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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. II.

TORONTO, AUGUST 12, 1882.

No. 15.

THE VICTIMS OF THE ARCTIC SEAS.

(See Engraving.)

ALL the world is ringing with the fame of the survivors of the ill-fated *Jeannette* expedition. We, therefore, give the readers of *PLEASANT HOURS* a brief account of their adventures.

The *Jeannette*—a name that will never be forgotten while history records the deeds of brave men—sailed from San Francisco on July 8th, 1879, with a crew of thirty-three men all told. About the end of September the party had really entered upon the dangers and difficulties of arctic exploration. They were in the midst of great fields of ice, which drifted with the varying winds and currents, so that, although the ship was itself inactive, it was carried over great distances.

In January, however, the ship sprang a leak, and all hands were kept busy at the pumps to keep the water down, and for eighteen months the pumps never ceased working. At last, however, the fight could be kept up no longer. On June 13th, the *Jeannette* sank, and the crew were left encamped upon the ice, and no other hope of return than that which their three boats afforded.

Thus left almost destitute, Commander DeLong had no other course opened to him than to retreat. And what a gallant movement that was!

The three boats were two cutters and a whale-boat. The first, commanded by DeLong, was twenty feet in length and carried fourteen persons; the second, under Lieut. Chipp, measured sixteen feet, and carried eight persons, and the whale-boat, which was larger than either of the others, twenty-five feet long, was accompanied by eleven persons, under command of Engineer Melville. But though they had the boats, the gallant party could not launch them. They were in the midst of a sea, indeed, but it was a sea of solid ice, and for weeks the boats did not touch water, except for a short ferrage here and there where a break in the ice left a narrow strip of open sea.

The boats were placed upon rudely built sleds, and for fifty-three weary days the resolute men dragged them over the ice. Some days they would make a mile, or others scarcely more

than half that distance. Great hillocks of ice were to be surmounted and cracks to be crossed, nearly every one of these being so wide that the sleds had to be let down into them and then hauled up on the other side.

whole party had to be carried help-less on sleds, while almost all were suffering, either from frost-bite, or from the effects of the ice upon their eyes.

At last the retreating company reached comparatively open water.

The cold was still as great as that which they had previously encountered, and it made itself more intensely felt now that the men were confined within the limits of small boats and deprived of the active exercise which alone had

kept the warmth in their bodies. The food supply was running so short that but scanty fare could be allowed, and the danger of drowning was added to that of perishing by cold and hunger.

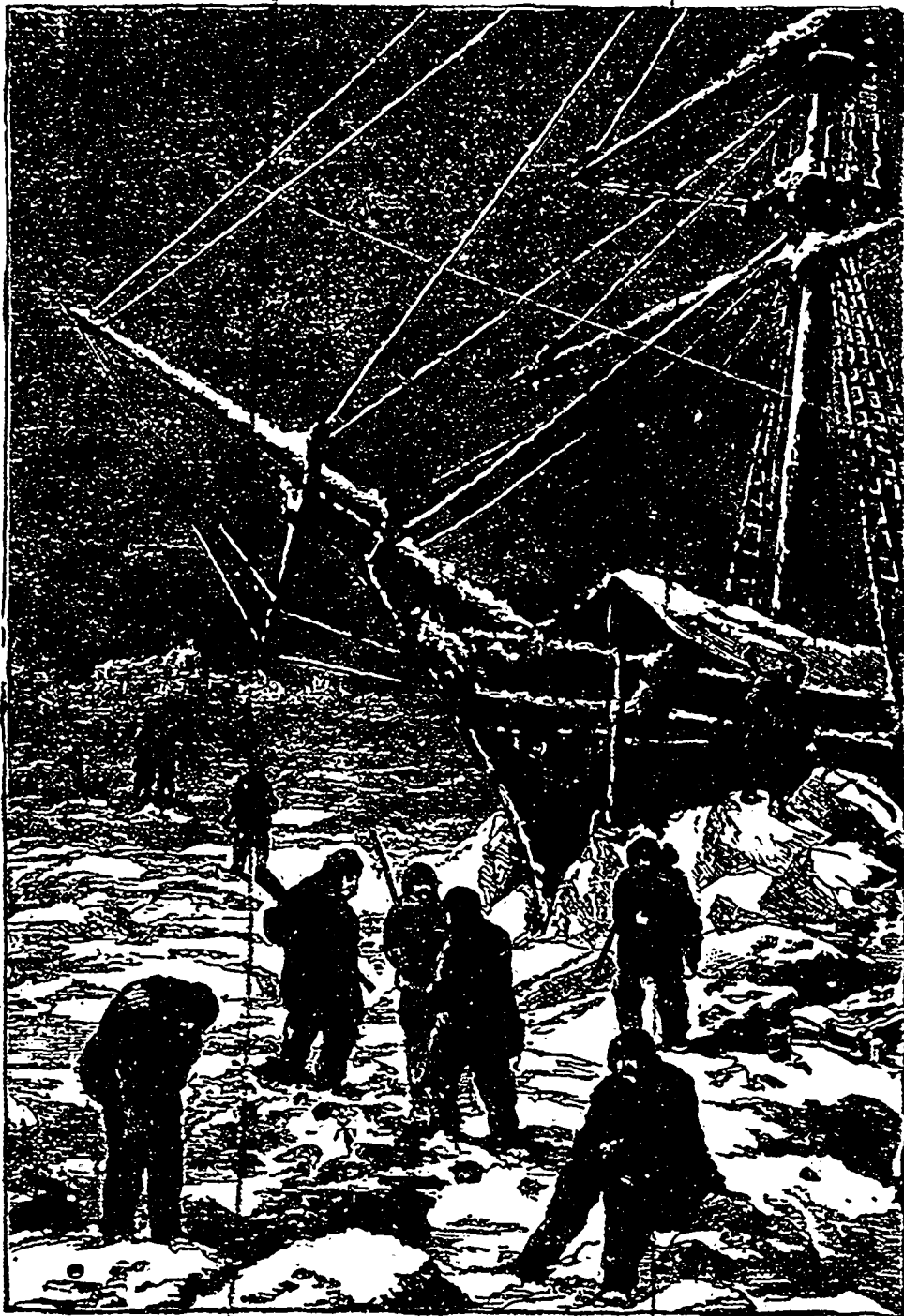
For a few days all went fairly well, but during a gale that arose in the night the boats became separated, and in the morning the company on board the whale-boat scanned the dreary waters in vain for the sails of the boats manned by the crews of Commander DeLong, and Lieut. Chipp. Engineer Melville's boat touched land on the delta of the Lena—a river which, flowing northward through Siberia, discharges itself into the arctic seas. Here the boat's crew met with hospitable treatment by the natives of those bleak and barren shores, and were all saved.

Not so, however, the occupants of the two cutters. Lieut. Chipp's boat has not since been heard of. It was a smaller boat than either of the others, and though commanded by a young officer, who enjoyed in an unusual degree the confidence and love of his men, it is not probable that he was able to bring his crew to a place of safety, even though he succeeded in making the land.

The sad story of the fate of DeLong and his companions was told several months later by two seamen, named Noros and Ninderman, both of whom had served on board the *St. Mary's* school-ship.

On September 13th, Capt. DeLong's boat, although its mast had been carried away, got within two miles of the Siberian coast, when it struck ground, and the captain ordered the men to get into the water, so as to lighten the load, and tow the boat ashore. Only half of the distance, however, had been traversed when it was found to be impossible to bring the boat nearer, and so they collected the food, arms, ammunition, and papers and waded ashore.

Having rested for two days the party started southward, each man carrying heavy burdens, though all but the most important articles had been abandoned.



CAUGHT IN THE ICE.

H. J. S. Jan 25 1888

Nor were these the only hardships the retreating band had to encounter. The cold was intense, as may be imagined. Short rations and their fearful labour had reduced the strength of the men, so that one quarter of the

The boats were launched, and the party set sail for what they hoped would be a milder climate and a more hospitable shore.

Now, however, the perils by which they had been beset were increased.

In the first ten days' march the travelers made no more than twenty miles, so difficult was the country, but during those days they enjoyed the luxury of a meal of deer's flesh, which, but for the crippled condition of several of the men, would have put new life into the whole party.

Then Captain DeLong determined to send Ninderman and Noros ahead, for they were in better condition than any others of the party, and when they left on their perilous mission they bade a sad farewell to a gallant, yet almost helpless band of men, whom no one ever saw again until nearly six months later, Mr. Melville found their dead bodies.

"The Captain," says Noros, "read divine service before we left. All the men shook hands with us, and Collins, as if knowing that their doom was sealed, said simply, 'Noros, when you get to New York, remember me.' They seemed to have lost hope, but as we left, they gave us three cheers. That was the last we saw of them."

Wholly without food, for the supply they had saved from the boat was exhausted, and the fresh meat which had been procured, was soon consumed; the two brave seamen pushed on. They supported life by chewing their leather moccasins and breeches, and after a few days they came upon two deserted huts, in which they found some mouldy fish which they ate with relish. Here in these huts they rested for three days, when a native found them; but they were unable to make him understand that they had left eleven starving comrades behind.

At length the governor of the province, who lived at a town called Bulun, arrived, but he did not understand their sign language, and so he sent no aid. He cared for the two seamen, however, and sent them to Bulun, and there it was that they fell in with Engineer Melville, whose boat's crew were by this time in safety. Melville at once started out in search of the ill-fated crew, and the result of his search was told briefly in a despatch, dated March 24th, and received in New York on May the 6th. "I have found DeLong and his party; all dead."

Thus ends the first chapter of this melancholy story of arctic peril. The last chapter may never be told, and the fate of Lieutenant Chipman and his crew never revealed.

PIGMY PRIDE.

SOME of the upstarts of to-day can not carry a package. The late Chief-Justice Marshall, the first biographer of Washington, was once in the market in Washington, when an insurance agent, with a waxed moustache, was pricing a turkey.

"I'd buy it," he said, "but I've no way of carrying it home."

"How much will you give?" said the Chief-Justice.

"Twenty-five cents," was the reply.

"Give me an order to your wife, then, for the money," replied the Chief-Justice, whom the agent did not know. The man holding the highest position in the United States carried home the turkey and got the twenty-five cents from the agent's wife, who knew the Chief-Justice, and was horrified at the lesson her airy husband had received.

Why is a dog's tail a very great novelty? Because no one ever saw it before.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT PEWS.

PEWS, straight-backed, high-walled, and cushioned, and inviting little children and listless hearers to a nap, belong to the sixteenth century. The subject is by no means uninteresting to the reader of history, as the following brief sketch will show:—

The first seats provided in churches are seen in some Anglo-Saxon and Norman edifices still standing. They consist of stone benches which project from the wall around the whole interior excepting on the east end. In 1319 the congregations are represented as sitting on the ground or standing, and it was at this period that the people introduced low, rude, three-legged stools promiscuously over the church. Not until after the Norman conquest were wooden seats brought into use. In 1287 a decree was issued, in regard to the wrangling for seats (which had become a decided nuisance), that no one should call any seat in the church his own except nobleman and patrons, each person taking the nearest empty seat he could find as he entered the church. From 1530 to 1540, as we approach nearer to the Reformation, seats were more generally appropriated, their entrance being guarded by cross-bars, and the initial letters of their owners engraved upon them. But directly after the Reformation the pew system commenced, for there is extant a complaint from the poor commons addressed to Henry VIII. in 1546 referring to his decree that a Bible should be in every church at liberty for all to read because they feared it might be taken into the "guyre" or some "pue." Galleries in churches were not known until 1608. As early as 1611 luxurious arrangements were considered essential in church pews, and they were baized or cushioned all over their sides, and the seats furnished with comfortable cushions, while footstools were also introduced. Next, the sides of the pews were made so high that they entirely concealed the occupants from view. This is said to have been a device of those who desired not to be seen by the officers, who reported all who did not stand up and how low when the name of Jesus was spoken by the clergyman. Fireplaces (!) were also built in the pews, and every possible convenience added for the comfort of the highly-favoured few. But the services were often so long and tedious that the listeners fell asleep and frequently nodded their approbation of the minister's sermon, while they were totally oblivious of its teachings. Swift's lines, which we quote, allude to the prevailing fashion of church upholstery:

"A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphosed into pews,
Which still their ancient nature keep,
By lodging folks disposed to sleep."

With the reign of Charles I. the reasons for the heightening of the sides of the pews disappeared; and from the civil war they declined to their present height.

M. Du Chaillu, in his recent interesting volume, "The Land of the Midnight Sun," relates the following curious particulars of a Norwegian church:—

"The pastor had been settled here for twenty-seven years, and visited the

old church with me. Ascending the pulpit, I saw near the Bible what resembled a policeman's club, at the end of which was a thick piece of leather. This had been used until within a few years to awake the sleepers, the parson striking the pulpit with it very forcibly, thus compelling attention. Near the pulpit was a long pole, rounded at the end, with which the sexton, it appears, used to poke the ribs of sleepers. These two instruments, intended to keep the congregations awake, were used extensively in many of the out-of-the-way places in Sweden twenty or thirty years ago, and here till within a few years, but were discontinued by the present pastor. Now pinches of strong snuff are often offered to the sleeper, who, after sneezing a considerable time, finds his drowsiness entirely gone.

A LESSON IN POLITENESS.

ONE of the finest examples of tact and delicacy in dealing with a bashful boy is thus given in the *Advance*:

When Daniel Webster's father found that his son was not robust enough to make a successful farmer, he sent him to Exeter to prepare for college, and found a home for him, among a number of students, in the family of "old Squire Clifford," as we of a younger generation have always heard him called.

Daniel had up to this time led only the secular life of a country farmer's boy, and though the New Hampshire farmers have sent out many heroes, as firm and true as the granite rocks in the pasture, there cannot be among the hard homely work which such a life implies, the little finenesses of manner which good society demands.

Daniel was one of these diamonds of the first water, but was still in the rough, and needed some cutting and polishing to fit him to shine in the great world in which he was to figure so conspicuously.

None saw this more clearly than the sensible old Squire. The boy had one habit at the table of which the Squire saw it would be a kindness to cure him.

When not using his knife and fork he was accustomed to hold them upright in his fists, on either side of his plate.

Daniel was a bashful boy of very delicate feelings, and the Squire feared to wound him by speaking directly to him on the subject.

So he called aside one of the other students with whom he had been longer acquainted, and told him his dilemma.

"Now," said he, "I want you this noon at the table, to hold up your knife and fork as Daniel does. I will speak to you about it, and we will see if the boy does not take a hint for himself."

The young man consented to be the scapegoat for his fellow student, and several times during the meal planted his fist on the table, with his knife and fork as straight as if he had received orders to present arms.

The Squire drew his attention to his position, courteously begged his pardon for speaking of the matter, and added a few kind words on the importance of young men correcting such little habits before going out into the world.

The student thanked him for his interest and advice, and promised reform, and Daniel's knife and fork were never from that day seen elevated at the table.

When, after a vacation, Daniel's father brought the lad for a second term to Exeter, he put in his saddle-bags a good fat turkey from the Franklin farm, which he gave to the Squire as an expression of his gratitude for Daniel's improved manners.

THE FARMER.

THE king may rule o'er land and sea,
The lord may live right royally,
The soldier ride in pomp and pride,
The sailor roam o'er ocean wide,
But this, or that, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

The writer thinks, the poet sings,
The craftsmen fashion wondrous things,
The doctor heals, the lawyer pleads,
The miner follows the precious leads,
But this, or that, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

The merchant he may buy and sell,
The teacher do his duty well,
But men may toil through busy days,
Or men may stroll through pleasant ways,
From king to beggar whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

The farmer's trade is one of worth,
He's partner with the sky and earth,
He's partner with the sun and rain,
And no man loses for his gain,
And men may rise, or men may fall,
But the farmer he must feed them all.

The farmer dares his mind to speak,
He has no gift or place to seek,
To no man living need he bow;
The man that walks behind the plough
Is his own master, whate'er befall;
And, king or beggar, he feeds us all.

God bless the man who sows the wheat,
Who finds us milk, and fruit, and meat;
May his purse be heavy, his heart be light,
His cattle and corn, and all, go right,
God bless the seeds his hands let fall,
For the farmer he must feed us all.

—Lillie E. Barr.

LONGFELLOW.

AN interesting incident in the life of Longfellow was related by Mr. Moncure D. Conway, at his chapel in South Place, Finsbury, on Sunday. Mr. Conway was told by the poet in 1853 that many years before, when he visited London, he being then without any personal friends in the metropolis, he experienced that sense of solitude which a stranger in London is apt especially to feel upon a London Sunday. He happened to walk into South place Chapel, where Mr. W. J. Fox was then pastor. As he entered the congregation were singing the poet's "Psalm of Life." The cheering effect upon Longfellow—the "thrill of joy" which he felt—was ever with him a cherished reminiscence of that visit to London. He had never before heard his poem sung. After being told this story the congregation were asked to sing the "Psalm of Life," and this was done with fervor. All the music at South Place on Sunday was sung to the words of Longfellow, and "Longfellow" was the subject of Mr. Conway's discourse.

Isn't that a beautiful color?" said the fish-dealer, as he cut into a large salmon. "Yes," said Flotsom, "I suppose he is blushing at the extravagant price he is getting for himself."

THE LAST OF THE GLADIATORS.
BY MARGARET HOSMER.

[In the year 404, Telemachus, an Eastern monk, suddenly appeared in the arena of the Colosseum at Rome, between two gladiators, and, with prayer and gesture, bore his testimony against these unchristian games. The Prætor Alybius instantly ordered his slaughter. Struck with his grand heroism, the Emperor Honorius abolished the shows, and never after were they permitted. Telemachus was canonized and is now in the Saints' Calendar.—See Story's *Roba di Roma*.]

ROME, the grand imperial city,
In the year four-hundred-four,
Saw a sight to waken pity:
From that day 'twas seen no more.

In the glorious Colosseum—
Monument of art sublime—
BUILT by conquering Vespasian,
In the dawn of Christian time—
Sat an hundred thousand gazers
At the spectacle below,
In the January calends,
When the wintry sun hung low.
There the Prætor Alybius
Trailed his toga, fringed with gold;
And the splendid Roman women,
Flashed in jeweled wealth untold.

Down within the wide arena,
Gazed upon by every eye,
Stand two handsome, youthful athletes—
Slaves—who have been trained to die.

Low they bow before the prætor.
"Noble Alybius, we,
Soon to die, each gladiator,
Salutation offer thee!"

"Health to ye!" responds the tyrant,
For whose whim their blood must flow,
Till his sated taste for slaughter
Sees it dye the sands below;
Snowy sands, on which they struggle,
They who neither love nor hate—
Simply forced to slay each other
For the pastime of the state.

Suddenly appears between them,
A tall figure, clad in gray;
Grand and pale his lofty visage,
When his monkish cowl gives way,
Pure and high the fearless beaming
Of his dark and solemn eyes,
As they meet the angry prætor's,
Who up springs in proud surprise.

"Who is this dares break the combat?"
Thus Alybius demands.
"He meets death who madly lingers."

Quite unmoved the stranger stands.

Quoth Telemachus, the stranger:

"From far distant lands come I,
In the name of Christ, to charge thee
That none other men may die
To make sport for thee, Oh, prætor!
This my mission."

"Cut him down!"
Shouted loud the wrathful Roman;
And they clove his shaven crown.

Then he fell; and, softly sighing,
"Blessed Christ, my work is done!"
Died he there, between the slave-men,
Near the setting of the sun.

"No more sport!" cried Honorius:
(Sudden sick of blood he grew.)
"No more fight!" and, sore astonished,
Stood the strangely rescued two.

Thus the holy monk, from East-land,
Did his mission well that day:
Never more the Colosseum
Saw a man his fellow slay.

Made a saint by churchly canon,
Is Telemachus, the good;
Who, to save the gladiators,
Gladly gave his righteous blood,
Though the glorious gain he saw not.

Many sow, and uproot tares,
Humbly leaving the glad reaping

Unto happier hands than theirs.
If the work is but accomplished,
Matters it but little here:
Who hath wrought: the Master knoweth:
When He wills, "it shall appear!"

AMONG THE INDIANS.

THE Rev. John McLean, Missionary of the Methodist Church of Canada, writes from Blood Reserve, Fort Macleod, Rocky Mountains, March 2:

I write this letter to you, sitting by the camp-fire. Two weeks ago I left Macleod and came here with a man and some horses to get out my logs for our Mission premises. The weather has been cold, yet we have got along well. We will have the last of the logs for the main building out in two days, and next week several of my friends are coming out to help us raise the building. As I look around I see many houses where a short time ago stood the buffalo lodges. Abundance of work is here, and I am seeking to take advantage of it. I am hard at work in temporal and spiritual things, and expect soon to see the result of my labours. You may ask me how I am able to hire men and horses, and buy the various things necessary for building. Well, I have received a few dollars from relations and old college "chums," and the rest I am taking out of my own pocket, expecting that God will open up the way for me to receive again what I have expended, and also to fill my empty treasury with the means to go on with my buildings. Many thanks to those few friends who have helped, but there is room for many more.

To-day a boy named Siocchi, son of Chief Bull Shield, died in the camp. My man dug a grave, and I went to the house that I might pray with the sorrowing friends. The chief and his wives were mourning bitterly. I prayed with them in English, and then with what little of the language I had learned, uttered my first prayer in Blackfoot, and did not indulge in a written form, although I might have prayed more grammatically by so doing. When starting off for the grave, the chief told me that he wanted a coffin made. I threw off my coat, got a hammer, saw, and nails, and we set to work in the house, and soon had it ready. With much difficulty we got the mother to give up the corpse, and we started for the grave. I felt like shedding tears as I stood beside the strong man weeping for his son. Seven women and two men wailed in a most heart rending manner. Then I prayed from the depths of my soul, "O God, help me with the language, that I may give hope and consolation to such as these." As I trembled and the tears filled my eyes, I cried in my soul "Light, light, send more light?" We placed the remains in the grave. The mother threw several pieces of bread into the coffin. Several skins, all the boy's toys, a piece of buffalo meat, and some newspapers were laid upon the coffin in the grave. I held a short service, took a piece of board and wrote "Siocchi" upon it, and put it at the head of the grave, and this concluded the first Christian burial amongst the Blood Indians. Thus I helped to make the first coffin and placed the first headstone at the grave of a member of the Blood camp. As we left, the women went off to another grave where sometimes would be spent

in mourning for their other relations buried there, and for the pot of the family who now had gone to

"The undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns."

I have spoken with the father since, and told him that his little boy had gone to God's home above, and that when the white man and the Indian died we should see his little boy there. As the tears trickled down his cheeks he said, "That's good, that's good. I love the missionary, I love you." An hour ago I had gone into the house of the head chief, Sun Medicine, and was engaged in conversation with him, when Siocchi's mother came in, weeping bitterly. She went round to all the girls and women in the house, and kissed them, when they all joined in her sorrow, and the tears trickled thick and fast down their cheeks. Such is the sympathy and love they have for each other in their sorrows and bereavements. This is not even the day of small things, it is the hour of darkness, but though—

"Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
The daybreak is at hand."

Darkness is all around, but there is a small hand-sized cloud in the distance, laden with the treasures of heaven, and it will drop showers of blessings upon us, and we shall rejoice.—*Missionary Outlook*.

CUTTING THE KEY LOG.

A MOMENT OF INTENSE EXCITEMENT AND GREAT DANGER—PERILS OF LUMBERING.

THE first thing to be done is to find out where the jam occurred, and then to discover what is called the key-log, that is to say, the log which holds the base of the "jam." An old experienced "stream driver" is soon on the spot, for the news is soon carried up stream that there is "jam" below. Every minute is of consequence, as logs are coming down and the "jam" increasing in strength. The key log being found, there is a cry for volunteers to cut it. Now, when you consider that there are some hundred big logs of timber forming a dam, and the instant the key log is cut the whole fabric comes rushing down with a crash, you will see that unless the axeman gets instantly away he is crushed to death. There are usually in camp plenty of men ready to volunteer, for a man who cuts a key log is looked upon by the rest of the loggers just as a soldier is by his regiment when he has done an act of bravery. The man I saw cut away a log, which brought down the whole jam of logs, was quite a young fellow, some 20 years of age. He stripped everything save his drawers, a strong rope was placed under his arms, and a gang of smart young fellows held the end. The man shook hands with his comrades and quietly walked out on the logs, axe in hand. I do not know how the loggy-road one felt, but I shall never forget my feelings. The man was quietly walking to what might very likely be his death. At any moment the jam might break of its own accord, and also if he cut the key log, unless he instantly got out of the way, he would be crushed by the falling timber.

There was a dead silence while the keen axe was dropped with force and

skill on the pine log. Now the notch was near half through the log, one or two more blows, and a crack was heard. The men got in all the slack of the rope that held the axeman; one more blow and there was a crash like thunder, and down came the wall to all appearance on the axeman.

Like many others, I rushed to help haul away the poor fellow, but to my great joy I saw him safe on the plank, certainly sadly bruised and bleeding from sundry wounds, but safe.—*The Field*.

BOOK BUYING.

IS any one too poor to buy books? It was but the other day that newspaper readers were told of a woman in New England whose daily income was only a few cents, but who managed to live on that pittance and to subscribe besides for several of the monthly magazines. And now the *Christian World* of London has a thought for those better able to buy books, but who think themselves too poor to do so. It says:

"It is an amazing and lamentable fact that persons who would never think of grudging half-a-guinea on some adornment of the person, or some luxury of the table, will shrink from no meanness in begging and borrowing books, rather than buy them."

Book-buying should be as necessary an item of expense in the household as food-buying. It does not pay to starve the soul any more than it does to starve the body. And if book buying necessitates a little economy in other directions, it will add zest to the reader's enjoyment. Many a lover of books who has to beg or to borrow his reading, could make a plentiful fund of his own for the purchase of books, by the wise dropping of the little extravagances and indulgences, which seem so trifling at the time, but which in the long run form quite a serious item in one's expenditure.—*S. S. Times*.

HEALTH HINTS.

ONE of the most important features about housekeeping, is airing and purifying the bedrooms. Before putting the rooms in order of mornings, the beds should be stripped, and the clothing left hanging, for full fifteen minutes, if not longer, in front of an open door or window, immediately in a draught; while the mattress or bed is left to air also. There is so much impurity of the body passing off through the pores of the skin during the night, that we cannot be too particular as to this. In damp, cloudy weather, it would be well, both in winter and summer, to kindle a quick blaze in the fire-place; if only to last for a few moments. The air of a bedroom should be kept perfectly pure, no odor, either sweet or otherwise, should be permitted—not even a bouquet of fragrant flowers should be left in a bedroom over night, for as it withers the smell becomes oppressive to the lungs, and on getting up, one will feel languid and dull. It is not good to get out of bed too suddenly after awaking, as it excites the nerves, and takes hours to get over it. One should be careful not to spend a night in a bedroom that has been kept closed up for sometime; besides the impurity of the air, there is great danger of earwigs in such rooms.

"CONSIDER THE LILIES."

Lily bells! lily bells! down in the meadows
As I see your fair forms 'mid the mosses
and brakes;
My heart wanders back to the past with
its shadows,
To Christ and the wise, loving words
that He spake:

"Consider the lilies"—yes, this was His
teaching,
"The modest field lilies that toil not
nor spin
Yet even to them is my loving care reach-
ing,
My heart takes the feeblest and lowliest
in."

Lily bells! lily bells! waving and swing-
ing,
If Jesus, my Master, can watch over
you,
I'll go to Him daily with gladness and
singing,
Believing He'll love me and care for
me too.

Lily bells! lily bells! bending and sway-
ing,
Ring out your sweet peals on the still
summer air!
I would ye might lure all to trusting and
praying
And teach them sweet lessons of God's
loving care."

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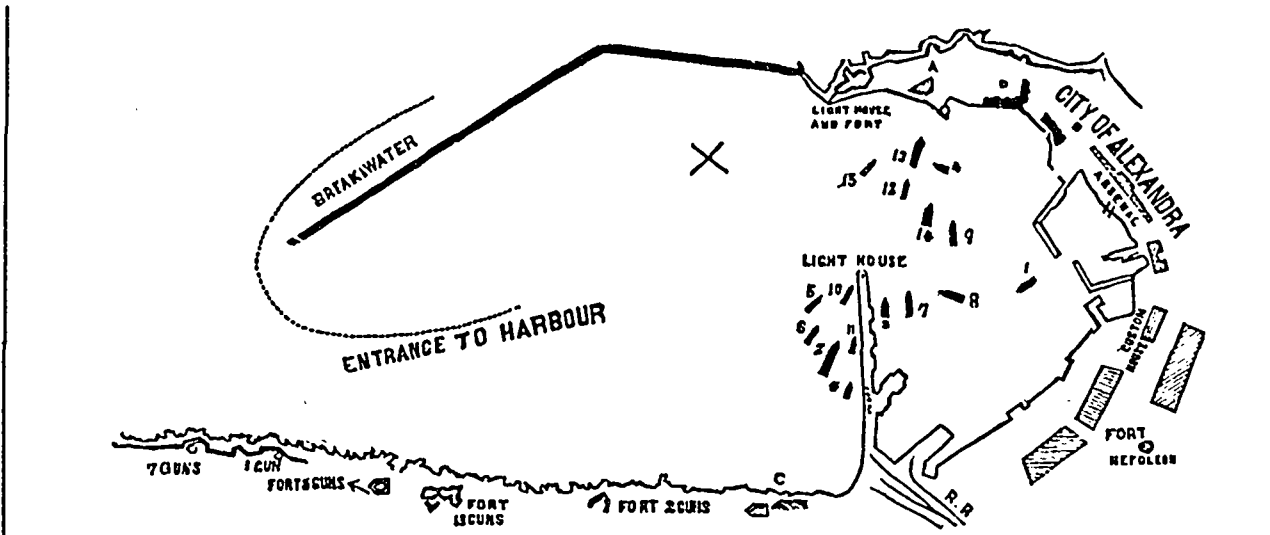
Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, AUGUST 12, 1882.

METHODIST UNION.

HIS subject is attracting much attention in Canada. At the late Conferences of all the Methodist Churches resolutions were passed in favour of such union. We believe that in God's good time, which we hope will be speedily, such a union will take place. The chances are more favourable now than we ever knew them to be before. Nearly forty members are required to fill vacancies in one Conference alone. The opening up of the great North-West will demand more. This will employ most of the men who would be set free by union. As we wish our readers to know what is going on in their church we quote from the *Methodist Union*, a paper started to promote this object, the following fable. The initials M. C., P. K., B. C., N. E., will be recognized as those of the different Methodist churches:—Ed.

The Methodist Church ought to be one family. Split up into rival factions it cannot do as much efficient work as if it had remained one. It



INDEX TO PLAN.—A, B, and C. Earthworks Thrown Up Since the Arrival of the Fleet; D. The Khedive's Palace.—British Vessels: 1. "Invincible," Ironclad; 2. "Monarch," Ironclad; 3. "Helicon," Despatch-Boat; 4. "Condor," Gun Vessel; 5. "Beacon," Gun Vessel; 6. "Bittern," Gun Vessel; 7. "Cygnets," Gunboat.—French Vessels; 7. "La Galissoniere," Ironclad; 8. "Alma," Ironclad; 9. "Forbin," Cruiser, 2nd Class; 10. "Hirondelle," Despatch-Boat; 11. "Asuic," Gunboat.—Greek Vessels; 12. "Hellas," Frigate; 13. "King George," Ironclad.—Egyptian Vessels; 14. "Mehemet Ali," Frigate; 15. "Maharoussa," Khedive's Yacht.

PLAN OF ALEXANDRIA HARBOUR, SHOWING INNER FORTIFICATIONS AND POSITION OF FOREIGN SHIPS OF WAR, JUNE 7, 1882.

The plan indicates the position of the British and French men-of-war as they were before those which did not take part in the real attack steamed to the outer harbour.

ALEXANDRIA.

THIS city, Egypt's chief seaport, lies near the westernmost branch of the Nile, on the Mediterranean. It is distant from Cairo 112 miles, N. W., communicating with that city by railway, canal, and the River Nile. The city is built on a peninsula, anciently the island Pharos, so called after the famous lighthouse of olden times, one of the seven wonders of the world, now replaced by the Castle of Pharallon (Farillon). On the isthmus connect-

ing the modern city with the mainland are seen the ruins of the ancient Alexandria, covering many a mile. The city owes its present importance to its having been the main station in the overland route to India via Suez, with which city it is connected by a line of railway. Mehemet Ali fortified and improved both the old harbour and the new port, making it at once a naval arsenal and station and a large commercial centre. He otherwise greatly improved the city, restoring the ancient communications with the Nile by means of the Mahmoudish Canal, which was opened in 1817. Since that time

the population has quadrupled, being now upwards of 212,000. In the annals of England, Alexandria is celebrated for the great battle that took place there on March 21, 1801, between the French troops under Menon and the British troops under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, who defeated the former. Though an agreeable place to reside in, the city is open to one great inconvenience—that its water supply is precarious, and liable to be cut off at any moment in the event of a hostile rising.

might, if each branch would cultivate its own lot, but not by the process of hoeing each other's rows.

Take a family of our sturdy boys on a farm—father is dead. On a bright June morning Master Charles goes out to hoe the corn, Master Edward the potatoes, Peter M. to sow turnips, and Byron C. to do some fencing. In the evening the work is well advanced—the boys are in good spirits, love each other, and sing and pray before going to bed.

Next year, instead of working into each other's hands as formerly, they take it into their heads to play Methodism—in other words to run the farm, not on Methodist principles, but on Methodist practice. M. C. and M. E., each seize a hoe, and proceed to the cornfield, but instead of working in different rows, or at opposite ends of the same row, they will persist in hoeing the same hill, or at least doing over again the work done by the other. And sad to relate, now or then, in their zeal for the good cause, per accidens, they hit each other's toes, and then they speak hot words, and strange to say, hot words generally cause coolness in a family. Presently to vary the monotony, and by way of variety, P. M. appears upon the scene scattering his turnip seed among the corn, and directly at his heels, B. C. running his rail fence right through the lot. In the evening, the boys are cross, and say short prayers. Next day "behold four sowers go forth to sow,"—in the same

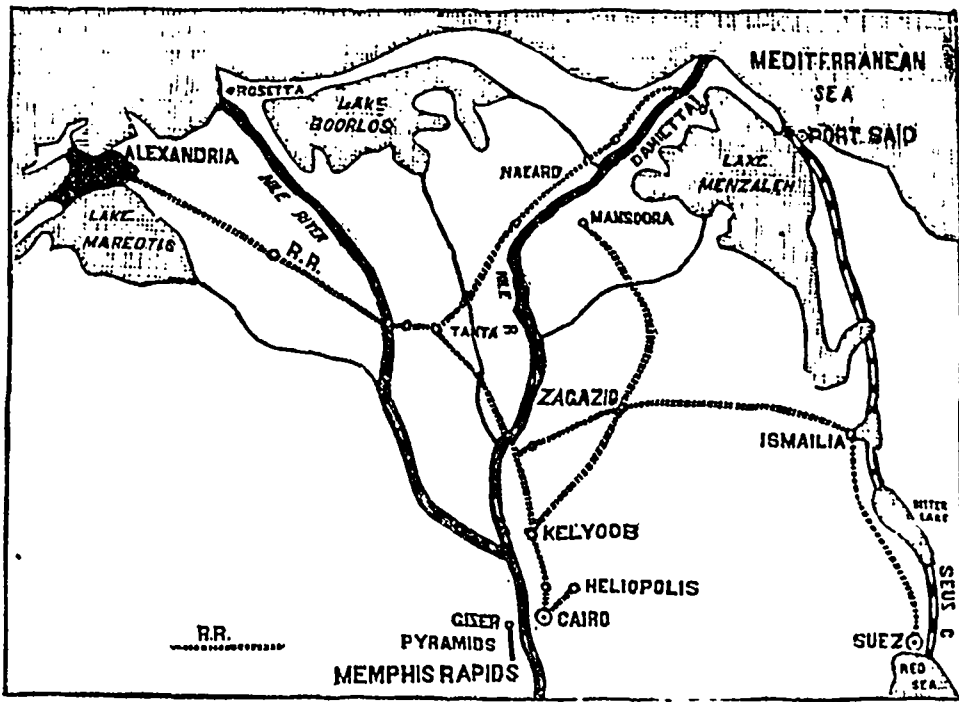
field. Stepping in each other's tracks and sowing the same seed, and in the evening if that field isn't in a good condition to yield a bountiful harvest it's because the operations were carried on according to Methodist practices. What about the "far field?" Don't mention it—what with weeds, and predatory hordes, it is a sad sight to see. What would father (J. W.) say if he were to visit the old farm and see the way his children are carrying on? ("The world is my parish," the application is easy.) What does Father say as he looks down from the throne in the skies, and sees the amount of time and treasure spent upon some fields, and the utter neglect of others, much larger, and just as dear to his loving infinite heart. It doesn't seem exactly fair play for a few men to hear a thousand sermons, and a great many, not even one. One half the preachers on old gospel fields are simply hanging around to watch each other, while thousands of our fellow-creatures in heathen lands are nearly stepping down into the darkness of the grave, and truthfully exclaiming as they go, "no man cared for my soul."

No wonder the ways of Zion mourn and the cause of God declines at home. It were well to inquire if God is not angry with many Christian people for heaping so many gospel privileges upon themselves to the neglect of others—and with preachers, too, perchance, for yielding to, if not actually encouraging, so much unreasoning prejudice

and excessive laziness among their people. Why, it has come to pass among Methodists at last, that every Methodist must have an appointment at his very door, and if his own denomination doesn't give it, he knows how to threaten the introduction of another that will. Of course there is a great deal more preaching over a given area as a brother suggests, but will God bless preaching under such circumstances. Whatever may be the reason, we know He doesn't, to any very great extent. Enlightened by the Word, and filled with the spirit, brethren, beloved, let us inquire for the old paths, and seek out a more excellent way.

If any of our readers in Western Ontario wish to attend the S. S. Parliament at Well's Island in the St. Lawrence in August, they will find the best route that by the steamers *Cuba* or *Armenia*, sailing from Toronto and threading the splendid scenery of the Thousand Islands. The fare is very low, nearly 500 miles of sailing, meals, and staterooms for about \$7.,

We learn that the Methodist Sunday-school on the Sandfield Mission, Manitoulin Island, Algoma District, has formed a Juvenile Missionary Society, which has already contributed \$1.48 to this grand missionary cause. Let their number increase and these many little's will make a "great muckle," as our Scotch friends say.



MAP OF LOWER EGYPT AND THE DELTA OF THE NILE.

THE above map of Lower Egypt shows Alexandria, Cairo, the Suez Canal, and other points of interest in connection with the hostilities in Egypt. The principal harbour is the Old Port of Alexandria. The map shows the Delta of the River Nile and all the principal towns of Lower Egypt, and Lakes Maroetis, Boorlos,

and Menzaleh, which are hardly more than salt water marshes. Cairo is distant about 150 miles by rail from Alexandria, and is a city of little commercial importance. It is, however, a delightful place of resort. The line of the Suez Canal is plainly shown. Vessels from the Mediterranean enter

at Port Said and emerge at Suez into the Gulf of Suez, thence into the Red Sea, the Arabian Gulf, and the Indian Ocean. There are no fortifications worthy of the name at Port Said. The canal is about 100 miles long, seventy two feet wide at the bottom, and twenty-six feet deep.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

YE mariners of England!
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave!
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep,
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

—Campbell.

THE Chinese are helping the Methodists in Chicago. A church was in debt, and an orchestra of converted Chinamen volunteered to give a concert. The entertainment drew \$260, and the musicians refused to accept even the payment of their car fares.

THE disgraceful career of President Garfield's assassin has ended on the jail gallows in Washington and his body was put into a deep grave in the jail yard the next day and buried from sight without ceremony or visible mourning—although his brother and the clergyman who attended him in his last hours were present—an end most fitting to the creature. Guiteau's conduct to the last was that of bravado and blasphemy. His thirst for notoriety was quenched only with his life. Whatever may be the fact regarding his sanity there is no question about his vanity. A formal will bequeathing his body and all other property to his spiritual adviser closes with an unparalleled request that the people of the United States erect a monument to his memory and virtues. Of most men it can be said that they died too soon. Of this one the truest thing that can be said is that he died one year too late, and he cannot be too soon forgotten.

GLOOMY tidings come from Ireland again. Another agrarian double murder was committed in county Galway, just on the eve of the adoption of the Repression bill in the House of Commons. That measure consisting of thirty clauses was finally got through the House after a full six weeks of parley and obstruction. The closing scene was one of the stormiest ever witnessed in the British Parliament in modern times. The session lasted continuously for thirty two hours, and resulted in the suspension of twenty-three Home Rule members. There is a growing alarm, throughout England lest an outbreak of Fenianism may be imminent. The arrest of a suspicious dealer in arms in London has led to the discovery that large numbers of

guns have been clandestinely distributed. It is also a theme of serious remark that there are in Dublin at present over seventeen hundred Americans who have no visible occupation.

We have received and forwarded to Rev. J. McLean, Missionary at Fort MeLeod for our Blackfoot mission, \$1 received from a young lady, a member of a sister Methodist Church, who does not wish her name to be mentioned. We will be happy to forward other amounts.

BOOK NOTICE.

Canadian Methodist Magazine for July. The Sixteenth Volume of our Connexion Magazine—now the only Literary Monthly in the Dominion, opens with a vigorous number. It is marked by the range and strength of its original articles. One of the most striking of these is Dr. Dewar's paper on Proposed Changes at the General Conference, arguing strongly against the appointment of a Bishop or of Bishops. Mrs. Dr. Castle, of Toronto, an accomplished literary lady, contributes an admirable article—accompanied by a portrait—on Emerson, and Dr. Canniff one on Darwin and Darwinism, showing that Science is not antagonistic to Faith. The illustrated articles are: Foot-prints of Bunyan, with numerous fine engravings, and citations from Dr. Pauson's celebrated lecture, by which he first won fame, on the Immortal Dreamer; and an account of a recent visit to three famous places on our borders: Au Sable Chasm, Ticonderoga, and Howe's Cave. "Life in a Parsonage" describes a visit to an Indian Mission, and a tragic story of Temptation and fall through Drink. Other articles by Dr. Nelles on Higher Education, Canniff Haight on Rambles in England, and James Lange on Patented Inventions, make a strong number.

The August number will contain an article by Dr. Sutherland in favour of a General Superintendency, and one by Dr. Nelles on Whittier, the Quaker Poet, with portrait, one on Methodist Union by Rev. Jas. Ross, M. A., and other valuable papers. In early numbers will appear articles on

Tennyson by Dr. Stevenson, on Lord Lytton by Prof. Reynar, on Lowell by Rev. LeRoy Hooker, all with fine portraits; on Robert Hall, by Rev. W. Ross, on Chalmers by Dr. Ryckman, and on the Woman's Missionary Society by Mrs. Strachan; also an article, with portrait, on Mrs. Stowe.

Subscriptions to new volume—July to January including General Conference Topics, and Permanent Record of its proceedings, only \$1. Specimen numbers free.

THE WAR IN EGYPT.

THE immense edition of this paper issued, and the great distances to which it is sent, require that it shall be printed some time before the date at which it is due at the schools. We cannot therefore give very recent intelligence from the Seat of War. Our young readers, however, have a right to expect that in their own paper some account of this great and world-shaking event shall be given. We therefore condense from the great dailies a brief narrative of the causes and progress of the present conflict. The immediate occasion of the outbreak was the

AWFUL MASSACRE

which took place on June 11th. A massacre as dreadful as has ever disgraced a city possessing police and garrison. On Sunday, June 11, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, news came that a riot had commenced in the Cistern Street in Alexandria. Some said it was caused by a dispute between a Maltese and a donkey boy, but others say, and we are of opinion that they are right, that the rioting began in several parts of the town at once, and that it was a preconcerted affair, and deliberately directed against Europeans. There is also reason to believe that the Prefect of Police of Alexandria was privy to the plot, for military gendarmes, took part in the rioting, and an officer was heard to give the order to break open the shops. Arabi himself cannot be exonerated from direct complicity, from when the Governor of Alexandria sent to demand that troops should be sent immediately to quell the rioting the commanding officer refused to send them without a written order. Altogether there seems every reason to believe that Arabi and his party know that a riot and attack on Europeans were intended, and took no steps to prevent outrage.

OUTBREAK OF THE MASSACRE.

Eye-witnesses even now turn pale when they recount the scenes they witnessed. Peaceful Europeans, taking their Sunday afternoon drives, were dragged out of their carriage and beaten to death with clubs, and legs of tables and chairs. The streets of the Cistern, the Frank street, the streets leading to the sea, inhabited chiefly by Maltese, Greeks, and Italians of humble position in life, were the chief scenes of the fighting. The Arabs seems to have come in from all sides and literally overwhelmed any Europeans they came across by force of numbers. After the rioting had lasted about three hours suddenly the military were called out, and almost immediately cleared the streets, but before this was done the rioters had smashed and sacked almost every house. Sunday night was an awful one in Alexandria. Few people who have never experienced a thorough going panic can imagine the state of the city during the twelve hours succeeding the outbreak.

About 250 Europeans were killed including three British naval officers, but over 1,000 Arabs were slain. Arabi, the usurping Egyptian leader, refused to punish the rōters, and openly defied England and Europe.

The Khedive of Egypt was a helpless captive in the hands of an army which has already committed outrages on foreigners and pointed its guns at the British fleet. Britain has claims on Egyptian tax payers, but she has more than that. The Government is part proprietor of a canal through Egyptian ground, which forms a highway between her eastern and western possessions. It is needful that she should guard that highway in her own interest and that of the civilized world. England therefore after fair warning gave orders to the British fleet to batter down the forts of Alexandria.

GLADSTONE ON THE GOVERNMENT POLICY.

Mr. Gladstone said that if those massacred at Alexandria remained unavenged and the matter uninvestigated the effect would be serious to all Europeans. The present Egyptian regime was one of military violence. The proceedings of Great Britain were not against the people, but against their oppressors. Sir Charles Dilke said it was utterly untrue that Arabi Pasha represents a National movement. Austria and Germany had expressed the opinion that it was perfectly legitimate. He believed the European concert would settle the Egyptian question.

It is grave responsibility to begin a war the end of which no man can foresee. But England acts here as a policeman who attacks a mad rioter who disturbs the peace of the world, and whom in justice, and in mercy to mankind it is necessary to suppress.

THE BOMBARDMENT.

Britain's arm is long, and when she strikes, she deals a heavy blow. In a single day, the outer forts of Alexandria were silenced, and made mounds of ruins. The British ironclads proved themselves invincible.

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line.
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence still as death;
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But when England's thunders speak*
tyrants tremble, and the oppressed
are set free.

THE SACK OF ALEXANDRIA.

After the bombardment flags of truce were displayed. But Arabi employed the respite they secured for him to steal away with his army, having first thrown open the prisons and let loose the convicts to plunder and massacre the Christian and European population. We doubt if more brutal conduct was ever committed in modern times. The white flag of peace was made the cloak for a deed of blackest infamy and cruelty, the convicts and Arab thieves went from street to street, pillaging, burning,

* Some of these great guns weigh 81 tons, and will send a shot weighing 1760 pounds a distance of ten miles. To do this requires a charge of 415 pounds of powder. The shot is 16 inches in diameter, and about four feet long. Each discharge costs \$250. The firing was distinctly heard by a telephone connected with the submarine cable at Malta, nearly a thousand miles distant.

torturing, and murdering till a large part of the city was destroyed, and its Christian population butchered.

When Admiral Seymour sent sailors ashore they were horrified at the scene of massacre. Where they caught the murderers red handed in the act of butchery or pillage they wreaked a grim revenge, sweeping the streets with Gatling guns, which fire a thousand shots a minute, and hanging the ruffians before the house where they were found plundering. A little band of Europeans in a bank defied the mob without, killing scores of them, and then escaped to the English ships. A force of marines and blue-jackets commenced the task of restoring order and subduing the conflagration. In this they were successful, a Gatling gun proving of great assistance in the work. Further information which reached Admiral Seymour leaves no doubt that Arabi deliberately gave up the city to pillage and rapine, and also gave the order, which fortunately was not carried out, to murder the Khedive. In the city the scene was one of destruction and ruin. Arabi was said to be entrenched a short distance from Alexandria, and his menacing presence prevented any operations ashore until Admiral Seymour received large reinforcements. At the time we write a force of marines hold the gates of the city, and will assist in their police duties by drafts from neutral vessels. The guns of the fleet command all the principal streets, and in the event of the return of the troops and rabble, could speedily sweep the streets.

The valour of the English sailors, both afloat and ashore, shows that the blood of the old sea-king still flows in the veins of England's sons, no less than when her sailors defeated the Spanish Armada, and Nelson fought the battles of Trafalgar and the Nile, so still, "Britannia rules the wave." Let us pray that God may overrule the wrath of man, and rescue these old Bible Lands of the East, trodden by the feet of Abraham, and Moses, and by

"Those blessed feet

That, eighteen hundred years ago, were
nailed
For our advantage to the bitter cross,"

from the polluting tread of the followers of the False Prophet.

May the time soon come when instead of ironclads and soldiers, England will send Bibles and missionaries to accomplish the peaceful conquest of the world for Christ.

JAMES VICK.

WE are sorry to announce the death, on the 16th of May, of the eminent horticulturist and seedsman, James Vick, of Rochester, N. Y. In his youth he was a playmate of Charles Dickens, and set type, shortly after coming to America, side by side with Horace Greeley. He was an Englishman by birth, having come to this country in his fifteenth year. His publication, *Vick's Illustrated Magazine*, established in 1877, is the finest of its kind—devoted to horticulture exclusively—in the English language, or any other language we venture to say.

Mr. Vick was an enthusiastic Sunday-school man. We met him first at the Sunday school Parliament at the Thousand Islands. He left the

Park on Saturday for Rochester over a hundred miles to be in his school. He said he had not been out of school one day in forty years.

He was a very liberal man, and very generous in his donations to the Methodist Church of which he was a zealous member. After the great drought in Kansas he sent \$25,000 of seeds as a donation to the impoverished people.

He had a good deal of humour in him. He used to send presents of garden seeds to editors accompanied by the message that though editors sometimes had not much sense themselves, their wives generally had, and would appreciate his flower seeds, if their husbands did not. By strict attention to business, and strict integrity, he built up the largest seed house probably in the world. He never was sick a day till the week he died, and he emphatically "ceased at once to work and live." He was a grand good man, peace to his memory.

MISSIONARY LETTERS FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

FORT MACLEOD,
ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

DEAR BRO.—A Magnetawan reader of *PLEASANT HOURS* very kindly remembered our *Ryersonia Mission* among the Blood Indians by sending us ten dollars. I need not tell you how acceptable it was, seeing we are busy erecting Mission premises. Missionary work is much needed among our Bloods, but it can only be carried on successfully by living amongst them. It is we shall do as soon as our buildings are ready. I am indebted to our Sunday school paper and the friends of missions for the above contribution. Could you not induce some of the youthful readers of *PLEASANT HOURS* to become *Juvenile Ryersonians* by sending us a small amount toward aiding us in our Indian work? We hope our mission will prove worthy of him whose name it bears. He adorned the Indian missionary ranks and left behind him a name which is still as a sweet savour unto many.

Yours in Jesus,
J. McLEAN.

FISHER RIVER, N.W.T.

DEAR DR. WITHROW,—Since I last wrote you about our school we have received through the Rev. A. Andrews some 62 volumes of good library books. They are in constant circulation among the children, and also some of the parents who can read English.

The attendance is good; when all are at home we have an average of over sixty, a goodly number of whom can read fairly in the English Testament. They also commit to memory verses from the same, and, as far as we can, we have them study the Catechism of our Church. Quite a number have gone through the first part creditably, and are in part second. We are much in want of a fresh supply of both first and second parts, and have sent for them.

If we could secure the same interest in the day-school our progress would be much more rapid. But the value of education is not realized here yet; while many read English well they have got little further. They leave school just when they are in a position, by longer attendance, to make it of real service to them. And while they do come, attendance is so irregular that

scarcely one ever attains enough English to make English literature interesting, and having none in their own language it is little wonder that they never acquire a taste for reading after they grow up, and go backward rather than forward. One or two things are greatly needed here, either "Cree" literature or some means whereby the young may be constrained to attend school long enough to become familiar with the English language. We do not know what will suit other places, but here we think the latter would be the more useful if it could be secured.

Notwithstanding all drawbacks we see a marked improvement here among both old and young, and hope, labour, and pray for a baptism of fire from above, which we are sure would do much to quicken the mental as well as the spiritual, and secure in every way greater success.

P.S.—Many thanks for the books you sent. They have been a rich blessing to myself and family.

Yours truly,
A. W. ROSS.

AN AMERICAN OPINION.

THE N. Y. *Tribune* says:—But we should be of a strange people indeed, if we could listen without deep interest to echoes of the cannon of Mother England in the land of the Pharaohs. Egypt, under its present rulers, is little to us, but England is much. No American historian has hesitated, even in times of sorest feeling toward the mother country, to recognize the fact that civilization and Christianity have made enormous strides, in every quarter of the globe, under the shelter of the British flag. The substitution of British justice for Turkish rapacity or Arabic lawlessness would be hailed by the commerce of the whole world as a blessing. Though neither the British Government nor the English people have any desire to assume the responsibility of governing Egypt, any increase of British influence in that quarter would probably be beneficial. The struggle that is now threatened can hardly fail to result either in a great increase or in a marked diminution of English influence in Egypt. In such a struggle, American sympathies must go out strongly toward the mother country so long as it is contending only for order and justice.

JEWESS.

MY dark-browed daughter of the sun,
Dear Bedouin of the desert sands,
Sad daughter of the ravished lands,
Of savage Sinai, Babylon—
Oh, Egypt-eyed, thou art to me
A God-encompassed mystery!

I see sad Hagar in thine eyes,
The obelisks, the pyramids,
Lie hid beneath thy drooping lids.
The tawny Nile of Moscs lies
Portrayed in thy strange people's force
And solemn mystery of source.

The black abundance of thy hair
Falls like some twilight sad of June
Above the dying afternoon,
The large solemnity of night,
Oh, Israel, is in thy sight!

Then come where stars of freedom spill
Their splendour, Jewess. In this land,
The same broad-hollow of God's hand
That held you ever, outholds still,
And whether you be right or nay,
'Tis God's not Russia's, here to say.

—Joaquin Miller.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

Go forth to the battle of life, my boy,
Go while it is called to-day;
For the years go out and the years come
in,
Regardless of those who lose or win,
Of those who may work or play
And the troops march steadily on, my
boy,
To the army gone before;
You may hear the sound of their falling
swords
Going down to the river where the two
worlds meet;
They go to return no more.

There's a place for you in the ranks, my
boy,
And duty, too, assigned;
Step into the front with a cheerful face,
Be quick or another may take your place,
And you may be left behind.

There's a work to be done on the way,
my boy,
That you never can tread again;
Work for the loftiest, lowliest men;
Work for the plough, plane, spindle, and
pen:
Work for the hands and the brain.

Temptations will wait by the way, my
boy,
Temptations without and within;
And spirits of evil with robes as fair
As those which the angels in heaven
might wear,
Will lure you to deadly sin.

Then put on the armour of God, my boy,
In the beautiful days of youth;
Put on the helmet, and breastplate, and
shield,
And the sword that the feeblest arm may
wield,
In the cause of right and truth.

And go to the battle of life, my boy,
With the peace of the gospel shod;
And before high heaven do the best you
can
For the reward and the good of man,
For the kingdom and crown of God.

REQUIRED READING, S. S. R. U.

STORIES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY.

BY THE EDITOR.*

STONEY CREEK.



COLONEL Vincent, withdrew the garrisons from the frontier forts on the Niagara river. He retreated with sixteen hundred men toward the head of the lake, and took up a strong position on Burlington Heights, near Hamilton. In the now peaceful Protestant cemetery to the west of the city may still be traced among the graves the mouldering ramparts and trenches of this once warlike camp. Dearborn despatched a force of three thousand men, with two hundred and fifty cavalry and nine fieldpieces, under Generals Chandler and Winder, to dislodge the Canadian force. On the 6th of June they encamped at Stoney Creek, seven miles from Vincent's lines. The position of the latter was critical. Niagara and York had both been captured. Before him was a victorious foe. His ammunition was reduced to ninety rounds. He was extricated from his

peril by a bold blow. Colonel John Harvey, having reconnoitered the enemy's position, proposed a night attack. Vincent heartily co-operated. At midnight, with seven hundred British bayonets, they burst upon the American camp. A fierce fight ensued in which the enemy were utterly routed. The British, unwilling to expose their small number to a still superior force, retired before daybreak, with four guns and a hundred prisoners, including both of the American Generals. The victory, however, was purchased with the loss of two hundred men killed or missing. A venerable old lady, recently deceased, has described to the writer the dreary procession of waggons laden with wounded men that filed past her father's door on their return to the British headquarters. The battle was fought early on Sunday morning, near the house of "Brother Gage," a good Methodist, as his appellation indicates.* On that sacred day, so desecrated by the havoc of war, he gathered the neighbours together and buried the slain, friend and foe, in one wide, common grave. Among the traditions of the war is one which records that the boys of the Gage family gathered up a peck of bullets which had been intercepted by the stone fence bounding the lane that led to the house.

The Americans, after destroying their camp stores and leaving the dead unburied, retreated to Forty Mile Creek, where they effected a junction with General Lewis, advancing to their aid with two thousand men. At day-break on the 8th of June, the American camp was shelled by Commodore Yeo's fleet. The enemy retreated to Fort George, abandoning their tents and stores, which were captured by Vincent. Their baggage, shipped by batteaux to the fort, was either taken by the fleet or abandoned on the shore.†

A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

"IN CAMP AT BURLINGTON HEIGHTS,
"October 10, 1813.

"I take my pen in hand, leastways the quarter-master's, which he lent me, to let you know that I am well and hope you are enjoying the same blessing, also father and the sore colt, about which I am mighty particular, as my roan has fallen lame. You will have heard about the fight at Moraviantown. It was a bad bizness. We was dead-beat with marching day after day, from Fort Malden; and Harrison,—that's the Yankee general,—had a strong body of cavalry and captured nearly all our stores and amunishun. Our kurnel seemed to have kind of lost his head, too—leastways, that's what I heard Captain Villiers say—and never broke down a single bridge, nor blockaded the road behind us. A few of us Niagara boys could soon have felled some trees that would stop their big guns pretty quick, but we had no axes. Backwood's fighting has to be done in backwood's way, with the axe and spade as much as with the musket. But some of these red coats fit in Spain with Wellington, and think what they don't know about fighting ain't worth knowing.

"Well, at Moraviantown was an Indian church, built by a Dutch missionary from Pennsylvania, and a few

* Carroll's "Case and His Contemporaries," Vol. I., p. 307.

† Withrow's History of Canada, 8vo. ed., chap. xxiii. p. 318.

houses, and our kurnel gave the word to halt and make a stand against the enemy. But the ground along the River Thames was black and mucky, almost like a swamp, and we was soon fagged out. Afore we knowed it almost, the Kentucky mounted rifles was on us a-shouting like mad. They rid right through our lines, cutting and hacking with their heavy sabres, and then they formed behind us and began firing with their muskets. Our line was completely broken, and badly cut up, and most of our fellows threw down their arms and surrendered on the spot. They couldnt do much else.

"But Tecumseh never showed the white feather a bit. He and his braves was all painted and plumed, and he wore on his naked breast the King George's medal Brock gave him, and they emptied a good many saddles from behind the trees. When they saw it going so hard with our fellows, they yelled their war-whoop and rushed at the dragoons. Tecumseh pulled their kurnel off his horse, and was fighting like a wild cat when a dozen mounted rifles spurred to the spot, and riddled him with bullets. We'll never see his likes again, Kate. No white man or red-skin ever was a better soldier. He died for his country like a hero, as he was. He should long be remembered, Captain Villiers says, by every Canadian as the bravest of the brave.*

"Captain Villiers rallied a couple of companies and brought us off after a smart skermish. You'd think the Captain was in love with death, he was so reckless of his life. We made forced marches almost day and night, till we got to Ancaster; and, I tell you, glad men we was when we saw Vincent's lines. We're kind of rested now. Trueman was as good as a surgeon at dressing wounds and the like, and he had enough of it to do, besides his preaching and praying, and writing letters for the men. I got a scratch myself, but I thought I'd try and write to you. But I have to sit on the ground and write on a drum head, and its kind of tiresome.

"No more at present from your loving brother,

"ZENAS."

MR. BEECHER'S REMINISCENCES.

REV. Henry Ward Beecher recently gave the following reminiscences of his early ministerial life. When I was about twenty-three years of age—knowing little of life and having much to learn, I went forth as a preacher. I went across the Ohio to Covington, to a little Presbyterian Church, for I was a Presbyterian then and am still, all but their confession of faith. Then Martha Sawyer—that isn't her name now, so no one will know—came for

* An attempt was made in 1877, to identify his grave in order to pay fitting honours to his bones, but without success. His chief memorial has been the giving of his name to a township of that Canada for which he gave his life.

An American poet has thus commemorated Tecumseh's last conflict with Colonel Johnson:—

"The moment was fearful; a mightier foe Had ne'er swung his battle-axe o'er him; But hope nerved his arm for a desperate blow, And Tecumseh fell prostrate before him. He fought in defending his kindred and King, With a spirit most loving and loyal, And long shall the Indian warrior sing The deeds of Tecumseh the royal."

me to go to Lawrenceburg, Ind., about twenty miles from Cincinnati, a town which has sent out more whiskey than any other in the United States. There Miss Sawyer was the trustee, deacon, and treasurer of the little church, with twenty members and only one man among them. They raised \$150 the first year, and with the aid of the American Home Missionary Society, God bless it forever, I had \$400 salary. There I began to learn to be a preacher and learned for two years, and then went to Indianapolis for eight years before I came here. There in that little church, which would seat 100 persons, and where, if I wanted to hold a communion, I had to send to the next town to borrow a deacon, I was sexton as well as pastor. I used to sweep, and I bought the lamps and filled, trimmed, and lit them. There that little church has stood till now, and now they hope to build a larger one. I want you to help them. The collection will now be taken to rebuild the Presbyterian Church in Lawrenceburg, Ind., where I began my ministry. I suppose the deacons will not object."

PUZZLEDOM.

ANSWERS FOR LAST NUMBER.

ENIGMA.—Aianthus.
HIDDEN FLOWERS.—1. Acanthus.
2. Adonis.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—

A r a b S
L a r u M
C h i l I
O r i e L
V e n u E
E d i t S

NEW PUZZLES.

I. CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In monkey, not in ape;
In mantle, also in cape;
In tempest, also in storm;
In heat also in warm;
In bread, not in food;
In rare, not in good;
In swift, not in fleet;
In animal, not in meat;
In wondrous, also in strange;
The whole denotes a change.

II. NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Am an old saying composed of 20 letters.

My 16, 19, 5, is a conveyance.
My 11, 18, 12, 2, is to suppose.
My 4, 1, 17, 13, is a streak in cloth.
My 15, 14, 8, 6, 3, is part of a plant.
My 7, 9, 12, 20, 10, are signs.

III. DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

-o-s-l-s-f-l-s-h-f-o-o-T-m
T-a-o-l-t-e-d-o-f-o-e-a

IV. DOUBLE ZIGZAG.

(Words of four letters each.)

1. Loud language.
 2. Sour.
 3. To detest.
 4. Nice, transposed.
 5. An adverb and a preposition.
 6. Crisis.
 7. Simple sounds.
 8. Insects.
 9. A Chaldean idol.
 10. Stretched.
 11. A verb, (transposed) and a pronoun.
 12. Manner.
 13. A name.
- Zigzag from upper left corner, act of discussing.
Zigzag from upper right corner, change of form.

* This sketch is taken from a volume by the Editor, entitled "Neville Trueman, the Pioneer Preacher; a Story of the War of 1812," pp. 244, price 75 cents. Wm. Briggs, Toronto, Publisher.

BROIDERY-WORK.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

BENEATH the desert's rim went down the sun,
And from their tent doors, all their service done,
Came forth the Hebrew women, one by one

For Bezaleel, the master, who had rare
And curious skill, and gifts beyond compare,
Greater than old Misraim's greatest were,

Has bidden that they approach at his command,
As on a great-skin spread upon the sand
He sat, and saw them grouped on every hand.

And soon, as came to pass, a silence fell.
He spake and said: "Daughters of Israel,
I bring a word. I pray ye, hearken well.

"God's Tabernacle, by his pattern made,
Shall fail of finish, though in order laid,
Unless ye women lift your hands to aid!"

A murmur ran the crouched assembly through,
As each her veil about her closer drew
"We are but women! what can women do?"

And Bezaleel made answer: "Not a man
Of all our tribes, from Judah unto Dan,
Can do the thing that just ye women can!"

"The gold and broidered work about the hem
Of the priests' robes,—pomegranate, knop,
and stem,—
Man's clumsy fingers cannot compass them.

"The sanctuary curtains that must wrathen be
And bossed with cherubim,—the colours three,
Blue, purple, scarlet,—who can twine but ye!

"Ye are the very skill for which I call,
So bring your cunning needle-work,
though small
Your gifts may seem. The Lord hath need
of all!"

* * * * *
O Christian women! For the temples set
Throughout earth's desert lauds,—do you
forget
The sanctuary curtains need your broidery yet!

AN UNPUBLISHED STORY OF LINCOLN.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

IN one of my temperance pilgrimages through Illinois, I met a gentleman who was the companion of a dreary ride which Lincoln made in a light waggon, going the rounds of a circuit court where he had clients to look after. The weather was rainy, the roads "heavy" with mud of the southern Illinois pattern, never to be imagined as to its blackness and profundity by him who has not seen it, and assuredly needing no description to jostle the memory of him who has. Lincoln enlivened the way with anecdotes and recitals, for few, indeed, were the incidents that relieved the tedium of the trip. At last, in wallowing through a "slough" of the most approved Western manufacture, they came upon a poor shark of a hog who had succumbed to gravitation and was literally fast in the mud. The lawyers commented on the poor creature's pitiful condition and drove on. About half a mile was labouriously gone over, when Lincoln suddenly exclaimed:

"I don't know how you feel about it, but I've got to go back and pull that pig out of the slough."

His comrade laughed, thinking it merely a joke; but what was his surprise when Lincoln dismounted, left him to his reflections, and, striding slowly back, like a man on stilts, picking his way as his long walking implements permitted, he grappled with the drowning swine, dragging him out of the ditch, left him on its edge to recover his strength, slowly measured off the distance back to his buggy, and the two men drove on as if nothing had happened.

One incident like that, revealing a great and magnanimous character while yet utterly unknown to fame, is worth a volume of dress-parade records, posthumous or otherwise. It is for this reason we cherish the stories of Lincoln's and Garfield's obscurity, and delight to find that they were always great.

The grand and brotherly nature which could not consent to see the lowest of animals suffer without coming to its rescue, at great personal discomfort, was nurtured by years of self-abnegation for the great struggle, when he should be strong enough to "put a shoulder to the wheel" that should lift the chariot of state out of the mire and set a subject race upon its feet.—*Independent.*

A young curate having preached before his vicar for the first time, asked that worthy at the close of the service which passage in his sermon he thought the best; to which the vicar made reply: "Your passage from the vestry to the pulpit was very fine, but commend me to that from pulpit to the vestry for downright, heart-relieving effect."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

A. D. 29.] **LESSON VIII.** [Aug. 20.

THE WICKED HUSBANDMEN.

Mark 12. 1-12 Commit to memory v. 9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner. *Psa. 118. 22.*

OUTLINE.

1. The Vineyard, v. 1.
2. The Husbandmen, v. 2-8.
3. The Lord, v. 9-12.

TIME.—A. D. 29, on the Tuesday before the crucifixion.

PLACE.—The Temple at Jerusalem.
PARALLEL PASSAGES.—*Matt. 21. 33-46; Luke 20. 9-19.*

EXPLANATIONS.—*Parables*—Stories containing a great truth. *A vineyard*—Here meaning the spiritual privileges which God had given to the Jews above all other peoples. *Winefat*—A cistern for holding the wine pressed from the grapes. *Tower*—So that the vineyard could be under the eyes of a watchman, to guard it from robbers and wild beasts. *Husbandmen*—An old word, meaning farmers or those who till the ground. *Far country*—Here referring to heaven, where God dwells. *At the season*—The time when grapes were ripe. *A servant*—Referring to the prophets, whom God sent to the Jewish people, of whom many were slain, and nearly all persecuted. *One son*—Here referring to the Lord Jesus Christ. *Cast him out*—A reference to the fact that Jesus was put to death outside the city. *Heb. 13. 12.* *Head of the corner*—The corner-stone, most important in all the building.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- How are we here taught—
1. That privileges may be abused!
 2. That God's messengers are often despised!
 3. That Christ is our corner-stone!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How did Christ represent the privileges of the Jewish people? As a vineyard. 2. Who was the owner and planter of the vineyard? The Lord God. 3. Who were the husbandmen or workers of the vineyard? The Jewish people. 4. How did they treat the messengers whom the Lord sent? They persecuted and slew them. 5. Whom did they at last kill? The Lord's Son. 6. What penalty were they to receive for this? They were to be destroyed.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christ the corner-stone.

51. What were the names of some of the chief of these Judges?

Some of the chief of these Judges, by whom God, at different times, delivered the Israelites out of the hands of their enemies, were named Gideon, and Jephthah, Samson, Eli, and Samuel.

A. D. 29.] **LESSON IX.** [Aug. 27

PHARISEES AND SADDUCEES SILENCED.

Mark 12. 13-27. Commit to memory v. 14-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come. *1 Tim. 4. 8.*

OUTLINE.

1. The Earthly Kingdom, v. 13-17.
2. The Heavenly Kingdom, v. 18-25.
3. The Eternal Kingdom, v. 26-27.

TIME.—A. D. 29, on the Tuesday before the crucifixion.

PLACE.—The Temple at Jerusalem.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.—*Matt. 22. 15-33; Luke 20. 20-38.*

EXPLANATIONS.—*They send*—This conversation took place in the temple, on the last day of Christ's teaching, and only three days before his death. *To catch him*—To lead him into some mistake or false teaching. *Thou art true*—The words about Christ were true, but their purpose in saying them was to flatter and deceive him. *Tribute*—The tax which the Jews, as a subject people, paid to the Romans, their rulers. All of the Jews hated this tax, and some considered it wicked for them, as God's people, to pay it. *To Caesar*—The title of the emperor at Rome. *Hypocrisy*—The fact that they were not sincere and truthful. *A penny*—The coin called a *denarius*, worth about fifteen cents. *Superscription*—The writing on the coin. *Render to Caesar*—Pay back to the Roman government the money received from it. *And to God*—Give to God his rights of service as well as the government its rights. *If a man's brother die*—The aim of this story and its question was to make the doctrine of a rising from the dead appear absurd. The law here mentioned is in *Deut. 25. 5*, and was intended to keep the inheritance of each family distinct in Israel. *Ye know not the Scriptures*—The mistake of the Sadducees arose from not understanding the meaning of God's word. *Neither the power of God*—Not knowing that God can work the miracle of raising from the dead. *Neither marry*—The family relations of earth do not exist in heaven, neither that of husband and wife, nor of parent and child. *As the angels*—Which are not supposed to be in families. *Not the God of the dead*—Those who are dead must then have a life which is eternal.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where does this lesson teach—
1. That we should serve God?
 2. That we should seek to understand God's word?
 3. That we should look for eternal life?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What question did the Pharisees and Herodians ask Jesus? Whether they ought to pay tribute. 2. What did he say that they should render to Caesar? The things that are Caesar's. 3. What did he say they should render to God? The things that are God's. 4. What did Jesus tell the Sadducees that God is? The God of the living. 5. What did this show? That men shall live hereafter.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The resurrection.

52. Who governed the people of Israel after the Judges?

The people of Israel, after they had been some time governed by the Judges, desired a King like other nations; and God bade Samuel anoint Saul to be the first of their Kings.

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