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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VII.]

TORONTO, MAY 14, 1887.

[No. 10.]

## SCENES IN JAPAN.\*

BY THE REV. SAMUEL P. ROSE.

(Abridged from Article in METHODIST MAGAZINE for April.)

THE lover of the novel and striking, and likewise of the romantic and picturesque, should visit Japan. The great cities of the empire, the interior of the country with its teeming masses still under the sway of old superstitions and customs, will gratify the thirst for the strange; while the opportunities for beholding the beautiful and magnificent are met with on every hand.

The castles of Japan well deserve a

armed with Snyder and Sharpe rifles. These soldiers come from the provinces. They are small men, but very plucky and hardy. They are kept under excellent discipline. It is a rare thing to find one of them drunk."

## HABITS OF WILD CREATURES.

It is remarkable how many creatures live wild and free, though secret, in the woods, and still sustain themselves in the neighbourhood of towns, suspected by hunters only. How retired the otter manages to live here!

under a spreading white-pine, there was yet a clean, firm sward to sit on. I had dug out the spring and made a well of clear-gray water, where I could dip up a pailful without soiling it; and thither I went for this purpose almost every day in midsummer, when the pond was warmest. Thither too the woodcock led her brood to probe the mud for worms, flying but a foot above them down the bank, while they ran in a troop beneath; but at last, spying me, she would leave her young and circle round and round me, nearer and nearer, till within four or five

## THE CAMEL AND THE MERCHANT.

THE story is an old one, but good for all that. Said the camel, "It is cold out here; may I put my head within your door?" The merchant could not find it in his heart to refuse. Before long the camel's neck as well as his head was within the little room; then his shoulders; then his whole body. So the merchant was crowded out entirely, for the room was not big enough for both of them.

We sometimes think it no great harm if we permit the beginning of a



A QUIET CORNER IN A BUDDHIST CEMETERY.—(NATIVE PHOTOGRAPH.)

visit. Writing under date of July 10, 1874, from Hirosaki, of one of these castles, Mr Maclay says:

"There is something very inspiring in the lively notes of the bugle that make the entire place vocal in the morning, at noon, and at sundown. It contains a garrison of about a thousand men. They are dressed in blue uniform trimmed with yellow, and are

\*A Budget of Letters from Japan. Reminiscences of Work and Travel in Japan. By ARTHUR COLLINS MACLAY, A.M., LL.B., formerly Instructor of English in the Ko-Gakko-Rio, Tokio. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 391 pages. Illustrated.

He grows to be four feet long,—as big as a small boy,—perhaps without any human being getting a glimpse of him. I formerly saw the raccoon in the woods behind where my house is built, and probably their whinnying is still heard at night. Commonly I rested an hour or two in the shade at noon, after planting, and ate my lunch, and read a little by a spring which was the source of a swamp and of a brook, oozing from a hill half a mile from my field. The approach to this was through a succession of descending grassy hollows full of pitch-pines into a larger wood about the swamp. Here, in a very secluded and shaded spot,

feet, pretending broken wings and legs, to attract my attention, and get off her young, who would already have taken up their march, with faint, wiry peep, single file through the swamp as she directed. Or I heard the peep of the young when I could not see the parent bird. There, too, the turtle-doves sat over the spring, or fluttered from bough to bough of the soft white-pines over my head; or the red squirrel, coursing down the nearest bough, was particularly familiar and inquisitive. You only need sit still long enough in some attractive spot in the woods that all its inhabitants may exhibit themselves to you by turns—*Thoreau*.

bad habit to enter our bosom. If it would stop there, it might not do so much evil. It is quite as likely as not to crowd out everything good.

## A MAN?

At one time at Applington, Iowa, I saw a farmer and his wife bring into Swan's store, and sell, four chickens, at twelve cents apiece, which the wife had sat up and dressed the night before, after putting seven children to bed. The husband took the money and went to the saloon a few minutes after and treated fifty cents' worth.—JAMES MCGUIRE.

### The Sabbath Bells.

The old man sits in his easy chair,  
And his ear has caught the ringing  
Of many a church bell far and near,  
Their own sweet music singing.  
And his head sinks low on his aged breast,  
While his thoughts far back are reaching  
To the Sabbath morns of his boyish days,  
And a mother's sacred teaching.

A few years later, and lo! the bells  
A merrier strain were pealing,  
And heavenward bore the marriage vows  
Which his manhood's joys were sealing.  
But the old man's eyes are dimming now,  
As memory holds before him  
The sad, sad picture of later years,  
When the tide of grief rolled o'er him.

When the bells were tolling for loved ones  
gone;  
For the wife, for the sons and daughters,  
Who, one by one, from his home went out,  
And down into death's dark waters.  
But the aged heart has still one joy  
Which his old life daily blesses,  
And his eyes grow bright, and his pulses  
warm,  
'Neath a grandchild's sweet caresses.

But the old man wakes from his reverie,  
And the dear old face is smiling,  
While the child with her serious eyes reads  
on,  
The Sabbath hours beguiling.  
Ah! bells, once more ye ring for him,  
When the heavenly hand shall sever  
The chord of life, and his freed soul flies  
To dwell with his own forever.

—Selected.

## NO!

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

### CHAPTER I.

#### INTRODUCING THE BOYDS.

"JACK, have a piece of this mince-pie!"

"No, sir; thank you."

"What! Thanksgiving Day, and you say no to mince-pie?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes to the pie?"

"No, sir!"

"And your Aunt Hannah made it herself."

"Mamma don't like me to eat mince-pie, Uncle John."

"Manice!" called out Mr. John Boyd across the long, crowded table. A pale, tall woman turned her head and said,

"What?"

This sweet, steady face, sad in repose, but full of vivid expression when she spoke, belonged to Jack Boyd's mother. A little widow's cap was tied on over her dark, shining hair; her eyes were lovely, yet she was not a beautiful woman; but the broad, serene forehead, the firm, sweep lips, the general look of health and peace, and kindness, made her very pleasant to look at; and Manice Boyd's children thought nobody was like their mother.

\*This charming story was first published in *Our Youth*, the admirable young people's paper, edited by the Rev. Dr. Vincent. It has been re-published by the Methodist Book Concern, New York, in their Sunday-school library series, and is considerably abridged to bring it within the necessary limits for this paper.

"Here's Jack says you won't let him eat mince-pie."

A very bright smile lit the dark eyes.

"I hope Jack won't let himself eat it, Brother John."

"Pshaw! not eat mince-pie Thanksgiving Day?"

"I thought pumpkin-pie was the necessity of to-day," laughed Mrs. Manice Boyd, "and that reminds me, Hannah, what sort of squash do you use for your pies? I never ate any as nice."

This interested Mr. Boyd. Before his wife could answer, he put in his word, for next to his business he loved and understood gardening.

"I'll tell you! Nothing but Hubbard; and if you want some seed I'll give you some, Manice. I save it fresh every year. Give me a Hubbard squash over all others, and Hannah's got some new way of cooking 'em that is the best."

"Yes, I bake 'em instead of stewing," said Mrs. Boyd, and then ensued a long discussion on vegetables which diverted attention from Jack, and by the time that was over the party had finished dinner, and walked into the parlour.

There were five children with the elders, and as children in these days are always considered first, let us inspect them.

Mrs. Manice Boyd's three children, Anne and Alice, twins, with the Boyd fair hair, grey eyes, and clear, bright complexions, are nice, wholesome girls of ten, in dark blue cashmere dresses, their thick hair curling in short rings, and their faces frank, modest, and agreeable. Jack, his uncle's name-sake, is more like his mother, with the same wide brows, deep, dark eyes, and a cleft in his round chin; yet about his mouth there is a trace of genial, yielding character that forebodes weakness; his mouth is like his father's, whom he scarcely remembers, for Jack is eight years old, and Walter, his father, went four years ago to California hoping to make a fortune, which he never did make, but only found a grave there one year since.

After the children had gathered about a table in one end of the long parlour to play some game, Mrs. Boyd left the room on a housewifely errand, and Mr. Boyd suddenly recollected the mince-pie. He walked up to his sister-in-law, who stood looking out of the window at the desolate November landscape, and said, in rather a peremptory tone:

"Manice, aren't you making a molly-coddle of your boy?"

"What is a molly-coddle, Brother John?" she said, smiling.

"O, a poor creature that fusses and isn't manly; fidgets about food and such things."

"I hope not," she answered. "I want Jack above all things to be manly, but to be a thorough man he

has got to have a sound body as well as a sound mind."

"Just as if mince-pie once a year would hurt him!" sneered Mr. Boyd.

"If it was only once a year. John, you know as well as I do what reason I have to bring Jack up in self-denial. Mince-pies often have brandy or eider in them, and you know what reason I have to avoid both."

Her eyes filled and her voice trembled as she spoke. It was cruelly hard for her, but she knew it must be done. Could not his own brother remember how handsome Walter Boyd had fallen in with a set of gay, godless young men, and totally unable to refuse their invitations or withstand their jeers, had gone steadily downward with them till his business was wrecked, his self-respect shattered, and at last he became bound in the awful chains of a habit that lets no such man go? Did he not know as well as she did that her husband had gone to California because no one in Danvers would or could help so unreliable a fellow into any business? He did not know the last and worst story of that facile, kindly, weak life; but she had just come to the knowledge, and when John Boyd interrupted her she was far away in thought, almost beholding the lonely miner's shanty where her husband had died a drunkard's death.

She went on more steadily:

"You know, John, Jack must work for his living; he must learn early to endure and to deny himself. You are kind enough to say you will educate him, but still there is the after-life when he must rely on himself. We have the house, and the five thousand of father's life insurance that was left to me, and yesterday I had a letter from Aunt Sally, offering to bring Aunt Maria and board with me. We have room to spare, and their board will help me along very much, for they will give me the same they pay in Dartford."

Mr. Boyd uttered an exclamation that we need not record.

"I couldn't help it," he said, as Mrs. Manice turned a surprised face toward him. Why, money can't pay you! If they are my father's aunts, I am able to see what they are: nagging, penurious, old things. If you must take boarders, why not take somebody that would at any rate be endurable?"

"They are relatives, after all, John, and need care and comfort that their money won't buy, and then I think it is better for the children and better for me to have them in the house than to take strangers in. I want to have a home so far as I can; and if it must be shared with others, I like best to share it with our own people."

"You know their money is only an annuity?"

Manice Boyd coloured, bit her lips, and said, with coolness,

"I did not expect their money, John; I knew it died with them."

"Well, well, wilful will to water!

But don't make a Miss Molly of my namesake, Manice. I wish I could do more for you than just pay for his schooling, but you know how it is."

"I think it is very, very kind of you to do that much, John!" she said, her earnest face lighting up as she looked at him. And remember, Brother John, if ever it should be inconvenient for you to keep him at school, you have promised to let me know."

"Yes, yes, child; but I don't see how it can be. I want him and Will to keep together; to be as near brothers as possible. But don't hold the reins too tight, Manice. Boys want their swing; 'go it while you're young,' you know, 'when you're old you can't.'"

"Perhaps you can't when you're old because you did when you were young!" laughed Mrs. Manice. "But I shall try and do right, John, and I shall have help that never fails the widow and the fatherless."

Mr. Boyd turned away. This was beyond him. He did not profess or pretend to any every-day religion. He belonged to a church, and attended its services; read a chapter in the Bible on Sunday and the two religious papers he took, but he thought religion was not a thing to bring in question every day. It was a good thing, a very good thing for Sunday, and for a dying bed; to live by it as he lived by his business principles was not to be thought of.

But to Mrs. Manice religion was daily bread; but for its strength she would long since have despaired of the life before her. A poor widow with three children needs some anchor to hold by, and she knew where hers lay.

A sort of squabble was going on at the children's table as her conversation with her brother-in-law ceased. Somebody was to blame, but she did not interfere or investigate as most mothers would have done. She only laid her hand on Jack's shoulder, as flushed and angry he was calling Will hard names and Will threatening reprisal.

"Jack, I can trust you to be a gentleman," was all she said.

Jack choked. He looked up at her and across at his cousin. For a minute even his mother doubted what he would do. But after a moment of silent struggle he said,

"'Scuse me, Will; 'twasn't fair to say you cheated!"

"You'd no business to, anyway," retorted Will.

Jack coloured again, and looked up at his mother's calm, approving eyes.

"That's so!" he replied, heartily. "Let's play something else now," and in a few minutes the childish faces were eager with delight over Will's new set of story-books which Aunt Manice had asked to see.

That night, after Jack had gone to bed, his mother went in to see him.

She always did that; it was the one confidential talk they all longed for. "Mending-time," Jack called it, for it

was the hour when all the little troubles, faults, and follies of the day were discussed, smoothed over, forgiven; the time when the childish griefs that we are so apt to ignore or laugh at were all consoled by "mother"—a word that had its fullest and divinest meaning in this Boyd household.

"Mammy," said Jack, "I'm sorry I got mad to-day. But I wanted to explain to you that I couldn't take back callin' Will a cheat, for I saw him with my very own eyes hide one of Addie's counters, and it was a real mean trick, for she's too little to count right, and I call it cheatin'!"

"You said all that was needful, Jack; that is, for an apology. But if you hadn't called Will a cheat you would not have had to half-say what you thought, after all. 'Tisn't best, my boy, to say such things, because it only hurts people. It don't ever do them any good."

"But, mammy, mustn't I tell the troof?"

"Always, when you're asked to tell it. But truth is a sacred thing, my Jack; you must not use it to throw at people like a stone. Suppose Will had said to you, 'Now you're just as mad as you can be, Jack Boyd!' would you have liked it?"

"I guess I shouldn't!" said Jack, emphatically.

"But you were very angry, and Will would only have told the truth."

"Yes'm."

"Stick to the golden rule, Jack. Try your ways by that, and they'll go straight."

"But it's awful hard to 'member it always," sighed Jack.

"I know that; it's 'try, try, try again.' And now you think perhaps I might have let you for once eat mince-pie to-day. There was one reason I had that I can't tell you. You must trust mother for that. But there was another almost as strong, Jack. I want you to learn to say 'No.'"

"Ho!" said Jack. "I guess I can say 'No' just as well as any thing. Did you think I couldn't?"

"I mean to say 'No' to yourself when you want to do any thing that is wrong, and to say 'No' to other people when they want you to do such things."

"Is it wicked to eat mince-pie?" he asked, with childish logic.

"It isn't right to do what I don't wish you to do. And I think mince-pie will hurt you in several ways."

"It's real good!" curtly put in Jack.

"So I heard Will telling you. But it isn't good for you, and I want you to grow up a brave, strong man, which you can't do if you do not learn to think and say and feel 'No,' when the right time comes."

Jack looked up at her with tender, sleepy eyes.

"I guess I'll learn it," he said, doubtfully.

His mother never exacted promises from her children. "I'll try" was all she asked of them. A promise was too sacred a thing, in her eyes, to be made for small matters. So she kissed Jack and went down to the twins, who had an hour later bed-time in consideration of their age. They were busy making cloaks for their dolls, and Mrs. Boyd sat down quietly by the fire, glad of a moment to think what she should say by and by to impress on her boy the strong need of cultivating self-control and self-denial. Could she warn him from his father's sad experience? Never! she said to herself. Nothing could make her darken that dead father's memory in the eyes of his children; yet it was her terror lest his greatest weakness might be lurking in Jack's nature that made her forbid him the pie so strongly flavoured with brandy. She could only fortify him with prayer and precept. Let the husband who had so grieved and disappointed her rest in his distant grave. She would not recall him for warning or example. Yet she sighed heavily as she thought how different her life and her children's might have been had Walter Boyd ever learned to say "No."

(To be continued.)

LETTER FROM MR. CROSBY.

Port Simpson, B. C.

SINCE I last wrote you, though we had some mild weather, yet in the last part of this month came one of the coldest waves that has been known for many years. It was five degrees below zero. The coldest, at this place, we have had it in twelve years. Of course it is much colder a little inland than that, and snow much deeper. We have four feet here. A few days before this, January 22nd, I had to leave home with a deputation of Indian men to go and interview the Government in Victoria on the Indian land trouble. This has been a sore question to them for years, and at this time they demanded that Mr. Green and I should go. So in order to keep peace we started. As no steamer was expected here for several weeks, we crossed from here by canoe to Tongass, Alaska. It was a very stormy wind and a blinding snow storm. We had to remain there for five days before the Alaska boat came. Here we met with Mrs. Line Paul and Mrs. Saxman, who were both in great grief. On December 13th Prof. Saxman, a missionary teacher, and Line Paul, native teacher, with an Indian boy, started by canoe about fifty miles to look out a site for a new mission, and were all lost.

The weather was so stormy it was the 10th of January before a party could go out to look for them. They found the canoe, and blankets, etc., but no trace of the men. They had evidently been upset, it is thought, about ten days after they left.

Tilley Paul is left with three children; one baby born since the

father left home, or on the day the news reached her. She is about twenty-three years of age. About ten years ago she had been sold by her uncle to be the wife of an old man, and was brought down to this place. We heard of the case, and the poor child was called to the mission-house, and then she would not go away, as she said she did not wish to live with a man old enough to be her grandfather. So Mrs. Crosby took her and cared for her in our own home for nearly a year. This made the parties concerned very angry, and the man for a long time would not speak to us, but he got sick, and we visited him and helped him. And with tears in his eyes one day he asked to be forgiven. Poor Tilley Kinnon, for that was her name, a delicate, slender half-caste, was sent to the McFarland's Home at Wrangel, Alaska, where she stayed for nearly five years. In 1882 she was married to Line Paul, also a half-breed, and a devoted Christian, and they were sent as teachers to the Upper Chil-cat. They remained there two years and did faithful work, and in 1884 were sent to Tongass, and they have taught here ever since. She never ceases to be grateful for our kindness in rescuing her from what she says would have been a life of sin and shame, and eternity only will reveal the good done in this one case. She says, as she weeps for the lost one, she does not wish to leave the poor Tongass people now, as they are without a teacher and a guide. May God bless her and her little children! We had services a number of times among the people on the Sabbath, and during the days we stayed there.

While at New Westminster we were blessed in seeing some of the little boys and girls intent in leading others to Jesus. These are surely little missionaries. May this blessed work go on, and may many in that city be brought to Christ!

By getting a permit to come up on the Alaska steamer, *Idaho*, we were here in three days from Victoria. Bro. Oliver, of the *Glad Tidings*, who had been home to Scotland, came up with us. The blessed work of revival which was going on when we left had not abated, although many of the people are away. I am pleased to tell you that many of the children of our school have started to witness for Jesus, and we have now formed them into two classes. May God keep them to the end! The weather is still cold. We had to send some food away about seven miles to some old people who needed it. Pray for us.

T. Crosby.

A baby's mother sends one dollar to the Home. A dear friend from Peterborough, one dollar. Also a kind lady from the same place, one dollar.

EIGHT ounces of alcohol taken into the system compels the heart to beat one hundred times a minute, instead of eighty, as it should.

The Blue Jay.

LIKE rustling bits of paper they cling  
The dead oak leaves,  
To boughs where the rain thrush used to  
sing  
In the summer eves.  
And scattered acorns have kept their hold,  
As if loath to fall,  
And, hark, I hear through the frosty cold  
The blue jay's call.

Blue as the air is the calling jay,  
And straight lies he  
As an azure blossom torn away  
From a wind-blown tree.  
He has been to look for cracks and chinks  
In the big corn bin,  
And is laughing to think how the farmer  
thinks  
He can't reach in.

But he knows he can, and screams and calls  
And laughs, "Ho! ho!"  
And pecks at an acorn, down it falls!  
Does he heed it? no.  
Yet the little oak-nut, ripe and brown,  
He does not see  
Nor heed, may some fine day be grown  
To a great tree.

Mrs. CLARA DOTY BATES.

A FEW CRUMBS.

It is not enough to smell the flowers of Christianity; we must pluck its fruit. It is not enough to taste its sweets; we must sow its seed.

THE true Christian is like the sun, which pursues his noiseless track, and everywhere leaves the effect of his beams in a blessing upon the world around him.

"WHERE does Jesus live?" asked a missionary once in a mission school. "Please, sir, he lives in our alley now," said a little boy, who had lately found the Saviour.

SAYS Ruskin: "I may do little or I may do much. That matters not. It must be my own work, poor as it may seem to some, I shall better fulfil God's end in making me what I am, and more truly glorify his name, than if I were either going out of my own sphere to do the work of another, or calling another into my sphere to do my proper work for me."

A MINISTER went into a room where there were a father, mother, and a little blind daughter. Just for a bit of fun the minister snatched up the little girl in his arms as if he was going to take her away, but she did not scream or appear to be afraid. He then said, "You don't know who has got you." The little one replied, "No, I don't, but father knows." This was sufficient for her. What a comfort, "Our Father knows."

MISTRESS (to servant): "I see a lot of dust lying about." Servant: "The dust is on your spectacles." The mistress looked at her glasses, and found that what her maid said was true. When expressing an opinion of persons and things let us see to it that our glasses are clean.—G. Coates.

MY son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother. Bind them continually upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck. For the commandment is a lamp, and the law is light.

## The Month of May.

I love the flowery May,  
With its sunshine light and gay,  
Its ringing laughter in the woods, and  
shouting in the vale;  
I love the hawthorn bloom,  
With its delicate perfume,  
That whitens all the hedges round, and  
sweetens every gale.

I love the merry May,  
And I long to be away  
In copse and dingle, where the flowers like  
stars are shining out,  
To hear the sweet birds sing,  
And the gurgle of the spring,  
That gushes from its ferny bed, and freshens  
all about.

Oh, yes, I love the May,  
'Tis Nature's holiday,  
And children hail its coming with an ever  
new delight:  
There are blossoms on the bough,  
There are mirth and gladness now,  
The youngsters have a pleasant time from  
morning until night.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, MAY 14, 1887.

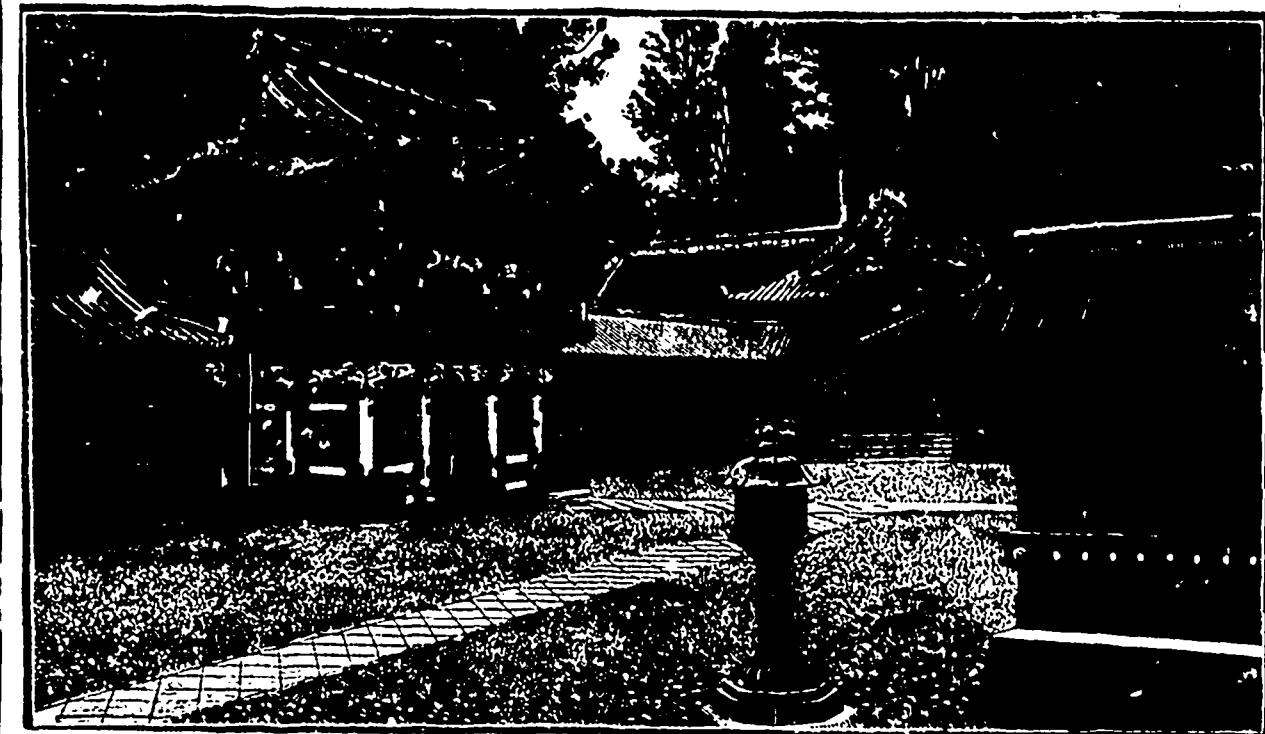
**\$250,000**  
**FOR MISSIONS**  
**FOR THE YEAR 1887.**

## THINKING ABOUT GOD.

"A book of remembrance was written before him for them . . . that thought upon his name."—Mal. iii. 16.

ONE of the lessons which we learn from the clear crystal is to think about God. It should make us think of God because God made it. Man had nothing to do with the making of this crystal. Sometimes persons look at crystals like this in my collection, and they say, "Why, how nicely those sides are polished! Where did you get the work done?" They will hardly believe me when I tell them that I dug them out of the ground just as they are.

They were polished thousands or millions of years ago in Nature's great lapidary. God polished these sides



THE YOMEI GATEWAY, NIKKO TEMPLES.—(NATIVE PHOTOGRAPH.)

far smoother than man can polish them, and he made those regular angles between the sides.

Although he made millions of these crystals, just as he made millions of birds, yet I suppose he thought about this one when he made it, just as he thinks about every bird that he makes, and is with every sparrow, Christ says, that falls to the ground.

When we see a wonderful machine, or a beautiful work of art, we naturally think of the person who made it. If you see a beautiful picture hanging on a wall, you say to yourself, "I wonder who painted it." If you see a fine building, you think of the one who planned it and built it. If you read a book that gives you pleasure, you say, "Who wrote this book?"

If you happen to be acquainted with the person who painted the picture, or planned the building, or wrote the book, you are more apt to think of him when you see it, even if you do not know him very well.

When I see the telephone used I am quite apt to think of the man who invented it, because I was slightly acquainted with him years ago. When I see certain books in my library, I think of the men who wrote them, because I knew those men very well.

Now, when I see this crystal, I say to myself, "God made this, the mighty God who made the heavens and earth, and I have not only heard of him, but I know him, and he is my friend, and he made this for me. His thought passed through it to me, and my thought shall pass through it back to him."

A little boy was away from home once. His father was an artist, and he painted a beautiful little picture of the boy's home and sent it to him, so that when he saw it he might be led to think of his home and also of his father. The boy was pleased to receive it, and he said to his friends,

"My father painted this picture, and it is a picture of my beautiful home."

Well, my Father in heaven made this clear crystal and gave it to me as a picture, a little picture on a small scale, of that sea of glass, that river of water of life, and that pure light in the new Jerusalem, our heavenly home, which are like the clear crystal. And when I see it, I not only think of heaven, but of my heavenly Father also.

Perhaps some boy or girl says, "I wish I had that crystal so that I could be reminded of heaven and of God." Ah! but it is not the clear crystal alone, but every beautiful thing, that ought to remind us of heaven and of God. The clear sky that arches above us, the twinkling stars that stud the vault of heaven, the snow that wraps the earth in white, the babbling brook that sings of its home in the mountains, the blooming flower that turns its face heavenward, the brilliant butterfly that basks in the sun, the green grass that carpets the earth, the bright, happy face of a friend, all are beautiful. God made them all, and they all ought to make us think of him.

I have a Brazilian agate, on one polished face of which there is a natural image that looks just like the pictures that we commonly see of the Virgin Mary. When a person looks at it he thinks of her. But on every one of the eighteen faces of this crystal I think I can see the reflection of God's face. And I see it everywhere in nature. So that not only in the crystal, but in all the works of nature, I look through nature up to nature's God. And when I think of him, knowing that I am poor and needy, I remember with great gladness what the Palmist says, "The Lord thinketh upon me." And I remember with gladness, too, what the text teaches, that he writes my name in a book, a book of remembrance.

"Lord, I care not for riches,  
Neither silver nor gold:  
I would make sure of heaven,  
I would enter the fold.  
In the book of thy kingdom,  
With its pages so fair,  
Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour,  
Is my name written there?"

"Oh! that beautiful city,  
With its mansions of light,  
With its glorified beings,  
In pure garments of white;  
Where no evil thing cometh,  
To despoil what is fair,  
Where the angels are watching;  
Yes, my name's written there."

—S. S. Record.

## "I AM THE DOOR."

In a town in the North of Scotland, some boys were in the habit of meeting together for prayer. A little girl was passing, and heard them sing. She stopped to listen, and thinking it was just an ordinary prayer-meeting, she felt anxious to get in. Putting up her hand she pulled the latch, but it would not open; it was fastened inside. She became very uneasy, and the thought arose in her mind, "What if this were the door of heaven, and I outside?" She went home, but could not sleep. Day after day she became more troubled at the thought of being shut out of heaven. She went from one prayer-meeting to another, still finding no rest. At length, one day, reading the tenth chapter of John, she came to the words, "I am the door." She paused, and read the verse again. Here was the very door she was seeking, and wide open too, and she entered it and found peace.

At Sunday-school, a few weeks since, when the lesson was about the healing of the cripple at the temple gate, the teacher asked the question, "What did the people think when they saw the cripple healed?" Little Nora quickly responded, "They thought God was a good doctor."



THIRD MOAT OF THE TOKIO CASTLE.—(NATIVE PHOTOGRAPH.)

**My Absent Boy.**

WHERE is my absent boy to-night?  
 Carries he by the wave?  
 I seek him by the moaning sea,  
 Oh! has he found a grave?

I gaze out o'er the waters dark,  
 And list the voice unheard;  
 The form I seek I cannot see,  
 Nor hear his spoken word.

Ah! hast thou lost thy way, my boy,  
 And sailed in seas unknown?  
 Oh! listen to my evening call,  
 Thy father's voice now own.

The night shuts down; the angry sea  
 In foaming surf beats high;  
 Hasten, my boy, to reach the shore!  
 Why not come now? Oh, why?

Is there a land beyond the sea,  
 So peaceful, fair and bright,  
 That thou hast moored thy bark for aye,  
 Beyond my mortal sight?

Oh! yes; my heart and faith this claim;  
 Though stranded here I roam,  
 How could I call thee from that land,  
 Thy bright, eternal home!

C. B. B.

**THE LAST DAY.**

THERE is coming a day of trial in which not only the saint but the sinner must appear. That day of trial will come very suddenly. The farmer will be at the plough, the merchant will be in the counting-room, the woodman will be ringing his axe on the hickories, the weaver will have his foot on the treadle, the manufacturer will be walking amid the buzz of looms and the clack of flying machinery, the counsel may be standing at the bar pleading the law, the minister may be in the pulpit pleading the Gospel, the drunkard may be reeling amid his cups, and the blasphemer with the oath caught between his teeth.

Lo! The sun hides. Night comes down at midnight. A wave of darkness rolls over all the earth. The stars appear at noon-day. The earth shudders and throbs. There an earthquake opens and a city sinks as a crocodile would craunch a child. Mountains roll in their sockets and send down their granite-cliffs in an avalanche of rock. Rivers pause in

their chase for the sea, and ocean, up-rearing, cries to flying Alps and Himalaya. Beasts bellow and moan and snuff up the darkness. Clouds fly like flocks of swift eagles. Great thunders beat and boom and burst. Stars shoot and fall. The Almighty, rising on his throne, declares that time shall be no longer, and the arch-angel's trump repeats it till all the living hear and the continents of dead spring to their feet, crying, "Time shall be no longer!" Oh, on that day will you be ready?

You know how well the Christian will get off in his trial? Will you get off as well in your trial? Will Christ plead on your side, or will he plead against you? Oh, what will you do in the last great assize if your conscience is against you, and the world is against you, and the angels of heaven are against you, and the Holy Spirit is against you, and the Lord God Almighty is against you? Better this day secure an Advocate.—*Talmage.*

**RUM'S DOINGS.**

IN a recent letter to the press the Rev. Newman Hall says:

We hear sad stories of evictions by owners against their tenants. But evictions a hundred times more numerous are taking place all the year at our very doors. Shivering women and starving children are ruthlessly expelled from house and home by a tyrant that never relents, and is never satisfied, who can neither plead justice nor necessity, and his name is Alcohol. The law harbours, sanctions, stimulates this greatest of law-breakers, and sends him forth equipped from the arsenal law has established, to clutch the rent that might have saved the home; to snatch the loaf from the table, the dress from the back; to maim and trample on the passer-by; to wreck trains, sink ships and fire houses; to kick women and torture children; to crowd the poorhouse and the prison; to be a seducer and a murderer; to break human hearts, and

to send tens of thousands of precious souls every year to a drunkard's grave.

All of which is sadly true. We Canadians read with a feeling of horror the reports of evictions that come daily over the wires. One's heart grows sick as he thinks of mothers and children hurried out on the road, and their little home burnt before their eyes, or torn down to keep them from returning to it. But have we no evictions in Ontario? Is there a township in the Province in which whiskey has not turned dozens of men off their farms? Is there a town, village or city in all Canada in which liquor has not turned scores of men out of their homes? Yes, we have evictions in Canada. More families have been evicted in Canada by liquor in twenty years than have been evicted by landlords in Ireland for the last century. The newspapers do not record liquor evictions. They are going on all the same every day.—*Canada Presbyterian.*

THE Rev Mr. Green, of Naas River, B.C., tells of a chief who learned to read after he was fifty years of age, and now he can read fluently and makes the Bible his constant companion. He often visits the missionary to obtain explanation of difficult passages. Once he asked several questions, and when answers were given, he put his hand to his head saying, "Don't tell me any more now; I feel I have enough; I am afraid my head will break." This poor man told the missionary that when he was a young man he often felt it was wrong to drink and fight, but did not know what was right. Sometimes when in his canoe he would look up to the sky and say to himself, "I wish I knew who made them; I wish he who made them would speak to me and tell me what is good and what he likes, and I would just do his word."

The thirteen members of a Baptist Juvenile Missionary Society in Halifax, England, whose subscription is limited

to a halfpenny, must have been industrious last year, as they collected £22 5s. 6d., equal to 10,692 half-pennies.

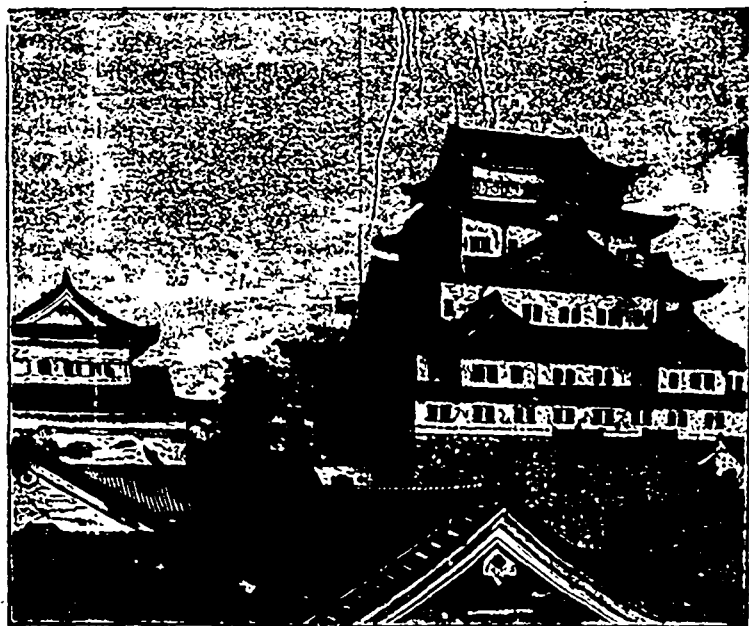
One of the earliest collections for foreign missions to the heathen was made at Nottingham, England, when £13, or \$65, was contributed. Last year the Protestant Churches of Europe and America gave for this object no less than \$11,000,000.

**A SUMMER TOUR IN EUROPE.**

MANY persons would make a tour through the historic lands of Europe if they knew the best route to take, and could compute the exact cost, and were relieved of the worries of bargaining in an unfamiliar language. Dr. Withrow has arranged to meet just these conditions. He will undertake to conduct a party of not less than twenty persons through Great Britain, Holland, Belgium, up the Rhine, Germany, Switzerland and France, including twelve days' stay in London, and six in Paris. The trip will occupy eleven weeks, and cost \$450. For particulars address Rev. Dr. Withrow, Methodist Publishing House, Toronto.

**HOW TO WIN LOVE.**

WE agree with an English writer who says: "There is nothing so sweet as to be loved, except loving. The true, pure love, which is not a thing of the senses, but of the soul—love that is the outgrowth of goodness—what will not one do to win or keep such tenderness? What will not one risk, or dare, or forsake for it? Is any journey long that has a love-kiss at the end of it—any duty hard that cements the bonds between two hearts? To be truly loved is the great reward life has to offer. And any one who has a heart, and does not mind showing it, who can put aside selfishness and be true to others, can win love. To have people temporarily in love with you needs only beauty. To be loved one must have truth, tenderness, constancy, and responsiveness. Be good and do good, and despite all that is said about this world's ingratitude, some one will love you."



THE CITADEL OF OWARI CASTLE.—(NATIVE PHOTOGRAPH.)

**If I Had a Horse to Ride.**

The Farmer trots by on his roadster high,  
The Squire on his pony low,  
Young Miss sweeps out from the park-gate  
nigh,  
And canters away with her beau :  
They are proud of themselves,—oh, no !  
But couldn't I deal in pride,  
And couldn't I too cut a dash and show,  
If I had a horse to ride !

The starlings fly in the windy sky,  
The rabbits run out a-row,  
The pheasants stalk in the stubble dry  
As I tramp through the evenglow,—  
As I tramp, tramp, tramp, and grow  
More weary with every stride,  
And I think, as the riders come and go,—  
If I had a horse to ride !

The Farmer is four times as fat as I,  
The Squire he is blind and slow,  
Young Miss has not nearly so bright an eye  
As Bess at the "Barley Mow ;"—  
Ah, wouldn't I cry "Gee-hupgee-ho !"  
And wouldn't I bang his side,  
And wouldn't I teach him to gallop it,  
though,  
If I had a horse to ride !

It was only a beggar that grumbled so,  
As his blistered feet he plied ;  
But the cry is a cry that we all of us know,—  
If I had a horse to ride !

AUSTIN DOBSON.

**HOW LITTLE CHILDREN STUDY NATURE.**

This morning my little boy (five years old) was amusing himself by cutting open seeds to find their germ. He had been soaking the seeds between two pieces of wet flannel in a basin under the stove, and the shapes and sizes and colours of the various germs furnished him with a most fascinating amusement. He got the idea of his flannel-garden from Jacob Abbott's "Caleb in Town." This, I know, is a small beginning, but still it is a beginning, of the study of botany. The knowledge obtained is slight, but the development of the power of observation is great; and this is one of the most important faculties to develop in young children. Too many people, young and old, go through the world without a suspicion of the wonders they are treading under their feet.

Besides being useful, the study of nature is fascinating to most children. But they must have their own simple way of pursuing it, and not be burdened with what is only suited to older people. Their forte is observation of the simple objects of nature.

I knew a little boy of about four who for a whole summer spent many hours every week examining the spider webs round the yard and garden. Each web and its occupants had an individual interest for him, and he noted with wonderful accuracy the peculiarities in the building of web and the mode of securing prey. The spiders had their loves and their hates, their plans and their surprises, and the little boy enjoyed their world as he might fairy land.

If children were not so often taught by their parents and nurses the ridiculous theory that toads made warts, and that they are "horrid, nasty things"

I am sure they would find great entertainment in feeding the toad with flies and other dead insects they may pick up. We have had pet ones in the garden every summer, and many a hot afternoon has been beguiled by feeding them. The toad's air of lazy indifference really increases the entertainment, for the quick dart of his tongue is a surprise each time. One can soon accustom them to being fed. The children made one useful discovery while feeding them, which is that they will eat currant worms.

The bees that frequent every garden are also capable of furnishing pleasure and profit to a child, if the notion of fearing them can be avoided. Teach the child not to molest them—let him fear the consequences of that—but do not teach him to fear them when they are quietly doing their work in their own way. There is many a child to whom a garden is rendered miserable by fear of these harmless creatures, who might all the time be his companions, and not his foes. The great, buzzing bumble-bee, coming out of the hollyhocks gives one a nice story to tell a child. He can plainly see the dusty pollen on the bee's legs and body, and we can tell of his little brushes and baskets, and the "bee's bread," as well as his store of honey. My little boy has also been much interested in the bees mixing the pollen of the flowers and causing the varieties of colour. He has noticed it particularly in his special bed of petunias in his own garden, where he revels as he likes.

It is a very good plan to give a child some plant or plants for his own. If your garden is choice it saves the other flowers without the constant annoyance of refusal. I find that my garden never contains the wonders in my baby's eyes that his own does. His is mostly, as I have said, a great bed of petunias. They are emphatically children's flowers, growing quickly and blooming profusely, and with enough variety in colour to make each flower a surprise. The little child in taking his flower to pieces—and that of course is always his first desire—soon finds the pistil and the seed-vessel are connected, and soon he wants to know what the seeds are and what they do. The story of this can be made charming to almost any child who has become interested in the seed cups. The seeds themselves are a great source of pleasure to children as the season advances, and they learn much about their shape and arrangement when they are apparently merely playing with them. What baby who knows anything of a garden has not spent happy hours playing with hollyhock cheeses? A doll's tea party on a stump under the trees often rejoices in no other food than hollyhock and nasturtium seeds; and yet such gayety would be welcomed at many a grander feast. It is not in a child's nature to go solemnly from plant to plant studying them; and it is well that it is not so, for it would take all the heart out of

it. Children play with their seeds, and flowers, and roots, and beetles, and worms, and know them as a part of daily life.

I knew a little invalid who remembered many happy days with the green inch-worms, that fell from the linden trees, for her only playmates. She did not in the least envy the gayeties of the stronger children, so content was she with her little green friends as they measured the squares on her apron or spun silken threads from the leaves above her head.

There can be no surer way of teaching little children colour than by interesting them in the garden flowers. Girls generally learn colours some time in their lives, both from choice and necessity; but boys have a poor chance unless we begin with them while young. I find that my little boy, who has spent the greater part of his summers in our garden among the flowers, not only knows all the primary colours, but has a wonderfully quick eye for the different shades, and often detects various tints in certain mixed shades.

I have found the true names as easy and pleasant for a child as any invented, babyish ones could be. Indeed I was called to account by a little boy last summer when I inadvertently called petals leaves. It is of great value to the child, to increase its vocabulary, to give him more material for expressing the ideas that are coming upon him so fast.

The garden in the early morning is sometimes covered with a mist or fog, and I have found it a great help, in easing baby's disappointment while he cannot go out, to tell him to watch the fog and see it rise and rise, higher and higher, until at last it floats off over the tree-tops, and he can see it only as a white cloud sailing in the blue sky above him. The clouds, with their ever-varying forms, will thus become some of baby's friends. He will be getting at home in nature.

These are a few of the ways in which I have seen children study nature, but of course there are many more, as endless in number and variety as nature herself.—*Margaret Allen in Babyhood for August.*

**HENRY WARD BEECHER.**

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER was born at Litchfield, Conn., on June 24, 1813, the son of Rev. Lyman Beecher. He received his education at Mount Pleasant Academy and at Amherst College, where he graduated in 1834.

**HIS FIRST CHARGE.**

At the age of 21, Mr. Beecher received his degree and went to Lane Seminary at Cincinnati to study theology. Graduating from that institution he went to Lawrenceburg, a little place on the Ohio river, and preached to his first congregation. Of this dismal beginning of his illustrious career he said:—"How poor we were! There were only about twenty persons in the flock. I was janitor as well as pastor

of the little whitewashed church. I bought some lamps and I filled them and lighted them. I swept the church and dusted the benches and kindled the fire, and I didn't ring the bell only because there wasn't any.

**PROMOTED.**

"Well, my next move was to Indianapolis. There I had a more considerable congregation, though I was still far from rich in the world's goods. I believe I was very happy during my eight years out there. I liked the people. They were new people—unlearned and uncultured, like the land they lived on,—but they were earnest and honest and strong. But the ague shook us out of the State. My wife's health gave way and we were forced to come East."

**PLYMOUTH CHURCH.**

It was almost by accident that Mr. Beecher came to Brooklyn. What is now Plymouth Church had first been organised into a new Congregational church. The first services were to be held on the 16th of May, 1847. He happened to be in New York at the time, and was asked to preach at the opening of the new church. He did so. A few months later he was called to the pastorate, and on the 10th of October, in the same year, he entered upon his duties.

Of this all-important episode in his career he said: "I am the first and only minister that Plymouth Church has had since the first day of its organization. Of my career since assuming this pastorate I prefer not to talk. It is familiar to every one, and I would rather be known by my deeds than by my words."

**DEFINITIONS OF BIBLE TERMS.**

A DAY'S journey was about twenty-three and one-fifth miles.

A Sabbath-day's journey was about an English mile.

Ezekiel's reed was nearly eleven feet.  
A cubit was nearly twenty-two inches.

A hand's-breadth is equal to three and five-eighths inches.

A finger's breadth is equal to one inch.  
A shekel of silver was about fifty cents.

A shekel of gold was eight dollars.  
A talent of silver was five hundred and thirty-eight dollars and thirty cents.

A talent of gold was thirteen thousand eight hundred and nine dollars.

A piece of silver, or a penny, was thirteen cents.

A farthing was three cents.  
A mite was less than a quarter of a cent.

A gerah was one cent.  
An epha, or bath, contained seven gallons and five pints.

A bin was one gallon and two pints.  
A firkin was about eight and seven-eighths gallons.

An omer was six pints.  
A cab was three pints.

**I Meant To:**

"I did not rise at the breakfast bell,  
But was so sleepy—I can't tell—  
I meant to.

"The wood's not carried in, I know;  
But there's the school-bell, I must go.  
I meant to.

"My lesson I forgot to write,  
But nuts and apples were so nice;  
I meant to.

"I forgot to walk on tiptoe;  
O how the baby cries, O! O!  
I meant to.

"There, I forgot to shut the gate,  
And put away my book and slate.  
I meant to.

"The cattle trampled down the corn,  
My slate is broken, book is torn.  
I meant to."

Thus draws poor idle Jimmy Hite,  
From morn till noon, from noon till night:  
"I meant to."

And when he grows to be a man,  
He'll heedlessly mar every plan  
With that poor plea, "I meant to."

**ONE NIGHT IN CHINA.**

BY BELLE SHAW LUCKETT.

"How would you like to spend a night in the same room with a coffin in which was the skeleton of a man?" asked a missionary one day of some friends.

Every one shuddered at the very idea.

"One dark night," she continued, "just after eleven o'clock, I heard a great pounding at the wall gate. I called one of my Chinese coolies, 'John' (for all coolies are called 'John'), and told him to find out what was wanted. He returned to say that a man was there who had a very sick baby at home, and wanted to know would the 'Mellcan doctor-woman' come right off. I ordered my sedan-chair, and gathering some medicines and a scrap of lunch I climbed into my chair and laid my head back for a nap, while my two coolies shouldered the chair and began their short, smooth trot. It was a long journey, for the parents of the child were poor, and lived in one of the boat-houses that floated on the river.

"When I entered the low, close room I felt but little hope for the life of the frail little creature that lay moaning on a mat in one corner of the room. Several women and one or two dirty-looking men lounged about the room, some asleep, others half awake.

"A woman, the baby's mother, bent over it with an anxious face, just like any other mother.

"In one corner, leaning against the wall, was a coffin in which, I was told, were the dried remains of the grandfather. It had stood there for years. It is not a very pleasant thing to sit all night over a dying child, and know that an unburied dead body is within arm's length of you.

"The baby died that night. Instead of tears and sorrow, its little body was

hurriedly wrapped in a cloth and given to a coolie to carry off.

"The mother, as soon as she had placed her baby in the coolie's arms, and he had passed out of the door, took a knife and struck the doorstep, thus cutting off every tie that bound the little one to its home. Its name was never again spoken in the house.

"Where the coolie placed the baby's body, whether he left it by the roadside, or flung it into the Baby Tower, or buried it on some hill, the friends never knew, nor did they care to know. Gongs were beaten, fire-crackers shot off, and all sorts of noises made, in order to frighten the baby's spirit away forever from its home.

"As my coolies carried me back to my home the next morning, I, thought of the great need these people, who sit in darkness, have of the light of the true religion."

**PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL.**

MARION LEONARD was a gentle and docile little girl; but she had a good deal of foolish pride and vanity, which her mother had tried in many ways to moderate and restrain. But in spite of her scruples and anxiety to do what was best for her daughter, Mrs. Leonard, being naturally lenient and indulgent, too often yielded to her whims and fancies, thereby increasing rather than subduing her one great fault. When dressed in her handsomest suits the child was apt to feel herself a little above those of her companions who wore less expensive garments.

One day she was tripping along the sidewalk with her head very high in the air when a little flower-girl approached her, and pressing somewhat closely, begged that she would buy a bouquet. But she drew her clothes disdainfully away, as if the child's touch were contaminating, and passed on with her head higher than ever.

The flower-girl, who was a zealous Sunday-school scholar, said to herself, as she thought, "Pride goeth before a fall." It seemed as if the words were prophetic, for at that moment Marion placed her foot, which was encased in a very tight, high-heeled boot, upon a slippery spot, and down she fell, turning her ankle so that she could not rise without assistance. Some rough boys laughed and jeered, but the little vender of flowers sprang forward, offering her aid at once.

Marion thanked her in a very meek voice, saying, "If you will help me home mother will buy all your flowers."

The girl did so, and Mrs. Leonard fulfilled the promise given, adding also, "I will buy a bouquet from you every morning if you will bring it to me."

When the elated child had gone, Marion said, "O mother, I heard her repeat to herself, 'Pride goeth before a fall,' and then I slipped and fell down. Wasn't it strange?"

"My dear child," her mother answered earnestly, "I hope it will be a

lesson to you. Fine clothes are poor things to be proud of. What are they in comparison with a kind heart? Remember that the really worthy are always modest and humble in their estimation of themselves."—C. H. Thayer.

**LOST TIME.**

"O, Miss JENNIE," cried a little girl to her Sunday-school teacher, "I am so sorry, but I have lost a whole morning."

"Lost a whole morning?" repeated Miss Jennie, with a grave look upon her sweet face. "How was that, Clara?"

"Why, mother was so busy, and she left Harry in my room, and really, Miss Jennie, the little fellow was so full of fun that I have done nothing but play with him."

Just then Harry put up his dimpled arms to "love" Clara, as he called it in his baby talk. He pressed his lips upon her cheek, saying, "Me love oo' Clara."

"You have not lost your morning, Clara," said her teacher. "You have helped your mother, and you have bound your little brother closer to you by your kindness. Such a morning may have been well spent, my dear."

A few days after this Mrs. Palmer was seized with a severe illness. She could not bear the least noise or confusion, and Harry's noisy play distressed her very much. So Clara took the little fellow to her own room, rocked him to sleep at night, and cared for him almost as well as his mother could, until Mrs. Palmer recovered.

"My dear child," said the physician, as he placed his hand upon the little girl's head, "if your mother had not had so kind and thoughtful a daughter, I fear that she would not have recovered so soon, if at all."

Thus little Clara had her reward. Never call that hour lost which is spent making others happy.

**THE FIRST BRIDGE.**

THE first bridge was constructed when? and what was it made of? I am not able to answer the first question very definitely, but I think I know what the first bridge was made of. It was not of wood, nor of stone, nor of brick, nor of iron nor of rope. It was made entirely of monkeys—live monkeys. A troop of these animals in a South American forest came one day to a stream which was too wide for them to leap across. They climbed a tree, where the first monkey selected a suitable branch, wound his long powerful tail about it, and let himself hang head downward. The second monkey, running down the body of the first, wound his tail about its neck and shoulders and let himself hang head downward. A third and a fourth added themselves in succession, and others after them, till the chain reached the ground. Then the lowest monkey, by

striking his hands on the earth, set the living pendulum in motion, and increased this motion by striking again at each oscillation, till it swung so far across the stream that he was able to seize a branch of a tree on the other side. The line of monkeys now constituted a bridge, by which the remainder of the troop quickly crossed over. Then the monkey which (not who, as most people write it) had been the first volunteer in this engineer corps, unwound his tail from the branch and let go. What had before been the top of the pendulum was now the bottom; it swung across the stream, and dissolved into its original elements, and the whole troop went chattering on their way. This took place before the appearance of man upon the earth, and the long-tailed monkeys have been building such bridges ever since.

Between that primitive bridge of monkeys and the last and greatest of all bridges ever undertaken—the suspension bridge over East river, connecting New York and Brooklyn—there is apparently a wide discrepancy; yet the two are constructed on the same principle.

The first bridge recorded in history was built over the Euphrates at Babylon, in the reign of Queen Nitocris. The course of the river was turned, and its bed laid dry, till the foundations were built. The arches were of immense hewn stones, clamped together with iron, and the whole bridge was roofed over. It was thirty feet wide, and over six hundred feet long. No remnant of this great bridge has been discovered in modern times.—*Wide Awake.*

**A BETTER WAY THAN QUARRELLING.**

Do you ever hear children speak in this way to each other:

"You did!" "I didn't!" "Yes, you did!" "No, I didn't!" "I'll tell mamma!"?

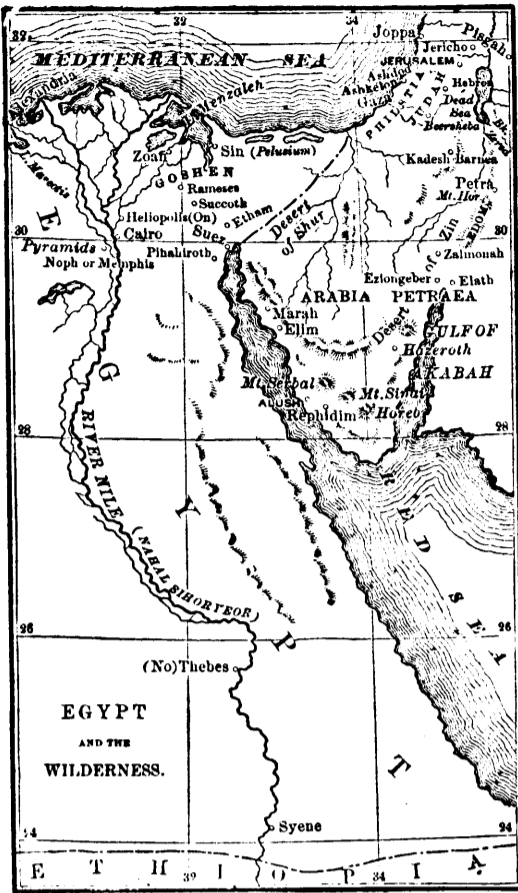
Now it is very disagreeable to have children speak so. You should be kind and affectionate, speaking pleasantly, not contradicting each other nor disputing.

"A kind answer turneth away wrath," the Bible says. Now try this way the very next time that you feel like contradicting one of your little sisters or brothers. When you go so far as this, "I did!" "You didn't!" then stop short. Do not say one word more about the trouble, but just put your arms around brother's or sister's neck and say very pleasantly, "Don't let us quarrel about it."

Is not that the better way? I think it is.

A LITTLE boy was relating a story he had heard one day. His ideas becoming confused in some way, he could find no words to explain his meaning. At last he said: "Well, I know enough big words, but I don't know where to put them in."





### The Wiser Plan.

BENEATH an oak a lazy croaker lay,  
 Long after sunrise and the dawn of day,  
 To fret and worry, and to whine;  
 To find some fault with workmanship divine.  
 "Why," said he glibly, "should there be  
 Pumpkins on vines and acorns on a tree?  
 The vines are tender, while the trees are  
 tough,  
 Acorns are small, but pumpkins large  
 enough,  
 If God in trees had hung these pumpkins  
 large  
 And given to the vines the lesser charge  
 I'm sure we all would then agree  
 That this a wiser plan would be."  
 Just then from its high perch an acorn fell  
 Into the croaker's face, and hit him well,  
 Which was reproof and argument at once,  
 Sufficient to convince the veriest dunce,  
 Though this the mercy of God's wiser plan  
 We were not spared the wit of such a man.  
 E. S. GOODHUE.

### "HONEST ABE."

"I HELPED Lincoln build the first flatboat ever made in Springfield," said Mr. Ross. "It would have made you laugh to have seen him then. He worked for fifteen dollars per month. He used to wear a big hat and blue jean pantaloons. He was very tall—over six feet high—and his pantaloons were generally too short, and he strapped them to his brogans to keep them down.  
 "I knew there was something in him even then. Why, let me tell you.  
 "When Lincoln first came to Salem, he used to walk twenty miles to borrow lawbooks to read. Stewart and Everett were lawyers here then. Lincoln would come up from Salem to borrow a book, and one night have seen him reading it along the way as he returned. When he got tired he would sit down on a log, and rest and study. The lawyers here liked him, and—why, the first thing I knew, Stewart & Everett had taken him

into the firm. He never would undertake a case in which he did not believe. He practised no tricks in court. You could not turn him aside from principle—'twas no use. Everybody believed what Abraham Lincoln said was the exact truth, and so he became known as "Honest Abe."  
 "He never spoke ill of anyone. How I have heard him abused in the courts and on the political platform! But he would never return it; he never spoke evil of any one.  
 "He gave me his dog when he went away, and the people here came to think so much of him at last that they used to come to my house just to see his dog.  
 "If ever a man was loved in his own town, it was Lincoln. It was not his genius, but his honesty of purpose and his great, good heart, that made him what he was to his family, his neighbours, and to the great world. It does not seem strange that when a great emancipation was needed to direct national affairs, God, who sees the human heart, should have called him from the prairies to this service, and should have made him one of the imperial wonder-workers of the world, and crowned him at last as the supreme benefactor of the most prosperous nation beneath the sun."

## LESSON NOTES.

### SECOND QUARTER.

#### STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1491.] LESSON VIII. [May 22.  
 THE PASSOVER.

Exod. 12. 1-14. Commit to mem. vs. 15, 14.  
 GOLDEN TEXT.

Christ our passover is sacrificed for us.  
 1 Cor. 5. 7.

#### OUTLINE.

1. The Passover.
2. Our Passover.

TIME.—1491 B.C. Later in same year as last lesson.

PLACE.—In Egypt. The land of Goshen.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The beginning of months*—The first month of the first year of the new nation so soon to be. It was called Abib or Nisan, and corresponds nearly to our April. *The congregation of Israel*—Simply the people as a whole. *According to the house of their fathers*—That is, one lamb for each family. *The household be too little*—Tradition said there must be at least ten persons to make a sufficient number. *Keep it up*—That is, keep the lamb thus chosen with great care from the tenth day. *Kill it in the evening*—At some time between three o'clock and six, when the new day began. *Unleavened bread*—Simple cakes of flour, baked without the use of anything to ferment, as a symbol of haste in departing. *Solden at all with water*—Not boiled, but roasted with fire. *Let nothing of it remain*—The whole substance of the animal, except the blood, was to pass into their substance as nourishment and support. *Lambs girdled*. The flowing skirts tied up out of the way of the feet, ready for a hurried march.

#### TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—  
 1. That the shedding of blood was necessary for salvation?  
 2. That faith is a condition of our salvation?  
 3. That great mercies ought to be remembered?

#### THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did God send upon the Egyptians, before they would let the Israelites go out of Egypt? Ten plagues. 2. What was the last plague upon the Egyptians? The death of the first-born. 3. What feast kept in mind the going out of the Israelites from Egypt? The passover. 4. What was done with the blood of the slain lamb? It was sprinkled on the door posts. 5. Of what did the feast consist? Of unleavened bread and a slain lamb. 6. What was represented in the feast, as stated in the GOLDEN TEXT? "Christ," etc.

#### DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Salvation.

#### CATECHISM QUESTION.

24. By what means were our first parents led to commit so great a sin against God? By the subtilty of the devil, who made use of the serpent to beguile Eve.  
 [Genesis iii. 13; 2 Corinthians xi. 3.]

B.C. 1491.] LESSON IX. [May 29.

#### THE RED SEA.

Exod. 14. 19-31. Commit to mem. vs. 19-21.

#### GOLDEN TEXT.

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee. Isa. 43. 2.

#### OUTLINE.

1. The Cloud.
2. The Sea.
3. The Foe.

TIME.—1491 B.C. Just after the pass-over.

PLACE.—Pihahiroth. The sea.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The Angel of God*—See ver. 21, 22, chap. 13. *The pillar of the cloud*—The Lord himself did for Israel what the leaders of armies were wont to do for their troops. More than a thousand years after this, Alexander led his troops by similar signals. *A strong east wind*—The account distinctly claims that God used the forces of nature to aid in this work of power. *A wall unto them*—No attack was possible on either flank, but only from the rear. *In the morning watch*—At sunrise; a little before 6 a.m., in the month of April. *Took off their chariot wheels*—The Septuagint translation says, "clogged." *The sea returned to his strength when the morning appeared*—Doubtless the wind ceased, the waters re-flowed, the tide may have been rising, and the full power of the sea would be once more felt. *The Lord overthrew*—Or shook them off from their chariots. *Not so much as one*—They perished utterly. Psal. 136. 15, says Pharaoh also perished.

#### TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—  
 1. That God is the defence of his people?  
 2. That God's enemies are sure of defeat?  
 3. That miracles are an aid to faith?

#### THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. By what were the Israelites led out of Egypt? By a pillar of cloud and of fire. 2. Where were the Israelites led? Through the Red Sea. 3. How were they enabled to pass through the sea? The waters were divided. 4. What became of the Egyptians who pursued them? They were drowned. 5. What is the promise in the GOLDEN TEXT? "When thou," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The supernatural in religion.

#### CATECHISM QUESTION.

25. Who is the devil or Satan? The chief of the fallen angels, who, before man's fall, sinned against God, and were cast out of heaven.  
 [1 Peter v. 8; Jude 6.]

"So Mr. Blank was here to-day?"  
 Servant: "Yes, sir." "And you told him what I said, I suppose?" "Yes, sir." "Did he take umbrage?" "I didn't notice, sir; but if he did he'll bring it back. He's a very particular gentleman, you know."

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