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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. III.

TORONTO, JULY 28, 1883.

No. 15.

VOICES OF THE BELLS.

WHAT says the bell on a Sunday morn,
As to our ears by the wind its
borne?

It echoes all over hill and plain,
Always the same monotonous strain,
"To prayer! To prayer!"

What says the bell, as over the sea
Tis wafted by breezes wild and free?
Fifeful but deep the ominous knell
Comes from the buoy on the rock to tell,
"Beware! Beware!"

What says the bell, as all alone
We suddenly hear its mournful tone?
Sudden, and clear, and far between,
It says to the heart in accents keen,
"Prepare! Prepare!"

What if unheard the bell should be?
The mariner sinks in the boiling sea;
A soul is lost that might have been won;
A hardened sinner goes wandering on,
Take care! Take care!

CHESTER AND ITS MEMORIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE old city of Chester is one of the most interesting in England. Its walls "grey with the memories of two thousand years," mark the camp of the Roman legions, and much of their work still remains. Hence its name, from *Castra*, a camp. I walked all around the lofty ramparts. From the tower shown in the engraving, Charles I. watched the defeat of his army on Bolton Moor. It is now an interesting museum. Cromwell's cannon have left his bold sign-manual upon the walls, of which the walk in the picture shows the thickness. The new bridge across the Dee has a span of 200 feet, the widest stone arch in the world. The most curious feature of the city is its Rows, or double terraces of shops, the upper one fronting on a broad arcade. The old timbered houses have quaintly-carved fronts, galleries and gables, like those in Frankfurt, often with some Biblical or allegorical design. Of special interest is one which bears the legend,

GOD'S PROVIDENCE IS MINE INHERITANCE MDCLII.

said to be the only house which escaped the plague in that year. To reach the town house of an old Earl of Derby—a handsome place during the civil wars—I had to pass through an alley only two feet wide. It is now a sort of junk shop—so fallen is its high estate. A young girl showed me the hiding place in the roof where the Earl lay concealed for days till he was discovered, taken to Bolton and executed for his fidelity to his king.

De fainc ob a man is only showed by comparison. De lower yer turns de lamp in de room de brighter de fire seems to burn.

BOYS SMOKING.

A CERTAIN doctor, struck with the large number of boys under fifteen years of age whom he observed smoking, was led to inquire into the effect the habit had upon the general health. He took for his purpose thirty-eight boys, aged from

twelve had a slight ulceration of the mucous membrane of the mouth, which disappeared on ceasing from the use of tobacco for some days. The doctor treated them all for weakness, but with little effect until the smoking was discontinued, when health and strength were soon restored. Now this is no "old wife's tale," as these facts are



KING CHARLES' TOWER AND OLD WALLS, CHESTER.

nine to fifteen, and carefully examined them. In twenty-seven of them he discovered injurious traces of the habit. In twenty-two there were various disorders of the circulation and digestion, palpitation of the heart, and a more or less marked taste for strong drink. In twelve there was a frequent bleeding of the nose, ten had disturbed sleep, and

given on the authority of the *British Medical Journal*.

"I am deeply grieved to see so many young people enslaving themselves to tobacco. Smoking is not only a waste of time and money, but it injures the health, the temper, and the influence of the smoker. It evidently promotes indolence and selfishness, almost every

idler is a smoker, while the conduct of smokers in railway carriages is a miserable illustration of their selfishness, one smoker, rather than exercise self-denial, will make a whole carriage full of people uncomfortable and unwell. The aged man and the feeble woman are alike sacrificed to his personal gratification. The bondage of the smoker is more despotic than that of the drunkard. I have been assured scores of times that the giving up of tobacco was infinitely more difficult than the giving up of drink, everything has to bow to this appetite when once formed. The company of the fair, the wise, and the holy is gladly left for a pipe. I have seen Christian men miserable in the most attractive and interesting company, and stealing away to the most unattractive room to secure a smoke. It is a sad thing to see a young man, especially a Christian young man, fastening these fetters upon himself." *Rev Charles Garrett, President of the Wesleyan Conference.*

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT LUMBER SHANTIES.

THE first thing that demands attention on entering a shanty is the fire, fireplace, etc. This (the fireplace) occupies the centre of the shanty, being from twelve to fourteen feet long by from eight to ten broad—as near as I could judge without measuring. The "stove pipe" is a large opening in the roof of the shanty, about six feet square. There is always a good fire burning, and it is a cheerful sight, and sometimes a very welcome one, to see the sparks ascending from the "stove-pipe" aforementioned.

The arrangement of the "bunks," where the men sleep differs in the different shanties, some having the bunks arranged parallel to the fire, in which case there are two "tiers," one on the floor and one above, occupied. In others the men sleep "feet to the fire." When this is the case there is generally but one set of bunks, and these raised off the floor. A most important personage in a shanty is the cook, who has a space apportioned him with a counter in front and shelves behind. The men come up to the former and help themselves to what is thereon as they require.

Shanty cooks are capital bread makers; in all the shanties I visited the bread was good, and all the provisions were of the best quality.

A kettle filled with good tea always stands near the fire. In one shanty I had set before me for supper, pork, molasses, bread, butter, apple sauce,

tea and sugar, and I tell you the cooks look after the preacher. Choosing a fitting opportunity we sang a hymn and had prayer together, and then, in the middle of the forest, your humble correspondent tried to lead these "hard working sons of toil"—and they do work hard to that Saviour who as the "carpenter's Son" had dignified labour, and who can sympathize with the work ingman. And let me give here a deserved tribute to the shanty-men; they listened with respectful attention to what was said, and their conduct during the service would put to shame many congregations whose opportunities and privileges are far greater.—*Rev. W. J. Sanders.*

CHILDREN OF BOHEMIA.

BY LAURA LEVARD.

HE Daisies have come to town—
Perhaps here and there a new gown,
But mostly in tatters—O, not that it matters;
Not one of them cares half a crown
If they are.

They'll pitch their small tents on your lawn,
And if you should bid them begone,
Will smile in your face with the sunniest
Grace.
And nod to you gayly next morn
If you scold.

A happy-go-lucky young crew,
As merry as heaven is blue,
These gypsies of flowers will stay a few hours,
And then tell your fortunes for you,
And be off.
—*Harper's Young People.*

TRAPS.

BY JIMMY BROWN.



A BOY ought always to stand up for his sister, and protect her from everybody, and do everything to make her happy, for she can only be his sister once, and he would be so awfully sorry if she died, and then he remembered that his conduct toward her had sometimes been such.

Mr. Withers doesn't come to our house any more. One night Sue saw him coming up the garden walk, and father said, "There's the other one coming, Susan; isn't this Travers's evening?" and then Sue said, "I do wish somebody would protect me from him he is that stupid; don't I wish I need never lay eyes on him again."

I made up my mind that nobody should bother my sister while she had a brother to protect her. So the next time I saw Mr. Withers I spoke to him kindly and firmly—that's the way grown-up people speak when they say something dreadfully unpleasant—and told him what Sue had said about him, and that he ought not to bother her any more. Mr. Withers didn't thank me and say that he knew I was trying to do him good, which was what he ought to have said, but he looked as if he wanted to hurt somebody, and walked off without saying a word to me, and I don't think he was polite about it.

He has never been at our house since. When I told Sue how I had protected her she was so overcome with gratitude she couldn't speak, and just motioned me with a book to go out of her room and leave her to feel thankful about it herself. The book very nearly hit me on the head, but it wouldn't have hurt much if it had.

Mr. Travers was delighted about it,

and told me that I had acted like a man, and that he shouldn't forget it. The next day he brought me a beautiful book all about traps. It told how to make more than a hundred different kinds of traps that would catch everything, and it was one of the best books I ever saw.

Our next-door neighbour, Mr. Schofield, keeps pigs, only he don't keep them enough, for they run all around. They come into our garden and eat up everything, and father said he would give almost anything to get rid of them.

Now one of the traps that my book told about was just the thing to catch pigs with. It was made out of a young tree and a rope. You bend the tree down, and fasten the rope to it so as to make a slippernoose, and when the pig walks into the slippernoose, the tree flies up and jerks him into the air.

I thought that I couldn't please father better than to make some traps and catch some pigs; so I got a rope, and got two Irishmen that were fixing the front walk to bend down two trees for me, and hold them while I made the traps. This was just before supper, and I expected that the pigs would come early the next morning and get caught.

It was bright moonlight that evening, and Mr. Travers and Sue said the house was so dreadfully hot that they would go and take a walk. They hadn't been out of the house but a few minutes when we heard an awful shriek from Sue, and we all rushed out to see what was the matter.

Mr. Travers had walked into a trap, and was swinging by one leg, with his head about six feet from the ground. Nobody knew him at first except me, for when a person is upside down he doesn't look natural; but I knew what was the matter, and told father that it would take two men to bend down the tree, and get Mr. Travers loose. So they told me to run and get Mr. Schofield to come and help, and they got the step-ladder so that Sue could sit on the top of it and hold Mr. Travers's head.

I was so excited that I forgot all about the other trap, and, besides, Sue had said things to me that hurt my feelings, and that prevented me from thinking to tell Mr. Schofield not to get himself caught. He ran ahead of me, because he was so anxious to help, and the first thing I knew there came an awful yell from him, and up he went into the air, and hung there by both legs, which, I suppose, was easier than the way Mr. Travers hung.

Then everybody went at me in the most dreadful way except Sue, who was holding Mr. Travers's head. They said the most unkind things to me, and sent me into the house. I heard afterward that father got Mr. Schofield's boy to climb up and cut Mr. Travers and Mr. Schofield loose, and they fell on the gravel, but it didn't hurt them much, only Mr. Schofield broke some of his teeth, and says he is going to bring a lawsuit against father. Mr. Travers was just as good as he could be. He only laughed the next time he saw me, and he begged them not to punish me, because it was his fault that I ever came to know about that kind of trap.

Mr. Travers is the nicest man that ever lived except father, and when he marries Sue I shall go and live with him, though I haven't told him yet, for I want to keep it as a pleasant surprise for him.—*Harper's Young People.*

THE TELEPHONE.

PROGRESS OF THE INDISPENSABLE INSTRUMENT IN TORONTO AND ELSEWHERE.

DURING the past half dozen years the progress made by the telephone is absolutely astonishing, though it has so quietly dropped into the rank of every day business institutions that few, if any, ever pause to wonder at it. According to the latest statistics on this subject New York has no less than 4,060 subscribers, Chicago 2,726, Cincinnati 1,880, Boston 1,325, and San Francisco 1,300. In all there are now more than 100,000 subscribers to the telephone in the United States, while in proportion to her population Canada is little, if any, behind the neighbouring Republic.

In the older countries the progress of telephony has been slower than on this side of the Atlantic. Paris has 2,422, London, 1,600; Amsterdam, 700; Stockholm, 672; Vienna, 600; Berlin, 581; Brussels, 458; Turin, 410; Copenhagen, 400; St. Petersburg, 145; Alexandria, 118.

THE SERVICE IN TORONTO.

In Canada, Toronto is the best served city so far as telephonic communication is concerned. There are here over 600 subscribers, but this represents more than 1,300 instruments of all sorts in use in the city. The saving in time and labour represented by the employment of the telephone in Toronto is almost incalculable. The police department alone have no less than eleven lines centering in the central station, besides a line connecting that station with the general telephone system of the city. Outside the city Toronto has direct telephonic communication with Guelph, Galt, Hamilton, Hespeler, Whitchy, Oshawa, Bowmanville, Newcastle, Port Hope, Cobourg, and numerous intermediate points of lesser note. Conversation over these lines is perfectly easy, provided the parties talking are occupying rooms into which other noises are not admitted. The other day a conversation was carried on without difficulty

BETWEEN NEW YORK AND CHICAGO, but it is a mistake to suppose that such connections are likely to come into common use. The wire used on that occasion was a composite one as large as a common lead pencil. It consisted of a fine core of steel, upon which a heavy coating of copper had been electroplated, the cost of the wire alone probably falling not far short of half a million dollars. It was not put up for telephonic purposes, but for telegraphy, the attaching of the telephones being merely done for a transient experiment. The end this heavy and costly wire is destined to serve is that of sending six or eight messages simultaneously by having instruments at each end working in different keys or pitches. In this way, by serving the purposes of perhaps eight ordinary wires, it will, of course, furnish the same service at a reduced cost.

So far as the carriage of telephone messages overland there appears to be no limit to the possibilities, as it simply means the stretching of a wire of sufficient conducting power, though as the science now stands, conversations at great distances must necessarily be costly. At present, however, an insurmountable obstacle appears to stand in the way of telephonic communication across the Atlantic. It appears that in

attempting to converse through submarine cables the human voice becomes "smothered" at a distance of about one hundred miles, and as yet no means have been found of overcoming this difficulty. That this difficulty should in time be overcome is of course quite within the range of possibility, and, indeed, when one contemplates the marvellous strides that have been made in the utilization of telegraphy and telephony he feels slow to set a limit to the possibilities of the future.

THE ALBATROSS.

HE spreads his wings like banners to the breeze,
He cleaves the air, aloft on pinions wide;
Leagues upon leagues, across the lonely seas,
He sweeps above the vast, uneasy tide.

For days together through the trackless skies,
Steadfast, without a quiver of his plumes,
Without a moment's pause for rest, he flies
Through dazzling sunshine and through
cloudy glooms.

Down the green gulfs he glides, or skims the foam,
Searching for booty with an eager eye,
Hovering aloft where the long breakers comb
O'er wrecks forlorn, that topple helplessly.

He loves the tempest; he is glad to see
The roaring gale to heaven the billows toss,
For strong to battle with the storm is he,
The mystic bird, the wandering albatross!
—*St. Nicholas.*

DYING WITH HIS CHARGE.

A GENTLEMAN just returned from Canada tells the following story: "A day or so ago the engineer of a train near Montreal saw a large dog on the track, barking furiously. The engineer whistled, but the dog paid no attention to the noise, and refused to stir. The dog was run over and killed. The engineer observed that the animal crouched close to the ground as he was struck by the cow-catcher. A minute later the engineer saw a bit of white muslin fluttering on the locomotive, and he stopped the engine. On going back where to the dog was killed, it was discovered that not only the dog, but a little child had been killed. It was then seen that the dog had been standing guard over the child, and had barked to attract the attention of the engineer. The faithful animal had sacrificed his life rather than desert his charge. The child had wandered away from a neighbouring house followed by the dog, and it is supposed that the child lay down and went to sleep on the track."—*New York Sun.*

SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

LAST week three young gentlemen were descending from the fifth story of one of Cincinnati's largest buildings in an elevator controlled by an elderly coloured man. They were discussing the question of what the result would be if the elevator should fall, and one of them said: "I don't care for myself, but I am anxious for my old friend here," alluding to the coloured man, and turning to him, said: "Uncle, where do you think you would alight?" The old man replied promptly: "I would light in the arms of Jesus! Where would you light?" The young men were silenced, and left the elevator without another word.

It is estimated that 43,000 deaths had been caused by intemperance in the Province of Quebec within the last decade.

THE MOTHER'S SORROW, OR THE DOOM OF THE SALOON.

BY W. P. R.

Oh Arthur my boy—don't go out to-night!
Stay home with your old loving mother!
You know you have perils when out of my sight;
Remember your father and brother!
They did not intend—
But they drank to the end,
And they perished you know, and so soon!
Oh, Arthur, stay now—
Be strong in your vow!
Don't go to the horrid saloon!

Ah me, my poor boy! he heeds not my plea!
Like a slave in his chains he is going—
He's bound by the spell of the tempter, I see
The terrible habit is growing;
Like his father led on:
Like his brother he's gone!
He is lost to my love, and so soon!
And he's lost to my prayers,
By the drink-wizard's snares,
In the den of the whisky saloon!

Oh will he not turn—must I yield him to fate?
Is he lost to all reason and feeling?
Will conscience awake? I fear me too late!
In the spell of the wizard he's reeling;
The tempter's work done!
Alas my poor son!
My only joy blighted so soon!
God pity my pain—
My only hope slain,
By the wolf of the whisky saloon!

Oh Arthur—would God for thee I had died!
My cup is now filled to full measure;
A widow alone—no prop at my side!
My heart is a stone to all pleasure;
God hear the last prayer,
Of a mother's despair!
Ere I die, but grant me this boon—
Avenge woman's woe—
The evils that flow,
From each boll of a liquor saloon!

Alone—all alone, in my anguish to-night!
No, never alone—there are others—
Yes, millions who know, as I know the sad blight
To the hopes of good wives and of mothers;
With uplifted eyes—
With tears and with sighs,
For lives that have perished too soon.
My sorrow they share,
They utter my prayer—
God close every blood-stained saloon!

Fond mothers, and wives, and fond sisters bereft,
Who mingle sad tears with your bread,
To heaven we'll look—one refuge is left—
God lives, and He reigns overhead!
In each desolate room—
In your sorrowful gloom—
In your night without star or a moon,
This boon we may pray,
God's mercy some day—
To close the last liquor saloon.

THE ROUGH HOUSE, HAMBURG.

At Hamburg, on the Elbe, in Germany, lived a good man named Immanuel Winchern.

He saw in the streets of the city boys from five to fifteen years old who had no one to care for them, and who cared for no one. They were treated like beasts and lived like beasts. Ragged, dirty, homeless, wicked, ignorant, people said they were so bad they could neither be made worse nor better. Some of these children in their fits of passion or despair tried to kill themselves and each other.

God moved the heart of Winchern to feel for these children. He opened a house—a very poor, plain place, for he was not rich; and as he did not wish these children to be afraid of it, he called it "The Rough House."

Here he wanted the children of two bad—beggars and bad. The good and happy and pretty could stay in better places.

On the 8th of November three boys came. By the end of December there were twelve. The smallest was five—just a mere wicked baby! The oldest

was eighteen—a wicked man, who had never been a happy child! Some of them did not believe there was any God. None of them could read. They all lied, swore, stole, used wicked words, and had furious tempers.

The Rough House was full. It was like a den of wild beasts. But once holy Daniel and an angel were in a lions' den. Good Winchern and the angel of charity were in the Rough House.

One boy, the day he came in, threatened to kill all the other boys with a spade, and then ran and turned all the pigs into the garden and chased them over the beds with an axe. Some of these children had such terrible tongues that they were not allowed to speak for weeks after they came. They were fed, cleaned, clothed, taught. They were set to work, and lovingly treated, and given things for their own.

The Rough House lay outside of the city, and the boys cultivated plants and vegetables, and had cows, pigs, and sheep, and pigeons and fowls.

One day Mr. Winchern was walking in Hamburg, when he found a poor girl crying. She was cold, hungry, unhappy.

"Who are you?" he asked.
"The worst girl in Hamburg," she said.
"And where is your home?"
"I have no home, and I hate everybody!" cried the girl.
"Come, then, with me, and I will give you a home; and everybody will love you until you love them."

So he took her toward the Rough House; and there he hired another house, making "The Rough House for Girls." Into this he put some kind women, and gathered other miserable girls. These poor things were taught to sew, to cook, to wash, and to do house-work. They learned to read, and they all studied the Bible.

"Whose house is this?" a stranger asked one day at the Rough House gate.

"It is the house of Jesus Christ," said a boy who stood by; "for no man would have opened a house for such as we were if Jesus Christ had not put it into his heart."

Yes; we must be sure that nothing but the grace of Jesus Christ could have made honest, useful citizens of these child-idiot, thieves, drunkards, and liars. But God was good; and these, whose sins were as scarlet, he washed white as snow.—*Child's World.*

"MY MOTHER'S BEEN PRAYING."

IN February, 1861, a terrible gale raged along the coast of England. In one bay, Hartlepool, it wrecked eighty-one vessels. While the storm was at its height, the *Rising Sun*, a stout brig, struck on Longrear Rock, a reef extending a mile from one side of the bay. She sank, leaving only her two topmasts above the foaming waves.

The lifeboats were away, rescuing wrecked crews. The only means of saving the men, clinging to the swaying masts, was the rocket apparatus. Before it could be adjusted, one mast fell. Just as the rocket, bearing the life-line, went booming out of the mortar, the other mast toppled over.

Sadly the rocket men began to draw in their line, when, suddenly, they felt that something was attached to it, and in a few minutes hauled on to the beach

the apparently lifeless body of a sailor-boy. Trained and tender hands worked, and in a short time he became conscious. The *Sunday Magazine* may describe the final scene:

With wild amazement, he gazed around on the crowd of kind and sympathizing friends. They raised him to his feet. He looked up into the weather-beaten face of the old fisherman near him and asked:

"Where am I?"
"Thou art here, my lad."
"Where's the cap'n?"
"Drowned, my lad."
"The mate, then?"
"He's drowned, too."
"The crew?"
"They are all lost, my lad: thou art the only one saved."

The boy stood, overwhelmed, for a few moments; then he raised both his hands, and cried in a loud voice:

"My mother's been praying for me! My mother's been praying for me!"

And then he dropped on his knees, on the wet sand, and hid his sobbing face in his hands.

Hundreds heard that day this tribute to a mother's love, and to God's faithfulness in listening to a mother's prayers.

The little fellow was taken to a house near by, and in a few days he was sent home to his mother's cottage in Northumberland.—*Youth's Companion.*

SALT IN THE SEA.

IN its deepest parts the sea is intensely blue, but where it is shallow it is a bright green color, which prevails until soundings cease to be struck. Some people ascribe the blue to the reflection of the sky, and say, that if the green water which is found nearer land were piled up in a basin as deep as that which holds the blue, it would be the same color. But the true cause of the difference between the two is the quantity of salt which the water contains. Some parts of the sea are much saltier than others, and it is these which are the bluest.

That the sea water is denser in one part than another is the result of evaporation, less rainfall and a smaller importation of fresh water by means of rivers, etc. It is estimated that eight feet of water are annually withdrawn from the Red Sea by evaporation only, and it is not surprising that it is saltier than the Baltic, where the evaporation is very small, and where, unlike it, there is an influx of water from various streams and heavy annual rainfalls.

But why is the ocean salt at all? The streams which feed it bring with them the salts of the soil through which they pass. As evaporation is ever going on, one would think that sea-water must ever grow more lime like; but such is not the case. The heavy heated waters of the tropics carry saline matter to be absorbed by the fresher waters, which in their turn rush forth to seek a home in hospitable regions; and hence it is that the seas from which there is no evaporation, and which receive abundant supplies from rivers, etc., keep up their character and do not become saltless lakes.

So the sea is salt by reason of the earth-washings which are poured into it; it has different densities because of evaporation, rainfalls and rivers, and it is prevented from stagnating by a universal system of ocean currents.

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

THE diseases of the body are to be prevented by temperance, or cured by medicine, or rendered tolerable by patience.

THIRTY-THREE reformed drunkards joined one Methodist Episcopal Church in Cleveland, Ohio, in one year. That does not look as if it were impossible to reach the drunkard.

THE Mayor of Birmingham, England, recently said that the 20 coffee-houses opened there, were patronized by 150,000 customers a week, and that in consequence there is a great decrease of crime.

"TELL me I hate the bowl—
Hate is a feeble word;
I loathe, abhor, my very soul
By strong disgust is stirred,
When'er I see, or hear, or tell
Of the dark revenge of Hell!"

THE yearly consumption of ale—a beverage which is, certainly, less used than many others—in Philadelphia alone amounts to 300,000 barrels, representing an expenditure by the consumers of \$3,000,000.

At the New York East Conference, Bishop Warren said:—"I know of one whole conference that abstains from the use of tobacco." Then, of course, rapturous applause. But last of all, when the uproar had ceased, he added, "It was a coloured conference."

THE *Christian Advocate* declares that whoever inculcates temperance, regularity, self-denial, honest industry, as opposed to idleness and excess of every kind, teaches what will increase the average duration and productiveness of human life.

AN exchange says that the temperance movement is at high tide in England, and the revenue from intoxicating liquors is falling off. Since October, 1880, 1,000,000 people have put on the blue ribbon, and 500,000 have signed the pledge.

THE amount spent for intoxicating liquors in the United States last year was \$750,000,000. The value of all the church property in the United States was but \$354,000,000. Half a year's total abstinence therefore would save a nation more than the value of the entire church property.

MR. GOUGH, in a recent address in Boston, said: "I was rescued from drunkenness by the Washingtonian movement in 1842, the principle of which was moral suasion as opposed to legal enactments; but when I speak in favour of total abstinence, I speak in favour of prohibition. I am not only a prohibitionist, but an annihilationist. I believe in no compromise with the liquor traffic."

AT a temperance meeting in New York, Judge Davis said he had never belonged to a temperance society, but he believed intemperance to be one of the greatest evils of modern life. In the twenty-six years he had sat on the bench of the Supreme Court it had been his duty to pass sentence of death on a great many of his fellow-beings, and in nearly every case the only excuse which the poor wretches could plead was that they were drunk. The law most unjustly and inconsistently made intoxication an aggravation of the crime and at the same time licensed drunkenness.

GOD'S WORK.

BY ELLA WHEZLER.

GATHERING brands from the burning,
Plucking them out of the fire,
Lifting the sheep that have wandered
Out of the dust and the mire,
Bringing home sheaves from the harvest
To lay at the Master's feet—
Lord, all thy hosts of angels
Must smile on a life so sweet.

Speaking with fear of no man,
Speaking with love for all,
Warning the young and thoughtless
From the wild "cast," "Alcohol,"
Showing the snares that the tempter
Weaveth on every hand—
Lord, all thy dear, dear angels
Must smile on a life so grand.

Fighting the bloodless battle
With a heart that is true and bold,
Fighting it not for glory,
Fighting it not for gold,
But out of love for his neighbor,
And out of love for his Lord;
I know that the hands of the angels
Will crown him with his reward.
— *Youth's Temperance Banner.*

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, JULY 28, 1883

SUNDAY-SCHOOL INTERESTS AT THE CONFERENCES.

THE importance of the subject, will justify the reproduction from the *Banner*, of the following editorial:—

Much time was given to these important interests at the three Western Conferences, which we had the pleasure to attend, and we presume also at the Eastern Conferences. Vigorous and efficient Conference Sunday-school Committees, composed of practical and zealous Sunday-school workers, held several sessions, revised the Conference Sunday-school work, and brought in important reports, recording remarkable progress and making important suggestions. The Editor of the *Banner* was kindly accorded the privilege of meeting two of these committees, and taking counsel with them as to the best method of promoting Sunday-school work. Time did not permit him to meet the third. We were greatly pleased with the deepening and broadening interest exhibited in everything connected with this important department of our Church operations. Never were the statistical reports so full, so accurate, so encouraging. The number

of schools and officers is largely increased. The amounts of money raised for school and missionary purposes, and for the Sunday School Aid and Extension Fund are also largely in advance. Many thousands of scholars are being recorded as being enrolled in Temperance Societies. And best of all, by the blessing of God upon the labours of the teachers and officers, many hundreds of conversions are reported in the schools, and many thousands of scholars are meeting in class. As soon as we receive the Sunday-school statistics from all the Conferences we shall tabulate them and present the results for the encouragement of our readers.

The Sunday school Editor was very cordially received at all the Conferences which he had the pleasure of visiting. Many testimonies were received of the appreciation of the improved character of the Sunday school periodicals, and of the great benefit that is being done by the Sunday-school Aid and Extension Fund, in helping poor schools and planting new ones in places where none had previously existed. As one result of the increased circulation of our own periodicals, the *London Conference* alone reports a decrease of 4,000 in the circulation of foreign periodicals, their place being taken by our own connexional papers. The most cordial co-operation has been given by the ministers on the circuits, or this gratifying result could not have been reached; and with the continuation of that co-operation still greater progress in the future may be anticipated.

The important subject of Methodist Union occupied much time. The discussion was, with scarce an exception, of a very frank and brotherly character. Although differences of opinion were manifested, the bond of brotherhood was unbroken. The result of the vote was recognized as the voice of God bidding us "go forward," and His guiding hand, we are confident, will lead His Church into a world of enlarged usefulness and prosperity, and will, we doubt not, greatly increase the scope and efficiency of our Sunday-school operations.

A GOOD WAY TO KEEP HOLIDAY.

IT is not every one who knows how to keep holiday well. Very often public holidays are very dull days because one does not know what to do, or very sad days because one does what he ought not to do. There are a great many temptations to spend a holiday in a wrong way. There is more drinking and carousing at the taverns than in a whole week of ordinary days. Very often there are horse races, or boat races, or betting games and matches to which many throng to their great moral detriment.

Now, it may be said it is no part of the Church's work to provide amusement for the people. Perhaps not; but if the Church, not satisfied with merely saying, "you must not do this," or "you must not do that," shows a more excellent way, and guides and controls the amusements of the young, it is doing a grand service for God and for man, and is saving the young from many a peril and many a snare.

We have been led into this train of remark by our experience on Dominion Day, July 2nd. We accepted an invitation from our old friend, the Rev. J. E. Howell, M.A., to attend a Sun-

day-school anniversary near Aurora. On our way out by train we found that the Berkeley Street Methodist Church Young Peoples' Association were having a very successful and pleasant picnic at Davenport. On reaching Aurora we were driven to a beautiful grove at Pisgah, a church which received its name from Dr. Punshon, of honoured memory. Here all the people, young and old, babies and all, in the whole country side seemed to be present; and with swings and quoits, and fun and frolic, and a plentiful supply of sandwiches and pies and cakes, and "the cup that cheers, but not inebriates," were enjoying themselves immensely. A fine brass band discoursed sweet music at frequent intervals. The Rev. Mr. Jones, Primitive Methodist minister, and the pastor of the circuit made capital speeches; and the present writer, for three-quarters of an hour, discoursed on themes loyal and patriotic, and pertaining to Sunday-school work; and the Sunday-school exchequer was handsomely replenished.

Now we submit that this was a very sensible way of spending the holiday. But for this gathering many of the young men would probably have driven to neighbouring villages, and have been exposed to the temptation to indulge in something a good deal stronger than the tea and talk of the woodland festival. We would again suggest to pastors and Sunday-school officers: Try, on a public holiday, to have some pleasant entertainment like this; save the young people from temptation and harm, and, at the same time, help your schools and Churches.

FURTHER UNION VOTES.—In addition to the votes previously reported, the following Conferences of the Methodist Church of Canada have spoken: Nova Scotia carried union on the Basis, by a vote of 34 for and 31 against. Newfoundland, also, by a vote of 26 for and 3 against; and New Brunswick, by a vote of 40 for and 28 against. The following is the result of the vote in the Conferences of the Methodist Church of Canada:

	FOR.	AGAINST.
Montreal Conference	66	51
London "	88	101
Toronto "	137	37
Nova Scotia "	34	31
Newfoundland "	26	3
New Brunswick	40	28
Prince Ed. Island "		
	391	251

Majority for Basis 140.

The vote of the Quarterly Meetings showed that the laity were even stronger in figure than the ministry, for 646 Quarterly Boards voted for, while only 86 voted against, with 10 ties.

The Methodist Episcopal Church is surprising the most sanguine with its large vote in favour of the Basis. The returns to the present of the vote in the Quarterly Conferences are as follows: Total vote, 89; 76 for, 8 opposed, and 5 ties.—*Christian Journal.*

Canadian Methodist Magazine. Price \$2 a year; \$1 for six months; 20 cents per number. For sale at all bookstores.

The most striking feature of the July number of this Magazine, which begins the XVIIIth volume, is the article on "The Last Forty Years in Canada," illustrated by six admirable engravings of Quebec, after drawings by H. R. H. the Princess Louise. A four-page poem by the Marquis of Lorne is also

given. "An Old Colonial Pilgrimage," by the Editor, describes a visit to the old historic towns of New England, illustrated by eight fine engravings. Stanley's "Dark Continent" has six engravings—making a score in all in this number. Among the other articles are "Higher Education in Canada," by President Nelles, "Woman's Work for Women in Heathen Lands," by Mrs. L. J. Harvio; "The Salvation Army," by Thomas Harris, "Why Jesus Christ was a Poor Man," by D. Heath; "The Opium Trade," by J. Liggins; "The Conference Union Vote," by the Editor, and copious book notices. Early numbers will contain three articles on the Dominion of Canada, with thirty engravings of Canadian subjects; also, "Royal Palaces of England," "Italian Pictures," etc., etc.

Wanted, six hundred new subscribers to take a "trial trip" of six months for \$1.

The Young Mechanic. By the Rev. J. LUKIN. 12mo., pp. 346. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, \$1.75.

No class of boys better deserve encouragement than those having mechanical tastes and aptitudes. No class of men are more useful and independent than good mechanics. This book tells how to become one. It gives directions for the use of all kinds of tools, and for the construction of all manner of mechanisms from a table to a steam engine, including the art of turning in wood and metal. It is copiously illustrated, and will be a perpetual delight to an ingenious and handy boy. It will be found suggestive also even to the experienced and the skilful.

Amongst Machines. By the Rev. J. LUKIN. 12mo., pp. 335. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, \$1.75.

This is another book for boys by the author of "The Young Mechanic." It answers the ever-recurring question of every inquisitive boy, "How was it made?" It tells all about wood, metal, and glass working; how to make everything from a pen or pin to a locomotive or steamship. Mechanical principles are explained. Smelting and the like processes are described, and the scientific applications of electricity, etc., illustrated by numerous engravings. It will be found a very interesting and instructive work for either old or young, and is a volume to be commended above a dozen stories.

The Wings of Courage. Stories for boys and girls. Adapted from the French by MARIE E. FIELD. Pp. 232. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, \$1.25.

The French have a special aptitude for preparing bright and clever juvenile books, combining a lively imagination with instructive lessons. This we judge to be one of the best of its class. Little folk beginning to read will be beguiled to overcome the difficulties of the task by the fascination of the stories.

A PREACHER, who was not well acquainted with the elocutionary art, placed the inflection on the wrong word, followed the literal italic in 1 Kings xiii. 27, and read: "And he spake unto his sons, saying, Saddle me the ass. And they saddled him."



THE YOUNG MECHANIC.—(See next page.)

THE ELEPHANT SOLDIER.

LONG, long ago, on India's plains,
There raged a battle fierce and strong;
The din of musketry was heard,
And cannon's roar was loud and long.
Old Hero marched with stately tread
His part to act in the affray,
And on his back, above all heads,
The royal ensign waved that day.

Fondly the soldiers viewed their flag,
Which shook its colours to the air.
Proudly the mahout rode, and sent
His watchful gaze now here, now there.
Till "Halt!" he cried, and Hero heard,
And instantly the word obeyed,
When, lo! a flash, a shriek, and then
His driver with the slat was laid.

Oh, fierce and hot the combat grew!
Yet patiently old Hero stood
And set it all, the while his feet
Where stained, alas! with human blood.
His ears were strained to catch the voice
Which only could his steps command,
Nor would he turn when men grew weak,
And panic spread on either hand.

But yet the standard waved aloft;
The fleeing soldiers saw it. "Lo!
We are not conquered yet," they cried,
And rallying, closed upon the foe.
Then turned the tide of conquest, and
The royal ensign waved at last
Victorious o'er the blood-stained field
Just as the weary day was past.

Yet waited Hero for the word
Of him whose sole command he knew—
Wanted, nor moved one ponderous foot,
To his own captain's orders true.
Three lonely nights, three lonely days,
Poor Hero "halted." Bribe nor threat
Could stir him from the spot. And on
His back he bore the standard yet.

Then thought the soldiers of a child
Who lived one hundred miles away.
"The mahout's son! fetch him!" they cried;
"His voice the creature will obey."
He came, the little orphaned lad,
Scarce nine years old. But Hero knew
That many a time the master's son
Had been the "little driver" too.

Obediently the brave old head
Was bowed before the child, and then,
With one long, wistful glance around,
Old Hero's march began again.
Onward he went. The trappings hung
All stained and tattered at his side,
And no one saw the cruel wound
On which the blood was scarcely dried.

But when at last the tents were reached,
The suffering Hero raised his head,
And trumpeting his mortal pain,
Looked for the master who was dead.
And then about his master's son
His trunk old Hero feebly wound,
And ere another day had passed
A soldier's honoured grave had found.
—Harper's Young People.

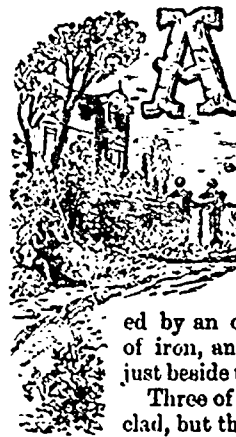
THE YOUNG MECHANIC.

OUR young mechanic, with a level
rolled up and hammer in hand,
is ready for business. He is
well equipped, and to judge
from his bright, happy face, he has
been at the same work before,—that
he is at home on the bench. From
the coat hanging on the wall and the
carpet of trimly-cut shavings, we guess
an older hand has held the plane; but
our little fellow is not willing to wait
to grow big before he begins his career,
and he is in the right of it; though
the father may find his plane nicked,
his saw dulled, the edge of his chisel
turned, and his choice pieces of timber
peppered with nails; yet all this goes
to educate the young Robert, and the
father who makes his son the com-
panion of his work and studies, has
good reason to expect great things of
him. One little man may be brain-
building his minute bridge, lighthouse,
steamboat, iron-clad, church or cathe-
dral. This is just the school out of
which have come the great inventions
that have benefited the world.

Stephenson, one of the greatest en-
gineers the world ever saw, moulded
engines in clay for want of better ma-
terial, when a boy. The carpenter's
shop was the school of the builder of
the great Plymouth break water, and
of the famous London bridges, John
Rennie, when a boy. Watt, the in-
ventor of the steam engine, was too
feeble when a child to attend school
with any regularity, so he became, to
a great extent, his own instructor in
mechanics, for which he manifested a
liking. The hand-saw and the plane
were the instruments of education in
the hands of Jones, to whom England
is indebted for her first specimens of
classical architecture. Robert Fuller
when a mere child, evinced a taste for
mechanics, and while other boys of his
age were at play, he found his amuse-
ment in the work-shops of his native
village. So we conclude that our
young Robert is in the right place at
the right time, to contribute to the
true prosperity of the world in the
future.

WAS HE A COWARD?

BY FRANK H. STAUFFER.



A GROUP of boys
had stopped
upon the side-
walk. To the
left of them
were extensive
grounds, laid
out in walks,
and thickly
dotted with
shrubbery. It
was surround-

ed by an ornamental fence
of iron, and the boys stood
just beside the wide gateway.

Three of them were richly
clad, but the fourth boy was
poorly dressed, and stood
apart from the others, his face flushed,
his hands thrust into his pockets.

He was a sturdy, close-knit fellow,
with mild blue eyes and a resolute
mouth. There had been a quarrel, and
the three boys had taken sides against
him.

"Ben Greenleaf, you are a coward,"
one of them said.

"Well, now—maybe not," he replied,
his blue eyes sparkling.

"Why don't you prove that you are
not?" was the retort. "Dick called
you by some ugly names."

"He will be sorry for it some time,"
replied Ben.

"Is that a threat?" asked Dick
Carson, loftily.

He was a tall, slightly built boy,
with a bright red scarf around his neck.
He wasn't a match for Ben, either in
muscle or endurance, though his conceit
led him to believe that he was.

"Knock his hat off," suggested one
of Dick's companions. "See if he'll
stand it."

"Why don't you fight?" asked the
third boy, glaring at Ben. "You shall
have fair play. We are Dick's friends,
but we'll not interfere."

"Oh! I wouldn't want you to," re-
joined Dick Carson. "I'm quite able
to handle him. Will you fight?"

A faint pallor came into the sturdy
boy's face. He compressed his lips,
then said:

"No."

"You are afraid."

"You would get the worst of it,
Dick."

"Oh my!" exclaimed Dick. "You
don't want to hurt me,—eh? Well,
now, that's considerate in you! I'll
see what sort of stuff you're made of."

As he spoke he stepped forward and
struck Ben a blow on the cheek with
his open hand. It was not a stinging
blow, but it was a very tantalizing one.

Ben Greenleaf's blood surged into his
face, and his eyes snapped. He had a
fierce struggle with himself, but it was
of short duration. He was a little
Christian, and knew where to look for
strength.

"You have concluded to pocket the
insult,—eh?" Dick asked, with a sneer.
"You're made of putty," said the
second boy.

"You're a coward," declared the
third.

"I am brave enough to walk away,"
Ben said, in a slow, hurt tone. "The
Bible says that he who ruleth his spirit
is greater than he who taketh a city."

"Just listen!" cried Dick Carson.
"Let's call him the little parson,"
suggested one of the boys, at which
the others laughed.

A young lady came from behind
some lilac bushes, and walked close to
the iron fence. She had overheard and
witnessed all.

When Dick Carson saw her, the
blood rushed to his face. She was his
Sunday-school teacher, and he knew
how meanly he had acted.

"Greenleaf, come here," she said.
"Wait, boys."

She spoke quietly, but there was
something very positive in her manner.
The poorly clad boy walked nearer,
with an humble, embarrassed air.

"Dick," Miss Webb asked, "your
little sister Nelly was nearly drowned
at Atlantic City, last summer?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"She was in bathing?"

"With mamma. The under-tow
carried her out."

"Who saved her?"

"Some boy, Miss Webb."

"You never learned his name?"

"No, ma'am."

"Was he a coward?"

"A coward! I should think not,
Miss Webb! It nearly cost him his
life."

"Strong men looked helplessly on."
"They were too much frightened to
stir, Miss Webb."

"It was a heroic act, Dick. The
guests at the hotel made him up a sum
of money, and presented him with a
medal. He was errand-boy about the
bath-houses at the time. Master
Greenleaf, have you the medal with
you?"

"Yes, ma'am," stammered Ben.

"Show it."

"Oh! never mind it, ma'am," he
said, his face reddening.

"Show it," insisted she.

He produced the medal, his embar-
rassment increasing.

Miss Webb took the medal.
"Presented to Master Benjamin
Greenleaf, for his heroic conduct in
saving," etc. She went on reading.

"Miss Webb," asked Dick Carson,
with wide-open eyes and fluttering
cheeks, "is this the—the—boy who
saved our little Nelly from drowning?"

"Yes, Dick. Is he a coward?"

"No!" cried Dick, explosively.

"You said he was."

"I am the coward, and am heartily
ashamed of myself, besides. Ben
Greenleaf, I'm sorry I struck you, and
called you names; I take it all back.

Will you not believe that I am in
earnest?"

"Yes," replied Ben.

"If you know how meanly I feel
about it, you'd forgive me right heartily.
I want to be a friend to a boy who has
as much pluck as you have, and who
can so well control his temper under
gross insult."

"I am just as sorry," the second boy
said.

"So am I for everything I said," de-
clared the third.

"Miss Webb, I have been taught a
lesson," Dick Carson said, humbly.
"I have a better idea of what real
bravery is."

"It seems we don't always know,"
remarked Miss Webb, with a quiet but
very significant smile.

"GOOD ENOUGH FOR HOME."

LYDIA, why do you put on
that forlorn old dress?" asked
Emily Manners of her cousin,
one morning, after she had
spent the night at Lydia's house.

The dress in question was a spotted,
faded, old summer silk, which only
looked the more forlorn for its once
fashionable trimmings, now crumpled
and frayed.

"Oh, anything is good enough for
home!" said Lydia, hastily pinning on
a soiled collar; and twisting up her
hair in a ragged knot, she went down
to breakfast.

"Your hair is coming down," said
Emily.

"Oh, never mind; it's good enough
for home," said Lydia, carelessly.
Lydia had been visiting at Emily's
home, and had always appeared in the
prettiest of morning-dresses, and with
neat hair and dainty collar and cuffs;
but now that she was back home again,
she seemed to think that anything
would answer, and went about untidy
and in soiled finery. At her uncle's
she had been pleasant and polite, and
had won golden opinions from all; but
with her own family her manners were
as careless as her dress. She seemed
to think that courtesy and kindness
were too expensive for home-wear, and
that anything would do for home.

There are too many people who, like
Lydia, seem to think that anything
will do for home; whereas, effort to
keep one's self neat, and to treat father,
mother, sister, brother, and servant
kindly and courteously is as much a
duty as to keep from falsehood and
stealing.—Early Dew.

COME.

HAVE heard that in the des-
erts, when the caravans are in
want of water they are accus-
tomed to send on a camel, with its rider,
some distance in advance; then, after a
little space, follows another; and then,
at a short interval, another. As soon
as the first man finds water, almost
before he stoops down to drink, he
shouts aloud, "Come!" The next one,
hearing the voice, repeats the word,
"Come!" while the nearest again takes
up the cry, "Come!" until the whole
wilderness echoes with the word,
"Come!" So in that verse, the Spirit
and the bride say, first of all, "Come!"
and then let him that heareth say,
"Come!" and whosoever is athirst, let
him come, and take of the water of life
freely.—Spurgeon.

THE SHIP THAT IS COMING FROM OVER THE SEA

(From "Lights and Shadows of Forty Year"
BY HENRY HEARTWELL.

WHEN mamma's ship comes from over the sea,
What do you think it will bring here to me?
I know what I want—a nice parlor-set
For dollie, my baby, my sweet little pet!
With four pretty chairs, a rosewood settee,
And carpet of velvet, how grand she will be!
How I do wish it would come right away!
What can be the matter that makes the ship stay!

Dear Annie, my daughter, be patient, and wait,
Your wants are so many, so costly, so great!
The country is distant, it takes a long time
For the ship to come back from the far-away clime!

And so through December to April and May,
The last thing at night and the first thing at day,
The two little eyes have been looking to see
The ship that is coming from over the sea!

In the midsummer hours, on the face of the sky,
Many cloud-woven barks sailed lazily by,
To the home of the watcher some came very near,
And loitered a moment, but dropped only a tear,
Till hope from the heart of the watcher had fled,
And the bright little eyes from long weeping were red,
Waiting, and watching, and longing to see
The ship that is coming from over the sea!

And there lay the sick one, in the shadows and gloom,
Near the fond mother's heart, in the small, darkened room,
And the sleeper lies dreaming, and sees from afar
A ship at whose mast-head is a bright-beaming star;
Down, down it is coming, and the Captain is he
Who said, "Suffer the children to come unto me!"
Weep! grief-stricken mother! for thus it must be,
This is the ship that is come from over the sea!

O sorrowful mother! how keen is the dart
That pierces with anguish your grief-laden heart!
Your promises broken bring the thorn of regret
To plant with the flowers on the grave of your pet!
So short is the season, and so brief is the stay
Of life's dearest treasures, till they hasten away,
It is best not to wait for the joys that may be,
Till the great ship is coming from over the sea!

A TALK WITH TOM.

YOU want to know, Tom, what is the first quality of manhood?

Well, listen. I am going to tell you in one little word of five letters. And I am going to write that word in very loud letters as though you were deaf, so that you may never forget it. The word is "truth."

Now, then, remember truth is the only foundation on which can be erected a manhood that is worthy of being so called.

Now, mark what I say, truth must be the foundation on which the whole character is erected, for otherwise, no matter how beautiful the upper stories may be, and no matter of how good material they may be built, the edifice, the character, the manhood, will be but a sham which offers no sure refuge and protection to those who seek it, for it will tumble down when trial comes.

Alas, my boy, the world is very full of such shams of manhood, in every profession and occupation. There are

lawyers in this town who know that they have never had any training to fit them for their work, who yet impose upon the people, and take their money for giving them advice which they know they are unfitted to give. I heard of one who advised his partner "never to have anything to do with law-books, for they would confuse his mind!"

There are ignorant physicians who know that they are ignorant, and who can and do impose upon people more ignorant than themselves. There are preachers without number pretending to know what they have never learned. Don't you see that their manhood is at best but a beautiful deceit!

Now, I want you to be a man, and that you may be that, I want you first and foremost to be true, thoroughly true. I hope you would scorn to tell a lie, but that is only the very beginning of truthfulness. I want you to despise all sham, all pretence, all effort to seem to be otherwise than we are.

When we have laid that foundation then we can go on to build up a manhood, glorious and godlike after the perfect image of Him the perfect Man, who said that He was born that he might bear witness to the truth.—*Bishop Dudley.*

OUR NEXT GOVERNOR GENERAL, THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE.

who has been selected to succeed the Marquis of Lorne as Governor General of Canada—a much-coveted post—is a scion of a noble house and honorable lineage. The grandfather of the present marquis was a "Rupert of debate" in the House of Lords thirty years ago, and had a somewhat singular method of preparing himself for a great speech. It was his custom, on the afternoon of an impending debate in the house, to walk around the garden in rear of Lansdowne house in Piccadilly, muttering to himself, cane in hand, and to switch off tops of flowers or whatever had an upright stalk, as if chastising imaginary enemies. The faithful old gardener felt so chagrined that he would retire to hide his vexation, knowing the danger of disturbing his master in a reverie of excited thoughts. The present marquis, when a child, was so scrupulously tended by a doting young mother that neither cream nor butter was allowed to pass the infant's lips lest it should mar a delicate complexion. The natural result was a debility and sickly paleness which warranted invoking the advice of the queen's physician, Sir Benjamin Brodie. This eminent Esculapius immediately created a revolution in the nursery by prescribing rich cream and fresh butter *ad libitum*. The nurse was instructed to allow the little fellow to steep his chubby fists and arms to the elbows, if the nascent lord should feel so disposed, so grease might enter the system at every pore. The sequel showed a healthy, bouncing lordling. His father, Lord Shelburne, was the eldest son of the former marquis, and the present marquis' title as the eldest son of Lord Shelburne was Lord Camorris, so that the dignified title he now wears is his second name.

PAT says that if men could only hear their own funeral sermons and read their own head-stones, there would be no living in the world with them.

"JUST FOR FUN."

HERE are some thoughtless people who, "just for fun," are willing to give others pain. It matters not how others suffer if they themselves can have a little sport. They do not hesitate to frighten timid and nervous people, that they may have the pleasure of enjoying their misery and their fright. When such acts are repeated it indicates not only thoughtlessness, but actual cruelty.

The results are sometimes very sad. Cases are known in which people have been frightened out of their reason; and when that is not the fact the effects of the fright are often seen in other ways.

A young man once boasted that he could not be frightened, even by a ghost. Some of his comrades determined to put his courage to the test. He kept a loaded revolver lying near his bed, and one evening they managed to get it and draw the balls. After he had gone to bed one of them, dressed in white, and his face completely covered, entered the room. The young man fired at him, and again and again, till he had emptied all the chambers of the pistol; and, finding that none of the shots took effect, he was overwhelmed with a terror, and went stark mad.

The young men had their "fun," but how must they have felt afterward? Did such fun pay?

One day one of the young women employed as a weaver in a cotton mill took a small snake with her, and after frightening several of her companions, threw the reptile upon one of them. The latter was so frightened that she fell down in convulsions.

The young woman had her fun! Do you suppose she enjoyed it much when she saw the sad results of her folly?

We cannot be too careful of the feelings and infirmities of others. To frighten people is mean and cruel. There are enough innocent sources of amusement without resorting to this.

THE FIRE THAT OLD NICK BUILT.

INTEMPERANCE.

This is the fire that Old Nick built.

MODERATE DRINKING.

This is the fuel that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

RUM SELLING.

This is the axe that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

LOVE OF MONEY.

This is the stone that grinds the axe that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

PUBLIC OPINION.

This is the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the axe that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

A TEMPERANCE MEETING.

This is one of the blows that we quietly deal to fashion the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the axe that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

This is the smith that works with a will to give the blow that we quietly

deal to fashion the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the axe that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.

ETERNAL TRUTH.

This is the spirit so gentle and still that nerves the spirit to work with a will to give force to the blows which we quietly deal to fashion the sledge with its face of steel that batters the stone that grinds the axe that cuts the wood that feeds the fire that Old Nick built.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

HINDOO GIRLS AND THEIR DOLLS.

ONCE a year, just before the Dassarah festival, the little Hindoo girls destroy their dolls. The girls dress themselves in the brightest colours, and march through the busy bazaars of the city and along roads shaded by overhanging mango or sissou trees, till they come to water—probably a tank built by some pious Hindoo. A crowd of men and women follow them. Round the tank are feathery bamboos, plantains with their broad, hanging leaves, and mango-trees, and on every side are flights of steps leading down to the water. Down the steps the little bare feet go; and taking a last look at their favourite dolls, they toss them into the water. No Hindoo girl has such a family of dolls as many of our readers have in this country. But her dolls cost very little, and so the lost one is easily replaced. They are made of rags, or more generally of mud or clay, dried in the sun or baked in an oven, and rudely daubed with paint. An English doll is a marvel to a Hindoo girl. The fair hair, blue eyes, pretty face, and the clothes that are put on and taken off, fill her with wonder. In some of the mission-schools the scholars get presents at Christmas, and the girls get dolls, to their great delight.

JAPAN.

BEFORE 1872 there was not a single Christian in all Japan, and now there are six or seven thousand adult followers of Christ. The people are "neither rich nor poor," nowhere in Japan could he find a millionaire, but neither could he find a tramp or beggar. Until Christian women entered Japan there would be no "homes," houses there were, but no home circle nor family life; there is no marriage service whatever, a priest merely offers the bride and groom sake, which is beer made from rice, and then pronounces them man and wife. Divorce is easy, and the man has it all in his own hands. A wife cannot divorce her husband, but he can send her away for a very small cause; for instance, if she talks too much, or if he thinks she does, or if she has any chronic disease he can divorce her. If he is a kindhearted man he may provide for her maintenance or even let her stay and work in his house, but at best a wife in Japan is only a servant, and divorces in Tokio are more than sixty per cent.

VISITOR (endeavouring to impart information to a young mind): "The little bird in the cage belongs to the finch family, and—" Three-year-old listener: "No, it don't; it belongs to me."

"WE RANDED A'VAY."

Two little rascally darlings, they stood
Hand clasped in hand and eyes full of
glee,
Stock-still in the midst of the crowded street,
Naughty as ever children could be.

Horses to right of them, horses to left,
Men hurrying breathless to and fro,
Nobody stopping to wonder at them,
Nobody there with a right to know.

Oh, what a chance for a full truant joy!
Earth holds no other equal delight,
Hark! it is over—a shriek fills the air,
A woman's face flashes pallid white—

"Oh, babies! whose are you? How came
you here?"
The busy street halts aghast, at bay;
Sorens smile the infants, as heavenly clear
They both speak together: "We randed
away!"

The crowd and bustle awayed on again,
The babies were safe and had lost their fun,
And we who saw felt a sorest pain
Halt envy of what the babes had done;

And said in our hearts, lack! if we tell
The truth, and the whole truth, we must
say,
We never get now so good a time
As we used to have when we "randed
away."

—Wide Awake.

SMILES.

A REMARKABLY honest Chicago doctor sent in a certificate of death the other day with his name signed in the space reserved for "Cause of death."

"HERE now," said a mother to her little boy, "take this good medicine. It's as sweet as sugar." "Mamma, I love little brother," the boy replied; "give it to him."

An Englishman once said: "You can make something of a Scotchman if you catch him young." In this respect every human being is a Scotchman.

AN indignant landlord writes that he adopted coils of fire escape rope in his bedrooms, and that three guests successfully escaped, though there was no fire. They left unpaid bills.

THE builder of a church, when the toast of his health was given, rather enigmatically replied that he was "more fitted for the scaffold than the public platform."

A COMPOSITOR, who was puzzling over one of Horace Greeley's manuscripts, sagely and savagely observed: "If Belshazzar had seen this handwriting on the wall, he would have been more terrified than he was."

A YOUNG lady was caressing a pretty spaniel, and murmuring, "I do love a nice dog!" "Ah!" sighed a dandy, standing near; "I would I were a dog." "Never mind," retorted the young lady, sharply, "you'll grow!"

A DISOBEDIENT little girl, being told by her mother that it was necessary that she should be whipped, said, "Well, ma, then I suppose I must, but won't you give me chloroform first?"

CHARLIE'S father wished to find out his son's bent, so he asked: "Charlie, what are you going to be when you grow up?" "Going to be a man!" came the quick response. "Isn't that a good thing to be?"

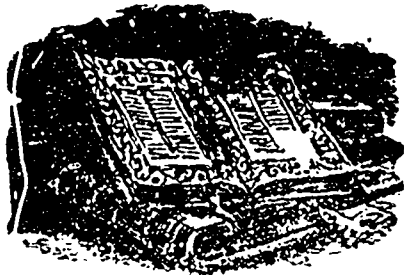
A MEMBER of a fashionable congregation called at a music store and inquired, "Have you the notes of a piece called the 'Song of Solomon'?" adding, "Our pastor referred to it yesterday as an exquisite gem, and my wife would like to learn to play it."

"A Loft to Let," is painted on a board suspended on the door of a Gold-street store. "Why don't you spell those words properly?" a customer asked the proprietor. "Because if we did no one would turn to read them. That extra 't' catches the eye."—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

AT a happy home the other evening, where the family was gathered round the tea-table entertaining unexpected guests, the fond mother said to her youngest darling, "Weedie, darling, be careful; you mustn't spill the berries on the table-cloth." "Taint a table-cloth," responded the darling, "it's a sheet!"

STORY from Paris: "Here, my friend," says the cashier, handing the customer a pile of silver dollars; "here is your money, \$38. Count it, to be sure it is all right." The customer begins to count—one, two, three, and so on, up to 17; then he puts the whole pile into his pocket with the remark: "Oh, it's correct so far as I have gone—the rest must be right also!"

THE parishioners of a clergyman in Scotland, in expressing to him their aversion to the use of manuscript sermons, asked, "What gars ye take up your bits of papers to the pulpit?" He replied that it was best, for really, he could not remember a sermon and must have his paper. "Weel, weel, minister," they retaliated, "if ye canna remember the sermon, then dinna expect that we can."



Search the Scriptures.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

B. C. 1444] LESSON VI. [Aug. 5.

THE CITIES OF REFUGE.

Josh. 20 1-9. Commit to memory vs. 1-3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Who have fled from refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us. Heb. 6. 18.

OUTLINE.

1. The Avenger of Blood. v. 1-6.
2. The Cities of Refuge. v. 7-9.

TIME.—B. C. 1444, at the close of the conquest.

PLACE.—The Israelites were now at Shiloh, the place of the tabernacle.

EXPLANATIONS.—There was a very ancient custom, which is still almost universal in the East, called *blood-revenge*. If any man was killed, whether by murder or by accident, his nearest relative was the *avenger of blood*, and had a right to kill the slayer wherever he found him, and without trial. It was impossible to break up this ancient custom among the Israelites, but to make it less severe and more just, God's law commanded that *cities of refuge* should be chosen in the land of Israel. As soon as the land of Canaan had been conquered and divided, these cities were set apart by Joshua. They were situated in prominent places, and in such central locations that from any place in the land a city of refuge could be reached in less than six hours. When any man killed another by accident, he might go to one of these cities. There his case was tried, and if found innocent of wilful murder, he could stay safely in the

city, or within a certain distance of its walls. While there the avenger of blood could not touch him; but if he went elsewhere, he was liable to be slain. This was not a protection for the guilty murderer, who was to be given up to the avenger of blood to be put to death. The innocent man-slayer stayed in the city of refuge until the *high-priest died*. Then he was permitted to return home, and to dwell in safety. The *city of refuge* was also a representation of Christ, who is our refuge from the penalty of sin, and who is a near, accessible, safe, and perfect refuge for all mankind.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where does this lesson show—

1. That God values human life very highly?
2. That God protects the innocent?
3. That we must fly to the refuge which God has given us?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. For whom were the cities of refuge appointed? For the innocent slayer of a man.
2. From whom was the innocent manslayer to find refuge? From the avenger of blood.
3. How long was he to remain in the city? Until the death of the high-priest.
4. How many cities of refuge were chosen? Six.
5. Who is our refuge? Christ.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Security in Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

31. Did Peter continue in his sin, or did he repent?

Peter did not continue in his sin of denying his Lord and Master; for Jesus cast his eye upon him, and he repented and wept bitterly.

B. C. 1427.] LESSON VII. [Aug. 12.

THE LAST DAYS OF JOSHUA.

Josh. 24, 14-29. Commit to memory vs. 14-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Choose you this day whom ye will serve. Josh. 24. 15.

OUTLINE.

1. The Appeal. v. 14, 15.
2. The Decision. v. 16-18.
3. The Warning. v. 19, 20.
4. The Covenant. v. 21-29.

TIME.—[The date of Joshua's death] B. C. 1427.

PLACE.—Shechem, between mounts Ebal and Gerizim.

EXPLANATIONS.—This lesson contains Joshua's appeal to serve God. It was given when he was an old man. *The gods which your fathers served*—The idols worshipped by the Mesopotamian ancestors of Abraham. *Other side of the flood*—The great river Euphrates is here called "the flood." *In Egypt*—The Israelites had worshipped the Egyptian idols. *Seem evil unto you*—If you prefer not to worship the Lord *Choose you*—He did not mean that it would be right for them to choose idols. *Brought us up*—God's mercies to Israel were a motive to his service. *The Amorites*—Here named for all the people of Canaan. *Cannot serve the Lord*—cannot unless you are whole-hearted and have help from God. *He will not forgive*—Meaning, "He will not overlook or pass by." *Strange gods*—Idols. *Put away the strange gods*—Some of the people had already begun to worship idols. *Covenant*—An agreement. *Statute and ordinance*—A law. *This stone shall be a witness*—The stone should stand to remind them. *It hath heard*—The law was read by the stone, which stood as a token of the people's pledge to obey it.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we find—

1. How we should serve God?
2. What is the character of God?
3. A promise to obey God?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Joshua call upon the people to do? To fear and serve the Lord.
2. What did the people say of the Lord? "He is our God."
3. What did Joshua then command them to do? To put away the strange gods.
4. What did Joshua and the people make in Shechem? A covenant to serve the Lord.
5. What did Joshua set up at Shechem? A stone of witness.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The divine attributes.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

32. Who condemned Christ to die? Caiaphas, the High Priest, condemned Christ as worthy of death; and Pontius Pilate, the Roman Governor, at the desire of the Jews, gave him up to be nailed to the cross.

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