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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, JULY 9, 1892.

[No. 28.]

MENDING THE NETS.

The fisherman's wife, in the illustration, is trying to teach her little daughter how to mend her father's nets when they are broken, and they need mending very often. They are sitting on the beach and working away at the net as it hangs from the big fishing vessel. There is a certain way of mending nets, and also a certain way of mending them, and they have to be well and strongly netted. Don't these things—the sea, the boat, the nets and the mending—remind us of something we have read in the story of the life of Jesus? Didn't the Master call two of his noblest disciples to leave their lowly occupation of mending the nets with their father on the shores of Galilee, to come and follow him? And these two men, James and John, left their work and their home and their friends, and cast in their lot with him who had not where to lay his head. Do you think Christ would have called them if they had not been doing anything?

THE AIR.

BY PROF. W. H. DE MOTTE.

This great round earth we live on is covered with a layer of very fine matter as much as forty or fifty miles thick; just as your ball is covered with leather, or an apple with a peel. This matter is called the air. It is very much thinner than water, and still thinner than earth and stones. If the surface of the earth was perfectly smooth the ground would lie below because it is heavier, the water next, and the air above both. There would be a layer of water all over the earth if the surface was level. Parts of the land rise higher than others, and force the water into the low places, and so form rivers and lakes and oceans. There is only water enough to fill up these lowest places, and so about one-fourth of the earth's surface is left dry land. There is much more of air; enough to extend far above the tops of the highest mountains.

You know the earth is whirling round like a great top day after day, and at the same time moving around the sun very swiftly, making the trip once a year. Perhaps you wonder why the water does not spill off the earth as it turns, or the air be all blown away in the rapid flight. But, as Mr. Kipling says, that is another story. I may tell you about that some time, but now I want to tell you about the air only.

The air is a mixture of two gases, so rare that you cannot see nor feel them except when in pretty rapid motion. The air is always ready to enter any space where there is room for it. Dig a hole and the air goes right in to fill it. Let water run out of a barrel, and the air enters as fast as the water goes out—indeed the water cannot go out till the air is allowed to come in. When you pour water out of a bottle it is the air rushing in which causes the gurgling noise.

When you move the handles of a pair of bellows apart you make room for the air to

come in. And, too, when we wish to breathe, by making the space within the chest and lungs larger we make room for the air, and it comes in at once. We do not draw it in; as soon as it has a chance it enters of its own accord through the nostrils.

The particles of the air are so small

and put it with the other eggs under a sitting hen. It will not be hatched. The varnish so fills up the little holes that the air cannot pass through into the eggs, and so the germ dies.

Everything living—plants as well as animals—must have air. We say fish live in water and breathe water, but this not

up so fine that you cannot see it any more than you can see the air. But as it rushes out it mingles with the air which soon cools it, and they together form little bubbles, which are visible. When these little bubbles are lighter than the air they rise, and collecting in the upper spaces, form clouds. These float in the air just as a piece of wood floats on the water, because lighter. If at any time by cooling the little bubbles of the clouds are condensed and run together, they become small drops of water, heavier than the air, and must fall toward the ground. Some times before they reach the ground they meet with a body of warmer air which rarifies them, and they rise again. At other times they reach the surface and we call them rain.

Sometimes, especially in the morning, these little bubbles of air and water are heavier than the air a little way up and cannot rise. Then we call them fog. If after a while the sunshine warms the fog the little bubbles become smaller and lighter, and it all rises and becomes invisible, like the air itself. Then we say it has "cleared off." If a cold wind comes and condenses the bubbles so that we can see them, we say it has "clouded up." All the time there has been just the same mixture of air and water, only sometimes we could not see it and sometimes we could.

DON'T YOU LOVE HIM?

ONE Sabbath a father called his children around him and asked them what they had learned at school that day. He was not a Christian man himself, but he had a pious wife, and the children went regularly to Sunday-school.

In their own simple way the little ones began to tell what the teacher had said of the beautiful home in heaven that Jesus had left because of his love for sinners. Nellie, the youngest, had crept upon her father's knee, and, looking into his face, she said, "Jesus must have loved us very much to do that, don't you love him for it, father?"

Then they went on to describe the Saviour, how he was betrayed by Judas and led before the high priest and Pilate, how the Jews called out, "Crucify him!" and how the wicked soldiers crowned him with thorns, and mocked him. And again the little one looked up and said, with tears in her eyes, "Don't you love him for that, father?"

At last the children came to tell of the dreadful death of Jesus on the cross, and once more little Nellie looked up at her father's face, and said, "Don't you love him for that, father?"

The father could not bear any more. He put his little girl down and went away to hide his tears, for the words had gone home to his heart. Since then he became a true Christian, and he says that little Nellie's questions had more effect upon him than the most powerful preaching he had ever heard.—*The Christian.*



MENDING THE NETS.

that they can get through very small spaces. Little pores or holes too small to be seen readily let the air pass through. So there is air almost everywhere. You would think the shell of an egg, so hard and smooth, must certainly be air-tight. But it is not. If it was, the egg would keep much longer. No, the fine air goes right through the thousands of little holes in the shell. Why the young bird could not be formed and grow without air. You can prove it. Cover an egg with any kind of var-

nish. They move about in the water, but they live on the air which is mixed with the water. If the air is expelled from some water by boiling, and then it be so closed up as to exclude the air, fish cannot live in it.

The clouds are not all water, they are water and air mixed. They are made up of little blue bubbles, that is, air mixed in small shells of water. The steam cloud is the same. As it comes from the boiler it has no air in it. It is only water divided

Golden Bowls.

God's service is all things great;
To him there's nothing small,
A throne and lives we cannot see,

So for his holy house he gave
A pattern fair of old;
Not only for the horubim,

Anointing oil in the should glow,
In these the purple wine,
The first fruits of the ripening field,

Symbol of human life were they,
Ever before the Lord,
Of lowly labours manifold,

Humble and menial was their place,
And so perchance is mine;
Yet is the halberd of my days

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C. W. Curran, S. F. H. Ross,
21 Henry Street, Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JULY 9, 1892.

THE TRAINING NEEDED.

THE training young persons need is not for the accomplishment of great things, but for the best performance of small things.

The comfort and happiness of life depend greatly upon small things; and the largest success of life comes often from careful attention to things that seem smallest.

and the thorough mastery of what may have the appearance of small things. And so it is in the thousand things to make up the sum of life.

THE ENGINE-MAKER.

BY REV. WILLIAM M. THAYER.

GEORGE STEPHENSON was a poor boy—poor as the poorest. His father worked in a coal mine...

George was a smart, driving little fellow, with almost as much steam in him as there was in his father's engine.

Not a very bright prospect for George, my reader will say. And yet there was a bright side for that poor family.

When George was nine years old he went to live with a farmer. He was not old enough to chop, shovel, or build walls, but he could watch the cows while they grazed...

As he grew older he was promoted to other farm work, such as milking the cows, driving the horses, hoeing corn and digging potatoes...

George had a taste for wind-mills and water-wheels, and he began to make them before he went to live with the farmer; nor did he cease to show his skill in that line after he went to the farm.

When George was fourteen years old, his father removed to another township, to work in another coal mine, and George was taken thither to act as assistant fireman.

A school for the common children was opened about this time, and he attended it. Every day his thirst for knowledge grew stronger and stronger.

shoes, and cut out clothes for them, and did almost anything he was asked to do, so that he was regarded as a "genius."

Thus he went on, step by step, until he made a locomotive engine in 1814, which was run on the Killingworth Railway.

A high aim, doing things well, patience, perseverance, and all those other good qualities that are found with them, made them successful.

Martin Luther was the son of a poor miner; Zwingle was the son of an obscure shepherd; John Bunyan's father was a travelling tinker...

THE BOY MARTYRS.

BY SOPHIE S. SMITH.

TEACHER—Belle, what have you been reading?

Belle—A story about a poor man who was burned to death because he was a Christian. It was dreadful!

Mary—I am glad they don't burn and kill people now for being Christians.

Teacher—I heard of three Christian lads who were put to death last year.

Belle—Not in a Christian country?

Teacher—No, but in Central Africa, where the missionaries have been teaching the people, and some of them have become the followers of Jesus.

Mary—Couldn't the missionaries have saved them?

Teacher—No; the chiefs had accused the missionaries of making trouble in the country. This made the king and people so angry that the missionaries told those who came to be taught to stay away until the trouble passed.

Belle—Were they not frightened and ready to give up everything that they might be saved?

Teacher—They may have been frightened at first, but Jesus gave them strength and courage, and they calmly stood and sung a hymn while the flames slowly crept up around them.

Mary—What a brave, beautiful spirit they showed.

Teacher—Yes; and their courage and patience gave others strength to come and confess that they were Christians, and ready to die too.

Belle—Were any more put to death?

Teacher—No; the chiefs who were the cause of the trouble seemed to be satisfied, the king begged the missionaries to remain, and told them he was their friend.

PARTNERS.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

A sturdy little figure it was, fringing bravely by with a pair of water. So many times it had passed out gate that morning that curiosity prompted to further acquaintance.

"You are a busy little girl to-day?" "Yes'm." The round face under the broad hat was turned towards us.

"Oh, we have it the cistern mostly, only its been such a dry time lately." "And there is nobody else to carry the water?"

"Nobody but mother, an' she's washin'." "Well, you are a good girl to help her."

It was not a well-considered compliment, and the little water carrier evidently did not consider it one at all; for there was a look of surprise in her gray eyes, and an almost indignant tone in her voice as she answered.

We looked after her as she picked up her pail and walked on, heading under her load a little, but resolute, and with a thought of complaining or shirking.

Did you ever think of taking your mother into partnership, girls, of letting it be "our work" instead of "mother's," and "our vacation" instead of "mine?" Did you ever notice how many demands there are upon her in a day, and how many you might take upon yourself?

Try Becky's plan, and go into partnership with the dear mother in work and in pleasure, in cares and in confidences, and see if both members of the firm are not the happier for the union.

A THANKSGIVING SURPRISE.

BY CHARLES M. SIMMETT.

Two ladies at Elkton were getting money with which to surprise Parson Upright on Thanksgiving day.

They had talked together about it only a low tone when no one was near.

And how secretly they had approached those whom they wished to contribute to the fund!

Yet little Minot Beal had somehow overheard what was going on, and his big hat thumped loudly.

"To think that they shouldn't ask the boys to give anything," he said. "Parson Upright always speaks to me on the street. We picked strawberries together in the back field—we two did. He talked right at me two or three times Sundays, when I'd been naughty during the week—don't see how he could tell! And when I give him a fish sword he'd got for me down on the coast, he said 'twas a—a—buster.'"

MUST NEVER FORGET.

"It is my way," says a boy, who never remembers anything he is told, who leaves open gates, who forgets errands, and mislays every tool and every book, with which he is trusted; and for all the trouble he causes he thinks it excise enough to say, "It is my way."

"It is my way," says a girl who snaps and snarls and scolds at her little brothers and sisters, who falls into sulks at the least word of reproof, however kindly given, and who keeps the family in hot water with her temper. "I can't help it; it is only my way."

Have no such "ways," children. Compel yourself to think you "must not forget." To forget when the business or health, or comfort of another is at stake, is a crime.

The Blessing of Song.

"What a friend we have in Jesus!
 How sweet the little child one day;
 A weary woman listened
 To the doting's happy lay."

After life seemed dull and gloomy,
 Her heart was sad with care;
 So she rang out baby's treble
 All our sins and griefs to bear."

She was pointing out the Saviour
 Who could carry every woe;
 And the one who sadly listened
 Needed that dear Helper so!

She and grief were heavy burdens
 For a fainting soul to bear;
 But the baby, singing, had
 "Take it to the Lord in prayer."

With a simple trusting spirit,
 Weak and worn, she turned to God,
 Asking Christ to take her burden,
 As he was the sinner's friend."

Jesus was the only refuge;
 He could take her sin and care;
 And he blessed the weary woman
 When she came to him in prayer."

And the happy child, still singing,
 Little knew she had a part
 In God's wondrous work of bringing
 Peace into a troubled heart."

—Christian Observer.

LOST IN LONDON

By the Author of "The Man Trap."

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. SHAFTO.

It was a very cosy little kitchen, with a clear fire burning in the grate, and not a single pinch of ashes on the hearth. The grate was an old-fashioned one, with well-brushed hobs, and two balls of steel on each side the fire, which glistened and sparkled like silver in the dancing flames. A polished brass warming-pan hanging against the wall was bright enough to see one's face in. The floor was quarried with deep rich red tiles; and in a wide recess near the chimney stood a large cupboard, looking almost half the size of the room, and as if it promised plenty and to spare within it. In the warmest corner there was an easy-chair, with arms and back well padded, and covered with patchwork; and a pair of slippers lay on the warm hearth before it. There was not much daylight; for the window opened upon a narrow passage between two of the high buildings which overshadowed the small grave-yard, and only a strip of sky could be seen beyond their tall roofs. But one did not miss the daylight whilst the fire burned so clearly, and Mrs. Shafto's beaming face smiled upon everyone who came within sight of her. Her face was better than the sun, at least in John Shafto's eyes.

"Father's not come home?" he said, glancing at the empty easy-chair.

"No, Johnny, it's not time yet," she answered, placing a chair in the very front of the fire for Sandy, and bidding him put his cold bare feet on the shining fender. He dared not look her in the face yet; but he could not help watching her when she was not looking at him.

"First of all," she said, "we must have something to eat. Eating before talking is my rule, Johnny."

Sandy watched her with hungry eyes as she went to the cupboard, and cut two slices from a loaf, one large, thick, and substantial, the other thin and delicate, but both well spread with treacle. It took him quite by surprise to have the large slice given to himself, and the little one to John Shafto. This was treatment he could not understand, nor could he speak about it. All he could do was to sit still in blissful silence, feeling the glow of the pleasant fire through all his veins; and discovering how hungry he had been by the thought of devouring his substantial slice of bread.

"Now then!" said Mrs. Shafto, when he had eaten the last crumb. She had seated herself in a low wooden rocking-chair, opposite to the easy-chair in the

corner, and was looking at Sandy with kindly eyes, as if she had known him a long while, and was an old friend of his. He felt as if he could tell her anything, and could never wish to hide a thing from her. With great eagerness he told her all his story about little Gip, while John Shafto listened, nodding from time to time, having heard most of it before. Mrs. Shafto also shook her head now and then, and cried, "Well, well, poor fellow! poor little Gipsy!" until Sandy's heart grew warm, and almost happy, with her sympathy, before he ended all he had to say.

"Poor little Gip!" repeated Mrs. Shafto, wiping the tears from her eyes, "have you looked for her in every place that should be likely to be, Sandy?"

"Ay!" said Johnny; "when Jesus was lost, you know, his mother began to think where he'd most likely go to, and she found him in the Temple. Where do you think little Gip would go when she found herself lost?"

"She'd know of nowhere but the gin-shop," answered Sandy; "mother never took her nowhere else. There were two gin-shops where mother gets drunk, and I did go there."

Mrs. Shafto's face had a cloud upon it for a minute or two, and he heard her say as if to herself—"Poor little baby!"

"Mother's quite lost when she's in a drink," continued Sandy, sadly; "it 'ud be no good to ask her if she recollects anything. All she'd know is as she's lost little Gip somewhere. I've not been nigh her again, for I can't bear to see her now she's been as bad as that."

"But she's your own mother," said Mrs. Shafto, softly.

Sandy raised his eyes, which had been staring gloomily into the glowing embers, to look at her. Johnny had drawn his chair close up to hers, and laid his head down on her shoulder, and put his arm around her waist. What made him feel so he could not tell, but all at once he wished in the very bottom of his heart that he could love his mother like that; he wondered how she could be so very different from Mrs. Shafto.

"Perhaps," she went on, in the same soft, gentle tone, "little Gip found her way home the very next morning; I think it is very likely she did, and now she's watching for you, and fretting after you, and wondering where you are. What are you going to do, Sandy?"

He had started to his feet and sprung to the door; but he stopped for a moment as she spoke to turn around, and answer, in breathless haste,—

"I'm goin' to run home," he said; "p'raps it's like what you say. Little Gip's there, p'raps. Oh! why didn't I think of that afore?"

"Stay one minute, Sandy," cried Mrs. Shafto, "while I put on my bonnet, and I'll go with you; and we'll bring Gip here, and all have tea together, if father isn't at home. Johnny 'ud love to see little Gip, wouldn't you, Johnny?"

"I should love it dearly," he answered; "and I'll get tea ready whilst you're away. Be sure and come back, Sandy; I'm sorry for you, I can't say how sorry. But perhaps someday your mother will become good, and be like my mother."

Across Sandy's mind there glanced a happy thought of his mother, with a bright, cheerful face, and wearing blue ribbons in her white cap, like Mrs. Shafto; and of a kitchen like this, with its clean floor, and comfortable chairs, and warm fire. But it all vanished away in an instant; and he fancied he could see her instead, with her red and swollen face, dressed in dirty rags, and lying in a drunken sleep upon the floor. That was his mother, and little Gip's.

It was not long before he was walking away at a brisk pace beside Mrs. Shafto, in the direction of the alley where little Gip had been born. Mrs. Shafto had a good deal to say to him as they paced along about himself and Gip. If they did not find her at home, she said, she would speak to her husband about it. He was a very learned man, and could give as good advice as anybody she knew; and perhaps, if he felt well enough, he would go with him to the police station, and make enquiries there about the missing child. Sandy had never thought of going to the police, whom he looked upon as his and

Gip's natural enemies, with no interest in them except to cuff him and order him about his business when he was too pressing in trying to sell his fuses. He was very doubtful whether they would not cuff him if he went troubling them about little Gip; but Mrs. Shafto talked in so hopeful a strain that he felt his spirits rise, as if he were sure of finding her when they reached the alley.

They did reach it at last; and Sandy rushed up the stairs, and tried to lift the latch of their old room. But the door was fast locked, and no shrill little voice answered him when he called through the keyhole, in the hope that his mother had left her there for safety. His spirits sank again. There was no key in the lock, so it must have been fastened from the outside. They descended the dirty, creaking staircase again, Mrs. Shafto keeping her skirts well from the wall, and Sandy knocked at the door of the neighbour who lived in the front room on the ground floor. The man who opened it greeted him with a low, jeering laugh.

"Come askin' after your mother, eh?" he said, "well! she's gone, and a good riddance, I say. She was always a tearin' and a stormin' up and down the alley, till there wasn't a moment's peace and quietness. All women are averse to peace and quiet; but I never see one like Nance Carroll for blusterousness. She were larfed at so about losin' her baby as she couldn't bear it, and she made off on Friday. The key's here, but there's nothin' left in the room but the bed, and that goes to the landlord. Have I seen little Gip? No, no. She's at the bottom of the river long ago, I bet. Babies aren't lost like that, you know, if they haven't been made quiet. It were high time for your mother to make off, for the police were beginnin' to poke their noses up this alley; and arskin' some very ill-convenient questions."

"Do you think the poor little creature has been made away with?" inquired Mrs. Shafto, with a faltering voice.

The man winked and nodded significantly; half smiling at her ignorance of human nature, as he closed the door in their faces. Sandy sat down on the lowest step on the staircase, and hid his face in his hands, rocking himself to and fro. Mrs. Shafto stood by, in silence for a minute or so; and then she laid her hand gently on his rough head.

"Come home, Sandy," she said; "come home with me, and have tea with my Johnny."

"She's my mother, you know," whispered Sandy, hoarsely, "just like you're Johnny's mother; and I recollect her kissin' of me once when I were a little chap. I don't want to think she could kill little Gip!"

"No, no," answered Mrs. Shafto; "she never could, I'm sure. It's not in a mother's nature; and who should know how a mother feels better than me, when I've had four, and lost them all, save Johnny? Come home with me, Sandy; and we'll talk it over with Johnny and Mr. Shafto."

(To be continued.)

The Emperor of China has ordered all the distilleries in the flooded districts to be closed, that the grain may be saved for food. Wise Emperor! In Christian countries floods might almost be welcomed that produce a like result, if only the experience of closed distilleries might be enjoyed for a season. When we consider the destruction of God-given food by these engines of hell; the destruction of men for time and eternity by their enormous output; the woes and wants of bereaved and orphaned; the manifold crimes, and the utter degradation of manhood and womanhood; with the appalling waste of industrial value in men and material, we wonder how a people can complacently suffer the manufacture of liquor to exist among them. It is often said that if the Christian people of Canada were a unit on the abolition of this sinful traffic it would be speedily exterminated. Can it be true? Are we Canadian Christians living under the terrible responsibility of tolerating among us the worst enemy of the Gospel, the chief bane to the triumph of that kingdom for whose coming we actually pray in the words of our blessed Lord, every day of our lives?—Outlook.

A FORGIVING DOG.

When the dog tax was first imposed in France, many of the people set to work to get rid of their useless dogs, so as to avoid paying a tax on them.

A Frenchman had an old Newfoundland dog, which he carried to the river side, told him to lie down, tied all his four feet together with a rope, and pushed him into the Seine. The dog in his struggles loosened the rope, and with great dexterity and panting for breath scrambled up the steep bank. There stood his master stick in hand, to drive him back. He struck the dog, and then, coming to a quietude, gave him a violent push, in doing which he somehow lost his own balance, and himself fell into the water. His hopes of his would have been very few indeed if the dog had not been "the better man of the two." But the dog, forgetting the treatment he had just received, plunged of his own accord into the water, where he had so nearly met his death, and spent his remaining strength in saving his would-be murderer. It was a hard struggle, but he came off conqueror; and the two walked home together, the one triumphant, the other, let us hope, repentant.

HARD CIDER.

The pernicious habit of drinking hard cider prevails to an alarming extent, especially in the rural districts. It is fearfully on the increase in some localities. Many persons having orchards have the apples converted into cider, let it ferment and then put it up for drinking purposes. Some of it is put upon the market and finds ready purchasers. Large quantities of it are consumed during the long winter months. In some instances, it serves as a general family drink for old and young, as a substitute for tea and coffee, and is largely used, especially during seasons of unobtrusive and hard outdoor work. It plays a prominent part among farmers during times of threshing, butchering, moving, and social visiting. We know of well-to-do and respectable farmers who use fearfully large quantities of it in their families, and in some instances to their detriment. Many a young man commenced his downward career by drinking hard cider in the parental home, and afterward ending a miserable existence in a felon's cell, and his soul full of sin and guilt passing into the presence of a righteous and sin-avenging God.

We affectionately warn our young readers against the dangers connected with the drinking of hard cider. Alcohol is a rank poison, and fermented cider contains from three to eight per cent. of it. Its indiscriminate and improper use saps the vital force of life, causes poverty and degradation, and ruins body and soul for time and eternity. Thousands, as strong and full of promise as you are, have been ruined by it. We know whereof we speak, and testify what our eyes have seen. We have seen the fondest hopes blasted and the brightest lives go out in darkness by tampering with hard cider and other drinks containing alcohol. Never put a drop of any intoxicant as a beverage to your lips, and there is no danger of your safety.

AN AIMLESS LIFE.

I COMMITTED one fatal error in my youth, and dearly have I abided it. I started in life without an object, even an ambition. My temper at first seduced me to ease, and to the full I indulged the disposition. I said to myself, "I have all that I see this country has for, why should I struggle?" I knew not the curse that lights on those who have never to struggle for anything. Had I created for myself a definite pursuit—literary, scientific, artistic, social, political, no matter what, so there was something to labour for and to overcome—I might have been happy.

I know this now too late. The power is gone. Habits have become chains. Through all the profitless years gone by, I seek vainly for something to remember with pride, or even to dwell on with satisfaction. I have have thrown away a life. I feel sometimes as if there were nothing remaining to me worth living for. I am an unhappy man.

DR. PENNYROYAL'S PRESCRIPTION.



1. "WHAT THIS CHILD REALLY WANTS, MADAM, WHILE YETTING, IS A ———!"



2. "LEGOO, YOU YOUNG CANNIBAL, LEGOO!" "LET GO, BABY DEAR; IF BABY SHOULD SWALLOW IT, IT WOULD MAKE BABY SICK."



3. "WHAT THAT ONILD REALLY NEEDS, MADAM, IS MUZZLE!" —Scribner's Magazine.

Enlist the Young.

BY THOMAS H. THOMSON.

THE girls and boys of our nation
Grow fast into women and men;
And we must in childhood instruct them,
If we wish to count on them then
They need our protection and guidance,
Their hearts it is ours to win
From the snares and the traps of the tempter,
Spread out in the service of sin.

Oh, won't you assist in our efforts
To train and instruct them aright?
With counsel and kindness prepare them
Life's manifold battles to fight.
'Tis ours to warn and to guide them;
'Tis ours to bid them refuse
The drink and the weed which can only
Their bodies with poison infuse.

The foe is abroad in the nation;
Oh, won't you assist the dear boys,
To stand by the true and the noble,
To slun that which blights and destroys?
Remember the young, they are growing;
Ere long they'll be women or men,
The Lord looks to us for their training,
He knows we shall need them all then.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

A.D.30.] **LESSON III.** [July 17.
THE FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH.
Acts 2. 37-47. **Memory verses, 37-39.**

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved.—Acts 2. 47.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The way of salvation is by hearing, repenting, believing, confessing, and living according to the gospel of Jesus the Christ.

INTRODUCTION.

Immediately after the last lesson, Peter preached to the crowd in Jerusalem about nine o'clock Sunday morning. He preached in a straightforward, personal, earnest, bold manner, and to-day's lesson shows us the effects which followed.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

Pricked in their heart—Convicted of sin, stung with remorse. *Remission*—Forgiveness. Note the order: (1) Conviction; (2) Seeking; (3) Repenting; (4) Believing; (5) Baptized; (6) Assurance of forgiveness; (7) The gift of the Spirit; (8) Happy lives; (9) Generous giving; (10) Fruits. *That are afar off*—The Gentiles. All nations to the end of time. *Untoward*—Crooked, perverse. Notice the four elements in their training: (1) Doctrine, i. e., teaching, instruction in the truths and precepts of religion; (2) Fellowship; (3) Breaking of bread; their daily eating together, followed by the Lord's Supper; (4) Prayer—public prayer meetings. *Fear*—Reverential awe in the good, terror and dread in the bad. *Signs*—Miracles, which were a sign or proof of religion. *All things common*—A kind of community of goods; but they retained their own homes, and sold whatever was necessary to supply the wants of the

many from foreign countries who wanted to remain longer and hear the gospel. (1) Only a portion did this; (2) It was confined to Jerusalem; (3) It was voluntary; (4) It was a type of what all Christians should do: Impart of their abundance to those in need. *Such as should be saved*—Such as were saved. The saved ones—the converted—were added to the number of the disciples.

Find in this lesson—
The way to become a Christian.
What things will help us to live as Christians.
Some good things Christians do.
That true religion brings joy.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. What were the successive steps in their conversion? "(1) Conviction of sins; (2) Seeking help; (3) Repentance; (4) Believing; (5) Baptism; (6) Forgiven sin; (7) The gift of the Holy Spirit." 2. In what ways were the converts trained? "(1) By instruction; (2) By fellowship with Christians; (3) By the Lord's Supper; (4) By social prayer." 3. How did they live? "Happy, earnest, loving lives; praising God, and doing good to man."

CATECHISM QUESTION.

30 Who is the Holy Spirit?
The Holy Spirit is the third Person in the blessed Trinity, one in the Godhead with the Father and the Son.

NEW TO HIM.

A YOUNG commissariat officer, during the Crimean War, wrote to a relative in England asking her to send him a box of books which he specified. She did so, but at the bottom of the box put one of a totally different character, a present from herself.

When the box arrived, the young officer began to read one after another of the books, eagerly devouring them, till at last he came upon this one; but when he saw what kind it was he contemptuously tossed it back again.

After awhile, needing something to while away the time, he returned to the box, and read most of the novels over again; but these not being very interesting, he at last turned to the despised book for "something new," whatever it might be. It contained words from God. As he read, his eyes were enlightened, his conscience was awakened, his soul was aroused to call upon the name of the Lord, and he was led to yield himself to the Saviour.

When the war was over he returned to England, a totally different man from what he was when he went out, and since that time he has used his high position, his influence and his talent in the Lord's service; he has preached and taught in many places, and has been the means of leading perhaps hundreds to the Saviour.

Besides that he has written many books, setting forth the Gospel of the grace of God fully, clearly, and with no uncertain sound, and these have been blessed to many souls.

Little did that handmaiden of the Lord think when she prayerfully placed the book in the box she was sending out to her young kinsman in the Crimea that it would, in the hand of God, become a seed from

which such a harvest would be gathered; and as little do any of us know, as we give a book, tract, or leaflet here and there, what it may bring forth.

PARENTAL COUNSEL.

IN "a few words to the children" Dr. Henry M. Field, editor of the *New York Evangelist*, says: "When you are forbidden by the better judgment of your parents to carry out some plan which you have made, do not for a moment think they wish to deprive you of happiness. When prone to believe that they are against you, either by your own reason or by the pernicious counsellings of some so-called friend, remember this fact, there is no earthly friend who loves you as fondly as your father and mother. How beautiful it is to see children recognizing this truth and giving in to the wiser judgment of the older ones, pleasantly saying, 'You know better than I do, father and mother. I will do as you think right.' Oh, what a harvest of tears and suffering has many a perverse child reaped because of departing from the counsels of good parents! How many times we hear such ones say, 'My father and my mother did all they could to make me do what was right; but I was perverse and wise in my own conceit, and I have no one to blame for the consequence of wrongdoing but myself.' Pitiful in the extreme are some of these experiences. Our hospitals and our prisons shelter many such wayward children. So, dear children, do not feel that those who love you best on earth are trying to make the way hard for you, but rather believe that they are striving for your happiness in the highest sense of the word. They wish to shield you from those things which will cause you sorrow and bitter regrets in your after life."

A DOLLAR PINNED IN A BIBLE.

BY D. A. CATTON.

A YOUNG boy, and only son, was about to leave his home, and go away among strangers. He had been a child of many prayers. His mother had always prayed for him—she would pray for him still.

As she carefully packed his trunk, she took his Bible, and turning to the fifth chapter of Matthew, where Jesus pronounces a blessing upon the meek, the merciful, the peacemakers, and the pure in heart, she pinned a dollar there, praying in her heart, while her eyes were perhaps blinded with tears, that her dear boy, as he turned to that chapter, might be reminded of her love for him, and have so much of the influence of the Holy Spirit upon him, that he would give his heart to the Lord, and become a possessor of all that was promised there.

God heard that mother's prayer; and oh! how she rejoiced, when a few months later, he wrote to tell her, that he had learned to love his Bible, and had become a child of God, and was on his way to heaven.

THE FIRESIDE SAINT.

BY F. W. ROBERTSON.

DOUBTLESS the memory of each one of us will furnish the picture of some member of a family whose very presence seemed shed happiness; a daughter, perhaps whose light step even in the distance irradiated every one's countenance. What was the secret of such an one's power? What had she done? Absolutely nothing but radiant smiles, beaming good humour, the fact of doing what every one wanted, that she had got out of self and learned to think for others; so that, at one time, showed itself in deprecating the quarrels which lowered brows and raised tones, ready showed to be impending, by sweet words; at another, by smoothing an invalid's pillow; at another, by humour and softening a father who had returned weary and ill-tempered from the irritations of business. None but she saw the things; none but a loving heart could see. That was the secret of her heavenly power.

Fathers and mothers, who this list may read,
Do not delay, but with the utmost speed,
Secure these Stories, at the Book Room found,
And read them to the children gathered round.
How many "pleasant hours" may thus be spent,
How much of charm to home enjoyment lent!

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