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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 20, 1892.

[No. 34.]

HIPPOCAMPUS, OR SEA HORSE.

This "strange fish," for a fish he truly is, though belonging to a very odd family—the pipo-fishes—is not an entire stranger to our northern waters, being found along the New Jersey coasts, and quite far up the Hudson River. Some very fine specimens constitute one of the points of special attraction in the New York Aquarium.

The picture gives a striking portraiture of the creature; and what a jumble of oddities—the head of a horse, fins of a fish, tail compounded of a crocodile's and a ring-tailed monkey's, and the ribbed body of a Chinese lantern! In general, he is found clinging on to some seaweed or fragment of shell, swaying backward and forward, with oft repeated and very rapid vibrations of the pectoral fins. If it is his pleasure to release his hold and change his location, he moves in the upright form seen in the engraving, using the large back fin for propulsion. In voyaging, however, he is very sort: as he generally adheres to the first object that lies in his way.

The Hippocampus is very docile, and easily tamed, and one who is so fortunate as to obtain a specimen, he will receive for many an hour of deeply interested study and observation.

THE HERO OF QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.

At the annual picnic of the Metropolitan Sunday-school at Queenston Heights, in July, the Rev. Dr. Withrow recounted the principal incidents which had made that spot historic, and read the following extracts from his story of the year of 1812:

The morning of the thirteenth of October, 1812, a day ever memorable in the annals of Canada, broke cold and dreary. Low-hung clouds rattled the sky and made the dawn later still. They cast still darker shadows on the sombre clumps of spruce and pine that clothed the sides of the gorge, and on the sullen waters that flowed between. A couple of fishermen in the neighbourhood who were serving in the militia had been permitted by the officer in command to attend to their scenes with the injunction to keep a sharp look-out at the same time, and to be ready at an instant's summons to join the ranks.

The elder of the two men was a sturdy fisherman—Jonas Evans by name—a Methodist of the Lady Huntingdon Connection. The other, Jim Larkins, was Canadian born, the son of a neighbourly farmer. About six o'clock in the morning they emerged from their spruce booth and began hauling their rude windlass upon the seine, heavily laden with fish. "Bark!" exclaimed Jonas to his companion; "what noise is that? I thought I had the splash of oars."

"It is only the wash of the waves upon the shore or the sigh of the winds among the pines. You're likely to hear nothing else this time o' day, or o' night rather."

"There it is again," said the old man, peering into the darkness. "And I am sure I heard the sound o' voices on the river. See there!" he exclaimed, as a long dark object was descried amid the gloom. "There is a boat, and there behind it another; and I doubt not there are still others behind. Run, Jim, call out the guard. The Lord has placed us here to confound the devices of the enemy."

Snatching from the booth his trusty Brown Bess musket, without waiting to challenge, for he well knew that this was

and another emerged rapidly from the darkness, and their prows grated upon the shingle as they were forced upon the beach. The invading troops leaped lightly out with a clash of arms, and at the quick, sharp word of command formed upon the beach.

Meanwhile, on the cliff above, the sharp challenge and reply of the guard, the shrill rattle of the bugle, and the quick throbbing of the drums calling to arms are heard. The men turn out with alacrity, and are soon seen, in the grey dawn, running from their several billets to headquarters, buckling their belts and adjusting their accoutrements as they run. Soon is heard the measured tramp of armed men forming in

Queenston Heights, the whole slope of the hill was swept by a heavy artillery and musketry fire from the American shore. Nevertheless, with his aides, he rode full speed up to the 18-pounder battery, midway to the summit. Dismounting, he surveyed the disposition of the opposed forces and personally directed the fire of the gun. At this moment firing was heard on the crest of the hill commanding the battery. A detachment of American troops had climbed like catamounts the steep cliff by an unguarded fisherman's path. Sir Isaac Brock and his aides had not even time to remount, but were compelled to retire with the twelve gunners who manned the battery. This was promptly occupied by the Americans, who raised the stars and stripes.

Placing himself at the head of a company of the 49th, he charged up the hill under a heavy fire. The enemy gave way, and Brock, by the tones of his voice and the reckless exposure of his person, inspired the pursuit of his followers. His tall figure—he was six feet two inches in height—his conspicuous valour, and his general's epaulettes and cockade attracted the fire of the American sharpshooters, and he fell, pierced through the breast by a mortal bullet. As he fell upon his face, a devoted follower rushed to his assistance. "Don't mind me," he said. "Push on the York volunteers," and with his dying breath sending a message to his sister in the far-off Isle of Guernsey, the brave soul passed away.

As they approached the village of Queenston, Neville and Zenas found that a temporary lull in the hostilities had taken place. The Americans had possession of the heights, and were strongly reinforced from the Lowiston side of the river.

The redcoats from Fort George—about four hundred men of the 41st regiment, together with part of the 49th, which had already been mentioned—were about to make a by-road apparently away from the scene of action.

"Halloa!" said Zenas to young Ensign Norton of the 41st regiment, who was a frequent visitor at his father's house. "I don't understand this, you are not running away from those fellows, are you? Why don't you drive the Yankees from that battery?"

"We intend to, young Hotspur, but it would be madness to charge up that hill in face of those guns. We are to take them in flank, I suppose, and drive them over the cliff."

"Where's Brock?" asked the boy, jealous of the fame of his hero, which he seemed to think compromised by this prudent counsel.

"Have you not heard?" said Norton, with something between a sigh and a sob. "He'll never lead us again. He lies in yonder house," pointing to a long, low, poor looking dwelling house on the left side of the road.



HIPPOCAMPUS, OR SEA HORSE.

the vanguard of the threatened invasion, he fired at the boat, more for the purpose of giving the alarm than in the expectation of inflicting any damage on the moving object in the uncertain light.

The sound of the musket shot echoed and re-echoed between the rocky cliffs, and repeated in loud reverberations its thrilling sound of warning.

"Curse him! we are discovered," exclaimed the steersman of the foremost boat, with a brutal oath. "Spring to your oars, lads! We must gain a footing before the guard turns out, or it's all up with us. Pull for your lives!"

No longer rowing cautiously with muffled oars, but with loud shouts and fairly churning the surface of the water into foam, they made the boat—a large flat-bottomed barge—bound through the waves. Another

The first detachment of invaders were driven with some loss behind a steep bank close to the water's edge, but they were soon reinforced by fresh arrivals, and being now in overwhelming strength, steadily fought their way up the bank.

Meanwhile, where was Brock? Such, we venture to think, was the most eager thought of every mind on either side. He was speeding as fast as his good steed could carry him to his glorious fate. The previous night, at headquarters at Fort George, he had called his staff together and, in anticipation of the invasion, had given to each officer his instructions. In the morning, agreeably to his custom, he rose before day. While dressing, the sound of the distant cannonade caught his attentive ear.

With his two aides, he galloped eagerly to the scene of action. As he approached

A Very Intelligent Bird.

We conversed some time together -
You may think it quite absurd -
But I found that quail in the orchard
A most intelligent bird.

He chose a shady corner
Before he would alight;
I inquired: "What's your name, sir?"
He said at once, "Bob White."

He had an air of business,
The knowing little sprit;
So I asked him about his family;
He said at once, "All right!"

I thought I'd like to see them,
And asked him if I might;
Perhaps it was the thought of toast
That made him say, "Not quite!"

Permit me just a glimpse, sir,
They must be a pleasing sight -
Then tell me what's the reason why,
He answered back, "Too bright!"

I said, "Don't you get dizzy
When you swing at such a height?"
He hopped upon a loftier twig,
Then answered back, "You might."

Though from answers dissyllabic
He never swerved a mite,
Yet he always had an answer,
The roguish little wight!

At last I tried to catch him -
He showed no sign of fright,
But simply spread his winglets
And chirped back, "Good night."

Your parrots and your mocking birds
You may think are very bright;
For wit and for intelligence
I recommend Bob White.

enough to live upon in more comfort than he had ever known.

If it weren't for little Gip," said Sandy to John Shafto, "I'd be as happy as a king. I can't believe it's me at times. But there's little Gip; she's never out of my head. I'm afraid she'll grow out of my knowledge if I don't come across her soon. It comes over me sometimes, 's'pose I never see her again for years and years, till she's grown up, and then I don't know as it is Gip? That scares me so I'm ready to run away from the wood-yard, and never leave off going about the streets till I find her. She can't grow out of his knowledge, though, can she?"

"Whose?" asked John Shafto.
"Him! Lord Jesus, as is lookin' for her as well as we. He'll be sure to know her, won't he? I only wish I could see him just for once, to tell him all about her. I'd like to see how he looks, when he hears me tell of her. It's so dreadful to shut my eyes, and speak to nothink like, when I talk of little Gip. If I could only look in his face, and hear him say, 'Never you fear, Sandy, I'll find her, and keep her safe for you,' just for once, you know, I'd be content."

"But he is doing that," answered John Shafto; "wherever little Gip is, he's taking care of her for you, and will let you have her again some day. We can never, never see his face here; but I shall see it by-and-by, and perhaps tell him about Gip myself."

"You'll have to die to do that," said Sandy, very gravely. To think that John would tell the Lord Jesus Christ about little Gip was a great comfort to him; but he could not bear to think he must lose him himself.

"Yes," said John; "but if it wasn't for mother, I shouldn't mind that. I've always been used to think of it, ever since we used to play about the graves, and learn our letters on the tombstones, me and the other children who are dead. At nights when I sit up in bed I can see the graves through my window. I'm not afraid at all of these things, Sandy; and now you've come you must take my place, and grow up to be a good son to poor mother."

"And when I find little Gip, she'll be her little gel," answered Sandy, eagerly. "I don't believe as mother 'ill ever turn up again now, do you? I couldn't be the son of two mothers."

That was Sandy's secret dread, which haunted him day by day as he went to and fro about his work. He was always fearing lest his mother's hand should seize him by the collar, and hold him fast whilst she searched his pockets for halfpence; or that she would strip him of his decent working jacket, and pawn it at the nearest shop. He was sure she would dog him to his new home, and molest his friends there, till they would be compelled to give him up to her, and he would be driven back to the old wretchedness and degradation. It was a great terror, constantly besetting him; and whenever he had to pass the swinging doors of the gin-palace, which were not far between in the streets he had to walk along, he would dart by quickly, as if it were a den of some venomous beast of prey, lying in wait to devour him.

"Lord," he said often in his prayers, "let mother be lost always, and never be found again; but please find little Gip for me soon!"

(To be continued.)

A BOYS' COMPOSITION ON GIRLS.

GIRLS are very stuck up and dignified in their manner and behave themselves. They think more of dress than anything, and like to play with rags and dolls. They cry if they see a cow in the far distance, and are afraid of guns. They stay at home all the time, and go to church on Sunday. They are always making fun of boys' hands and they say, "How dirty." They can't play marbles. I pity them, poor things. They make fun of boys, and then turn around and love them. I don't think they ever killed a cat or anything. They look out every night and say, "Ain't the moon lovely?" There is one thing I have not told, and that is they always know their lessons better than boys.

CHINESE GIRLS.

A LADY missionary to China tells the children who read an English magazine, called *China's Millions*, about the little girls in that great country in such an interesting way that we must let our Sunday-school children see a part of her letter. She writes:

"When you look at little Chinese girls, what is the first thing you notice? Why, that they are nearly all dressed in blue. There are no pretty frocks and pinafores and pink sashes to be seen, no ribbons and ties and gloves, nothing of the kind. Chinese dress is not nearly so complicated - but that is a very long word; I ought to have said Chinese dress is much more simple. When I was a little girl I used to have thirteen or fourteen different sorts of things to put on before nurse said I was ready to go to breakfast. How many have you? Now count and see - everything, mind I collars and all. My children have only three or four things to put on - a pair of wide cotton drawers to the ankle; over this comes an upper dress of blue cotton, reaching to the knees; over that another dress exactly the same, only made of better blue cotton; that is all. On their feet (those who bind them) they wind a strip of calico very tight, so as to keep the poor little deformed feet in the proper place, and put the little shoe over that. Children who do not bind their feet wear cotton stockings, not such as we wear, but cut out of white calico in the shape of the foot. Some of the children wear a sort of sleeveless jacket. These are generally wadded, and are worn under the upper dress. In the winter the only difference in their appearance is that they are very fat. Why? Because then all their garments are wadded with cotton-wool. As the autumn goes on and winter approaches people grow fatter, and fatter, and fatter, till really it is such a trouble to move about with the weight of the wadding that all they can do is to sit down and warm their toes at their fires. Rich people wear fur instead of wadding."

"They all dress their hair alike. If they are under thirteen years of age the whole head is shaved, except the patch of hair left at the back of the head, which is plaited in a long tail. After that age their hair is allowed to grow, and is parted over the forehead and brushed straight down behind the ears, tied securely at the back of the neck by a red cord wound tightly round and round, and then plaited in a tail. How black their hair is, and their eyes, too! At home, you know, some little girls have blue eyes and some have brown eyes, and some have brown hair and some golden; but here, hair and eyes are all alike - black. Some little Chinese girls are very pretty indeed; and they all have beautiful teeth."

"When you go out for a walk you put on your walking things, such as hats and jackets and gloves; and 'putting on my things,' when I was a little girl, was always divided in my own mind into three parts. The first part was putting on my boots - that I did not like; the middle part was putting on my hat, jacket and tie - that I did like; the third was putting on my gloves, and that I disliked almost as much as the first."

"Do you ever lose your gloves and break your laces? Chinese children never do, because they have none to lose or break; and they are saved all that trouble with hats and jackets and lace-up boots, because they wear just the same things out of doors as in; so you see there is one advantage in being Chinese. But then, on the other hand, you have the pleasure of nice walks; and they think that sort of thing a most strange proceeding. They never go out, except perhaps a little way to a neighbour's house (and that by the shortest cut), or they play in the streets just opposite their own doors; but this is only in the case of the poorer classes."

"Rich little girls are never seen out of doors at all; it would be considered a disgrace. I have been in China two years, and have travelled about two thousand miles inland, and never have seen a child of rich parents but once; and then she was in a house, carefully looked after by a woman. My own particular six children are all poor, but once they are never allowed to go on the street except once a week to the service, and then they just go the shortest way there and back."

"At home they have a great deal of housework to do - sweeping, dusting, cleaning, washing clothes, cooking and needlework. They lead no idle life, I can tell you. They are up at the first streak of dawn, and always in bed directly it grows dark. They have finished their needlework at six o'clock; then, after everything has been corrected and put tidily away, and the day scholars have returned home, we have tea. After that there is little time for play before bedtime."

"IT WON'T HURT YOU IF YOU LEAVE IT ALONE."

"No, liquor won't hurt you if you let it alone," said one man with a sneer to another who was fighting hard to have it kept out of town by law. "You needn't meddle with it, if others take it, that is their look out."

"But liquor does hurt thousand who let it alone, who utterly hate it, and never set foot in a saloon."

"I should like your evidence," said the other, a little puzzled.

"Just step around the corner into Mrs. Watson's house - a pretty little house, but it will not be hers much longer. The rum-seller has it in his grip; I hear she must move out this week. Watson is working on his new veranda, which is to run around three sides of the tavern, to pay up another liquor bill, while his wife and children are starving. They never touch liquor, but it hurts them."

"I can pick out twenty families in this place where it has done its mischief, more or less, and so it is the world over. Every man that drinks involves others with him."

"Those who let it alone have to suffer. Probably five sufferers to each drunkard would be stating it very low. Now, I mean to work hard and fight hard, if need be, for those who have no helper; and if the law can be made to help them, well and good."

"Our boys are to be our future law-makers. Let them be well established in temperance principles. Let them look on a liquor license as they would on a license to commit any sort of crime. All these and far more are included in every permit to sell rum."

LINCOLN'S BOYHOOD.

THERE were no libraries and but few books in the "back settlements" in which Lincoln lived. Among the few volumes which he found in the cabins of the illiterate families by which he was surrounded were the Bible, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Weems' "Life of Washington," and the poems of Robert Burns. These he read over and over again, until they became as familiar as the alphabet. The Bible has been at all times the book in every home and cabin in the republic; yet it was truly said of Lincoln that no man, clergyman or otherwise, could be found so familiar with this book as he. This is apparent both in his conversation and his writings. There is hardly a speech or State paper of his in which allusions and illustrations taken from the Bible do not appear. But as he could quote from end to end. Long afterwards he wrote a most able lecture upon this, perhaps next to Shakespeare, his favourite poet. Young Abraham borrowed of the neighbours and read every book he could hear of in the settlement within a wide circuit. If by chance he heard of a book that he had not read, he would walk many miles to borrow it. Among other volumes, he borrowed of one Crawford, Weems' "Life of Washington." Reading it with great eagerness, he took it to bed with him in the loft of the cabin, and read on till his nubbins of tallow candle had burned out. Then he placed the book between the logs of the cabin, that it might be at hand as soon as there was light enough in the morning to enable him to read. But during the night a violent rain came on, and he awoke to find his book wet through and through. Drying it as well as he could, he went to Crawford and told him of the mishap, and as he had no money to pay for it, offered to work out the value of the injured volume. Crawford fixed the price at three days' work, and the future president pulled corn three days and thus became the owner of the fascinating book. He thought the labour well invested.

LOST IN LONDON

By the Author of "The Man Trap."

CHAPTER XII.

TWO MOTHERS.

BUT Mr. Shafto found it no easy task to shake off the chains of idleness and selfishness with which he had allowed himself to be bound for so many years. One effort and one day's labour did not set him free; the habits of his life were too strong for that. Besides, he had no real business to turn to. He had taken up with the undertaker's trade out of sheer idleness; and since the grave-yard had been closed, and no funerals permitted in it, all his chance of employment in that way had gone. This he had not cared about, so long as his wife's industry had supplied him with his own comforts. The little house they lived in had belonged to him, having come to him from his grandfather, the minister, whose smoky tablet still remained on the chapel wall. It was not much, he had often said in his own heart, for his wife to earn the mere food and clothing.

So now there was positively no work he could do. He sauntered about looking for Gip a little; but there was no hope of success to encourage him. After he had been to a few police-stations and work-houses with Sandy, it seemed nothing but a waste of time to go on strolling about the streets inquiring for a child that had been lost so long. Even Sandy began to feel his, though he could not bring himself to give up the hope of finding her somewhere and somehow. Whenever he caught sight of a tiny ragged girl, or heard the voice of a little child, he could not help looking and listening if it were not his little Gip. But he had not much more time for the search; for Mr. Shafto found regular work for Sandy, though he could find none for himself.

This was in a wood-yard, where a number of poor friendless boys were employed chopping wood, and tying them in bundles of chips for lighting fires. It belonged to Mr. Mason, the young gentleman whom Sandy had heard preaching that Sunday he first met with John Shafto. Fortunately for him, there was a vacant place which Mr. Mason could put him into at once. So there he was, in regular work, with small but regular wages; a night-school which he was expected to attend; and the prospect of soon gaining



THE STONING OF STEPHEN.—To illustrate Lesson for August 28.

A Sweet Apple.

BY C. I. J.

"MAMMA!"—"Yes, darling, I hear you."
"I was down by the gate, you know,
Kating that big, red apple
You gave me a while ago.

"And what do you think I saw there?
You never can guess, you see:
The funniest little beggar!
Why, she wasn't as big as me!

"She was dirty, you know, and so ragged,
And her face was so thin and white,
And she looked and she looked at my apple
Just as though she would like a bite.

"And she kept on a watching my apple—
Just as hard as ever she could;
And she looked so awfully hungry
That it didn't taste half so good."

"Well, and what did you do, my laddie?"
"Why, I waited a bit, and then
I gave her a piece of the apple,
And it tasted all right again!"

—Children's Work for Children.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

A. D. 57.] LESSON IX. [Aug. 28.

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

Acts 7. 54-60, 8. 1-4. Memory verses, 57-60.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.—Acts 7. 60.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

They that bear the cross shall wear the crown.

CIRCUMSTANCES.

In our last lesson we left Stephen arraigned before the great council for blasphemy. He defended himself in a powerful speech (Acts 7. 2-53), at the close of which our lesson for to-day begins.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

Out to the heart—The original means sawn asunder. They were intensely enraged. *Now the glory of God*—In his own future home, and God's goodness amid all the evil around him. *Jesus standing*—Not sitting, as usually represented, but standing, as if rising to help, defend, and welcome Stephen. *Behold, I see, etc.*—This is exactly what Jesus had foretold to this same Sandhedrim a few years before. *Stopped their ears*—As if unwilling to hear such things. *Cast him out of the city*—They were forbidden to have executions within the city. The place was in the valley of Jehoshaphat, close under the temple walls, at the foot of the Mount of Olives. *The witnesses*—

The false witnesses. (Acts 6. 11, 13.) They were obliged to cast the first stone. (Deut. 17. 6, 7.) *Young man's . . . Saul*—Afterwards Paul the Apostle. He was probably thirty four or thirty five years old at this time. *Calling upon God*—"God" is in italics, showing that it is not in the original. He called upon the Lord Jesus. *Saul was consenting*—By his vote, and by aiding the execution. *Devout men*—Jews, not Christians, who thus protested against the murder. *Hauling*—i.e., Hauling, dragging forth.

Find in this lesson—

How God changes hindrances to helps.
Where Jesus is now.

The way to treat enemies.
The true name for a Christian's death.
What we should do for the gospel.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. What great preacher arose in the Church? "Stephen, a man full of the Holy Spirit, of wisdom, and of power." 2. What was done to him? "He was arrested, and stoned to death." 3. What vision did he see? "A vision of Jesus in heaven, standing by the right hand of God." 4. What did the enemies of Christ do? "They caused a great persecution of Christians." 5. What was the final result? "Paul was converted, the truth spread far and wide, and the number of disciples greatly increased."

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What does the Spirit perform for the Church?

He calls and qualifies men, from time to time, to preach the word and administer the sacraments; makes their preaching effectual to the conversion of sinners and the edification of believers; and is present as the representative of the Lord Jesus in all the ordinances of public worship.

Acts 20. 28; 1 Thessalonians 1. 5; John 16. 7.

Acts 13. 2, 4, 6. 10. 1 Peter 1. 12.

A BAND OF MERCY BOY.

It was a cold morning in March, in Chicago. A little old man stood on the corner of Clark and Randolph Streets selling newspapers.

He was thinly clad and kept trotting up and down trying hard to keep warm, and his voice was hoarse with cold, and passers-by could hardly hear him.

Some boys jeered and laughed at him; but one about thirteen years old, rather better dressed than the rest, after looking at him for a few moments, walked up to him and said, "I will shout for you."

The old man thought the boy was making fun of him, but the boy began to call out, "Times, Herald, Tribune, News," in a clear voice, which attracted so many customers that in a little while the old man sold his stock.

He offered to pay his youthful partner, but the boy would take nothing, and went off with a smiling face.

AN HONEST BOOTBLACK.

ONE evening a gentleman, who gave his name as Harrison, of Freeport, Ill., was hurrying down Broadway, at about five o'clock, carrying a valise, and when on the Canal Street crossing, a large, well filled envelope fell from his coat. A lame boot-black, named Danie' McCarthy, better known in the neighbourhood as "Limping Dan," picked it up, and running as best he could after the loser, cried: "Say, mister!" The man glanced in the direction of the call, and seeing the boy's blacking kit, gruffly said, "I don't want a shine." The boy, however, exerted himself, and stopping in front of the man, held up the envelope saying, "Mister, you dropped this."

Recognizing his property, a change immediately spread over his countenance as he gazed upon the shivering cripple before him and asked his name. He then took him to a clothing store near by, and paid for a coat and vest for the boy, after which he handed the grateful boy a \$20 bill, saying: "My boy, that envelope contained a large amount of money. When I come to the city again I shall be glad to see you."

To the officer he said he had sold some property on Long Island, and that the envelope contained the proceeds—\$1,600 in cheques and \$600 in bills—which he had just drawn from the bank, and in his haste to get to Jersey City, where he was to take the train, he must have placed the envelope between his inside coat and overcoat instead of in his pocket.

THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.

"I SHOULD like," said Miss Harson, the governess, "to have some one tell me what animal is almost indispensable to man in hot and dry countries."

"I know," cried Clara, "it's the camel." "The very creature, and in many respects it is one of the most interesting and wonderful of animals. It is called the 'ship of the desert,' because it safely navigates the sandy sea where other animals would perish beneath the burning sun. The Arabs value their camels very highly."

"What funny looking creatures they are," said Edith, looking at a picture which Miss Harson had just shown. "They are so dreadfully high! Do people have ladders to climb up on their back?"

"No, dear," answered the lady, "I never heard of a camel ladder. The camel kneels to receive its burden."

"How tall is a camel, Miss Harson," asked Clara. "It looks almost as high as a house."

"Not quite," was the reply, "but as a camel measures seven feet from the ground to the top of the hump, and the saddle with its cushions add a foot or two more, it is easy to see that a fall from such an animal's back is no trifling matter. Besides the cushions with which the saddle is provided, it has a long upright piece to which the rider cancling to prevent his being thrown off. But the safest way of sitting is to cross the legs in front and grasp the pommel with both hands."

"I shouldn't think," said Clara, "that any of it would be very comfortable."

"It wouldn't suit our ideas of comfort," replied Miss Harson, "and I am sure that three people of my acquaintance, with their governess, would be dreadfully sea-sick if they tried this style of riding."

"Sea-sick on a camel?" The girls could not understand this.

"Of course," said big brother Malcolm, with a knowing air, "it's a ship, you know—the 'ship of the desert.'"

"I wonder if the baby camels are pretty?" said Edith.

"Young camels are described," said Miss Harson, "as being funny, helpless little objects, and at first have to be watched like a human baby. A little camel does not gambol and play like other young creatures, but is just as grave and quiet as grown up ones, and it looks just as melancholy as though it could see all the loads it would have to carry during its life."

"The camel is described as ill-tempered and revengeful, and there is a story told of one who had been unmercifully whipped by his driver. One night the man retired to his tent leaving his cloak outspread over the wooden saddle, and this is what happened. During the night he heard the camel approach the object and after satisfying himself by smell that it was his m-ve-

ter's cloak, and believing that the man was asleep beneath it, he lay down and rolled backward and forward over the cloak evidently much gratified by the smashing of the saddle under his weight, and fully persuaded that the bones of his master were broken to pieces. After a time he arose, contemplated the disordered mass and walked away. Next morning, at the usual hour for loading, the master presented himself to the camel. The disappointed animal was in such a rage on seeing his master before him, that he broke his heart and died on the spot."

A TIRED WOMAN FINDS REST.

THE car was crowded with business men returning from their offices down town. A Twenty-seventh street a shabbily dressed woman entered. She carried an infant on her left arm and bore on her right arm a heavy market basket to which an old child clung while his mother dragged both him and the basket along. Of course the men were busy with their papers and none looked up as the poor, tired woman took her stand in the aisle.

But in the forward corner was a well-dressed young man who did glance up from his book. He saw the shabby woman, and, instantly, and, with a bow as courteous as he would have bestowed upon a Fifth Avenue belle, proffered her his seat.

With a grateful look the woman tried to get into the seat. But with infant and basket and the older child crowding upon her she found some difficulty in doing so.

"Let me take your basket," said the young man.

And he held the heavy basket, restraining the other child by a kind word and quiet pat on the cheek, until the tired mother had settled herself as comfortably as possible.

It was true kindness, for the woman looked as if she had had no other rest all day long. The young man was Edward Bok, the editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, of Philadelphia, and he was carrying out in a practical way the gospel of helpfulness that he is continually preaching.

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