabard emblazoned with gules and gold.

Then the autumnal gusts careered like wild bandits through the woods, and wrestled with the gorgeous-foliated trees, and despoiled them of their gold, and left them stripped naked and bare to shiver in the wintry blast. In their wild and prodigal glee they whirled the stolen gold in lavish largess through the air, and tossed it contemptuously aside to accumulate in drifts in the forest aisles, and in dark eddies by the river side. Then the gloomy sky lowered, and the sad rains wept, and the winds, as if stricken with remorse, wailed a requiem for the dead and perished flowers.

But there came a short season of reprieve before stern winter asserted his sway. A soft golden haze, like the aureole round the head of a saint in Tintoretto's pictures, filled the air. The sun swung lower and lower in the sky, and viewed the earth with a pallid gleam. But the glory of the sunsets increased, and the delicate intricacy of the leafless trees was relieved against the glowing western sky, like a coral grove bathing its branches in a crimson sea.

Clouds of wild pigeons winged their way in wheeling squadrons through the air, at times almost darkening the sun. The wedge-shaped fleets of wild geese steered ever southward, and their strange wild clang fell from the clouds by night like the voice of spirits from the sky. The melancholy cry of the loons and solitary divers was heard, and long whirring flights of wild ducks rose from the water in the dim and misty dawn to continue their journey from the lonely northern lakes and far-off shores of Hudson's Bay to the genial Southern marshes and meres, piloted by that unerring Guide who feedeth the young ravens when they cry and giveth to the beasts of the earth their portion of meat in due season.

The squirrels had laid up their winter store of acorns and beach nuts and could be seen whisking their bushy tails around the bare trunks of the trees. The partridges drummed in the woods, and the quail piped in the open glades. The profusion of feathered game gave quite a flavour of luxury to the meals of the shanty-men, and was a temptation that few resisted to spend the hours of Sunday beating the woods or lurking on the shore for partridge or duck.

One morning, however, late in November, a strange stillness seemed to have fallen on the camp. Not a sound floated to the ear. A deep muffled silence brooded over all things. When Lawrence rose and flung open the door of the shanty the outer world seemed transfigured. The whole earth was clothed in robes of spotless white, "so as no fuller on earth can white them," like a bride adorned for her husband. Each twig and tree was wreathed with "ermine too dear for

an earl." The stables and sheds were roofed as with marble of finest Carrara, carved into curving drifts with fine sharp ridges by the delicate chiseling of the wind. A spell seemed brooding over all,

Silence, silence everywhere—
On the earth and on the air;

and out of the infinite bosom of the sky the feathery silence continued to float down.

But, alas! earth's brightest beauty fades, its fairest loveliness is oftentimes defiled. Soon the trampling of teamsters, and horses, and lumbermen besmirched and befouled the exquisite whiteness of the snow. But the untrodden forest aisles, and the broad ice-covered river, and the distant hills retained their virgin purity all winter long.

The lumbering operations were carried on with increased vigour during the winter season. War was waged with redoubled zeal upon the forest veterans, which, wrapping their dark secrets in their breasts and hoary with their covering of snow, looked venerable as Angelo's marble-limbed Hebrew seers. When beneath repeated blows of the axe, like giants stung to death by gnats, they tottered and fell, the feathery flakes flew high in the air, and the huge trunks were half buried in the drifts. Then, sawn into logs or trimmed into spars, they were dragged with much shouting and commotion by the straining teams to the river brink, or cut on its frozen surface, to be carried down by the spring freshets toward their distant destination.

One night when the snow lay deep upon the ground and a biting frost made the logs of the shanty crack with a report like a pistol shot, quite an adventure occurred in the camp. It was long after midnight, and the weary lumbermen were in their deepest sleep. The fire had smouldered low upon the hearth, and had become a bed of still burning embers. Suddenly there was heard a tremendous commotion as of scratching and clawing on the roof, and then a heavy thud on the hearth as from some falling body. This was immediately followed by a deep growl that startled out of sleep everybody not already awake. A smell of singed hair filled the shanty. A large black object was dimly seen in the faint light rolling on the hearth, frantically scattering the red hot coals with its paws. Presently the strange object rolled off the elevated hearth and ran furiously round the large room, and finally attempted to climb one of the bunks. The occupant of the latter, a profane man, and a bully among his comrades, was at heart an arrant coward—as bullies always are. He thought that his last hours had arrived, and that the arch-enemy of mankind had come for his victim, and roared lustily for help. Lawrence, whose bunk was near, although the fellow had been ferocious in the

persecution of himself, ran to his assistance.

Leaning against the wall was a cant-hook, an instrument much used by lumbermen for rolling logs. It consists of a stout wooden lever, near the end of which is attached by a swivel a strong curved iron bar with a hook at its extremity. Seizing this Lawrence flung it over the bear's head, for bear it was, and held him pinned to the ground by means of the hook. His friend O'Neal now ran up with a gun which he had hastily snatched from the rack above his bunk. Placing the muzzle close to the bear's head he pulled the trigger expecting to see the animal roll over on the floor. The cap snapped but no flash followed.

"Och, murther," exclaimed Dennis, "it's not loaded at all, shure! Didn't I draw the charge last night not expecting a visit from a bear before morning!"

Here Bruin, finding the constraint of his position irksome, made a violent struggle and burst away from Lawrence. He went careering round the shanty among the half-dressed men, upsetting benches and tables, snapping and snarling all the while, vigorously belaboured by the shanty-men with clubs, crowbars, and sled-stakes. At last he was driven to bay in a corner. A gun was brought to bear upon him. He received its discharge with a growl and was soon despatched with an axe.

It was found in the morning that, attracted probably by the smell of the bacon that had been cooked for supper, whose savoury odours still filled the shanty, he had climbed on the roof by means of a "lean to" reaching near the ground. The crust of snow near the central opening breaking under his weight, he was precipitated, greatly to his own consternation, as well as that of the inmates of the shanty, plump into the middle of the hearth. His fat carcase made, however, some amends for his unwelcome intrusion, and many a laugh the shanty-men enjoyed over the tender bear-steaks as they recounted the adventures of the night. To Lawrence, by universal assent, was awarded the skin, which proved a comfortable addition to his bed, as well as enabling him to fulfil the parting injunction of his brother Tom.

Poor Dennis did not soon hear the last of his exploit in shooting the bear with an empty gun, but he good-naturedly replied,

"Shure, who expected to see a baste like that come in the door through the roof, without so much as 'By yer lave!' or even knockin'!"

The pluck and coolness and daring exhibited by Lawrence on this occasion found him much favour in the eyes of the motley community of shanty-men, as physical courage, always will, even those who had not appreciated the far nobler quality of his previous exhibitions of moral daring. They

saw that the "gentleman," as they had resentfully called him, on account of his quiet personal dignity, was no milksop, at all events, and his boldness in the hour of confusion and danger was contrasted with the craven fear of the bully and pugilist of the camp.

"The Chevalier de la Tour," exclaimed Baptiste, "could not have been braver."

"He was quite a Cœur de Lion," chimed in Matt Evans.

"What's that?" asked one of the men.

"It means he haf de heart of a lion," said Baptiste.

"E got the heart of the bear any 'ow," remarked a burly Yorkshireman, not seeing the force of the metaphor, "and uncommon good heatin' it were."

During the cold weather the men no longer wandered in the woods on Sunday, but lounged around the camp, some firing at a mark, others snow-balling or indulging in rude horse-play. Dennis O'Neal had completely abandoned his Sabbath-breaking practices, and Lawrence read the Bible to him and some others whom he invited to join him. A few loungingly assented and listened indifferently for a while, and then sauntered away. It might be called a Bible-class, only Lawrence answered all the questions, and he had the only Bible in the class. Dennis laboriously endeavoured to learn to read the large type advertisements of an old copy of the *Quebec Chronicle*. He said it was harder work than chopping. And so it looked, to see him crouched with contracted brow and pursed-up mouth over the paper, following the letters with his clumsy fingers.

One Sunday he said to Lawrence, "Couldn't ye tip us a bit of a sarmint, my boy? You seen a chip o' the ould block, an' ye ought to have praicher's timber in ye, if ye're a son o' yer fayther."

Lawrence was somewhat startled at the suggestion, but he modestly disavowed any ability to teach much less preach to his fellow labourers.

"Here we are all livin' like a lot o' haythens, and sorra a bit o' difference betune Sunday and Monday, except that the men smoke, and swear, and play cards more. Shure can't ye talk to us all, as ye talked to me, out o' the Good Book; d'ye mind, that time I was hurted?"

A great qualm came over Lawrence's soul at these words. He promised to give an answer before night. He then went out into the wintry woods to think and pray over the matter. The spruces and pines stretched out their snow-laden arms as if waving benedictions upon him.*

* See this idea beautifully expressed in Longfellow's sonnet on "The Benediction of the Trees."

Not only tongues of the apostles teach
Lessons of love and light, but these expanding
And shattering boughs with all their leaves im-
ply.
And say in language clear as human speech,
"The power of God that passeth understanding,
Be not afraid with you hereafter."

Into the blithe and breathing air,
Into the solemn wood,
Solemn and silent everywhere!
Nature with folded hands seemed there
Kneeling at her evening prayer,
As one in prayer he stood.

He had endeavoured conscientiously to discharge every duty, and believed himself willing, as he had told his mother, if God and the Church called him, and Providence opened his way, to preach the Gospel. But he had thought that such a call must come in a regular way through the ordinary channel—through a vote of the quarterly meeting putting his name on the circuit plan as exhorter and local preacher.

But here, by the mouth of this illiterate Irishman, among rude men and far from Christian sympathy—could this be a call from God to bear this heavy cross? He knelt in the snow and prayed with such sense-absorbing earnestness that he did not feel the biting wind blowing on his bare forehead. He rose from his knees with the resolve that he would be willing to do God's will whatever it might be, but still without the conviction that this was the will of God for him. The doubt was to be solved for him sooner than he thought.

THE BEECHWOODS CAMP-MEETING.

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems: in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication.

BRYANT—*Forest Hymn.*

When he reached the shanty, Lawrence found that Dennis, with characteristic impulsiveness, had interpreted his promise in the sense that he himself had wished, and had announced that Lawrence would preach that night. The announcement was received with an amount of criticism which convinced the generous-hearted Irishman that few of the company shared his enthusiastic feelings on the subject. Matt Evans volunteered to read the Church service, on the ground of having been an Oxford scholar, who "might now have been in holy orders if he hadn't been rusticated from old Brasenose."

There were, however, two difficulties in the way. In the first place the audience did not seem to appreciate his offer, some of them, with a rude backwoods sense of the fitness of things, threatening if he attempted such a mockery of religion to give him an opportunity of preaching from a rail-pulpit—meaning thereby that they would give him a gratuitous ride on that uncomfortable species of steed. The second difficulty was still harder to surmount: there was no Book of Common Prayer in the camp, and no one, not even this Oxford scholar on whose education the resources of the

great university of the Established Church, with its host of clerical professors and vast endowments, had been exhausted, knew more than fragmentary snatches of the order of prayer.

When Lawrence entered the shanty, therefore, he was met by Dennis with the startling information that he must preach to them, and that his congregation was all ready. Indeed nearly half of the company present, most of them in the expectation of having some fun at the expense of the boy, as they called him, had gathered in one end of the large room and were lounging on benches or tables or reclining in the bunks. It was a rough-looking group—red-shirted almost to a man, be-patched, unshaven, and almost as shaggy and unkempt in appearance as the bear which had so unceremoniously entered the camp a few nights before. A couple of Indians stood in the background, silent and stoical, smoking their pipes. In other parts of the room were men playing cards, talking or smoking, one making an axe helve, another repairing a snow-shoe, and a third cleaning a gun.

Lawrence had never studied rhetoric, but he began with a good rhetorical stroke.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I never attempted to preach in my life, and I don't think I could if I tried; but, if you wish it, I will be happy to read you a sermon a great deal better than any I could make."

The modesty of the lad pleased the fellows, but especially the complimentary title by which he addressed them. He had called them gentlemen, rough and ragged as they were, and they felt that they must not belie the character he had given them. There was therefore a murmur of applause, and he went to bring from his little kit his Bible, hymn-book, and an odd volume of Wesley's works containing half-a-dozen of his sermons. He opened by accident at the hymn, or was it accident?—it seemed so strikingly appropriate to the soul-wants of his audience:—

"O all that pass by, to Jesus draw near;
He utters his cry, ye sinners give ear;
From hell to retrieve you, he spreads out
his hands;
Now, now to receive you He graciously
stands.

"If any man thirst, and happy would be,
The vilest and worst may come unto me;
May drink of my spirit, excepted is none,
Lay claim to my merit, and take for his
own."

The hymn was sung to a fervid lilting tune, and before it was through everybody in the group was singing, and several from the other end of the room had joined the company.

Lawrence then said simply, "Let us pray," and kneeling down, he fervently uttered the common needs of all human souls to the common Saviour of mankind. He seemed to forget where he was, and talked with God, not as to a Being afar off in the sky, but as to

one near at hand, who would hear and answer his petition.

They then sang again, and Lawrence quietly read Mr. Wesley's grand sermon on Salvation by Faith. When he had got through, Evans, who during one of the intervals of singing had examined the book, said,—

"It's all right, boys. That's sound doctrine. That old don was a clergyman of the Church of England, and a Fellow of Oxford University, and he must have been a pretty good scholar to have been that. See, here he is, gown and bands and all the rest of it," and he held up the historic portrait that has been familiar to successive generations of Methodists throughout the world.

"He mought ha' ben a great scholar," said Jim Dowler, a raw Canadian youth, "but he talks jist as plain as Parson Turner, the Methody preacher, up to our village, and he never wuz to no 'varsity 'cept Backwoods College, as I knows on."

"What for is a man a scholar," asked Dennis O'Neal, very naturally, "unless to make hard things plain to unlearned folk?"

"Wal, I've seed college-larnt men that talked as if they'd swallered the dictionary an' it didn't agree with 'em—'t was so hard to get the hang o' their lingo," said our Canadian lad, who evidently had not acquired his vernacular from the dictionary.

"Did you know Mr. Turner," asked Lawrence?

"Wal, yaas," said Dowler. "Ther wuzn't many folks in our parts as didn't know him. Mighty peart preacher, he wuz, I 'low. Had a great pertracted meeting up to Brian's Corners, and Jim Collins and Jack Scoresby, they fit to see which on 'em 'd go hum with Samantha Cummins, old Widder Cummins' darter. An' 'tworn't three nights 'fore both on 'em got converted, they did, an' 'stead o' fightin' 'bout Samantha Cummins they wouldn't nuther on 'em go with her 'cause she wore artificials and went to dancin' school. Did you know him?"

"Yes," said Lawrence, "he was on the Thornville Circuit last year."

"Blest if these Methodists aint everywhere," said Evans.

"Wal, yaas," said Jim, "I've bin whar ye couldn't see no housen in five miles, 'way up the Otonabee River. Thar's whar I first seed Parson Turner: com'd all the way from the Bay o' Quinty, roads so bad coulqn't ride, had to walk good part o' the way. I've know'd people walk five miles bar'foot to hear 'im preach, and bring their own candles, too; an' he never wuz to no college, nuther," he concluded triumphantly, as though he thought having been to college was in some respect a disqualification for ministerial work.

"Let us 'ave some more de musique," said Baptiste, whose fine tenor voice was heard to advantage in the singing,

"or I vil ave to gif vous de 'Roubant ma boule."

Lawrence now gave out in succession several of Charles Wesley's matchless lyrics, whose warmth of sentiment, vivid imagery, and hearty music, strangely captivated the taste of these rude men. In this pleasant and profitable manner a portion of each Sunday and sometimes of a week evening was spent in the lumber camp.

As the stock of sermons in his precious volume became nearly exhausted Lawrence felt a good deal exercised in mind as to what he should do when he had gone through them all. This feeling was increased by the remark volunteered one Sunday by Dennis:

"That readin' 's all very well when ye can't get anythin' better; but couldn't ye jist tip us a serment o' yer own, wunst in a while by way of a change?"

"Yaas," said Dowler. "It don't seem to come hum to a feller like what it doos when ye speak it right outen your head, ye know. I see a college-larnt feller couldn't preach a sarmin no ways without his writin' afore 'im. Couldn't even say his prayers 'cep he 'read 'em outen a book. Guess he found it a hard sight preachin' at the camp-meeting at the Beech Woods, on the Otonabee Circuit. Old Elder Case wuz thar, his white hair a-streamin' in the wind while he exhorted the sinners—powerful hand to exhort, he wuz—an' a-half-a-dozen prayin' at wunst, an' as many more shoutin' 'Halleluyer!' and 'Hosanner,' an' p'taps a dozen fellers laughin', mockin' an' crackin' their whips among the trees. Takes a pretty peart preacher to keep his head in a meetin' like that.

"But Elder Case, he kep' 'em well in hand. He'd run a camp-meetin' jes as easy as I'd drive a yoke o' breechy steers, an' I don't know but a great sight easier. I see him wunst, when Jim Crowther and them fellers from Cavan, 'Cavan Blazers,' they used to call 'em, an' pretty rough fellers they wuz, swore they'd break up the camp-meetin'. Well, Jim Crowther, he wuz the ring-leader, an' he was a-cussin' an' a-swearin', an' he says, 'Wait, boys, till I giv' the word an' then make a rush for the stand an' we'll clar the ranch o' 'em white-chokered fellers.' An' the old Elder, he kep' his eye on 'em, an' he jes kep' on a-prayin'; an' he ast the Lord to smite them that troubled Izrel, and Jim Crowther, he began to tremble, an' soon he fell right down, an' the Elder came an' prayed for 'im an' talked with 'im, an' what d'ye think? that Jim Crowther that used to bully the hull neighbourhood, he got converted, an' he used to pray an sing hymns as loud in meetin' as ever he swore an' sang songs at the old Dog an' Gun tavern at Slocum's Corners."

"Oui, oui," said Baptiste La Tour, "ze preaching all vere well, but me like zo muzique."

"Ye'd oughter heered the singin' at the Beech Woods camp-meetin'," continued Dowler, to whom his experience on that occasion had been one of the chief events of his life. "When the meetin' got so noisy he couldn't exhort no longer, then old Elder Case, he'd stop, an' a powerful sweet singer he wuz, too. An' ther wuz a band o' Christian Injuns used to come to the meetin', an' it wuz the touchin'est thing to hear those poor creeters a-singin'—couldn't tell a word they said, ye know, but the tunes wuz the same, an' their voices wuz that sweet—well, I never heered nuthin' like it.

"Mighty solemn, the singin' wuz, too, sometimes; made yer feel wuss nor the preachin'. I member one night ther'd ben a drestle powerful sarmin by a tall, dark man, Elder Metcalf wuz his name. P'raps some on ye know'd 'im. It 'ud 'een almost make yer hair stan' on end to listen to 'im. Then they sung in a wailin' sort o' tune,—

Oh there'll be mournin', mournin', mournin',
mournin',
Oh there'll be mournin' at the Judgment-seat
o' Christ.

"I never felt so bad as I did that night. I wanted as much as cot' 'em to go forrad to the penitent bench; but Bill Slocum he wouldn't, an' he made me come away, an' the road through the woods wuz awful dark, black as a wolf's jaws; wuzn't no housen for two miles, an' far behind us the bright lights wuz a-shinin' in the trees; it seemed like heaven a-most, an' we seemed in the outer darkness, where there's a wailin' an' gnashin' o' teeth, an' we could hear a-sinkin' an' a-swellin' in the distance, as the night wind blowed an' moaned like evil spirits through the tops o' the pines, them awful words o' that hymn,—

Oh! there'll be mournin' at the Judgment-seat
o' Christ.

"I niver wuz so skeart in all my born days. But Bill Slocum, he coaxed me inter the tavern, an' he drank, an' he made me drink, an' I got drunk for the first time in my life. It 'pears ever since then that preachin' don't have no effect on me; got past feelin', kinder, I 'low. Many's the time I've wisht I'd gone to the penitent bench that night. But now I'm afear'd it's too late, even if I had a chance," and the poor boy heaved a deep and troubled sigh.

Lawrence tried to encourage the poor fellow with the promises of Scripture, but nothing seemed to give him so much comfort as singing the hymn,—

"Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power."

"That's one o' the hymns they used to sing at camp-meetin'," said Dowler. "It 'ud be nice now if I could only believe that 'ar. Wish to goodness I could, but 'pears I can't believe in nuthin' no more."

(To be continued.)

Growing.

How do the pinks and roses grow?
Is it whisky, do you know,
Sprinkled over them each day,
Makes them bloom so fresh and gay?
No, no; let me tell you, no;
Water makes the flowers grow;
Raindrops patter, dewdrops scatter;
So the fresh and cooling water
Wets the leaves and roots, and lo!
This is how the flowers grow.

How do grapes and apples grow?
Do they all nice juices owe
To champagne and beer and ale,
Showering down on hill and vale?
No, no; let me tell you, no;
Water makes the sweet fruits grow;
Raindrops patter, dewdrops scatter;
So the fresh and cooling water
Wets the vines and trees, and lo!
This is how the sweet fruits grow.

How do little birdies grow,
Flying, singing, chirping so?
Are they fed with wine and rum
In their dainty nestling home?
No, no; let me tell you, no;
Water makes the birdies grow;
Raindrops patter, dewdrops scatter,
So the fresh and cooling water
Wets their tiny beaks, and lo!
This is how the birdies grow.

How do little children grow?
Not by drinking rum, I know;
Brandy, cider, wine and beer
Never makes them strong and fair.
No, no; let me tell you, no;
Water makes the children grow;
Raindrops patter, dewdrops scatter;
Fountains fill and flow with water;
See, they bathe and drink, and lo!
This is how the children grow.

LESSON NOTES.**THIRD QUARTER****STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.**B.C. 1491] **LESSON III.** [JULY 15]**GOD'S PRESENCE PROMISED.**

Exod. 33. 12-23. Memory verses, 12-24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Matt. 28. 20.

OUTLINE.

1. God's Presence.
2. God's Glory.

TIME AND PLACE.—Same as in the last lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Thou hast not let me know*—God had promised, chap 32. 34, to send an angel with them, and Moses here is pleading that God will reveal who it is to be. *Show me thy glory*—Moses here asks that he may actually see God's face. *A cleft of the rock*—A recess or rift in the rock. Do not think that these expressions, *hand, back parts, and face*, are to be understood literally. They are figurative ways of expressing the glorious manifestation God was to give to Moses.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. That we may secure God's favour?
2. That we may enjoy God's presence?
3. That we may see God's glory?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was the command which God had just given to Moses? "Bring up this people." 2. Before obeying, what anxious question did Moses ask? "Whom wilt thou send with me?" 3. What gracious answer did God give him? "My presence shall go with thee." 4. What prayer did Moses then make? "I beseech thee, show me thy glory." 5. What was God's answer? "I will make all my goodness pass before thee." 6. What is God's promise to-day, through Christ, to all his children? "Lo, I am with you," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The glory of God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

3. When did God create man?
After the creation of the earth, God made man to be the chief of his creatures upon it. Isaiah xiv. 11, 12. Thus saith the Lord. . . . I have made the earth, and created man upon it.
Zechariah xii. 1. The Lord, which stretcheth forth the heavens, and layeth the foundation of the earth, and formeth the spirit of man within him.

B.C. 1491] **LESSON IV.** [JULY 22]**FREE GIFTS FOR THE TABERNACLE.**

Exod. 35. 20-29. Memory verses, 21, 22

GOLDEN TEXT.

God loveth a cheerful giver. 2 Cor. 9. 7.

OUTLINE.

1. Willing hearts.
2. Ready hands.
3. Rich gifts.

TIME AND PLACE.—As before.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The congregation of the children of Israel*—Or, more simply, "all the people." *The Lord's offering*—That is, an offering for the Lord. *Tabernacle of the congregation*—The tent which was to be made as a place for worship. *Bracelets, . . . earrings, etc.*—Personal ornaments which were very much esteemed among the Egyptians. *Wool-hair*. That is, instructed in domestic arts, and skilful in them. *The rulers*—Probably the heads of families in the tribes, or the seventy elders of whom we read in chapter 24.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. That a willing heart is the best offering to the Lord?
2. That willing hearts make ready hands in God's service?
3. That all true offerings to God are rich gifts?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What were the children of Israel asked to bring gifts for? To make a tabernacle for God. 2. Who brought the gifts for which Moses asked? Every one who was willing. 3. What did each person bring? The best gift he had. 4. How does God regard those who thus give? "God loveth a cheerful giver." 5. How ought we nowadays to give? "According to the Lord hath prospered us."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christian giving.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

4. How was man the chief creature on earth? Because the Creator made man in his own image.
Genesis i. 27. So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him.

A MISER'S DEATH.

A NEWSPAPER item headed "Old Miser Weisbaden," tells a striking story of this person:

When told that he would die few hours he grew frantic. Grasping the doctor's hands, with a piteous cry, he begged for life.

"Just give me a year more, doctor," he cried, "and I'll give you gold—gold, do you understand? A big pile of gold! I can't die! I won't die! I want my money! Make them bring it to me—my money! my money!"

Money can never give life. "He that hath the Son hath life." Death separates us from our money, but unites us more closely to our real life! How is it with you? Aren't you a little miser-able?

SATAN selects his disciples when they are idle, but Christ chose his while they were busy at work, either mending their nets or casting them into the sea.

Canadian Methodist Magazine

(VOL. XXVIII.)

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1888.

Six Months for \$1.00.

A number of very important Illustrated Articles will begin with this volume, among others the following:

VAGABOND VIGNETTES.

BY THE REV. GEO. BOND.

Ex-President of the Newfoundland Conference

Mr. Bond has recently returned from an extensive tour in the East, and will, under this head, give a series of handsomely illustrated articles on

The Land of the Pharaohs, Syria and Palestine, and the Levant.

This series will be of much value to all Sunday-school workers, and, indeed, to all Bible readers.

The Editor will begin an important series, extending over five or six numbers, entitled

Landmarks of History

They will describe with magnificent pictorial illustration some of the great historic movements of the ages.

ROUND ABOUT ENGLAND.

Five or six papers, with many engravings of the most romantic scenes and historic sites in the Shires of York, Durham, Westmoreland, Cumberland, Lancaster, Derby, Leicester, Lincoln, Cambridge, Warwick, Worcester, Gloucester, Kent, Somerset, Devon and Cornwall; including numerous engravings of London, York, Oxford, Cambridge, etc.

OUR OWN COUNTRY,

BY THE EDITOR.

With numerous engravings of the most picturesque scenes in the Provinces of Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, will be continued.

HERE AND THERE IN EUROPE

Illustrating many of the most important scenes and cities in France, Spain, Italy, Holland and Belgium, will also be continued.

Now is a Good Time to Subscribe. Only One Dollar to the end of the Year. Back Numbers can still be supplied.
One Dollar for the six Numbers, from January to June.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

78 and 80 King Street East, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 3 Bleury St., Montreal.

S. F. HUERTIS, Halifax, N.S.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

READING THE BIBLE WITH RELISH;

Or, Brief Bible Readings for Daily Home Worship, Daily Prayer-Meetings, Daily Chapel Readings, Daily School Exercises, Daily Bible Lectures.

Traversing the whole Bible in a year, in chronological order, by selected passages, requiring about five minutes daily for reading, omitted portions being concisely summarized to preserve the connection and timeliness, secured by adaption of the selections to the peculiarities of the months, and to the various holidays. With appendix, containing Bible markings from Moody's Bibles.

By REV. WILBUR F. CRAFTS,

Author of "Talks to Boys and Girls about Jesus," etc., etc.

☞ Pocket size, paper covers, 15c. each, net. Post free.

A BUNDLE OF LETTERS

TO BUSY GIRLS ON PRACTICAL MATTERS.

Written to those girls who have not time or inclination to think and study about the many important things which make up life and living.

By GRACE H. DODGE.

12mo, cloth, 60 cents.

This is a book of practical sense that should be in the hands of every girl. As is well known, Miss Dodge is a member of the New York Board of Education, and no one knows better than she does just what girls need to know and how to tell it to them.

"Josiah Allen's Wife" says of this book: "It is one of the best and most helpful books for girls I ever read. It is written with charming directness and simplicity."

The N. Y. Herald says: "The letters are written in the frank, familiar style which makes all Miss Dodge's talks so delightful. There is no conventionality, no formality about them, but every word is as though spoken from heart to heart."

The Congregationalist says: "They are plain-spoken, sensible, earnestly Christian, and in every way thoroughly valuable."

JUST PUBLISHED.

BETTER NOT:

A Discussion of Certain Social Problems.

By REV. J. H. VINCENT, D.D.

12mo, cloth, 50 cents.

"The book deals with dancing, theatres, card-playing, and many kindred subjects. It is interesting, epigrammatic, and convincing. Will have a large sale."—Publishers' Weekly.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

PUBLISHER,

78 & 80 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

C. W. COATES, Montreal, Que.

S. F. HUERTIS, Halifax, N.S.