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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. V.

TORONTO, APRIL 18, 1885.

No. 8.

CLIMBING.

MY boy, are you fond of climbing?
Would you scale the lofty hill?
Those on the far-off summit
Were men of steadfast will.
Often their feet grew weary
And worn in the toilsome way,
But they never got discouraged
And stand at the top to-day.

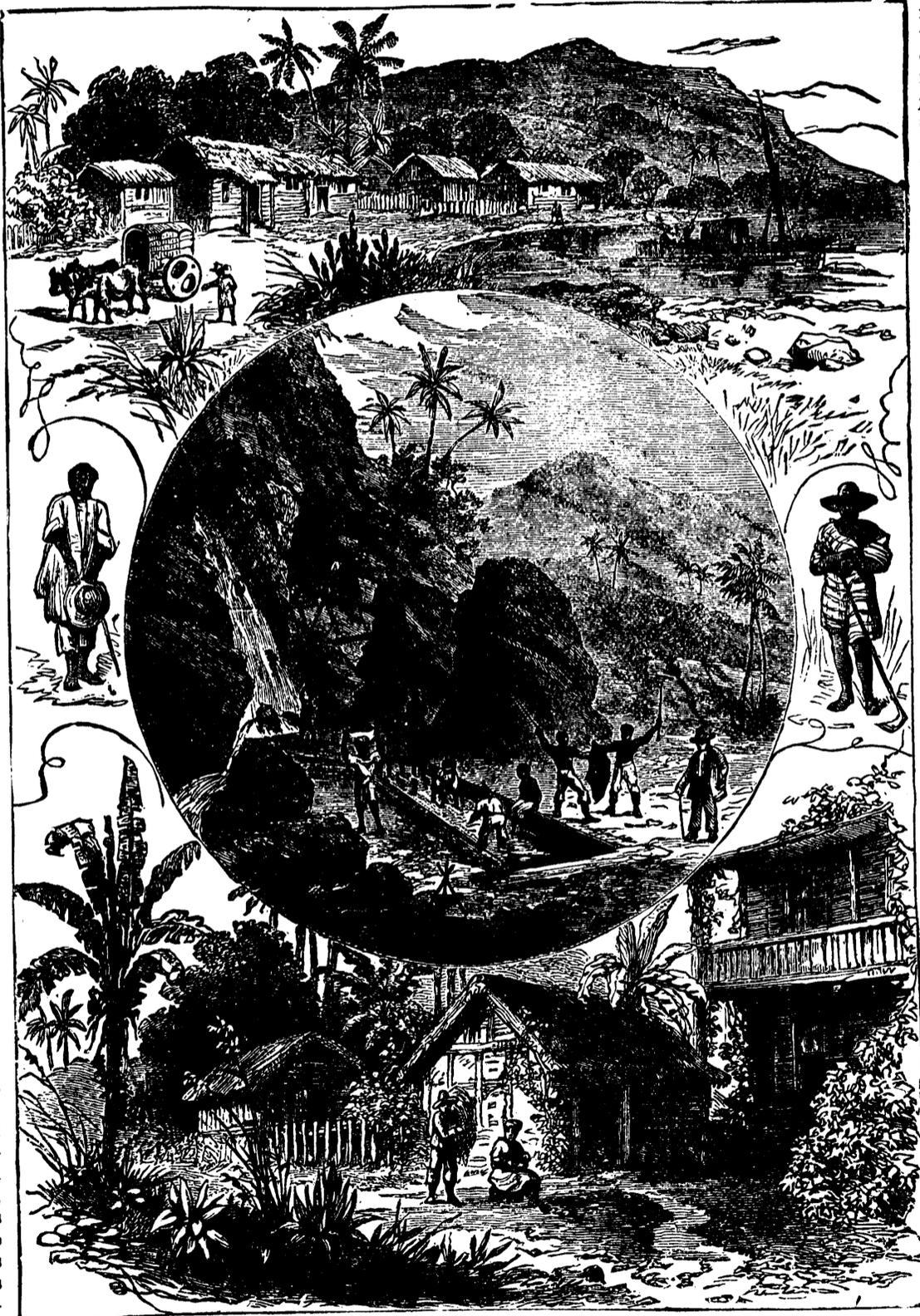
You have read what a poet tells us—
That we gain not at a bound
The heights; but life is like a ladder—
We must climb up round by round.
So the hill that is steep before you,
It may take you long to climb,
But one step after another
Will lead to the top in time.

He who would reach the summit
Must turn not left or right;
He must keep up heart and courage,
And keep the heights in sight.
Little by little the summit
Grows bright in his steadfast eye,
And at last he stands with the victors
As you may, if you try.
—Eben Reesford.

BRAZIL.

BRAZIL is one of the largest countries in the world, being 2,600 miles in length by 2,500 in breadth, larger than the whole of Europe.

Yet this great empire is but sparsely peopled, having only about ten millions of inhabitants, including whites and negroes. Its principal characteristics are its vast forests and its immense river system. The Amazon is the largest river in the world, being two hundred miles wide at its mouth. Under the equatorial sun the fertile soil produces the greatest production of fruits, flowers and useful plants. Sugar, coffee, cotton, tobacco, spices, drugs and horns from the cattle on its vast pampas or plains are its chief exports. Its diamond mines are the richest in the world. The central part of the large picture shows the process of washing the diamond-bearing earth, for these glittering stones. The lower part show the rich vegetation of an island plantation, and above is seen one of the primitive villages of the interior, with the rule ox cart in the foreground.



BRAZIL.

TRICKS OF A LITTLE PEOPLE

AN English preacher, writing from India, says:

“Our youthful readers will be glad to hear about a little feat

of some ants I saw a few days ago. I do not propose to weary you, children, with a long article all about ants; at your leisure you can find out about their strange ways in some encyclopedia. The little ant incident to which

they had their trophy across the veranda, and were soon edging their way around to the outside of one of the large veranda pillars. They soon accomplished this, and I immediately saw that they actually meant to carry

I refer took place out on my front veranda. The verandas here are not built of wood, like most of those in America, but of hard *pakharu* (pucca) work, a sort of stone softened with water and then beaten down firmly and smoothly. I had just risen from my breakfast, and had gone out on the veranda, when I espied these little creatures. Now, it is a very common sight to see ants. One can go out at any time of the day and see myriads of them of different species, marching to and fro, generally in a straight line and in the most perfect order, from their houses to their fields of labour. But at this time, these particular little black ants attracted my especial attention. I do not know whether their wee noses had smelled breakfast or not; at any rate, I found them hard at work moving a dead wasp, three times larger than any one of them, across the pucca floor of the veranda. It was a very interesting sight. I was anxious to know what they would do with the lifeless animal with a stinger. On and on they went, tugging and pulling away as if they really were hungry. No matter if there did chance to be a little unevenness in the floor, still somehow the wasp would move. There were thousands of ants running about, but only about a dozen were at work at one time, six on one side pulling, and six on the other side pushing. The wasp's whiskers and legs seemed to be their favourite hold, because their minute pincers could clasp them more easily than the body. There was the wildest excitement all about. Multitudes seemed to show their military tactics in reconnoitring the surrounding country to keep off any enemy that might be around. In ten minutes

that great big wasp up that veranda pillar, fifteen feet high! 'Whew!' said I to myself, 'this is intensely interesting, and I must remain and see the end of it.' The ascent began, the ants having not once relinquished their hungry grasp on his deadness. Father and mother, lads and lasses, uncles, aunts, cousins, and baby ants now came to aid in raising Sir Wasp heavenward. Instead of there being a dozen, there must have been three times that number engaged in the tug of war. Up and up they went, and in another ten minutes had reached the top of the pillar. I had espied a large lizard watching their operations, and I thought that just here he might seize their prey, and then all their labour would amount to nothing. But no; evidently his lizardship did not relish wasps, or very likely he had been stung by one of them some time. And so the ants went on their way unmolested, and in two or three minutes more were safely housed with their booty in their lofty home, there to enjoy a grand feast upon the fruits of their labour, or to store it away for some cooler weather. The whole feat was performed inside half an hour, and gave me a greater relish for my work. So I went to my books moralizing on the power and wisdom of little things, thanking the All-father for the lesson afforded me by the little inhabitants of antdom."

GIVING.

"ES, I always give for missions and everything else," said Phil. "I give something every Sunday, don't you?"

"Why, no—I give five or ten cents when I think I can spare it, when I have a good deal of money and don't want it all for anything," said Tom.

"I give whatever papa or mamma give me for it," said James. "Sometimes it's more and sometimes it's less."

"Oh, I always give my own money," said Phil. "I don't think it's any giving at all unless you do that."

"Yours is the best way, I'm sure," said Tom, soberly. "They say it's the regular giving that counts. And then, of course, what you give is just so much out of what you'd like to spend on yourself."

"Yes," said Phil, feeling very self-denying and virtuous.

"I am going to try your way," said Tom. "And I'm going to keep an account and see what it will amount to."

The three boys were on their way home from Sunday-school, where they had heard, from a missionary, some very interesting accounts of the great work which is going on in Africa. He had treated his subject with all the power which comes of a heart glowing with zeal in the grand work to which he had devoted his life, and love for the poor creatures whose eyes had learned to look to him in earnest seeking for the knowledge of the way of life.

And as heart always awakens heart he had succeeded in deeply stirring the sympathies of his young hearers as he told of lives wretched and degraded in this world and hopeless as regards any other; of down-trodden women and

neglected children who are crying out to those in our favoured land: "Come over and help us."

So that many of them went away with the solemn feeling that they should, in some sense, be held answerable if they did not strive to hold out a helping hand to those in such sore need. For the present it was plain that missionary interest was to be centred in the Dark Continent, and little societies were formed among Sunday-school children, they believing it would be pleasanter to put their gifts together than to offer them separately.

Several boys came to Phil's house on the next afternoon to talk it over, and Phil brought his account-book to put down their names as the first members of their society, with a preamble in which occurred many high-sounding words setting forth their resolves and intentions.

"What's this, Phil?" asked his uncle, picking up the book on the same evening after tea.

"O, that's my account-book, uncle. I brought it down to take names and draw up resolutions for our missionary society."

"May I read it, or is it a secret organization?"

"Certainly you can. I am simply, you know, trying to work up the idea of liberal giving among the boys."

"A most excellent idea," said his uncle, concealing his amusement at Phil's rather pompous tone. "Let me see—bananas, twenty-five cents; soda water ten cents; peanuts, twenty-five cents; bat, thirty-five cents; candy, fifteen cents; base-ball cap, seventy-five cents; Sunday-school, six cents—"

"O stop, Uncle George, that isn't it. That's when I was visiting at cousin Tom's, and I promised mamma I'd put down every cent I spent."

But Uncle George seemed not to hear and went on.

"Peanuts, fifteen cents; bananas, twenty-five cents; getting shoe mended, forty cents; soda water, ten cents; missionaries, five cents; getting bat mended, fifteen cents; lemonade for the boys, fifty cents; bananas, twenty-five cents; collection in church, two cents."

"Please give me the book, uncle."

"I'm glad you don't forget your charitable duties, Phil," said his uncle, giving up the book with rather a mischievous smile.

Phil took it in some confusion. He had heretofore thought but little more of his spending than to remember his mother's wish that he should keep an account of the money with which she kept him so liberally supplied. Now, in looking over his hasty entries, he was astonished.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed, as he added up one page, "two dollars and ninety cents for eating and play, and seventeen cents for giving. And I bragging to the boys what a good thing it is to give regularly!"

He was a conscientious boy, and his heart smote him as he ran over the long list and thought with his newly-awakened feelings of the bread of life which that much money might have carried to starving souls. If his mother had aimed to teach him a lesson through his account book she had not failed.

He got up at last and stood before the glass.

"Now, my young man," he said,

shaking his head very threateningly at the boyish face he saw there, "you know very well that a quarter for peanuts doesn't look any larger to you than a pin's head, and that a quarter for giving looks as big as a cart wheel—but that's got to stop sir! This book isn't going to hold any more accounts of dollars for trash and cents for Sunday-school."—*N. Y. Observer.*

THE "THANK YOU" PRAYER.

NCE upon a time I listened,
Listened while the quick tears glistened
'Neath the drooping lids that hid them, as a
little prattler said,
While a father's arms caressing,
Round the precious form were pressing,
And against his pillowing bosom lay a dainty
curl-ringed head.

"Papa," spoke the little trembler,
"Papa, dear, do you remember
When that gentleman was here to tea, his
sober, solemn air?
How he bent his head down lowly,
And his words came soft and slowly,
As he prayed to God in heaven such a pretty
'thank-you' prayer?"

"And I wondered all about it;
For, of course, I couldn't doubt it
Was a funny way that made us be so kind to
one another.

To say 'thank you' for each present,
In a way so very pleasant,
And forget that God might like it: so I asked
my darling mother.

"But she looked at me so queerly,
And her eyes were very nearly
Full of crying, and I left her, but I want to
know real bad!"

Here the shy eyes lifted brightly—
"Is it treating God politely,
When he gives us things, to never mind, nor
tell Him we are glad?"

"And since then I've been thinking—
Papa, dear, why are you winking?"
For a slow sob shook the strong man, as each
keen, unconscious word
Pierced him, all the past unveiling,
All the cold neglect and failing,
All the thoughtless, dumb receipt—how the
heedless heart was stirred!

"God is good, and Jesus blessed them,
And his sacred arm caressed them,"
Murmuring thus he touched the child-brow
with a passionate, swift kiss
Of the little one beside him,
Of the angel sent to chide him,
And a "thank-you prayer," ah, never more
his living lips shall miss!

—*Woman at Work.*

SPRINGTIME.

RE you not glad that spring is
coming, boys and girls? beautiful
spring, with blue skies and
mild breezes, and fresh, sweet
odors of leaf and flower?

I know you are. Spring has been a
delight to hosts and hosts of people in
all generations, and thousands of poets
have sung her praises. I am going to
print for you to-day one of these poems
—one of the smallest of them all. It
was written by an English poet who is
still living; his name is Robert Brown-
ing. Although an Englishman, he has
lived for many a long year in Italy,
and it was there that he wrote this fer-
vent little bit of poetry. He called it
"Home Thoughts from Abroad," and
I fancy he was a little bit homesick
under the bright Italian sky, when he
tried to think how it would seem to
wake up in his dear old English home
that April morning, and to find every-
thing as he describes it in the first
stanza of the little poem. Spring is
later in our Northern States than in
England, but it is no less lovely when
it comes. Keep your eyes and ears
wide open this year, and notice all the

buds, and blossoms, and insects and
birds, and see if you do not think this
the most wonderful spring you have
ever known.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD.

O, to be in England, now that April's there!
When whoever wakes in England sees some
morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the bushwood
sheaf

'Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf;
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard
bough

In England—now!
And after April, when May follows,
And the white-throat builds and all the
swallows,

Hark! how my blossomed pear-tree in the
hedge
Leans to the field, and scatters on the
clover

Blossoms and dew-drops from the bent spray's
edge!

That's the wise thrush! he sings each song
twice over,
Lest you should think he never could re-
capture

The first fine careless rapture!
And all the fields are white with hoary dew,
Which will be gay when noontide wakes
anew

The buttercup, the little children's dower,
Far brighter than this gaudy passion flower!

KNOWING HOW TO DO IT.

WHEN an accident occurs in-
advertently, or through care-
lessness, it is useless to fret
and cry about it. If it is possible, set
to work at once and remedy the mis-
chief. There were both good sense
and philosophy in the way gladness
was brought out of grief in the case
described below.

Frank was playing about the well-
curb with his new penknife in his hand,
when, to his great sorrow, he dropped
the knife into the depths below. He
heard it ringing and saw it glancing
down the old mossy stones, and was
almost tempted to spring down after it,
in his distress and vexation. As it
was he could only go into the house
and tell his grief to his mother, who
sympathized with him, and very likely
took occasion to tell him what a good
thing it was to be careful, and all that.

Uncle John sat by the window, and
when he had heard about the accident
he asked, "Was the knife open?"

"Yes, sir; I was making a fiddle
out of a shingle."

"Well, don't give up until we see
what can be done."

So he took a small looking-glass to
the well, and directed a bright sunbeam
to search diligently in the bottom for
the missing knife.

"There it is, Uncle; O there it is!"
shouted Frank, in great excitement.
"I see the pearl handle. Now if the
sunbeam could only fish it up," he
added more sorrowfully.

Uncle said nothing, but walked into
the house, and pretty soon came out
with a large horseshoe magnet attached
to a stout string. Very carefully he
lowered the magnet, keeping the sun-
beam fixed on the knife, and presently
the magnet touched the right steel.
It clung fast to the bar, and was
literally fished up by it, to the great
joy of Frank and the admiration of all
beholders.

You see what a good thing a little
science is!

"I CHALLENGE any man who under-
stands the nature of spirits, and yet
for the sake of gain continues to be in
the traffic, to show that he is not in-
volved in the guilt of murder."
—*Lyman Beecher.*

BABY'S SHOE.

BY MISS JENNIE E. CROSS,
(Late of Ottawa, Ont.)

ONLY a baby's shoe,
A tiny thing and small,
With the print of each little toe
A baby's shoe—that's all.

Tossed aside in a basket,
Almost hidden from sight,
For the thing is of little value,
And the broker is busy to-night.

"Where is the mother whose needle
Should sew on these buttons again!"
But the pawnbroker hurried away with a
frown,
And I waited an answer in vain.

Yet aye from his motley treasures,
Old timepiece or diamond ring,
Ever backward my eyes kept wandering
To gaze on that tiny thing.

And ever my heart kept questioning
Of the baby that wore the lost shoe,
"What foot was enshrined in this casket?
Whose little pink toes hid in you?"

When methought from the faded morocco
With the anale straps torn at the heel,
Above all the din of the pawnbroker's shop,
A strange plaintive voice seemed to steal:

"Far away by the shore of a murmuring lake,
Where the breezes blew gently at night,
And the elders dipped down to the water's
brink,
Their branches all laden with white,

"There nestled upon the green hill-side
A neat little cottage brown,
And the wild rose clambered its lowly eaves,
Far away from the dust of the town,

"And there ere ever the morning broke,
Or ever the robin sang,
And dearer than dawn to the glad mother's
heart,
The glad baby's laughter rang.

"'Twas there to that home 'mid the whisper-
ing pines,
Rolled up in a parcel tight,
And stowed in the deepest of pockets away,
I was borne as a present one night.

"Methinks I can still feel the pressure
Of those soft infant feet as they pranced
All over the carpet, and down through the hall
Where the flickering sunbeams danced.

"But the winter came with his chilling
breath,
And deep 'neath the frozen clay
They dug for their darling a baby's grave,
And laid his wee slipper away.

"Yet oft as the twilight gathered
Its curtain of gray o'er the lake,
That mother lorn clasped her dead child's
shoe
To her heart for fear it should break.

"Thus the years stole on though the child's
voice came
No more with the bird's sweet song,
But the silver threads streaked the mother's
brow,
And I felt there was something wrong.

"I felt—ah, you laugh that a shoe should
feel!
But I was a treasured thing,
Far dearer, I ween, to that mother's heart,
Than her golden wedding ring.

"And at last when they left the old home
'mid the hills,
And came to the hot dusty town,
I was the last treasure packed away,
Ere they moved from the cottage brown.

"But I ween you would ask why neglected I
lie
All alone on a pawnbroker's shelf;
Well, I'm sorry to say, being only a shoe,
I don't quite understand it myself.

"But I know that a sad woman's face grew
pale,
And her locks as the snowdrift were white,
When the husband tore me away from her
grasp,
And pawned me for gin Christmas night."

"O, where is that mother bereft!" then, I
cried,
"And where is that father untrue?"
"I can tell you no more," baby's slipper
replied,
"Remember, I'm only a shoe."

SEVEN STREET ARABS.

AN icy winter storm drove them
into our Sabbath-school last
Sabbath. The superintendent
asked me to give my class into
the hands of a friend, and take charge
of them. The chances were their stay
would be temporary, but it surely
would not be permanent unless an
effort was made for them. They were
unpromising-looking little fellows; but
then Jesus said: "They that are whole
need not a physician; but they that
are sick." I saw at a glance they were
the very kind of boys whose sweetest
pleasure is to make people trouble by
breaking windows, ringing door-bells
and running away, and countless other
forms of mischief.

I began by asking their names.
Some of these names sounded like those
often heard in Roman Catholic Church-
records, and one or two told me they
were of that Church. I said: "All
right; I expect to find many good
Catholics in heaven when I go there."
By this time I was on the right side of
the Catholic boys.

Then I said: "Boys, when you see
a man with a fine business and a nice
home, don't you wish that when you
grow to be men you could be doing as
well?"

"Yes, sir," they all said at once.

Then I told them that the way to
get such things is by having some
knowledge in the head and some good-
ness in the heart, together with neat-
ness of person and good habits. "You
can make a start in the same way by
having clean hands and faces, and
combing your hair and keeping your
clothes as clean as you can. You can
go to night or day-school, and by hard
study get something in your heads.

"By coming regularly and promptly
to Sabbath-school, and being attentive
while here, you may get that in your
hearts and minds which will help you
to do well in this life. Better still,
this school will help you find the way
at last to a home in a world where
people are never cold or tired, sad or
sick or hungry."

That seemed to be just the kind of
a place they wanted to hear about on
a cold, wet day, when most of them
were in the street because they had no
homes and very little food, and still
less of loving care.

By this time, there not being room
for all of them to keep their seats and
yet get their heads close to mine, one
of the boys was kneeling on the floor
at my feet, with his face upturned to
mine and looking eagerly into my eyes.
All were drinking in every word.

"To have the best things in this
world," I continued, "you must be
just the kind of gentlemen the Bible
will incline you to be, if you study it.
Now let us pick the word gentleman
to pieces. What is the first part of
the word?"

"Gentle," said one.

"What the last part?"

"Man," said another.

Then I said: "If some boy calls one
of you a hard name, is it gentle for
you to call him a hard one back, or to
go on silently?"

"To go on silently," said one boy.

"If, then, there is sometimes a
temptation to lie or to cheat, and one
boy does so and another does not,
which is the man?"

"The one who don't lie or cheat,"
said several of the boys at once.

"If you see a boy who smokes or

swears and breaks the Sabbath, and
another who does not do so, which do
you think has the habits that will help
him grow up into the man to have the
happy home and the good business?"

Thus I tried to lead them along till
they seemed to have a little gleam at
least of the light from the happy land
both for this world and that which is
not "far away." Several of them had
the peculiarly bright, active turn of
mind which makes them not only
troublesome but very expensive mem-
bers of society if "the better soul that
slumbers" is not awakened and kept
awake in them. Which is cheapest
as a question of business, not to speak
of right and wrong? Who of the boys
and girls reading this will try to get
"street Arabs" into the Sunday-
school, and also help to keep them
there?—*World*.

PROCRASTINATION.

PROCRASTINATION is a long
word, but it is one most of us
know something about. It
has, you know, a connection
with the Latin word *cras*, which means
to-morrow; and the boy or girl who
is fond of procrastination is the boy or
girl who thinks that to-morrow, or
presently, is the proper time for every-
thing. Hapless mistake! There is
danger in it.

A noble ship had sprung a leak, and
lay upon the ocean with a signal of
distress flying. To the joy of all, a
ship drew near, and at last came
within hail.

"What's amiss?" called the strange
captain through his speaking-trumpet.

"We are in bad repair, and are
going down. Lie by till morning,"
was the answer from the sinking ship.

"Let me take your passengers on
board now," called back the ready
helper.

"Lie by till morning," was the only
answer.

Morning came at last, but the
"Central America" went down within
an hour and a half of the refusal; and
passengers, crew, and procrastinating
captain, went down with her.

"I'm going to turn out at six to-
morrow," says Tom, with an air of
most thorough determination. At
half-past five the next morning Tom
awoke with a feeling of having some-
thing on his mind.

"Halloo! it's time to get up! Stay
a minute, though; I can dress in less
than half an hour."

Tom accordingly lies upon his back
and follows the movement of an early
fly, which now and then makes a dash
at his face. This position not being
satisfactory for long, he turns upon
his side, and, while experiencing a
sensation of relief, his eyes show a
tendency to close.

"This will not do!" cries Tom,
arousing himself with a jerk. "But
they say it is bad to jump out of bed
in a hurry."

Acting upon this caution, Tom's
head once more returns to the pillow;
and we are hardly surprised that the
next time he thinks of turning out it
is because there is a loud knocking at
the door, and somebody calling out:
"It's half-past eight, Master Tom, and
breakfast is begun!"

So Master Tom's procrastination
ends in his coming down to breakfast
an hour late, with a sleepy face and in
a bad temper for the rest of the day.
If Master Tom goes on through his life

like this in every matter, we know
well enough there is but little success
awaiting him. This is a busy world,
and while one is thinking of doing
something "presently," another comes
up and does it at once.—*Chatterbox*.

WORTH WINNING.

THERE was a boy who "lived
out," named John. Every
week he wrote home to his
mother, who lived on a small
farm away up among the hills. One
day John picked up an old envelope
from the kitchen wood-box, and saw
that it was not touched by the post-
master's stamp, to show that it had
done its duty and henceforth was use-
less.

"The postmaster missed his aim
then," said John, "and left the stamp
as good as new. I'll use it myself.
He moistened it at the nose of the
teakettle, and very carefully pulled the
stamp off

"No," said John's conscience, "for
that would be cheating. The stamp
has been on one letter; it ought not
to carry another."

"It can carry another," said John,
"because, you see, there is no mark to
prove it worthless. The post-office
will not know."

"But you know," said conscience,
"and that is enough. It is not honest
to use it a second time. It is a little
matter, to be sure, but it is cheating.
God looks for principle. It is the
quality of every action that he judges
by."

"But no one will know it," said
John faintly.

"No one!" cried conscience. "God
will know it, and that is enough; and
he you know desires truth in the in-
ward parts."

"Yes;" cried all the best parts of
John's character; "yes, it is cheating
to use the postage-stamp the second
time, and I will not do it."

John tore it in two and gave it to
the winds. And so John won a
victory. Wasn't it worth winning?—
Good Words

ONLY ONCE.

ABRIGHT and once promising
young man under sentence for
murder, was brought forth
from his cell to die on the scaffold.
The Sheriff said: "You have but five
minutes to live. If you have anything
to say, speak now." The young man,
bursting into tears, said: "I have to
die. I had a little brother with beau-
tiful brown eyes and flaxen hair; and
I loved him. But one day I got drunk
for the first time in my life, and com-
ing home I found him getting berries
in the garden, and I became angry
with him without a cause and killed
him with one blow of a rake. I was
so drunk I knew nothing about it
until next morning when I awoke and
found myself bound and guarded, and
was told that my little brother was
found, his hair clotted with blood and
brains, and he was dead. Whiskey
had done it. It has ruined me. I
never was drunk but once. I have
only one more word to say, and then
I am going to my Judge. I say to
young persons, never! never! never!
touch anything that can intoxicate!"
The next moment the poor wretch was
swung into eternity. He was drunk
only once, but it was enough!—*Jerry
McAuley's Newspaper*.

A SONG FOR SPRING.

BY META E. J. THORNE.

She is coming, coming, coming,
Soon the wild bees will be humming
Down among the clover blossoms swinging
In the sunny meadows,
And among the young leaves springing
Blithe birds gaily will be singing,
While above cloud shallows fairy-like will
Cast their dancing shadows.

Down among the reeds and sedges
Set along the brooklet's edges,
Whose sweet tongue by chains of crystal
Fine and strong so late was holden,
To and fro with titful flashing
Tiny speckled trout are dashing;
All things feel with joy her presence—'tis
A story sweet and olden.

There are blossoms in the wildwood;
Lulling songs of happy childhood
Greet the ear from vale and coppice, and
The breezy hillside yonder.
Just to breathe the breath of heaven
Is delight to mortals given,
Why doth rapture thrill the hearts of those
Who in the springtide wander?

Where this joy within us springing,
That, perfect, we join the singing?
Whence this sweetly strange, mysterious
Sense of birdlike wings a-growing?
Is the spirit spring-tide nearer?
Aye! Its sunlightshineth clearer;
While within the soul unfailing founts of
Song are overflowing.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK:

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

TORONTO, APRIL 18, 1885.

LITTLE THINGS.

LITTLE things are usually accounted of no importance, yet, after all, life is made up of little things. Indeed, every thing in the world, and even the great earth itself, is made up of atoms so small that one needs a microscope to find them.

A grain of sand is a small thing, yet when many of these grains are driven together by the tides of the ocean they make a bar over which the ships cannot get. A flake of snow is a small thing. It would melt on the tiny hand of a babe. But, in our northern country how often we have known heavy locomotives and trains of cars compelled to stop because of the snow! One flake could not do it, nor a hundred, nor a thousand, but when the single flakes fall all day long, until all together they number many millions, then the power of the snow is seen.

It is not only in the combination of little things that their power is seen, but it may also be seen in some things which seem by their smallness to be very insignificant, but which become of very great consequence under some circumstances.

Thus, a spark of fire is small, but let it fall into a magazine of gunpowder, and see the results. A speck of steel dust is small, but let it get into your eye, and what intense pain you suffer. A drop of oil is small, but put it into the wheels of a watch and it makes them run regularly, and helps the watch keep correct time.

A cent given to the missionary cause, or to any other good cause, is small, but get enough cents together and the world can have the Gospel. One word is very small, but if it be a word of unkindness it will hurt the soul as a speck of steel hurts the eye. If, on the other hand, it be a word of love, it may soothe and comfort some poor heart that is longing for just the help which that one little word can give.

Remember, therefore, the power of little things.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

THE statutes of New York now require instruction in its public schools concerning alcohol and its effects upon the human body. In some schools this instruction is given effectively by teachers who have a real interest in the subject. That great good is thus being accomplished there is no room for doubt.

A well-to-do wife and mother, who presides over a beautiful home wherein are several lovely children, said to a friend recently: "We have made a change in our household. We have always been accustomed to have wines and other liquors upon our side-board, and we have not thought it wrong. Our little Bessie, who attends the public school, came home awhile ago greatly interested, and said her teacher had been telling them about alcohol and how much suffering comes from using it, and how much better it is to let it alone." "And, mamma," she said, "I felt so ashamed when I thought that we have it here on our side-board, and that papa takes it at his dinner and sometimes gives it to his friends who call!" The lady added that Bessie had been so exercised about it, and had pleaded with them so earnestly, that they had decided to make the change and have no more liquors in the house. The father, an active New York business man, "a hail fellow well met," genial and popular among his companions and friends, had never before given the subject serious thought. Now, however, moved by his lovely little daughter's earnest pleadings, he has signed a temperance pledge and enrolled himself in the ranks of total abstainers. And she received her impulse from the faithful teacher in the public schools.



VENUS FLY TRAP.

VENUS FLY TRAP.

THIS curious marsh-plant sets a regular trap for flies and other insects, on the same plan as a common rat trap. The end of the leaf divides in two folding halves, on each of which are three or four sensitive hairs. The moment one of these hairs is touched by a fly, the two halves come together, enclosing the luckless insect between them. As if to complete the resemblance to a rat trap, the edges of the leaf are formed of prickly ragged teeth which fit into each other and prevent the fly's escape. The plant then sucks the juices of the insect till it has fully digested it, when it opens the leaf and sets the trap for another victim. In the upper part of the picture, we see a large fly struggling to escape, and just to the right we see the locked teeth of the fly trap.

CHILDREN OF THE CHINESE.

AS you travel through China, in all the towns and villages, you see many little children playing about the streets or in the shops, or at the doors of their homes, with bowl and chop-sticks, eating their rice. You will often see the mother bending over her little babe, not kissing it as we would do, but smelling its little face, and whispering in loving tones, "It is very fragrant." The birth of a little boy is a time of great rejoicing. His parents send presents and red-painted eggs to their relations, who in return send cakes and fruit to the mother. Relations and friends come with congratulations at the birth of a son; but at the birth of a daughter they are sad and come with long faces, and say, "We are very sorry for you." The Chinese prefer sons for several reasons. One is that when the daughters marry they go into another family and their parents lose their services, and thus have no return for the expense of bringing them up; but when sons settle in life their mothers have daughters-in-law to wait on them, and a very important person she always is, though not an enviable one. Again, sons only can perform for their parents the funeral ceremonies, on which they set a very high value. In many parts of China, sad

to say, little girls are sometimes put to death by drowning, are smothered, or are cast out by the wayside soon after they are born, generally because their parents are so poor that they fear they cannot find food for their little ones.—J. W. Lambuth, D.D.

SKIPPING.

BOYS, I want to ask you how you think a conqueror would make out who went through a country he was trying to subdue, and whenever he found a fort hard to take, left it alone. Don't you think the enemy would buzz wild there, like bees in a hive; and when he was well into the heart of a country, don't you fancy they would swarm out and harass him terribly?

Just so, I want you to remember, will it be with you if you skip over the hard places in your lessons, and leave them unlearned. You have left an enemy in the rear that will not fail to harass you and mortify you times without number.

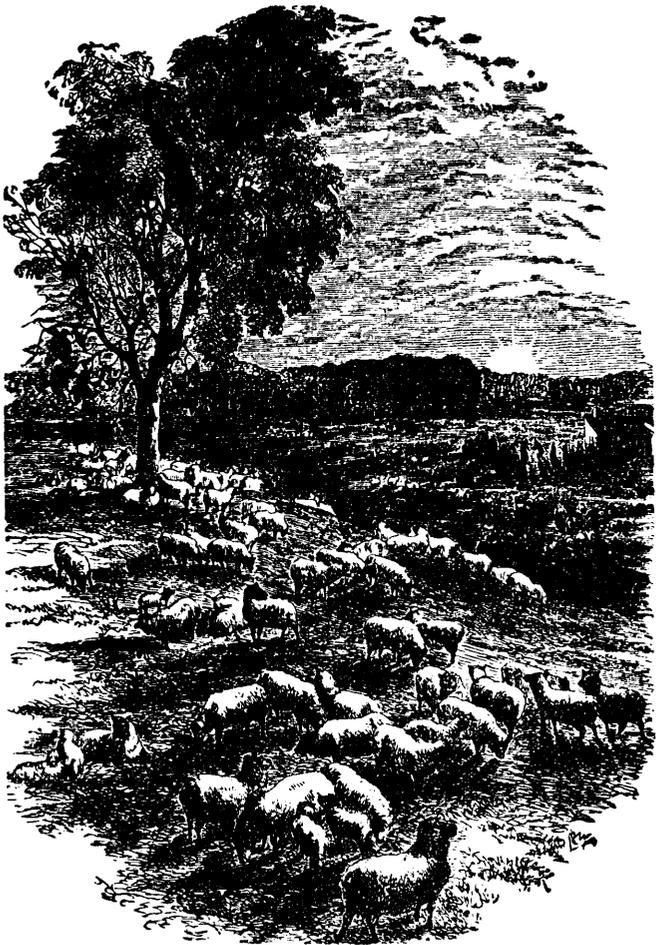
"There was just a little bit of my Latin I hadn't read," said a vexed student to me, "and it was just there the professor had to call upon me at examination. There were just two or three examples I had passed over, and one of these I was asked to do on the blackboard."

The student who is not thorough is never well at his ease; he never can forget the skipped problems, and the consciousness of his deficiencies makes him nervous and anxious.

Never laugh at the slow, plodding student; the time will surely come when the laugh will be returned. It takes time to be thorough, but it more than pays. Resolve when you take up a study that you will go through with it like a successful conqueror, taking every strong point.

If the inaccurate scholar's difficulties closed with his school life, it might not be so great a matter for his future career. But he has chained to himself a habit that will be like an iron ball at his heels all the rest of his life. Whatever he does, he will be lacking somewhere. He has learned to shirk what is hard, and the habit will grow with years.

WINE has drowned more than the sea.



THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERD BOY.

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERD BOY.

GERHARDT was a German shepherd boy; and a noble fellow he was, too, although he was very, very poor. One day as he was watching his flock, which was feeding in a valley on the borders of a forest, a hunter came out of the woods and asked:

"How far is it to the nearest village?"

"Six miles, sir," replied the boy, "but the road is only a sheep-track, and very easily missed."

The hunter glanced at the crooked track, and then said:

"My lad, I am hungry, tired, and thirsty. I have lost my companion, and missed my way. Leave your sheep, and show me the road. I will pay you well."

"I cannot leave my sheep, sir," replied the boy. "They would stray into the forest, and be eaten by the wolves or stolen by the robbers."

"Well, what of that?" queried the hunter. "They are not your sheep. The loss of one or more wouldn't be much to your master, and I'll give you more money than you ever earned in a whole year."

"I cannot go, sir," rejoined Gerhardt very firmly; "my master pays me for my time, and he trusts me with his sheep. If I were to sell you my time, which does not belong to me, and the sheep should get lost, it would be just the same as if I stole them."

"Well," said the hunter, "will you trust your sheep with me while you go to the village and get me some food and drink and a guide? I will take good care of them for you."

The boy shook his head. "The sheep," said he, "do not know your voice, and—" Gerhardt stopped speaking.

"And what! Can't you trust me?"

"Do I look like a dishonest man?" asked the hunter, in an angry voice.

"Sir," said the boy slowly, "you tried to make me false to my trust, and wanted me to break my trust to my master. How do I know you would keep your word to me?"

The hunter laughed, for he felt that the boy had fairly cornered him. He said, "I see, my lad, that you are a good faithful boy. I will not forget you." Honesty, truth, and fidelity are precious jewels in the character of a child. When they spring from piety they are pure diamonds, and make their possessor very beautiful, very happy, very honourable, and very useful. May you, my readers, wear them as Gerhardt did! Then a greater than a duke will befriend you, for the great King will adopt you as his children, and you will become princes and princesses royal in the kingdom of God.

The Canadian Methodist Magazine for April, 1885, price \$2 a year; \$1 for six months; 20c. per number. Toronto: William Briggs. For sale by all booksellers.

This number has four well-illustrated articles:—Wanderings in Spain—On the Rhine—The Cruise of the *Challenger*, and A Visit to the Grave of Barbara Heck. The numerous engravings of the first two articles are of special interest. Many persons are not aware that the foundress of Methodism, both in the United States and Canada, spent her closing years near Prescott. The Editor gives an account, of much interest to every Methodist, of his visit to her grave, and of an interview with her three surviving grandchildren, with numerous incidents about the Heck family. An article of unique interest is that by George G. Stevenson, M.A. of London, tracing the ancestry of the Wesley family back through Knights and Barons for over

900 years. "Sugar Bags" is a quaint and graphic story of London Life. The study of Wesley's Hymns and the story of "Skipper George Netman, of Caplin Bight," increases in interest. An Easter flavour is given to the number by an article by the late Dr. Punshon, and by several Easter Poems and other Easter pieces. Back numbers of the *Magazine* can still be supplied.

A BATTLE THAT ALL MUST FIGHT.

HERE is one passage in Hugh Miller's Autobiography, "My Schools and my Schoolmaster," where, with all his manliness, he gives way to a little pity for himself. His school-boy days had been days of some work but much play—stirring, roving days, full of fun and frolic, and interspersed with grand expeditions, and hair-breadth escapes by sea and land, with like-minded comrades. But the comrades dispersed, and the school-boy era came to an end, and a very different era—the era of hard work for a bare livelihood—hove in sight; and the poor boy was sorry for himself. "I found myself standing face to face with a life of hard labour and restraint. The prospect appeared dreary in the extreme. The necessity of ever toiling from morning to night, and from one week's end to another, and all for a little coarse food and homely raiment seemed to be a dire one, and fain would I have avoided it. But there was no escape, and so I determined on being a mason."

And yet Miller could afterwards look back on this dire necessity as a great boon and give his benediction to honest, homely labour, with her horny hands and hard conditions, for in her school he had learned some of the most useful lessons of his life.

It was the same with David Livingstone. The woods of Blantyre were charming scenes for a young explorer, and every plant and every animal, great and small, had an interest for a born scientist. The pools of Clyde had their treasures, which it was fine sport to throw out with the rod on the grass—all the more if the catch of trout should be varied by an occasional salmon. But there came a Monday morning (and he was but a child of ten) when he must turn out at six o'clock to the spinning mill and toil there till eight o'clock at night, amid deafening noise and monotonous sights, with but short intervals for breakfast and dinner. But, however hard it was felt at the time, this necessity was welcomed and blessed by Livingstone, too, in future life. Speaking to the people of Blantyre, after he had become famous, he told them that if he had the choice of a way of beginning life, he would choose the same hard lot through which he had actually passed. It had furnished a most valuable training both for mind and body, and prepared him for his work in Africa; for he would not have shown the same power of enduring hardship, the same patience and perseverance in conquering the irksome, if he had not gone through that long, hard apprenticeship in the mill at Blantyre.

These are not solitary cases; but they are valuable as showing how nobly the battle with what is irksome may be fought in youth, and what

precious fruits come of the victory. Unfortunately, instances of the contrary are but too common. Of all the causes that give rise to useless trifling, and even pernicious lives, the most common is impatience of irksome labour in youthful days. No greater curse could well fall on a young person than the disposition to turn up his nose at all regular protracted labour, as if the only good thing in life were self-indulgence. What a fatal defect in many a young person's education lies here!

A MOTHER'S GIFT.

The following lines were written by a mother inside a Bible which she gave her boy when he left home:

REMEMBER, love, who gave you this,
When other days shall come;
When she who had thy earliest kiss
Sleeps in her narrow home.
Remember, 'twas a mother gave
The gift to one she'd die to save.

That mother sought a pledge of love,
The holiest, for her son;
And from the gifts of God above
She chose a goodly one:
She chose for her beloved boy,
The guide to light, and life, and joy;

And bade him keep the gift—that when
The parting hour should come,
They might have hope to meet again
In the eternal home.
She said his faith in this would be
Sweet incense to her memory.

And should the scoffer, in his pride,
Laugh that fond gift to scorn,
And bid him cast that gift aside,
That he from youth had borne—
She bade him pause, and ask his breast
If he or she had loved him best?

A parent's blessing on her son
Goes with this holy thing;
The love that would retain the one
Must to the other cling.
Remember, 'tis no idle toy;
A mother's gift. Remember, boy!

AN INDIAN'S HONESTY.

AN old Indian once asked a white man to give him some tobacco for his pipe. The man gave him a loose handful from his pocket. The next day he came back and asked for the white man. "For," said he, "I found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco."

"Why don't you keep it?" asked a bystander.

"I've got a good man and a bad man here, said the Indian, pointing to his breast, "and the good man say, 'It is not mine; give it back to the owner.' The bad man say, 'Never mind, you got it, and it is your own now.' The good man say, 'No, no! you must not keep it.' So I don't know what to do, and I think to go to sleep, but the good and bad men keep talking all night, and trouble me; and now I bring the money back I feel good."

Like the old Indian, we have all a good man and a bad man within. The bad man is Temptation, the good man is Conscience, and they keep talking for and against many things that we do every day. Who wins?

SHALL the manhood and womanhood of our country sink to the standard of the divine novel, or rise to that of the choicest literature of the English language? Why should any waste their spare hours over third-rate books when they might spend them with the greatest and best thinkers of the world?

LITTLE LEAVES.

LITTLE leaves are in a hurry,
Covering up the naked trees:
They have slept all through the winter
In their buds upon the trees

Now, awake, they look around them,
Sud to see the trees so bare:
And they say, "It must not be so;
We will work with will and care."

All the day so very busy
In the sunshine warm and bright,
Resting, sleeping only little
In the darkness of the night.

O the leaves so green and tender,
How they flutter in the breeze;
One can almost hear them singing,
Fathery, soft, upon the trees.

Little birds are getting ready
For their nests upon the trees,
And they say, "Be quick and hurry
With your cover, little leaves."

Soon they grow the larger, stronger,
All the day and through the night,
Very thick and close together,
Till the nests are out of sight.

Now they fling their grateful shadows
On the warm and dusty street,
And among them rain-drops patter,
Clung out their breath so sweet.

And if you will only listen,
You will hear the birdies there—
Soft and low their gentle twitter,
From the branches in the air.

Children stand and look with wonder
Up among the clustering leaves,
Saying, "Listen! hear the birdies
As they sing up in the trees!"

THE BOY AND THE MINISTER.

MANY years ago a certain minister was going one Sunday morning from his house to his school-room. He walked through a number of streets, and, as he turned a corner, he saw assembled around a pump a party of little boys, who were playing at marbles. On seeing him approach, they began to pick up their marbles and run away as fast as they could. One little fellow, not having seen him as soon as the rest, could not accomplish this so soon, and before he had succeeded in gathering up his marbles, the minister had closed upon him, and placed his hand upon his shoulder. There they were face to face, the minister of God and the poor little ragged boy who had been caught in the act of playing marbles on Sunday-morning. And how did the minister deal with the boy? for that is what I want you to observe. He might have said to the boy, "What are you doing here? You are breaking the Sabbath; don't you deserve to be punished for breaking the command of God?" But he did nothing of the kind. He simply said,

"Have you found all your marbles?"

"No, sir," said the little boy, "I have not."

"Then," said the minister, "I will help you to find them." Whereupon he knelt down and helped look for the marbles, and as he did so he remarked, "I liked to play at marbles when a little boy very much, and I think I can beat you; but," added he, "I never played marbles on Sunday."

The little boy's attention was arrested. He liked his friend's face, and began to wonder who he was. Then the minister said,

"I am going to a place where I think you would like to be; will you come with me?"

Said the boy, "Where do you live?"

"Why, in such and such a place," was the reply.

"Why, that is the minister's house!" exclaimed the boy, as if he did not suppose that a kind man and the minister of the Gospel could be the same person.

"Why," said the man, "I am the minister myself, and if you will come with me, I think I can do you some good."

Said the boy, "My hands are dirty, I cannot go."

Said the minister, "Here is a pump why not wash?"

Said the boy, "I am so little that I can't wash and pump at the same time."

Said the minister, "If you'll wash, I'll pump." He at once set to work, and pumped, and pumped, and pumped, and as he pumped the little boy washed his hands and his face till they were quite clean.

Said the boy, "My hands are wringing wet, and I don't know how to dry them."

The minister pulled out of his pocket a clean pocket-handkerchief, and offered it to the boy.

Said the little boy, "But it is clean."

"Yes," was the reply, "but it was made to be dirtied."

The little boy dried his hands and face with the handkerchief, and then accompanied the minister to the door of the Sunday-school.

Twenty years after the minister was walking in the streets of a large city, when a tall gentleman tapped him on the shoulder, and, looking into his face, said, "You don't remember me?"

"No," said the minister, "I don't."

"Do you remember, twenty years ago, finding a little boy playing marbles round a pump? Do you remember that boy being too dirty to go to school, and your pumping for him, and your speaking kindly to him, and taking him to school?"

"Oh," said the minister, "I do remember."

"Sir," said the gentleman, "I was that boy. I rose in business, and became a leading man. I have attained a good position in society, and on seeing you to-day in the street, I felt bound to come to you, and tell that it is to your kindness and wisdom and Christian discretion—to your having dealt with me lovingly, gently, and kindly, at the same time that you dealt with me aggressively—that I owe, under God, all that I have attained, and all that I am at the present day."—*J. C. Ryle.*

TIRED BIRDS.

MANY of our birds fly several thousand miles every autumn, passing not only over Florida, where they might find perpetual summer, but over the Gulf and far beyond into the great summer-land of the Amazon; after a short stay, returning again to the North, some penetrating to the extreme shore of the Arctic seas. How the small birds fly so great distances is almost incomprehensible, but I have seen many of our small feathered friends on the little Key of Tortugas, two hundred miles or more from Cape Florida, the jumping-off place of the United States. Great flocks of them would alight upon the walls of the fort, especially during storms, evidently thoroughly tired; but the next day they were up and away off over the

great stretch of the Gulf and the Caribbean Sea.

Numbers of the English birds and many from Northern Europe make their yearly voyages down into the African Continent, and careful observers state that they have seen the great storks so common in Germany moving along high in the air, bearing on their broad backs numbers of small birds that had taken free passage, or were perhaps stealing a ride. In these wonderful migrations many birds are blown out to sea and lost, while others become so fatigued and worn-out that they will alight upon boats. A New England fisherman, who in the autumn follows his calling fourteen or fifteen miles out from the shore, informed me that nearly every day he had four or five small birds as companions. They had wandered off from shore, or were flying across the great bay on the lower coast of Maine, and had dropped down to rest. One day the same fisherman fell asleep while holding his line, and upon suddenly opening his eyes there sat a little bird on his hand, demurely cocking its head this way and that, as if wondering whether he was an old wreck or a piece of drift-wood.—*St. Nicholas.*

THE VERY SAME CHAP.

MR. PAXSON relates the following: "In a log school-house on the banks of the Grand Chariton, in Missouri, after I had finished a speech in favour of a Sunday-school a plainly-dressed farmer arose and said he would like to make a few remarks. I said, 'Speak on, sir.'"

"He said to the audience, pointing across the room at me,

"I've seen that chap before. I used to live in Macoupin County, Ill., and that man came there to start a school. I told my wife that when Sunday-schools came round game got scarce, and that I would not go to his school or let any of my folks go. It was not long before a railroad came along, so I sold out my farm for a good price and came to Pike County. I hadn't been there more than six months before that same chap came to start a Sunday school.' I said to my wife: 'That Sunday-school fellow is about, so I guess we'd better move to Missouri.' Land was cheaper in Missouri, so I came and bought a farm and went back for my family. I told them Missouri was a fine State; game plenty, and, better than all, no Sunday-school there.

"Day before yesterday I heard that there was to be a Sunday-school lecture at the school-house by some stranger.' Says I to my wife: I wonder if it can be possible that it is that Illinoisian?' I came here myself on purpose to see; and, neighbours, it's the very same chap.

"Now, if what he says about Sunday-schools is true, it's a better thing than I thought. If he has learned so much in Sunday-school, I can learn a little, so I've just concluded to come to Sunday-school and to bring my seven boys!"

"Putting his hand in his pocket he pulled out a dollar, and coming to the stand where I was he laid it down saying: 'That'll help to buy a library. For, neighbours,' he added, 'if I should go to California or Oregon, I'd expect to see that chap there in less than a year.'

"Some one in the audience spoke up: 'You are tired.'

"Yes, he said, 'I am tired at last. Now, I'm going to see this thing through, for if there is any good in it, I am going to have it.'"

READERS AND READING.

EVERY age produces work that is destined to last; and if we read nothing of contemporary literature we shall not keep up to the times in which we live. We would not, therefore, confine anybody to the classics. In books, as in other things, what pleases one does not another—nay, what nourishes one does not nourish another; and so the reading question must, in a great measure, regulate itself. If we read under proper guidance when we are young we shall know what books to choose when we have arrived at man's estate; that is, if we have any capabilities to start with. It is only the blind that need to be led. The true reader, the initiated one, so to speak, has a guide within his own breast which is far more certain than any outside experience. Give a person the whole range of English literature, see what books he selects and you can soon determine the character of his mind. It is easily classified. People choose their books very much as they do their friends. Some are pleased with any book they chance to take up, and with any person they happen to meet. Others are more discriminating and more exclusive. Readers are, indeed, numerous, but they may be divided into numerous classes; and those who take unaffected delight in the great masters of literature, but who cannot read everything that is printed, may congratulate themselves on belonging to an aristocracy more exclusive than that of wealth and more distinguished than that of family.—*Literary World.*

WHAT BOYS SHOULD BE.

BE true, be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read, he had better never learn a letter of the alphabet, and be true and genuine, in intention and action, rather than, being learned in all sciences and in all languages, to be at the same time false in heart and counterfeit in life. Be pure in thought and language, pure in mind and body. An impure man, young or old, poisoning the society where he moves with smutty stories and impure examples, is a moral ulcer, a plague spot, a leper who ought to be treated as were the lepers of old. Be unselfish. To care for the comforts and feelings of others. To be polite. To be just in all dealings with others. To be generous, noble, manly and mannerly. Be self-reliant and self-helpful even from early childhood. To be industrious always, and self-supporting at the earliest proper age. Teach them that all honest work is honourable, and that an idle, useless life of dependence on others is disgraceful. When a boy has learned these four things—when he has made these ideas a part of his being, however young he may be, however poor, or however rich, he has learned some of the most important things he ought to know when he becomes a man.

JUST AS I AM.

A VERSION FOR THE YOUNG.

JUST as I am, without a care,
Finding the world so fresh and fair,
And longing still its gifts to share,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, a wilful child,
With selfish aims and fancies wild;
To learn of Thee obedience mild,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am: my heart will beat
To music made by dancing feet,
And yet for joys Thou holdest meet,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am: I will not wait
Till years have made me more sedate,
E'en now I grieve, because so late,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am: the cross a pain,
Afraid to lay it down again;
Because so sinful, weak, and vain,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am: Thy grace withstood,
And asking who will show me good,—
Now to be answered, through Thy blood,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am: wilt Thou renew,
And let Thy grace distil like dew;
And make me good, and kind and true?
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am: wilt Thou restrain,
Keep me from grieving Thee again,
And near me be in joy and pain!
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—no more to stray,
From God and Heaven and Home away;
To give Thee all life's little day,
O Lamb of God, I come!
—S. C. J. Ingham.

THE BROKEN-HEARTED MOTHER.

“WHAT can we do for her, Clarissa?” said the minister's wife, who had come to Mrs. Richards the moment she had heard of her son's disgrace. Her heart ached for the poor woman, who lay weeping and groaning upon the lounge.

“I don't know of anything we can do but to let her grief have its way. But, O dear! I do wish that boys knew how they hurt their mothers when they are so bad!”

Mrs. Richards had just been informed that her Frank had been arrested for stealing. “To think of my Frank!” she sobbed. And others said the same: “To think of Frank Richards!”

His mother had taken great pains to teach him the right way. She always had him go to church and Sunday-school. “Why,” said she, “he knew all the Commandments, and could say the whole of the Westminster Catechism from beginning to end, questions and answers, without tripping.”

Yes; he knew well enough what was right. He knew God's law and man's law, but he was a perverse, wilful boy. He wanted to “do as he pleased,” and he would “run all risks.” He used to steal for fun, just to see how nicely he could do it without being caught. He said to his mother one day: “I'm an amateur thief; that's all. I like to do it just to show my skill.” And so, when he wanted an apple, a bunch of grapes, or a melon, he “helped himself.” Why should not he?

“It is wicked, Frank. You are breaking God's law, ‘Thou shalt not steal.’”

But Frank only laughed. In vain

his mother instructed and warned; he only grew bolder and bolder, and to-day he has been caught in the act and brought to open disgrace, and his mother lies sobbing on the lounge.

O if boys only knew (as Clarissa said) how they hurt their mothers when they do wrong! They think too often only of having their own way, of pleasing themselves, and forget how much mother loves them, and how their wicked conduct affects her. Many a mother has gone to the grave broken-hearted through the misconduct of her children.

But good boys carry their mother's image about with them. “I wouldn't do that for the world,” said a lad I know, “for my mother's sake, if for nothing else.” “What would mother think!” asked another, when tempted to do wrong. “Mother don't want me to; that's enough,” said a third.

How precious such boys are to mother! What a comfort! And with such God is well pleased.—*Morning Star.*

VISITING BY A MISSIONARY IN CHINA.

MISS CUSHMAN, a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church in China, writes of a visit she made to the home of Wen Shan and Wen Yi, two of her school-girls. She says: Their house stands alone in a field, and long before we reached it, in the far distance we saw a donkey approaching us that looked at first sight as if it were encircled in an immense garland of bright flowers; but on nearer inspection it proved to be decorated with the mother of our pupils and their little sister in gorgeous apparel. They were sitting astride, while another bright-looking girl, ten or more years old, was driving the heavily laden animal. They were a little late in starting.

We stopped and talked with them awhile, and then said we must go on; but they insisted that we wait for the old grandmother, who wished much to see us. As usual, our stopping was a signal for a crowd to collect, and while we were deliberating whether to wait or not, there was a general cry, “The old lady is coming! The old lady is coming!” Sure enough, there she was, leaning on her staff, under the burden of ninety years, which has whitened her hair and wrinkled her face. Slowly she came, hobbling along on the little feet that had suffered the cruel bondage of eighty long years. The sight moved my heart, and I climbed down out of the cart and went back to meet her. She seemed so pleased when I took her hand and led her along; indeed, the simple act seemed to make quite an impression on the crowd around us. I suppose it was a pleasant surprise to them to see something that looked as though I had a heart, and that “barbarian” though I was, I had some veneration for old age.

On our way home we called at a little temple. The old priest received us very kindly. Mr. Yang told us he is a “believer,” and that though it is his business to burn the incense before the idols, he never makes the “prostrations.” “I trust to the temple to provide for my body, and to God to save my soul,” said Mr. Yang, with a funny smile tugging at the corners of his mouth.

A LESSON IN OBEDIENCE.

“JACK! Jack! here, sir! hio on!” cried Charlie, slinging his stick far into the pond. Jack didn't want to go. It wasn't pleasant swimming in among the great lily leaves, that would flap against his nose and eyes, and get in the way of his feet. So he looked at the stick and then at his master, and sat down, wagging his tail, as much as to say, “You are a very nice little boy; but there was no need of throwing the stick into the water, and I don't think I'll oblige you by going after it.”

But Charlie was determined. He found another switch, and, by scolding and whipping, forced Jack into the water, and made him fetch the stick. However, he dropped it on the bank, instead of bringing it to his master; so he had to go over the performance again and again, until he had learned that when Charlie told him to go for the stick he was to obey at once. Charlie was satisfied at length, and with Jack at his heels went home to tell his mother about the afternoon's work. He seemed quite proud of it. “It was pretty hard work, mother,” he said. “Jack wouldn't mind at all until I made him, but now he knows that he has to do it, and there will be no more trouble with him, you see.”

“What right have you to expect him to mind you?” asked his mother quietly.

“Right, mother! Why, he is my dog! Uncle John gave him to me, and I do everything for him. Didn't I make his kennel my own self, and put nice hay in it? And don't I feed him three times every day? And I'm always kind to him. I call him ‘nice old Jack,’ and pat him, and let him lay his head on my knee. Indeed, I think I have the best right in the world to have him mind me!”

His mother was cutting out a jacket. She did not look up when Charles had finished; but going on steadily with her work, she said slowly: “I have a little boy. He is my own. He was given to me by my Heavenly Father. I do every thing for him. I make his clothes, and prepare the food he eats. I teach him his lessons and nurse him tenderly when he is sick. Many a night have I sat up to watch by his side when fever was burning him, and daily I pray to God for every blessing upon him. I love him. I call him ‘my dear little son.’ He sits on my lap, and goes to sleep with his head on my arm. I think I have the ‘best right in the world’ to expect this little boy to obey me; and yet he does not, unless I make him as I would make a dog.”

“O mother!” cried Charlie, tears starting to his eyes, “I knew it was wrong to disobey you; but I never thought before how mean it was. Indeed, I do love you, and I'll try—I really will try—to mind you as well as Jack minds me.”

“Dear Charlie,” said his mother, “there is a great difference between you and Jack. You have a soul. You knew what is right, because you have been taught from the word of God; and you know, too, that the devil and your wicked heart will be always persuading you to do wrong. That is a trouble which Jack cannot have; but neither has he the comfort you have; for you can pray to our dear Saviour for help, and he will

teach you to turn away from Satan, and to love and obey him alone. When you learn to do this, you will not find it difficult to be obedient to me; and when we truly love, it is easy to obey.” —*Ladies' Repository.*

THE LABOUR OF AUTHORSHIP.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE said: “Those who have never carried a book through the press can form no idea of the amount of toil it involves. The process has increased my respect for authors a thousand-fold. I think I would rather cross the African continent again than undertake to write another book.”

“For the statistics of the negro population of South America alone,” says Robert Dale Owen, “I examine more than a hundred and fifty volumes.”

Another author tells us that he wrote paragraphs and whole pages of his book as many as fifty times.

It is said of one of Longfellow's poems that it was written in four weeks, but that he spent six months in correcting and cutting it down. Bulwer declared that he had written some of his briefer productions as many as eight or nine times before their publication. One of Tennyson's pieces was rewritten fifty times. John Owen was twenty years on his “Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews;” Gibbon on his “Decline and Fall,” twenty years; and Adam Clark on his “Commentary,” twenty-six years. Carlyle spent fifteen years on his “Frederick the Great.”

A great deal of time is consumed in reading before some books are prepared. George Eliot read one thousand books before she wrote “Daniel Deronda.” Alison read two thousand before he completed his history. It is said of another that he read twenty thousand and wrote only two books.

WHY MEN FAIL.

FEW men come up to their highest measure of success. Some fail through timidity, or lack of nerve. They are unwilling to take the risks incident to life, and fall through fear of venturing on ordinary duties. They lack pluck. Others fail through imprudence, lack of discretion, care, or sound judgment. They overestimate the future, build air-castles, and venture beyond their depth and fail and fall.

Others, again, fail through lack of application and perseverance. They begin with good resolves, but soon get tired of that and want a change, thinking they can do much better at something else. Thus they fritter life away, and succeed at nothing. Others waste time and money, and fail for want of economy. Many fail through ruinous habits—tobacco, whiskey, and beer spoil them for business, drive their best customers from them, and scatter their prospects of success. Some fail for want of brains, education and fitness for their calling. They lack a knowledge of human nature, and of the motives that actuate men. They have not qualified themselves for their occupation by a practical education.

A LITTLE girl said to her mother one day: “Mother, I feel nervous.” “Nervous?” said the mother, “what is nervous?” “Why, it's being in a hurry all over.”

THE FIVE LOAVES.

WHAT if the little Jewish lad,
That summer day had failed to go
Down to the lake, because he had
So small a store of loaves to show?

"The press is great," he might have said;
"For food the thronging people call:
I only have five loaves of bread,
And what are they among them all?"

And back the mother's words might come,
Her coaxing hand upon his hair:
"Yet go, for they might comfort some
Among the hungry children there."

Lo, to the lakeside forth he went,
Bearing the scant supply he had:
And Jesus, with an eye intent,
Through all the crowds, beheld the lad,

And saw the loaves and blessed them. Then
Beneath his hand the marvel grew;
He brake, and blessed, and brake again;
The loaves were neither small nor few;

For, as we know, it came to pass
That hungry thousands there were fed,
While sitting on the fresh green grass,
From that one basketful of bread.

If from his home the lad that day
His five small loaves had failed to take,
Would Christ have wrought—can any say—
That miracle beside the lake?

HELP YOURSELF.

PEOPLE who have been bolstered
up and levered all their lives
are seldom good for anything
in a crisis. When misfortune
comes they look around for something
to cling to or lean upon. If the prop
is not the e down they go.

Once down they are as helpless as
capsized turtles or unhorsed men in
armour, and cannot find their feet
again without assistance.

Such silken fellows no more resemble
self-made men, who have fought their
way to position, making difficulties
their stepping-stones, and deriving deter-
mination from defeat, than vines
resemble oaks, or sputtering rush-lights
the stars of heaven. Efforts persisted
into achievements train a man to self-
reliance, and when he has proven to
the world that he can trust himself, the
world will trust him.

It is unwise to deprive young men
the advantages which result from their
own energetic action by "boosting"
them over obstacles which they ought
to surmount alone.

HOW A RAT SAVED \$20,000.

THE telegraph wires in London
are not all above ground, as
in the case here, but many
belong to the underground system.
The main wires are laid through big
tunnels, in which are the gas and
sewer pipes.

The tunnels are big enough for a
man to walk through easily. The
branch pipes, containing the side wires,
running off from the main line for
several miles, are much smaller, of
course, and the workman must be
careful not to lose the connections be-
tween the larger and smaller wires.

Not long ago, however, some men,
who were repairing one of these lateral
wires, failed to attach to it a leading
line, by which the wire could be drawn
back into its place. The blunder
seemed to involve great loss, for it
looked as if the whole side pipe would
have to be dug up to replace the wire.

In this dilemma a remarkable step
was taken. A rat was caught, and
around him was tied one end of a very
fine steel wire. He was placed in the

pipe; but after running a few yards
he stopped.

Then came another curious step.
A ferret was put in after the rat.
As soon as the rat heard the ferret
coming behind it, the fine wire began
to play out. It was feared that the
rat would show fight, but it did not
and the complete circuit was made by
both rat and ferret.

When the rat came out at the other
end of the pipe, it was caught, and by
means of the fine wire the telegraph
wire was drawn through. So the rat
saved the telegraph company thousands
of dollars.

FOR THE BOYS.

THE *Wide Awake* gives the
following story, which is all
the better for being true: Two
men stood at the same table in a large
factory in Philadelphia, working at
the same trade. Having an hour for
their nooning every day, each under-
took to use it in accomplishing a
definite purpose; each persevered for
about the same number of months, and
each won success at last. One of
these two mechanics used his daily
leisure hour in working out the inven-
tion of a machine for sawing a block
of wood into almost any desired shape.
When his invention was complete, he
sold the patent for a fortune, changed
his workman's apron for a broadcloth
suit, and moved out of a tenement
house into a brown-stone mansion.
The other man—what did he do? Well,
he spent an hour each day
during most of a year in the very
difficult undertaking of teaching a
little dog to stand on his hind feet and
dance a jig, while he played the tune.
At last accounts he was working ten
hours a day at the same trade and at
his old wages, and finding fault with
the fate that made his fellow-workman
rich while leaving him poor. Leisure
minutes may bring golden grain to
mind as well as purse, if one harvests
wheat instead of chaff.

"PROFESSOR," said a student in pur-
suit of knowledge concerning the
habits of animals, "why does a cat
while eating turn its head first one
way then another?" "For the reason,"
replied the Professor, "that she can-
not turn it both ways at once."

OBSERVE a tree how it first tends
downward, that it may shoot forth
upward. Is it not from humility that
it endeavours to rise? There are those
who grow up into the air, without at
first growing at the root. This is not
growth, but downfall.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

A.D. 61-63.] LESSON IV. [April 26.

PAUL AT ROME.

Acts 28. 16-31. Commit to memory vs. 28-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The salvation of God is sent unto the Gen-
tiles. Acts 28. 28.

OUTLINE.

1. Paul to the Jews, v. 16-27.
2. Paul to the Gentiles, v. 28-31.

TIME.—From A.D. 61-63.

PLACE.—Rome in Italy.

EXPLANATIONS.—*By himself*—This favour
was due probably to the report of Festus,
which pointed to no crime, and partly to the
influence of the centurion. *Jews together*—
To explain to them his position and the reason

of his arrest. *This cause*—"From the fact
of his being a true brother Jew in undeserved
bonds." *Saying*—(ver. 26)—In thus quoting
the apostle places those rejecting on the same
footing with the fathers who rejected Isaiah
and other prophets. *Therefore*—(ver. 28)—
Because the Jews were so obdurate and
irrecoverable. *Departed*—Making a formal
separation between them and the apostle.
Own hired house—To procure the means Paul
was, doubtless, aided by brethren at Rome
and a distance, (Phil. 4. 10. sq.) *Forbidding
him*—The Romans having no wish, and the
Jews not having the courage to interfere.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That opportunities may be found by those who seek them?
2. That an unwilling heart makes an unwilling ear?
3. That God has a work somewhere for all his servants?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Whom did Paul call to speak with concerning his imprisonment? The chief men of the Jews.
2. What did they say? We have heard no harm of thee.
3. What did they desire? To hear him concerning Jesus.
4. What was the result of Paul's preaching to them? Some believed, and some believed not.
5. Unto whom, besides the Jews is the salvation of God sent? Unto the Gentiles.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Personal responsibility.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

4. How does He explain the Ten Command-
ments?

By teaching us that they forbid sin, not only in outward actions, but also in the thoughts and purposes of the mind.

Matthew v. 21, 22.

A.D. 62.] LESSON V. [May 3.

OBEDIENCE.

Eph. 6 1-13. Commit to memory vs. 1-4

GOLDEN TEXT.

Children, obey your parents in the Lord:
for this is right. Eph. 6. 1.

OUTLINE.

1. The Christian Home, v. 1-6.
2. The Christian Warrior, v. 10-13.

TIME.—A.D. 62, about the middle of
Paul's imprisonment.PLACE.—Written from Rome to the
Church at Ephesus, in Asia Minor.

EXPLANATIONS.—*In the Lord*—Qualifying
obey, and implying that obedience is an
element of Christian character. *Is right*—
To obey parents is in accordance with nature
and is also sanctioned by divine law. *With
promise*—This command is the only one
having a promise to those obeying it. *Nur-
ture and admonition*—Discipline and counsel,
training by act, and training by word. *Eye-
service*—Service done simply because one is
under his employer's eye. *Whole armour*—
Offensive and defensive weapons. *Of God*—
Which God gives. *Wrestle*—Used in the
general sense of struggling. *Principalities*—
Evil angels and spirits. *Spiritual wickedness*—
Literally, the spiritual hosts of wickedness in
the heavenly regions, (that is, in the air.)
Stand—As opposed to falling, running, being
captured.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That the spirit of the home should be the spirit of Christ?
2. That the Christian life is a warfare?
3. That spiritual armour is essential to victory?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What is the first commandment with promise? "Honour thy father and mother."
2. Against what service are we cautioned? Against eye-service.
3. How should we do service? "As to the Lord, and not to men."
4. What is said concerning God? He is no respecter of persons.
5. What are we finally exhorted to be? "Strong in the Lord."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Evil spiritual
personalities.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

5. Who is our neighbour, whom we are
commanded to love as we love ourselves?Our Lord has taught us by the parable of
the good Samaritan that every man, of every
nation, is our neighbour; and that if any be in
distress we are bound to help and relieve
them

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