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# THE PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. V.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 31, 1885

No. 22.



A GOOD RECOMMENDATION.—(See next page.)

## THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

I'VE found a friend in Jesus, He's every-thing to me,  
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul;  
The Lily of the Valley, in Him alone I see,  
All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole;

In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my stay,  
He tells me every care on Him to roll.  
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and morning Star,  
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne;

In temptation He's my strong and mighty tower;

I've all for Him forsaken, I've all my idols torn

From my heart, and now He keeps me by His power;

Though all the world forsake me, and Satan tempt me sore,

Through Jesus I shall safely reach the goal.  
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and morning Star,

He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

He'll never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here,

While I live by faith and do His blessed will;

A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear;

With His manna He my hungry soul shall fill;

Then sweeping up to glory to see His blessed face,

Where rivers of delight shall ever flow,  
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and morning Star,

He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

## CHORUS.

In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my stay,

He tells me every care on Him to roll.

He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and morning star,

He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

## A GOOD RECOMMENDATION.

CHARLIE SUMMERS had left his home in the country for the first time, to seek employment in the city of Toronto. His father was dead, and he was the only son of his widowed mother. With many prayers and tears she sent him forth to win his fortune in the world. Charlie had always been a diligent boy, and stood well in his classes. At Sunday-school he was always present, and had received from his teacher a beautiful copy of a Bible for faithfulness in attendance, and for the diligent study of the lessons. His teacher also gave him a letter of recommendation to any one who should want to employ a steady reliable boy.

At first he was somewhat bewildered by the change from his quiet country life to the bustle and confusion of the crowded streets. He called at several stores and offices to see if they wanted a boy, but the times were dull, and nobody seemed to care whether he got work or not. He became, indeed, very much discouraged. At last a benevolent looking gentleman on whom he called said, as he looked critically at him,

"I don't know but we could make use of a smart boy in the warehouse—you don't smoke or use tobacco in any way, do you?"

"No, sir," said Charlie; "I signed a pledge at Sunday-school against both tobacco and strong drink, and I never tasted either in my life."

"That's good," said the merchant. "Have you any testimonials or recommendations with you?"

"Yes, sir," said Charlie, and he instantly began rummaging in his small hand-satchel for his letter from his Sunday-school teacher, when out fell a book on the floor.

"What have you there?" said the merchant.

Charlie handed him his prize Bible, and the merchant turned to the first page and saw the inscription written by his teacher.

"That will do," said the merchant; "I don't need any other recommendation." "The boy that comes with a character like that, will be sure to make his way in the world if he only keeps on as he has begun. Go into the office there and the head clerk will tell you what to do."

Charlie was set to work at the very humble employment of sweeping the warehouse, tying up parcels, and running messages; but by his diligence and fidelity he soon worked his way upward, and is now in the receipt of a good salary, the greater part of which, I am happy to say, he sends to his widowed mother in the country.

## PERILS OF WATERS.

BY REV. JOHN SEMMENS.

WE give from the *Missionary Outlook* the following thrilling tale of adventures in the far North, by our indefatigable missionary at Norway House:

Between three and four hundred miles from the north-westward of our Mission Home abode a people who had strong claims upon our time and care. Years ago these poor souls had been induced to accept the guidance of the Christian Church, and now with more than eagerness they look for the semi-annual visits of their spiritual instructor. They had our word of promise, and that promise must be redeemed though weeks of toil and danger be spent in its fulfilment.

On the morning appointed for our departure the chief of our village had come down to say us good-bye, and our home circle bade us God-speed on our journey. The guide took the steering paddle, the missionary did the duty of a bowman, and we were away. Nothing more serious than a strong head-wind marked the outset of our voyage, and when the cool evening hours fell we were thirty miles from the point of embarkation.

The morrow brought us poorer fortune. A few rapids were successfully run in the early morning, but just as we had anticipated the probable limit of the day's run, a lake full of ice opened on our view. To cross this now became our purpose, but hours later, defeated, we camped at the river mouth on the homeward side of the ice. The waiting which followed was harder to endure than all the work of straight forward movement could have been. One learns to labour more easily than one learns to wait. A change of wind came; the ice parted in the centre of the lake. In a moment we had taken advantage of this circumstance, and by hard work and with no small risk, we set foot on the farther shore. Again our canoe rushed northward through yielding waters, trying to regain, if we might, the wasted hours. The majestic current bore us on its bosom, swiftly hurried us around the curves, toyed with our bark in the eddies, and shot it through narrow places with arrow-like speed.

We ran a series of rapids where floating ice made our movements perilous. More than once, to keep clear of icebergs, we were forced into warring waters, too wild for comfort, too confused for safety of boat or crew.

Escaping from these difficulties we once more looked out upon a lake full of ice. Part of this we crossed on the ice, which creaked and trembled beneath our feet until the guide declared that we could risk no further. Then we portaged along the shore, or across the land, heading for a river some six miles beyond us which was reported to be open. A novel sight we must have presented. The guide with clothing, camp, provisions and utensils took the lead. We followed with the birch canoe on our shoulders. At times the rocky shore gave us fair footing, then again the unstable boulders made the way rough and dangerous. This was varied by a few acres of knee deep mud, then pools of water of uncertain depth covering low ground. Next followed soft moss which, sponge-like, yielded to the pressure of our feet. Last of all came a mile through the pathless forest. On arriving at the river brink we were glad enough to put down our burdens for the night, and court the rest which wearied nature craved. Wet as we were we lay down on the flat, rocky shore, and beneath the glittering stars slumbered heavily till the break of another day.

The night was a cold one. New ice had formed all around us. Only the centre of the stream was free, and toward that we must slash our way, being careful that the knife-like points did not pierce our thin canoe. It was strange work for the first of June, but there it was, and luckily without mishap we gained the current, and dropped onward with the tide.

A couple of days of peaceful paddling made us forget the impediments of the way, and our courage rose high as with renewed strength we swept along. Besides, we had entered some tents, had prayed with some poor people around solitary camp-fires, and into our hearts, with this effort to help others, came consciousness of blessing.

A four-mile portage was just before us on a Monday night, but the clouds were heavy and the north wind was chilly, so that we camped an hour before the sun went down. Some mending must be done, the last batch of bannocks made, so that, though we were not moving onward, we were not likely to be idle. Our camp was made beneath a lofty pine with spreading branches. We thought it too cool for rain, so persuaded ourselves not to put up the tent. Our blankets would protect us from the power of the wintry air. When we awoke again our fire was extinguished, our blankets were heavy with snow, the ground was buried as in winter. Far on into the sixth day of June the storm continued, and all the land was white once more. This was the time when it became necessary to make the four-mile portage. How our moccasined feet ached in the snow and water. How we were drenched with the melting snow. How our shoulders ached beneath the weight of the canoe, we must leave to the imagination of those who read these simply related facts. I suppose there was *One* who knew it all.

On the morning of the sixteenth day we reached a lake noted for holding ice far into June. We dared not hope that it was clear. The only reasonable thought favoured our crossing it on foot. We went to examine and found it yet two feet in thickness, and only honey-combed at the top.

Without delay our canoe was placed on an extemporized sled. Our effects were placed within. Pack-traps were attached to the canoe and thrown over the shoulder. Then, with test-staff in hand, we moved forward, hauling with all our might. We began to discover that the ice was weaker and thinner than when we set out, but still no grave apprehensions alarmed us. When, however, our footing began to creak and bend beneath us we were somewhat out of hope. Our test-staff went through into the water at every blow, and the guide declared our inability to reach the shore now only a hundred yards or so away. While we advised with one another as to the best thing to be done, canoe and all sank into the water, and our position was not one to be envied. To make matters worse the wind rose, and the open cracks closed with a great noise. A calamity seemed inevitable. An effort to effect a retreat was of no avail. The guide advised us to leave all and crawl to the shore. This was abandoned as impracticable. Now we were in distress indeed. A volley was fired to indicate our peril to any who might be within hearing. Long, long thoughts of home and friends came crowding in upon our minds. Supposing that the end had come we reviewed our lives, sang "Jesus, lover of my soul," and prayed.

A thought came to us soon after which, with blessing divine, saved us from a watery grave. Our canoe was not in a safe position. Could we not lift it up on the ice, and raise it two inches at least from the surface by placing under it sticks lashed together. As we could not stand on the ice we placed paddles under our feet after the fashion of snowshoes. The length of the paddle spread our weight over a considerable surface, and enabled us to stand. Moving on to the stern of the canoe we surprised ourselves by lifting it out of the water, and placing sticks under it so lashed that the ice could not cut them as we moved. This done once we imagined it might be repeated, so with hands on the gunwale of the canoe we crept to the stern. Once more another lift. By this time Providence had indicated to us the manner of our release, and three hours later we were safe on the eastern shore of the lake.

The fort was but forty miles away, but a whole week might be consumed in waiting for the ice to disappear. Our stock of provisions was small, only two meals for two men being left. Something desperate must be done. It was agreed to leave all but our provisions and take to the woods. Five minutes after we were on the march, and four hours tramping were put in before the sun went down. Then night fell and we built a fire and watched the weary hours pass. To sleep without blanket or overcoat was impossible in so chilly a night, and to have brought these would have burdened hungry men. So we divided the time between feeding the fire and watching for the dawn.

Now that we had determined to reach the fort by this means, we were not to be hindered by trifles. Swamps, fallen timber, dense thickets, woods, reedy marshes, fire-swept hills, ice-covered pools were all met in succession and successfully passed. The smaller rivers we bridged by felling large trees across the stream; the larger rivers we crossed by means of rafts hastily

made of dry logs, and when the depth of a stream admitted of it we waded or forded our way across. At nightfall ten miles of a journey lay before us still, but we were fain to rest. Wet and weary we lay down on a brush bed and slept and shivered, and dreamed of home and plenty.

We were standing on the shore of a lakelet, the next morning at nine o'clock, looking across at the Old Mission House which in other days our own hands had piled. It was a glad sight. We had kindled a fire to attract the attention of the Indians living in those tents standing near it. We had flagged them, and we waited for the answering signal. As we looked a canoe shot out from the shore, and headed for the point at which we stood. Is it unmanly to say that our hearts throbbed wildly with delight, while there was a choking sensation at our throats as the canoe comes swiftly on to our deliverance? Hungry, weary, ragged, trembling with the cold of a frosty morning, oh, what joy it was to step into Mr. Isbister's happy home, and receive such a royal welcome as we received from him and his.

The perils of waters past, now comes rest and work for God.

"BEN'S ROOM."

"WHAT a hideous green you are putting into that tidy," said Belle to her "very best friend," as they sat talking over their fancy work.

"I know it," answered Kate good-humouredly, "you see I bought it one evening and began to work on it by lamplight and thought it looked pretty well. But some colours are so changeable; it looks frightful by daylight. I only know of one thing I can do with it—I'll give it to Ben."

"Why—will he like it?"

"Oh, I don't know; I guess so. It'll help make him out for Christmas, and do well enough for his room. We stuff everything in there," and Kate gave a little short laugh, then flushed suddenly as she caught Belle's blue eyes bent wonderingly upon her. "Why," said the girl, and her fingers stopped in their busy motion, "I'd just as soon think of putting anything ugly into the parlour as into brother Frank's room; he is so choice of it."

"Oh, well, boys are different," stammered Kate in confusion. And Belle, feeling that she was treading on forbidden ground, adroitly turned the conversation. Yes, she knew that Ben was different from her brother, and oh, how thankful she felt for that difference; thankful that Frank was strong and manly, kept above temptation—sorry for the great contrast in her friend.

"You must all do something to try to keep Ben at home these evenings," said his father one day. I don't like the way he is spending the time."

And Kate, as she heard the words, wondered what she could do.

That afternoon there was great overhauling of furniture upstairs, and by supper time quite a transformation had taken place in Ben's room. There were pretty, bright chromes and one or two choice engravings on the walls, hitherto bare; dainty white mats upon the bureau; fresh muslin curtains draped back from the window, and everything as inviting as thoughtful hands could make it. "Now," said she, "I wonder if he'll notice it."

"Have you a headache, Ben?" she asked, as she passed his open door that evening, and saw him sitting with head bowed upon his hands.

"Oh no," he answered, "only think of going down town, but it looks so pleasant and homelike up here, I guess I'll stay."

And he did stay; it wasn't the last time, either. By-and-bye he began to invite some of "the fellows" to come and see him at the house, and with great satisfaction would ask them to "step up" to his room. Was it strange that from these little gatherings more than one went away feeling that it was a grand, good thing to have a home and to be worthy of it?

"Do you know" said Kate to her friend one day "your plan has worked like a charm."

Try it, girls!

"PUNISHING THE HEATHEN."

Six hundred miles north of Rarotonga lies the coral island called Penrhyn. The inhabitants were until lately a terror to navigators. In 1854 the first attempt was made to evangelize them. The teachers went from islands (Rarotonga and Mangaia) abounding in all tropical vegetables and fruits to live there on coconuts and fish only, and unhappily the coconut-trees ceased to bear for want of rain.

We saw one day an aged woman, horribly mutilated. Upon our inquiring the cause, she told us that some natives from the far-distant Gilbert Islands, who had been living ashore there, one night, without provocation, murdered two companions of hers. As for herself, she received several fearful cuts and was left for dead, but contrived to crawl into the bush and hide herself. The murderers then put to sea in a stolen canoe, but were chased and brought back. A council was held. Some said "Hang all three," but the majority ruled that because they were heathen they should not die. Their punishment was that they should be kept prisoners until they should learn to read the Word of God and pray! The savage heathen, astonished at the clemency of the Christian islanders, became very docile, and soon learned to read and pray, after which they left Penrhyn Island, the native name of which is Tongareva.

The lagoon of Penrhyn is some nine or ten miles across, and is celebrated for its pearl fishery. Incidents like the above induce us to believe and hope that these poor islanders have found the "Pearl of great price."—*Rev. W. Wyatt Gill.*

HOW SHE FOUND OUT.

"I DON'T believe in her! that's all about it," said one tall school girl to the other, as they watched one of the governesses cross the dining hall and enter a study door.

"What do you mean?" asked her friend.

"O you know well enough, Emily Morton!" was the quick reply. "I don't trust her; I don't believe she's true to her word or to her friends; I have not a scrap of confidence in anything she says or does. What's the matter?" as Emily Morton's face suddenly lightened and a bright flash came into her great brown eyes, and her full lips parted as though to speak.

"I've found it all out. O I am so glad!"

"Found what out!"

But Emily Morton had dashed away, leaving her friend, half perplexed, half offended. Upstairs she ran and peeped into the little room that she shared with Bella Seymour; but Bella was out, and Emily could lock her door and have a quiet think. Hear what she says to herself: "I know now what believing in Jesus means. It means to trust in him; to believe he is true to his promise and his friends; to put all my confidence in what he has done and said. Why, how simple it is! and how foolish I have been! I have been puzzling over it so long—so long." Then Emily buried her face in her hands, and knelt down to tell the Lord Jesus how thankful she was that Minnie Jackson's chance words about the new teacher had gone right home to her heart, clearing away all her doubts and difficulties, and showing her just what "believing" in him meant.

I wonder if any young reader has been puzzling over Emily Morton's question: "What is it to believe in Jesus?" You can understand what believing in your mother, your friend, your teacher, means. Now just apply that power of believing in them to believing in Jesus. He never breaks a promise, never deserts, nor forsakes any who trust in him. He is worthy of all your heart's trust, your soul's confidence. He is the most precious and perfect friend any one can have, and all that he has done is perfect, and all that he says is true. Can you not trust him? Only trust him.

JIMMIE'S ANSWER.

LITTLE Jimmie was a thorough-going Christian lad of some twelve or thirteen summers. A good clergyman, being one day on a visit to the family, said to him, "Jimmie, do you never get tired praying?"

"No, sir, I think not," modestly replied Jimmie.

"But," said the minister wishing to try him, "perhaps you don't pray enough to make yourself tired."

"Ah! sir," replied Jimmie, earnestly, "the less I pray the more tired I become."

I have often thought of Jimmie's answer. Was it not a good one? How true it is that the less we pray the less inclination we have for prayer, while on the other hand the oftener we are found in the attitude of faithful prayer, the stronger our desire will become for communion with God. Of what paramount importance to the Christian is faithful prayer? It is the key with which we unlock the unlimited treasures of God's grace; it is the sword with which we put to flight the strongest of spiritual foes; it is the pitcher with which we dip abundant supplies from the boundless ocean of his love. Dear reader, do not neglect this glorious privilege of prayer. If you would become spiritually strong be often found at the throne of grace; if you would conquer bad habits, if you would overcome evil desires, if you would grow nobler, purer, more useful in the world, be often found in secret with your God. If we pray but seldom our progress in divine life will be slow; our pathway will become hedged about with difficulties; we will begin to weary of

Christian warfare, and, like little Jimmie, we will find that "the less we pray, the more weary we will become."

CHRIST HELP.

A REAL INCIDENT IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL, GREAT ORMOND STREET.

TWO little cots placed side by side, Two childish voices speak, Two little faces wan with pain Patient, though so weak.

"Ah me! How shall I bear the pain! Oh! how shall I be brave! They said it was the only thing, My little life to save!

"The doctor said the pain would be So very, very great, — I think I could be brave, were't now, But 'tis so hard to wait!"

And now the other little voice; — "Ask the dear Lord, Who died, To help you — He can do it, dear, Better than all beside!"

"But me from all the many here, How could the dear Lord tell? "Oh! cross your hands, upon your breast And then he'll know you well!"

And straight uprose the baby prayer To heaven—soft and low,— "Please, Jesus, help Thy little girl Who has her hands crossed so!"

And with a smile of child-like trust That Jesus watch would keep, She meekly crossed her wee wan hands And sweetly fell asleep.

Next morn, the nurse came softly round, And bending o'er the bed, "The child is sleeping better far, Than for long weeks!" she said.

But something's in the still calm face That was not there before,— A look of restful peace, for pain Can never reach her more!

And tearfully the nurse turned back, And in a soft voice said, "No need to break her sweet rest now, Our little one is dead!"

With small hands crossed upon her breast, A silent witness she, That Christ had helped His little one,— The childish soul was free!

A QUICK TEMPER.

WHAT did I hear you say, Theodore! That you had a quick temper, but were soon over it; and that it was only a word and a blow with you sometimes, but you were always sorry as soon as it was over!

Ah, my boy, I'm afraid that was the way with Cain. People almost seem to pride themselves on having quick tempers, as though they were not things to be ashamed of, and fought against, and prayed over with tears. God's Word does not take your view of it, for it says expressly that "he that is slow to anger is better than the mighty;" that "better is he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city;" and "anger resteth in the bosom of fools."

A man who carries a quick temper about with him is much like a man who rides a horse which has the trick of running away. You would not care to own a runaway horse, would you?

When you feel the fierce spirit rising, do not speak until you can speak calmly, whatever may be the provocation. Words do lots of mischief. Resolve, as God helps you, that you will imitate our Saviour, who was always gentle, and when He was reviled reviled not again.—*Child's World.*

THE PERISHING.

BY EMILY C. PEARSON.

It is estimated that a thousand millions of the human race have not heard of Christ.

THEY'RE crowding down the slopes of death,  
A thousand millions strong.  
A soul is lost, at every breath,  
Of that benighted throng.

They're groping 'mid sin's hopeless ways,  
A thousand millions, blind;  
On them have dawned no gospel rays,  
No path of peace they find.

O Christians! these have never heard  
Of Jesus' precious Name,  
Have never read His Holy Word,  
Know not to die He came.

"Go preach my Gospel!" Christ has said;  
"Go, all my famished feed,  
To every creature give I life's bread  
O'er earth my message speed!"

And yet amid the darkened lands  
For light vast millions cry,  
Ye that are stewards of God's wealth  
How can you pass them by!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK:  
Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 31, 1885.

"HAPPY DAYS"—OUR NEW SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPER.

We are glad to announce that we will shortly issue specimen numbers of our new Sunday-school paper "Happy Days." It will be of the same grade, and same size and price as *The Sunbeam*, and will be issued on alternate weeks; so that schools, with our four papers, will have one for every Sunday, both senior and primary classes. This will meet a long felt want. We hope our schools will all rally to the support of this new paper. It will be the handsomest juvenile paper ever issued in Canada. No school should order any other, or foreign periodicals for advanced or primary classes, without seeing the specimens of those of our own Church, which will be shortly sent to every Sunday-school superintendent in the Connexion. Any who do not soon receive them will confer a favour by writing for samples, which will be sent free.

THE *Globe* says, "The *Canadian Methodist Magazine* steadily improves with each month. The October number is to hand." Arrangements for next year are being completed, which will make it far better than ever before.

THANKS FOR AID FROM SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOARD.

THE superintendent of the School on Marbleton Mission, Quebec district, writes as follows:—It is with sincere pleasure that I forward to you this resolution of thanks, from the Marbleton Methodist Sunday-school, for the grant of Sunday-school papers and books. I believe it would do you good, if you could only see, yourself, with what pleasure those Sunday-school papers are received and taken care of—we have made good use of them. The teachers have become so interested in their Sunday-school work, that they are at their places every Sabbath, "except sickness," and are doing good service. O, for the baptism of the Holy Spirit on these schools.

The following is the resolution: Resolved,—That the sincere and prayerful thanks of the teachers and scholars of this Sunday-school is hereby given to the Sunday-school Board, also to the Rev. Dr. Withrow, secretary, for their kindness in giving us the needed help to make our Sunday-school a success.

FRUITS OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

IN Toronto, on Sept. 14th, an attempt was made by a liquor-crazed woman to murder her three children, aged respectively eight, five, and one and a-half years. The sickening details of this awful tragedy furnish ghastly evidences of the need for some stern measures for the suppression of a traffic but for which these mutilated babies might be happy and well to-day; and they ought to shame to silence all quibbling objectors to stringent remedies for the fearful evils of intemperance. It is too bad that while some earnest philanthropists are working with might and main for the suppression of this awful vice, others equally earnest, but strangely illogical and inconsistent, should actually be found endeavouring to mislead the public into believing that indulgence in the cause of this sin and shame is a moral virtue.

While the Prohibitionists were meeting in the Richmond St. Church, and congratulating each other on the progress of their cause; while the city was bright and gay with holiday-making and joy, the heartless liquor traffic was keeping on its dire work of ruin and death. There is no need for comment on the awful tragedy, but the following stirring words clipped from Thursday morning's *Mail* are well worth reading and pondering:—

"This record of the operations of whiskey for one day needs no ornamentation; and, we should say, admits of no defence. If the mutilation of these children by their drunken mother and the attempt at suicide of the maudlin friend next door were the only crimes ascribed to whiskey in this city, since the time when it was Little York, all good people would be bound to strive to abate the curse. But let any old citizen look back at the ghastly tally of crimes committed during the last twenty years, whiskey being the moving inspiration; then let him count the number of bright men and bright women in every walk of life who have fallen victims to the bottle within the same period; and if he is an honest man he will say that it is time this fell enemy of the race were driven out by any means and at



RAINBOW FALLS, WATKINS GLEN.

almost any cost. . . . The house and the inmates formed a picture which should be hung in every saloon in Toronto."

ANOTHER SCOTT ACT VICTORY.

THE conquest goes on. Another glorious victory has been won. In spite of all the opposition of the liquor traffic, the Act was carried in Peterboro' county by a handsome majority. As usual the Methodist ministers and people have taken an active part in the campaign. From the *Canada Citizen* we learn on the Sunday before the voting, a very enthusiastic Scott Act meeting was held in the Peterboro' Methodist Church. The Rev. I. Tovell, pastor, preached a stirring sermon, his theme being, "A sad man, a madman, and a glad people" (Nehemiah, Sandballat, and the restored nation) After the sermon Messrs. Hilliard, M.P., and Dumble, P.M., delivered excellent addresses. The meeting closed by the whole congregation singing with great enthusiasm a Scott Act hymn, specially prepared for the occasion by Mr. Tovell. The words of this hymn are as follows:

Tune—"Stand up for Jesus."

Awake! awake, ye fathers!  
Your homes from sorrow save;  
Lift high the Scott Act banner,  
Let every heart be brave;  
Triumphant notes are sounding  
O'er many a hard-fought field;

Our faith with works abounding  
Shall make the foe to yield.

March on! march on, my brothers!  
Old comrades, see, they fall!  
Strong Drink their ruin seeketh;  
His challenge is to all.  
Go forth, demand "Surrender;"  
A mighty phalanx go;  
Thy brother's anguish pleadeth,  
Oh, hear the wail of woe!

Cheer up! have faith, O mothers!  
Love's cause hath in its might;  
Your tears for sons endanger'd,  
Have not escaped God's sight;  
Keep trusting, oh! keep praying,  
Your prayers shall soon prevail;  
Jehovah's arm is Power—  
His word can never fail.

Great God! arouse all nations,  
Kum's power to overcome;  
Defend the poor and needy—  
O let thy kingdom come;  
Behold, night's darkness yieldeth  
The morning light shines clear;  
Our Lord dominion wieldeth,  
Grand victory is near.

At the recent Assizes held at Milton, in the county of Halton, there were no criminal cases on the calendar, and the only occupants of the jail were two vagrants and six insane persons, the latter waiting for removal to one or other of the lunatic asylums. We congratulate the people of Halton upon such an evidence of the morality of the county, and hope soon to have similar testimony from other counties, as without doubt will be the case if our friends see that the Scott Act is enforced.



CAVERN CASCADE.

THE BLESSING OF SONG.

“WHAT a friend we have in Jesus” —  
Sang a little child one day;  
And a weary woman listened  
To the darling's happy lay.

All her life seemed dark and gloomy,  
And her heart was sad with care;  
Sweetly sang out baby's trouble—  
“All our sins and griefs to bear.”

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

Sin and grief were heavy burdens  
For a fainting soul to bear—  
But the baby, singing, bade her  
“Take it to the Lord in prayer.”

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

Jesus was the only refuge,  
He could take her sin and care,  
And He blessed the weary woman  
When she came to Him in prayer.

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

From the neighbourhood where a Sunday-school was started through the help of the Sunday-school Aid and Extension Fund a brother writes: We got the papers required from the Book Room, and they will prove, I believe, by the blessing of God, a great benefit. The school has commenced with a new run, and we are in great hopes of meeting with abundant success. They have commenced at once to take up collections towards the attainment of a new library. The staff of officers chosen for the school are good. There is a revival of God's work commenced in the place, and we trust that there will be a revolution for the better in the village.

THE HELPING HAND.

I SHALL never forget the feelings I had once when climbing one of the pyramids of Egypt. When half-way up, my strength failing, I feared I should never be able to reach the summit or get back again. I well remember the help given, by Arab hands, drawing me on farther; and the step I could not quite make myself, because too great for my wearied frame, the little help given me—sometimes more and sometimes less—enabled me to go up, step by step, until at last I reached the top, and breathed the pure air, and had a grand lookout from that lofty height. And so, in life's journey, we are climbing. We are feeble. Every one of us, now and then, needs a little help; and, if we have risen a step higher than some other, let us reach down for our brother's hand and help him to stand beside us. And thus, joined hand in hand, we shall go on conquering, step by step, until the glorious eminence shall be gained. Ah! how many need help in this world—poor afflicted ones; poor sorrowing ones; poor tempted ones, who have been overcome, who have been struggling, not quite able to get up the step; trying, falling; trying, failing; trying, desponding; trying, almost despairing! Oh, give such a one

help, a little kindly aid, and the step may be taken, and another step may then be taken; and, instead of dying in wretchedness at the base, he may, by a brother's hand, be raised to safety, and finally to glory!—*Bishop Simpson.*

JESUS SHINING IN.

A VISITOR went one cold day last spring to see a poor young girl, kept at home by a lame hip. The room was on the north side of a bleak house. It was not a pleasant prospect without, nor was there much that was pleasant or cheerful within. Poor girl! what a cheerless life she has of it, I thought, as I saw how she was situated; and I immediately thought what a pity it was her room was on the north side of the house.

“You never have any sun,” I said; “not a ray comes in at those windows. That I call a misfortune. Sunshine is everything; I love the sun.”

“Oh,” she answered, with the sweetest smile I ever saw, “my sun pours in at every window and even through the cracks.” I am sure I looked surprised. “The Sun of Righteousness,” she said softly—“Jesus. He shines in here and makes everything bright to me.” I could not doubt her. She looked happier than any one I had seen for many a day. “Yes! Jesus shining in at the window can make any spot beautiful and any home happy.—*American Messenger.*”

THE REV. E. LANGFORD, missionary to the Indians and whites at Berens River writes:—Teachers and children are highly pleased, and desire to acknowledge, with grateful hearts, your kindness in so promptly supplying our Sunday-school with reading matter.

WATKINS GLEN.

II.

SYLVAN PATH is one of the wildest, most beautiful and interesting portions of the Glen. From beneath the green sylvan arches we look down into the depths, with picturesque tree-clad cliffs on either hand. To the left, perched on a jutting crag, more than a hundred feet above the bed of the stream, we catch a glimpse of Hope's Art Gallery, and rustic arbor, mid their emerald surroundings; while far beyond the tasteful structure of the iron bridge spans the chasm, and the view finally dies away and is lost in the shadows of Whirlwind Gorge.

In the early spring, when the stream is very high, and the ice breaking up, large quantities of rock, boulders, gravel and sand are carried down from above, forced along by the tremendous power of the water, and the logs and trees which are uprooted. Sometimes these boulders lodge in a natural seam in the rock, or in a curve in the bed of the stream, and are there whirled and rolled around, until, aided by the sand and gravel that collects, they gradually grind out these basins or pools in the softer rock beneath. This process, going on for years and years, has worn some of them to an immense size. In many instances, at some succeeding flood, the boulders have been forced from their resting-places at the bottom of the pool and carried away; but in a greater number of cases, especially in the upper Glens, they are still to be seen in the basins they have carved. The remains of these basins are, in many places, to be seen now, where the channel has deepened, or changed and left them.

Crossing a bridge, and proceeding a few steps, we find ourselves in Glen Cathedral, which is the third section. Here we obtain the best general view of this masterpiece of Nature's handiwork. We are seized with a reverential awe, and feel an almost irresistible desire to uncover and bow our heads, as if we were, indeed, in the great tabernacle of the Supreme Architect of the Universe, reared with his own hands. The Cathedral is an immense oblong amphitheatre, nearly a quarter of a mile in length. The Glen is here wider than at any other point; the rocky walls tower to a great height—nearly three hundred feet—and are richly tapestried with mosses and clinging vines, and crowned with lofty pines and other ever-green trees. The floor is composed of a smooth and even surface of rock; the vaulted arch of the sky forms the dome. In the upper end the Central Cascade forms the Choir, and, as it dashes from rock to rock, sings continual hymns of praise to the Infinite Power that created this mighty temple. Alluding to the peculiar feelings inspired by this stupendous work of nature, a friend who once visited it, said: “I have often reflected upon the insignificance of man, but never so fully real-

ized what a mere atom I was in this incomprehensible universe, as when standing in this vast Cathedral and looking up at its towering walls.”

As we follow the pathway cut in the rock we are never tired of admiring the manifold beauties of the water. The sunlight shimmering down through the foliage strikes into the pools, waking their crystal depths into life; new phases of magical beauty striking us at every step, like the ever varying changes in a kaleidoscope.

We pause here to rest and refresh ourselves. This is indeed an Elysium. All is hushed,

“As though the whole bright summer scene were set  
To the unuttered melody of Rest!”

We now come to the Triple Cascade and Rainbow Falls. The Triple Cascade is deemed by many to be the finest in the Glen. As its name indicates, it is composed of three portions, one above another, each different in form from the others, and forming a beautiful combination. A little brook leaps over the brow of the high cliff, down into the Glen, trickling over the irregular surface of the rock, until it reaches a point twelve or fifteen feet above the pathway; here it falls over a projecting shelf, the edge of which is curved outward in a crescent form. The water does not descend in a smooth sheet, but in a myriad of tiny threads and drops, forming a sparkling crystal veil behind which the pathway passes. This novel cascade is known as Rainbow Falls.

The space between the fall and the cliff is narrow, but yet sufficiently wide to allow free passage. While standing behind the fall and looking out through the misty curtain, the effect is beautiful beyond comparison. The novelty of the position, and the peculiar brilliancy that the radiant drops of falling water impart to all viewed, through them, fill us with wonder. In the afternoon, up to the



MINNEHaha FALLS, WATKINS GLEN.

1st of September, when fair weather prevails, and the rays of the sun fall into the gorge from the west, the visitor, in looking through the veil, beholds two most beautiful rainbows, a primary and secondary; a sight, once enjoyed, that can never be forgotten.

Another place of romantic interest in this lake region of Central New York, is Ithaca, the seat of the famous Cornell University, situated on a hill 400 feet above the lake, and commanding a magnificent view. Within the immediate vicinity of the village are no less than 15 cascades and waterfalls, varying from 50 to 215 feet in height. Ithaca gorge has more waterfalls within the space of a mile than any other place in America. This romantic lake region, once occupied by the powerful Iroquois confederacy, is traversed in several directions by the Geneva, Ithaca, and Sayre railroad, a ride over which, stopping off at the many places of interest on the way, would be a delightful holiday trip, which we hope some time to make.

### YOUR BOY.

BY MRS. M. A. RIDDER.

Y<sup>ou</sup> say he is a boy  
And sometimes rough  
But I tell you he's made, sir,  
Of right good stuff!  
It's worth all the jewels  
'Neath sea or land;  
And there's hidden power  
In his small right hand.

He bothers you daily  
With questions rare  
Of the "Hows" and "Whys"—  
Do you treat him fair?  
Do you answer him truly,  
And lead him on  
To talk of life's battles,  
How fought and won?

Is your sympathy stirred  
When he shows grief?  
For boys have sore troubles  
And cares, though brief.  
Do you chide him in love  
When he's rude or rash?  
Or do you depend on  
The cruel lash?

Ah! how many a heart  
Would be doubly glad  
If they had such a gift  
As your growing lad.  
Then put away harshness  
High, high on the shelf,  
And remember you once  
Was a boy yourself.

### WHY BOYS SHOULD NOT SMOKE.

THE use of tobacco is expensive. Money paid out for the filthy weed is worse than wasted. Think of it, one billion of dollars spent every year, and for what? To degrade men mentally, morally and physically. We said to a young man of twenty-one, one evening, referring to the young lady to whom he was engaged:

"Are you going to take Mary to hear Gough to-night?"

"No. I cannot afford it. The tickets are fifty cents."

"How many cigars do you smoke in a day?"

"Never more than two."

"And you pay—"

"Ten cents apiece for them. I like a good one."

"Twenty cents a day for five days is just one dollar."

The money expended upon tobacco would not only enable young men to enjoy innocent amusements and give pleasure to those they love, but would beautify their homes, furnish them

with libraries, and enable them to save against a day of adversity or need. Franklin's maxim: "A penny saved is two pence earned," is never more true than when used in connection with such a useless article as tobacco.

The weed is not only expensive, it is excessively agreeable to refined people. The stifled breath, the polluted air of a room where smokers have been, the smell of stale tobacco on the clothing of those who use it, is a positive pain to those who dislike it exceedingly, and who are rendered faint and dizzy by the odor.

Many who are the victims of tobacco, and indulge in its use in the presence of women and children, and non-smokers, might be surprised to hear themselves designated as thieves, but they certainly deprive others of a gift which they have no right to purloin. Neal Dow says: "Men whose moral sense is dulled by the tobacco habit do not even consider that people have right to the pure, fresh air, so important to their comfort and health, and they poison it with tobacco smoke. The pure air is as much their right as the purse in their pockets; and the forcibly taking it away by the tobacco smoker is as much stealing in the moral sense, as picking the pocket."

Then tobacco is a poison, just as surely as strychnine or arsenic. It is more dangerous than either of these, because its baneful influence is not so quickly felt. But it enfeebles the body, weakens the memory, dims the sight, impairs the taste and the smell, deadens the nerves, deranges the digestion, tends to insanity, and used excessively, causes terrible diseases. We know one man who from the constant use of tobacco, suffered agonies from a cancer on the tongue, and he died a lingering, horrible death. One man, a great smoker and chewer, smoked fifty cigars, for which he paid seventeen cents apiece, in less than a week. He not only burned up \$8.50, but was prostrated by a disease similar in character to *delirium tremens*. Tobacco not only injures the body and deadens the sensibilities, and blunts the moral sense, but it is the primary cause of the death of thousands of persons every year. A young man only nineteen years of age, stood, one Saturday evening in Shenectady, on a bridge, looking into the abyss below, and laughing and talking with a friend. He was offered a chew of tobacco, and accepted it. In a few moments he became dizzy, and turning to go home, lost his balance, and fell a distance of many feet to the rock below. He was carried home, but never recovered consciousness, and died the victim of a single chew of tobacco.

Boys, never begin the habit which is sure to result in some evil, and may cause you a sorrow which shall be everlasting.

I have lived more than four-score years and never used tobacco in any form, and I am better physically, morally and spiritually without it.

A YOUNG MAN'S FRIEND.

A SIGNIFICANT statement was lately made by a citizen of Denver, who chanced to be at one time its mayor. "Whenever we extend the saloon limit a little," he said, "we have to add to the police force. And everybody doesn't realize that the extra policeman costs more in a month than a saloon nets in a year.

### "WHAT'S THE HARM?"

JUST th's once! What hurt will it do? You can study quite as well to-night, and if you have a ride at all you must go now."

Thus persuaded, Dick threw down his book and joined his companions. They had a delightful ride, and then in the evening he settled down to study. He did not feel much like it, partly because he was tired, partly because he frequently found his thoughts wandering from the lesson to something he had seen in the afternoon. Still, being pretty persevering, he finally learned it, and had a perfect recitation the next day.

"There!" said his companions; "what did we tell you? You needn't have made such a fuss about going. It didn't do a bit of harm."

Dick agreed with them then, but he was inclined to change his mind later in the day when he found how ineffectual were his efforts to fix his attention on his books.

"I've learned the harm!" he exclaimed. "It is just like sliding down hill: the first time, before the snow is broken, we only go a little ways; the second time we go farther; and pretty soon we can't stop short of the bottom if we want to. There are two sides to it, though: if I stick to these tough old lessons to-day, it will be easier to do it to-morrow."

Stick to them he did, and thus learned a lesson that was as valuable as any in his books.—*Selected.*

### TOM'S GOLD DUST.

"THAT boy knows how to take care of his gold dust," said Tom's uncle, often to himself, and sometimes aloud.

Tom went to college, and every account they heard of him he was going ahead, laying a solid foundation for the future.

"Certainly," said his uncle; "that boy, I tell you, knows how to take care of his gold dust."

"Gold-dust!" Where did Tom get gold-dust? He was a poor boy. He had not been to California. He never was a miner. Where did he get gold-dust? Ah! he had seconds and minutes, and these are the gold-dust of time—specks and particles of time, which boys and girls and grown-up people are apt to waste and throw away. Tom knew their value. His father, our minister, had taught him that every speck and particle of time was worth its weight in gold, and his son took care of them as though they were. Take care of your gold-dust, and lay up something for old age—for time as well as for eternity.

### THE SCOTT ACT.

OXFORD GRAND JURY QUITE SATISFIED WITH THE OPERATIONS OF THE ACT.

THE Grand Jury for the county of Oxford has given a unanimous deliverance expressing gratification at the decrease of drunkenness and crime in the county under the Scott Act, as shown by the fact that since May 1st, when the Act came into force, there have been only seven persons committed as drunk and disorderly, while during the corresponding period of 1884, under license, there were 30 committed for this offence.

### POOR JIMMIE.

"Oh little sunbeam, where do you come from, where do you get your heat? They say you come millions and millions of miles every morning, from away across the ocean, from away among the stars. I wonder you don't get cold coming so far. Maybe you run so fast that it makes you hot; anyway, I'm so glad you are warm when you get here."

Thus said little Jimmie as he crept out of his seat and got into another, where the warm sunshine streamed on him through the window of the little red brick country school-house, on the chill September morning.

Poor Jimmy, are you shivering with the cold already? What will you do when the north wind blows, and the air is filled with frost, and the ground covered with snow, I thought his teacher, as she observed his movements, but kindly allowed him his new position, for both Jimmie and his teacher recognized in the sunbeam their one warm friend.

What was the matter that his teacher called him "Poor Jimmie?" His clothes were thin and patched, his face bore traces of tears, and his eyes looked out mournfully from under his high, white forehead. An unhappy home was the cause. His father—ah, yes, the old story—was a drunkard, and his mother—I wish I could say she was patient under her sad burden—had grown tired hoping, and was now broken in spirit and irritable in temper.

If Jimmy had been born in the city, he might have been a little street arab, full of oaths, and wickedness, and deceit; but he was born in the country, and all around his home lay the free open fields, and there, when the weather would permit, he would spend most of his time. There he would lie and look up at the blue sky, and the soft, floating, white clouds, and the green trees waving above his head. There, as he lay and listened to birds twittering in the branches, and heard the crickets chirping in the grass, sweet thoughts came to him—good, pure thoughts, straight from the great loving heart of God. For has he not promised that, "When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, the Lord will take thee up."

Then as he contrasted that peaceful scene with the discord of his own home, tears would fill his eyes, and roll down his cheeks, and he would resolve down deep in his heart never to give way to the weakness of his father or the temper of his mother. Poor Jimmy! Ah, poor boy, what fearful odds are against you! What hope is there that you can escape! Will you be overcome and swept down into that vortex of ruin, where so many go who have better chances than you? Will no arm be stretched to save you?

Oh yes, be of good cheer, rescue is at hand. Long has the cry of the broken-hearted wife and the wail of the orphan sounded in the ear of God. Now he awakens the people, and they arise in their might, and are sweeping from the land that which curses Jimmie's home.—*Goderich, Ont.*

"The hope of the righteous shall be gladness; but the expectation of the wicked shall perish."

"ENTER not into the path of the wicked, and go not into the way of evil men."

THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.

IN Genesis the world was made ;  
In Exodus the march is told ;  
Leviticus contains the law ;  
In Numbers are the tribes enrolled.  
In Deuteronomy again  
We're urged to keep God's law alone ;  
And these five books of Moses make  
The oldest writings that are known.

Brave Joshua to Canaan leads ;  
In Judges oft the Jews rebel ;  
We read of David's name in Ruth  
And First and Second Samuel.  
In First and Second Kings we read  
How bad the Hebrew State became ;  
In First and Second Chronicles  
Another history of the same.  
In Ezra captive Jews return,  
And Nehemiah builds the wall ;  
Queen Esther saves her race from death,  
These books "historical" we call.

In Job we read of patient faith ;  
The Psalms are David's songs of praise ;  
The Proverbs are to make us wise ;  
Ecclesiastes next portrays  
How fleeting earthly pleasures are ;  
The Song of Solomon is all  
About the love of Christ ; and these  
Five books "devotional" we call.

Isaiah tells of Christ to come,  
While Jeremiah tells of woe,  
And in his Lamentations mourns  
The Holy City's overthrow.  
Ezekiel speaks of mysteries,  
And Daniel foretells things of old ;  
Hosea calls men to repent :  
In Joel, blessings are foretold.

Amos tells of wrath ; and Edom  
Obadiah's sent to warn ;  
While Jonah shows that Christ should die,  
And Micah where he should be born.  
In Nahum, Ninevah is soon ;  
In Habakkuk, Chaldea's guilt ;  
In Zephaniah, Judah's sins ;  
In Haggai, the Temple built.  
Zachariah speaks of Christ,  
And Malachi, of John, his sign,  
The prophets number seventeen,  
And all the books are thirty-nine.

Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,  
Tell what Christ did in every place ;  
Acts show what the apostles did,  
And Romans how we're saved by grace.  
Corinthians instructs the Church,  
Galatians shows us faith alone,  
Ephesians, true love ; and in  
Philippians, God's grace is shown,  
Colossians tells us more of Christ,  
And Thessalonians of the end ;  
In Timothy and Titus both  
Are rules for pastors to attend.

Philemon Christian friendship shows ;  
Then Hebrews clearly tells us how all  
The Jewish law prefigured Christ ;  
And those epistles are by Paul.  
James shows that faith by works must live,  
And Peter urges steadfastness,  
While John exhorts to Christian love,  
For those who have it God will bless.  
Jude shows the end of evil men,  
And Revelation tells of heaven.  
This ends the whole New Testament,  
And all the books are twenty-seven.  
—Sunday-School Times.

HAL'S CONVERT.

HE was a rough-looking Irish boy.  
This at the first glance ; but his face  
was full of fun, his brown hair clung  
to his head in tight curls, his eyes  
were merry, gentle, or fierce, accord-  
ing to his quickly changing moods. I  
am not sure that you might not have  
called him positively handsome, had  
he been well dressed and cared for.

In speech Mike was the worst boy  
in school. Why should he not be ?  
His father was unusually intelligent  
for one of his class, a good workman,  
but given to drink, and when drunk  
he was foul of speech, abusive of his  
family, the terror of the neighbour-  
hood.

Mike's mother, ignorant, hard-work-  
ing, honest, quick-tempered, dealt  
many a blow to her children in her  
hot impatience, while she worked early  
and late to keep them clothed and fed.

The boy had never learned the first  
lesson in self-control. How could he !  
When angry, as he was extremely  
often, his profaneness was fearful to  
hear. All the better class of boys  
avoided him ; all but Hal, a fine,  
manly fellow of twelve, whose home  
was as good as Mike's was bad.

Hal admired Mike, who rivalled him  
in foot-ball, base-ball, jumping, and in  
his classes even, for Mike was among  
the first there in spite of his disad-  
vantages. Hal was distressed at  
Mike's profaneness, and determined to  
try to help him to give it up. This  
was how he did it :

He took him one day to see his fan-  
tailed pigeons ; then to see his pups, a  
new and thriving but sightless family.  
One day Hal astonished his Aunt  
Hannah by asking her if she would  
have a secret with him. Would she  
knit a pair of cardinal mittens like the  
pair she knit for him last winter ? Of  
course she would. Christmas morning  
Hal slipped the mittens into Mike's  
cold hands. One morning the boys  
were alone, again admiring the pups.  
"Mike," said Hal, "if you'll give up  
all your bad words, I'll give you one  
of my pups." Now these pups con-  
stituted a prospective bicycle fund, at  
least the beginning of one. Their owner  
expected to sell the five young setters  
for at least sixty dollars. It cost a  
struggle to give up one.

Mike could hardly believe his ears.  
"I'll do my best," he said, and bore off  
his treasure in such a state of pride  
and delight as he had never known.  
He kept his word. The foul words  
slipped out many times afterward, but  
by-and-bye he had so far given up the  
dreadful habit that his teacher praised  
him for his improvement. "It's not  
meself it is," said the boy ; "it's Hal  
intirely."

Some of the well-dressed boys in  
school jeered at Mike, calling him  
"Hal's convert ;" but do you not  
think Hal had found out the secret of  
helping those less fortunate than him-  
self ?—*Congregationalist.*

PEEPY'S PET.

THERE was a little girl who was  
called Peepy ; but why she was called  
so I do not know. Perhaps it was  
because, when a baby, she used to peep  
from behind a curtain or a door, and  
cry, "Peep-o !"

She was a good little girl. When  
she was five years old her mother had  
to go to Europe for her health, and  
Peepy was sent to board in the family  
of a farmer whose name was Miller.

One day Mr. Miller made her a  
present of a bright silver quarter of a  
dollar. Peepy had been taught to sew  
by Susan Miller ; and so she put her  
work-box on a chair in her little room  
and sat down and made a little bag in  
which to keep the bright silver coin.

Then she took a walk near the  
grove, and saw two boys who had  
caught a robin, and were playing with  
it. They had tied a string to its legs ;  
and when the poor bird tried to fly  
away they pulled it back again, and  
laughed at its struggles.

At last the little robin was so tired  
and frightened that it lay on the  
ground panting, with its feathers  
ruffled, and its beak wide open, and  
its eyes half closed. It seemed ready  
to die. Then the rude, cruel boys  
pulled the string to make it fly again.

"Please don't be so cruel," said little  
Peepy. "How can you be so cruel !"

And she ran to the poor bird, and  
took it up very gently.

"You let our bird alone !" one of  
the boys cried out. But Peepy still  
held it, and was ready to cry when she  
felt its little heart beating with fear.

"Do give it to me, please," said  
Peepy. "I will thank you for it very  
much."

But the boys laughed at her, and  
told her roughly to let the bird alone.  
"We caught the bird, and it is ours,"  
said one of them.

"Will you sell me the bird ?" asked  
Peepy, taking her bright quarter out  
of its bag and offering it.

"Ah ! now you talk sensibly," said  
the larger of the boys. "Yes, we'll  
sell it."

So Peepy parted with her money,  
but kept the precious bird. The boys  
ran off, knowing they had done a mean  
thing, and fearing some man might  
come along and inquire into it.

Peepy took the bird home ; and  
Mrs. Miller told her she had done  
right, and helped her to mend an old  
cage into which they could put the  
poor little bruised bird. Soon it took  
its food from their hands, and grew  
quite tame.

Peepy named it Bella, and kept it  
in her chamber where she could hear  
it sing. Bella loved Peepy, and would  
fly about the room, and light on her  
head, and play with her curls.

But as summer came on, and the  
weather grew warm and pleasant,  
Peepy thought to herself, "Bella loves  
me, and is grateful for all my care ;  
but liberty is as sweet to birds as to  
little girls. I will not selfishly keep  
this bird in prison. I will take it into  
the grove and set it free."

So Peepy took it into the grove and  
set it free ; and Bella lighted on a  
bough and sung the sweetest song you  
ever heard. It then flew singing  
around Peepy's head, as if to say,  
"Thank you ! thank you a thousand  
times, you dear little girl." If Bella's  
song could have been translated into  
words, I think they would have been  
these :

"Darling little Peepy,  
When you're sad or sleepy,  
I will come and sing you a merry, merry  
song ;  
So do not be grieving  
At this tender leaving ;  
I shall not forget you, dear, for, oh ! love is  
strong."

Peepy went home rather sad with  
her empty cage. But what was her  
joy the next day to see Bella on the  
window-sill ! She opened the window,  
Bella flew in, and they had a nice  
frolic. Then, when the dinner-bell  
rang, the little bird flew off. Peepy  
was happy to think it had not for-  
gotten her.

A GOOD REPLY.

A gentleman travelling on the rail-  
road made the acquaintance of a fellow-  
passenger, who with his wife and  
little son occupied seats adjoining his  
own. The boy was a good-tempered,  
frank little fellow, whose bright ways  
and childish talk were very enter-  
taining.

He was busily engaged in trying to  
untie the knot of a parcel, which his  
new friend suggested he could not do,  
and offered to cut the string for him.  
But his prompt and well-pronounced  
reply was, "Thank you, sir, but my  
papa never allows me to say I can't.  
I belong to the Try Company."

A MARKED YOUTH.

YEARS ago there lived in the interior  
of New York a boy, the son of a  
farmer, who also worked at the trade  
of a potter. The boy was a marked  
youth, because he would do with  
might whatever he undertook. He  
was a leader in the ordinary sports of  
boyhood, and whenever the farm or  
the pottery relaxed their hold upon  
him he would be found repairing some  
damaged article or devising a new im-  
plement.

His father was poor ; the farm was  
small and could only be enlarged by  
clearing up the primeval forest. The  
boy was anxious to acquire knowledge,  
but his services were so necessary to  
his father that he could not be spared  
to attend the winter term of the com-  
mon school.

But the boy was in earnest. With  
the aid of his brother, one year his  
junior, he chopped and cleared four  
acres of birch and maple woodland,  
ploughed it, planted it with corn, har-  
vested the crops, and then asked, as  
his compensation, to be allowed to  
attend school during the winter. Of  
course, the father granted his wish.

When the boy was seventeen, the  
father's pottery business had so in-  
creased as to demand a more extensive  
factory. A carpenter was hired to  
build the new building, and the boy  
assisted him. So familiar did he  
become with the tools and the trade  
that he determined, with the aid of  
the younger brother, to erect a two-  
storey frame dwelling-house for his  
father's family. The two boys cut  
the timber from the forest, planned  
and framed the structure, and then  
invited the neighbours to assist at the  
"raising." They came from far and  
near to see what a lad of seventeen  
had done. When every mortise and  
tenon was found to fit its place, and  
the frame was seen to stand perfect  
and secure, the veterans cheered the  
young architect and builder. From  
that day he was in demand as a master-  
carpenter.

That boy was Ezra Cornell, the  
founder of Cornell University.

"Seeat thou a man diligent in his  
business ? he shall stand before kings ;  
he shall not stand before mean men."

The meaning of this old proverb is  
that the man who has done well in  
little things shall be advanced so that  
he shall not waste himself on work to  
which obscure and unambitious men  
are adequate. Ezra Cornell illustrated  
the truth of the Bible saying.—*Anon.*

READING ONE HOUR A DAY.

THERE was once a lad who, at the  
age of fourteen, found himself an  
apprentice to a soap-boiler. Having a  
spare hour every day, he decided to  
pass that fleeting time in reading.  
Within a few weeks the habit became  
fixed, and then he thoroughly enjoyed  
his lesson. He stayed seven years at  
the place, and when he was twenty-  
one he took a position that could be  
filled only by an educated man.

Now, let us see how much time he  
spent in reading during the seven  
years. At the rate of one hour a day,  
the whole time thus passed would be  
2,555 hours. In other words, it was  
equal to the time one would spend in  
reading at the rate of eight hours each  
day, three hundred and ten days, or  
nearly a whole year.



## THE WORLD FOR JESUS.

BY REV. OLIVER CRANT, D.D.

THE whole wide world for Jesus,  
For his is its domain,  
And his is the dominion  
From sea to sea to reign  
To him the kings of Sheba  
Their royal gifts shall bring,  
And isles afar their tribute  
Shall render to their King.

The whole wide world for Jesus;  
His banner be unfurled  
Wide as his great commission,  
"Go ye to all the world,  
And preach to every creature  
The messages of peace;  
Lo I am with you always  
Till time itself shall cease."

The whole wide world for Jesus  
O Church of Christ, awake!  
Put on thy strength, O Zion,  
Thy posts of duty take;  
Go forth, upon thy mission  
In Jesus' name alone,  
Till earth, with all her millions,  
His sovereignty shall own.

The whole wide world for Jesus;  
Where Satan long hath reigned  
The Prince of Peace shall triumph,  
The world shall be regained:  
The realms which sat in darkness  
Have seen the glorious light,  
For lo! the dawn is breaking  
Along the verge of night.

The whole wide world for Jesus!  
Behold! the time at hand!  
His vanguard-hosts are massing  
Their force in every land;  
Each thrill of ocean's cable,  
Each breeze fresh tidings bring  
Of conquests won for Jesus,  
The mighty King of kings.

## THE BUTCHER-BIRD.

A BOLD, bad fellow he is—this same shrike. It feeds on insects, especially grasshoppers and crickets, but it also attacks and kills small birds, which it tears apart and swallows in large pieces. It pitches downward like a hawk with closed wings on the back of its victim, which it instantly strikes on the head, tearing open its skull. It is so bold that it often enters apartments where pet birds are kept, and attempts to seize them from the cages. It has the singular propensity of impaling insects and small birds on points of twigs and thorns.

Mr. G. H. Ragdale, of Gaineville, Texas, a reader of the *Visitor*, a friend of the little people, and one of the keenest observers of birds we know, sends us the following interesting items concerning the butcher-bird:

"I once surprised one while making a meal off a Lapland long-spur. Having spitted his game on a dead twig of a hackberry-tree, he perched himself on a branch underneath the long-spur, and stripped the flesh down with his beak, swinging on to his support like grim death. The introduction of barbed wire is quite a convenience to the shrikes in some parts of the South-western States, and they seem to prefer the barbs to thorns, although both are used. My children find it convenient to strip off grasshoppers from the wire along the school-road, to feed to their mocking-bird. In October, 1884, I was passing an outpost, and counted seventy-five bugs, all alike and evidently impaled that day, many being still alive. Five grasshoppers were stuck on the same fence."

"Yes," said the boy, "I might just as well be at the head of my class as not. But I don't mind being at the foot, and the other boys do, so I sacrifice myself."

## A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

A NAVAL officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his wife sitting in the cabin near him, filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his serenity and composure that she cried out:

"My dear, are you not afraid?"  
How is it possible you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm?"

He rose from his chair, dashed it to the deck, drew his sword, and pointing it at the breast of his wife, exclaimed:

"Are you not afraid?"  
She immediately answered: "No!"  
"Why?" said the officer.

"Because," replied his wife, "I know that the sword is in the hands of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me."

"Then," said he, "I know in whom I believe; and that he who holds the wind in his hand is my Father."—*Exchange.*

## GOOD ADVICE.

REMEMBER that every person, however low, has *rights* and *feelings*. In all your contentions let peace be rather your object, than triumph; value triumph only as the means of peace.

When you meet with neglect, let it rouse you to exertion, instead of mortifying your pride. Set about lessening these defects which expose you to neglect, and improve those excellencies which command attention and respect.

Find fault, when you must find fault, in private, if possible; and some time after the offence, rather than at the time. The blamed are less inclined to resist, when they are blamed without witnesses; both parties are calmer, and the accused party is struck with the forbearance of the accuser, who has seen the fault, and watched for a private and proper time for mentioning it.—*Sydney Smith*

## LESSON NOTES.

## FOURTH QUARTER.

B.C. 770.] LESSON VI. [Nov. 8.

## THE STORY OF JONAH.

Jonah 1. 1-17. Commit to mem. vs. 4-6

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it. Jonah 1. 2.

## OUTLINE.

1. Fleeing from the Lord, v. 1, 2.
2. Followed by the Lord, v. 3-17.

TIME.—Not known with certainty; supposed to be about B.C. 770.

PLACES.—Nineveh, capital of Assyria, on the river Tigris; Joppa, the sea-port of Palestine; Tarshish, perhaps Tartessus, in Spain.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Cry against it*—Denounce its sins. *Is come up before me*—Has become offensive. *From the presence*—Not that he expected to escape out of God's sight, but from the prophetic presence of the Holy Spirit. *Was like to be broken*—Was in danger of being wrecked. *Unto his god*—It was a heathen crew. *The wares*—The cargo. *Into the sides of the ship*—Into the hold. *Cast lots*—An ancient method of determining a matter, overruled in this case by divine Providence to bring the culprit to light. *For whose cause this evil*—The heathen connected all storms and commotions of nature with the anger of some offended deity. *What shall we do unto thee*—They felt that he must be disposed of in some way. *Rowed hard*—Somewhat fearful, lest in throwing him overboard they should displease the Lord still more. *Ceased from her raging*—Became comparatively calm. *Made vows*—A usual way of attesting gratitude for deliverance—

the vows having reference to sacrifices, etc., to be offered in the future. *A great fish*—Not necessarily a whale, for the language implies that the Lord had prepared it specially for this purpose. *Three days*—Analogous to the resurrection of Christ, an illustration used by the Master.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That men cannot hide from God's presence?
2. That men should fear God rather than danger?
3. That dangers often drive men toward God?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did the Lord say to Jonah? "Arise, go to Nineveh." 2. What did Jonah do? Fled from the presence of the Lord. 3. When Jonah had taken ship for Tarshish, what happened? A mighty tempest arose. 4. What happened to Jonah when he was cast into the sea? A great fish swallowed him. 5. How long was he in the fish? "Three days and three nights."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's call to the ministry.

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

30. What is the relation of these sacraments to the new covenant? They are signs and seals of the covenant of grace established in Christ; which is a covenant with promise on the part of God, and with conditions on the part of man.

B.C. 770.] LESSON VII. [Nov. 15.

## EFFECTS OF JONAH'S PREACHING.

Jonah 3 1-10. Commit to mem. vs. 5, 6.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

The men of Nineveh shall rise up in the judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it: for they repented at the preaching of Jonas; and behold, a greater than Jonas is here. Luke 11. 32.

## OUTLINE.

1. The Repenting Prophet, v. 1-4.
2. The Repenting People, v. 5-9.
3. The Repenting Lord, v. 10.

TIME.—Perhaps B.C. 770.

PLACE.—Nineveh, capital of Assyria.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The second time*—This second commission to Jonah was like the first, and that it was similar implies that the prophet's disobedience had been forgiven. *Three days journey*—It required that length of time to traverse the city. *Yet forty days*—The limit of divine forbearance. The frequency with which the number forty is used in Scripture seems to indicate—a perfect measure—adequate time, etc. *Sackcloth*—Coarse stuff, generally black, worn to show penitence or sorrow. *Sat in ashes*—In token of humiliation. *Cry mightily*—Pray earnestly. *The violence that is in their hands*—Repent of their gross wickedness. *God repented*—Human feelings are sometimes ascribed to deity as an accommodation to imperfect thought. The facts show that this was not repentance in the usual meaning of the word, because the forty days were given Nineveh for repentance, and, having repented, God was consistent in forgiving them.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. The doom of the impenitent?
2. The true signs of repentance?
3. The infinite mercy of God?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Jonah do when the Lord told him the second time to go to Nineveh? "Jonah arose and went." 2. What did Jonah tell the people of Nineveh would happen to that city? It would be overthrown in forty days. 3. How did the people of Nineveh receive Jonah's preaching? "The people of Nineveh believed God." 4. What did they also do? "Proclaimed a fast." 5. When God saw that they turned from their evil way, what did he do concerning the overthrowing of the city? "He did it not."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The conditions of salvation.

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

40. What is the outward or visible sign or form in baptism? Baptism with water,—by dipping or pouring or sprinkling,—"into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."—Matt. xxviii. 19.

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