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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 29, 1888.

[No. 20.

## WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE IN THAT CASE?

BY THE REV. E. A. RAND.

Not to-day, but years ago.

Let us imagine ourselves afloat in the Pacific Ocean. We are in a southerly corner of this vast sea, and ahead of us are islands of varying and picturesque form. They show traces of volcanic origin. It would seem as if some immense mountain one day, having "fired up" with unusual energy and raised all possible steam, had closed every vent-hole and then exploded to right and to left. These fragments, covered with verdure shaded by palms, have finally become the fascinating clusters of headland and valley that we contemplate.

On examination we shall find that these islands are in a division of Polynesia that has been marked "Volcanic Ridge" in a South-sea map. Here are islands that lift spire-like peaks or thrust up a cone whose head has been cut off. Sometimes the ground seems to have a fever-and-ague fit; that may be varied by a spout from a volcano. This section of Polynesia once was, and still is, partially the land of Vulcan, that stalwart smith with forges deep in the earth.

Look now at the island just ahead. We need fear no volcanic action in this generation. Would you like to go on shore? Be careful! We will come to the reason by-and-by. Just now we will view the natives from the water, the long, steady swell of the Pacific gently rocking the boat in which we have put off from the ship.

We will talk about the trees. They are of a tropical character, and among them are the graceful, useful palms. This is the land of the coconut. If a man own a grove of such growth, he can build a house out of its wood, find here the materials for various kinds of furniture, and it will give him something to eat as well as a bowl to eat it out of. Bread-fruit, plantains and bananas also abound. You see no grain-fields, and what is the need of them? From various roots (think of one that is eight feet long and a hundred pounds in weight), from the banana, bread-fruit and other esculent



SCENES IN FIJI ISLANDS.

growths, the natives obtain materials that they ferment without yeast in an original way. They bury the mass, allowing it to remain until fermented and otherwise prepared; and when it is dug up, dough for the cook is all ready. The animals are few. The rat is there, the bat also, and you will hear a dog bark and a pig squeal.

But there are human forms prowling under the palms along the shore, perhaps diving into the water, and they may be coming off in a canoe to interview us. We will, unless the stronger party, keep plenty of salt water between us and those

canoes. Their occupants would like to have us come closer and—eat us! "Horrible cannibals" are words that I find applied to them. We are not surprised to find other brutal customs among them. Did a man die who owned a slave? The slave must be put to death. Was the master a husband? His widow was strangled. Perhaps the man himself was put to death, for these people have an interesting custom of killing off the sick and the aged; they thought this was doing a kind thing. Killing was a favourite amusement. Was a canoe manufactured or a house built, or did an ambassador come from another tribe? Somebody must be killed. When they made killing a business and went to war, a native decked and ornamented for the occasion, surrounded with his weapons, was an object ugly enough by day, but peculiarly so at night, seen, for instance, by any one aroused out of a profound sleep. Of course these people were heathen. Their home was the country of the Fiji Islanders.

One October day about fifty years ago there appeared off Lakemba, a member of the Fiji Island group, two white men who wished to conquer and to change this cannibal race. Without fighting a battle, without lifting a weapon, they proposed to destroy their bloody customs, make them peaceable, loving, honest, temperate, pure. What would you have done in that case if you had been one of those would-be conquerors? They were Wesleyan missionaries, and

they purposed to attempt that great work by preaching and living the gospel of Jesus. Wonderful as any of the old miracles in the Word of God is the subjugation of a hard, rebellious, wicked, heathenish will to the rule of the cross. What shall be said of the miracle multiplied, of the subduing of a people? Those two heralds were missionaries from England—the Rev. Messrs Cross and Cargill. They came to a small island the population of which did not exceed a thousand souls. The chief was favourable to this extent: he gave the missionaries a piece of land and built a

house for each missionary's family. Going out from that fortress, this mission-force proposed to commence an assault on cannibalism and heathenism, though not a single gun was mounted on the walls and not a single soldier appeared to carry a weapon. There was the old gospel, though, mightier than cannon or an army on the march. In a few months results began to declare themselves in public. Some of the natives were baptized. Persecution had set in, but this could not stop the gospel-chariot; it had started out, and was destined to make progress. Other islands of the Fiji group were visited by the heralds of the word of God, and haughty wills began to bow. Not until almost twenty years had passed did the chief king of the island submit; after that the work of the missionaries was easier. The religion of Jesus is now in the ascendancy. The prosperity of the islands has wonderfully advanced. White settlers have come. There are sugar-planters and cotton-planters. Ovalau is a thrifty little town with its business-quarters.

Has Fiji been reclaimed for God? There are other islands waiting to be subdued by the simple power of the truth. Who will confront these with the truth, both announced and lived? We must have both—the missionary's message and the missionary's life.

#### TWO BOYS AND A HORSE.

WHEN Jim first made acquaintance with Sam Wood, he had a very bad opinion of stable boys in general, and Bob Hawkins in particular. Bob had been stable boy before Sam, and before him had been three or four others, all bad boys, who had given the horse a dislike to the sight of a boy, and soured his temper entirely.

Bob used to think it delightful to pinch Jim's ears and under lip, or to tickle him, which annoyed Jim exceedingly, and taught him to snap at people's fingers. Bob used to put pepper in Jim's salt and oats. He knew of a certain little sound, something like a very young puppy whining, that made Jim almost wild with anger and fear. Why he was so afraid no one could find out, but Bob used to hide behind the hay, and just as Jim reached up to take a bite from the rack, Bob would make this sound. Then Jim would start and snort, and would not touch the hay again.

These, and a hundred other mean and cruel tricks, Bob played off against Jim. His master knew nothing of it, but wondered how the horse's temper came to be so bad of late.

But one day Bob's master found him out, and he was turned away in disgrace.

You can imagine how cross this daily worry had made Jim; so when Sam Wood came he looked on him only as another tormentor, whom he had best bite and kick as often as there was a chance.

The first time Sam came to the stable he brought a nice piece of bread in his hand; but when he held it out to Jim, the horse laid back his ears and showed his teeth, as if to say, "Look out, I'll bite you." Sam stood quite still, with his hand stretched out, till Jim thought he might as well look at the thing, whatever it was. He was careful about sniffing at it, poor fellow, for he had burned his nose with pepper from Bob's hand; but his curiosity was great, and at last he touched the bread with his lips.

"Good fellow," said Sam, in a kind, friendly voice. Jim hardly believed his ears. He looked carefully at this strange boy, and then, making up his mind to risk a peppering, he took the bread in his mouth. It tasted very good, and presently Jim found Sam smoothing his neck, and gently rubbing the back of his ear in a way the horse particular-

liked, but which no one but his master ever treated him to.

From that time a firm friendship grew up between the boy and horse.

At first, Jim could not help being distrustful; but by-and-by he ceased to lay back his ears and curl his lip whenever a hand was laid on him. He no longer started at any strange sound in the barn, and he whinnied with delight when he heard Sam's voice. Sam never came to harness him for work without bringing a bit of bread or sugar, or an apple, or salt, to make him welcome, and Jim tried to show his grateful feeling in every way a horse could.—*Selected.*

#### TELL MOTHER IT'S BROTHER WILL.

At a meeting in Chicago, Major Hilton related the following incident which occurred on the Scottish coast:

Just at break of day of a chilly morning, the people of a little hamlet on the coast were awakened by the booming of a cannon over the stormy waves. They knew what it meant, for frequently they had heard before the same signal of distress. Some poor souls were out beyond the breakers, perishing or a wrecked vessel, and in their last extremity calling wildly for human help. The people hastened from their houses to the shore. Yes, out there in the distance was a dismantled vessel pounding itself to pieces, with perishing fellow beings clinging to the rigging, every now and then some one of them swept off by the furious waves into the sea. The life-saving crew was soon gathered.

"Man the life-boat!" cried the men.

"Where is Hardy?"

But the foreman of the crew was not there, and the danger was imminent. Aid must be immediate, or all was lost. The next to command sprang into the frail boat, followed by the rest, all taking their lives in their hands in the hope of saving others. Oh! how those on shore watched their brave, loved ones as they dashed on, now over, now almost under the waves! they reached the wreck. Like angels of deliverance, they filled their craft with almost dying men—men lost but for them. Back again they toiled, pulling for the shore, bearing their precious freight. The first man to help them land was Hardy, whose words rang above the roar of the breakers: "Are they all here? Did you save them all?"

With saddened faces the reply came: "All but one. He couldn't help himself. We had all we could carry. We couldn't save the last one."

"Man the life-boat again!" shouted Hardy. "I will go. What! leave one there to die alone! A fellow-creature there, and we on shore! Man the life-boat now! We'll save him yet."

But who was this aged woman with worn garments and dishevelled hair, who with agonizing entreaty fell upon her knees beside this brave, strong man? It was his mother!

"O my son! Your father was drowned in a storm like this. Your brother Will left me eight years ago, and I've never seen his face since the day he sailed. You will be lost, and I am old and poor. Oh stay with me!"

"Mother," cried the man, "where one is in peril, there's my place. If I am lost God will surely care for you."

The plea of earnest faith prevailed. With a "God bless you, my boy!" she released him, and speeded him on his way.

Once more they watched and prayed and waited—those on the shore—while every muscle was strained toward the fast-sinking ship, by those in the life-saving boat. It reached the vessel. The clinging figure was lifted and helped to its place where

strong hands took it in charge. Back came the boat. How eagerly they looked and called in encouragement, then cheered as it came nearer.

"Did you get him?" was the cry from the shore.

Lifting his hands to his mouth to trumpet the words on in advance of the landing, Hardy called back: "Tell mother it's Brother Will!"

#### Prohibition Battle Song.

I HAVE heard Truth's silver clarion  
In the watches of the night;  
I can see her purple summits  
Flush with morning's golden light.  
I have seen the bow of promise  
Over human doubts and fears,  
And I hear the trump of Progress  
Sound the battle-march of years.

Of a nation's wakened conscience  
I have caught the accents sweet,  
Thrilling through the din of traffic  
And the clamour of the street.  
I have heard the clang of armour  
Being burnished for the fight,  
And have read the startling challenge  
Of the champions of right.

I have heard the ringing avails  
Where the Master's will is wrought,  
And the harvest-song of reapers  
In the higher fields of thought.  
I can see dark storm-clouds gather  
Over Error's devious path,  
And have caught the low, deep warning  
Of the thunder of God's wrath.

Let no man henceforth hold poison  
To his brother's lips for gold,  
Or a nation's shameless sanction  
Of iniquity be sold.  
Never more let want and famine  
All the land with mourning fill,  
While the blessings of the harvest  
Turn to curses in the still.

Never woman's wail of anguish,  
And childhood's cry of pain  
Hush to silence in the tumult  
Of the strife of greed for gain.  
For the olden voice is crying  
In the wilderness of wrong,  
"Make ye straight Jehovah's pathway,  
Vengeance waits not over long."

—W. H. Miller, in the Voice.

#### A BOY'S NOBLE NATURE.

A GENEROUS soul hates the doing of a wrong or mean thing, more than he fears being punished for it. An instance of frank magnanimity, that any boy might emulate, is here given.

A lad was once called before the police court in one of our large cities for throwing a stone which struck a girl in the eye. The respectability of the parties excited considerable interest, and drew many persons to hear the examination.

The boy was bound over to appear at the municipal court, and Colonel M— was engaged as his counsel. Soon after the examination, another boy about twelve years of age called upon the colonel, and asked—

"Sir, are you engaged to defend —?"

"Yes, I am; why do you ask?"

The little fellow replied, "Because, sir, I threw the stone, and cannot suffer a comrade to be punished for a crime of my own commission."

"Well done—you are a fine boy; what is your name?"

"My name is —."

"Well," said the counsellor, admiring the noble-heartedness of the lad, "will you tell the county attorney you committed this act?"

"Yes, sir," said he, and immediately went to the attorney's office for that purpose.

The friends of the injured girl, on hearing these particulars, declined taking any further steps in the matter.

**He Restoreth My Soul.**

BY M. E. SANGSTER.

I AM often so weary of sorrow,  
So weary of struggling with sin,  
So timid concerning the morrow,  
So faithless of entering in  
To the beautiful rest that remaineth  
Secure in the city of God,  
Where shall enter no evil that stameth,  
Nor ever the spoiler hath trod.

But aye when the struggle is sorest,  
And dark are the clouds on my soul,  
Dear Lord, the sweet cup that thou pourest  
Has halm, and I drink and am whole  
From the quenchless old well of salvation  
I quaff the pure waters divine,  
And a sense of triumphant elation  
Is thrilled through this spirit of mine.

No hand but thine own, blessed Master,  
Could comfort and cheer in the day  
When the touch of a sudden disaster  
Has cumbered and tangled the way,  
No look but thine own could illumine  
When night gathers black o'er the land,  
And strength that is failing and human  
Lies prone on the desolate land.

But ever thy help is the nearest  
When help from the earth there is none,  
And ever the word that is dearest  
Is the word of the Crucified Son;  
And aye when the tempest-clouds gather  
I fly for sweet shelter and peace  
Through the Son to the heart of the Father,  
That terror and tremor might cease.

He restoreth my soul, and I praise him  
Whose love is my chrism and crown;  
He restoreth my soul; let me raise him  
A song that his mercy will own.  
For often so weary of sorrow,  
So weary of fighting with sin,  
I look and I long for the morrow,  
When the ransomed their freedom shall win.

**THE ORATOR OF EARLY METHODISM.**

GEORGE WHITEFIELD'S early boyhood had not given much promise of this nobleness in his youth. He had been very wayward. He had hated instruction. He had even filched small sums of money from the pocket and till of his loving mother. In later boyhood he had shown a passion for the theatre, and had nursed a strong desire to become an actor. But as he grew older some of his follies dropped out of his life. After he was twelve he gave himself to faithful study in St. Mary de Crypt's school, and a good book which he purchased led him to think very seriously about his soul, and in various ways to mend his life.

One day a poor student of Pembroke College, Oxford, visited George Whitefield's mother. He was called a "servitor" at college, because he supported himself by doing personal services for rich students. He told Mrs. Whitefield that he had earned enough in this way to pay all his expenses the last quarter, and that he had a penny left. His words were like windows through which the poor lady could see a way by which her son might get a college education. With much animation she cried out, "This will do for my son!" Then turning to young Whitefield, she asked, "Will you go to Oxford College?" The young man gladly consented. Influential friends promised their assistance in procuring him admission. He therefore laid aside his blue apron, gave himself to study, shook off every old idle habit, became very attentive to religious duties, and, aided by a friend's gift to pay his initiation fee, entered college at Oxford when he was eighteen years old. A humble mind, patience, a strong will, and a mother's love were the steps by which he had climbed the "Hill Difficulty" that had frowned so darkly on his youthful career.

But entering Pembroke college as a "servitor"

was not reaching the top of the hill. Other and steeper mountains were before him. Many Oxford students in those days were the sons of noble families. They were rich, powerful, and able to give the best services, and to command the respect of poor students who did not belong to the noble houses. Hence, young Whitefield was not treated as an equal. He was snubbed, and treated as a pariah. He was a poor student amidst hundreds of rich ones, he found little sympathy among them. That he could truthfully say with the Psalmist, "I am as a sparrow down upon the house-top."

The sorrows of his young "servitor" were made more bitter by his sense of guilt for the sins of his previous life. All day long he would be sought to escape, and by going to bed he would find pardon, but by a certain time he would be called to the favour of letters. He wore woollen gloves which were not to be taken off, a pair of gaiters, and duty shoes. He ate coarse bread, and drank sage tea without sugar. He spent whole days and many hours lying prostrate on the cold ground in earnest prayer. In fact, he came near ruining his health by these vain ways of trying to save his soul. His strange conduct caused his fellow students to mock and treat him more rudely than before.

After struggling three years against these great trials, our distressed student became acquainted with John and Charles Wesley and their companions, who were known at the "Holy Club" by the wicked undergraduates and scornful "dons" of the university. John Wesley encouraged him, though even he had not then learned that the pardon of sins was not to be purchased with penances of any kind. But Whitefield soon discovered through the gospel that he could gain that most precious of blessings as a free gift by simply believing that Jesus, in shedding his blood for the sin of the world, actually died for him. This was good news indeed to the despairing young man: and, as thirsty travellers in the desert rush to a bubbling spring to drink, he looked to Jesus as dying for him. Then a ray of light from heaven swiftly darted into his soul, and he was a new creature.

Speaking of that grand moment in his life, he said: "Oh with what joy unspeakable, even joy that was full of and big with glory, was my soul filled when the weight of sin went off, and an abiding sense of the pardoning love of God broke in upon my disconsolate soul!"

He was now at the top of his second "Hill Difficulty." His long night of sorrow and humiliation was ended. The day of his coming greatness had dawned. His great ability as a pulpit orator began to be seen. Friends were attracted to him on every side. One gentleman gave him an annuity to enable him to remain at Oxford. Bishop Benson, meeting him while he was visiting his mother at Gloucester, ordained him when he was twenty-one years old. Wherever he preached people flocked to hear him. His words moved them to tears, and caused many to repent of their sins. The despised "servitor," the former pot-boy of "The Bell" inn, had suddenly emerged, like a bright particular star, from the darkness which clouded his early days, and shone forth as the coming prince of pulpit orators.—*Rev. Dr. Wise.*

An able lawyer of indolent habits was once ridiculing the activity of a possibly weaker brother, when the judge who was hearing the case coolly interposed the somewhat sarcastic remark, "An engine of one cat-power running all the time will do more work than an engine of forty horse-power standing still."

**A TOUCHING INCIDENT**

THE following, which first appeared in a *Dutch* paper, is one of the most touching incidents to be met with. It is true, it was a very remarkable incident, and it is surely imaginative, it is very suggestive.

There is a poor man in this city who are dependent on his earnings upon a little child for all the present support of their lives. A few weeks ago the young girl and mother was stricken down to bed. It was a sudden, so dreadful when the young girl's physician called them together in the presence of his solemn professional way, in regard to their mother's health, there was no hope.

There was a great crisis among them, Who would tell her? Not the doctor? It would be cruel to let the mother of such a child to their dear one on such an errand. Not the aged mother, who was to be helpless and alone? Not the young husband, who was watching the door with clenched hands and anxious heart? No, there was only one other, and at this moment he looked up from the bed he had been playing with unnoticed by them all, and asked gravely

"Is mamma don't to die?"

Then, without waiting for an answer, he sped from the room and upstairs, as fast as his little feet would carry him. Friends and neighbours were watching by the sick woman. They wonderingly noticed the pale face of the child as he climbed on the bed, and laid his small hand on his mother's pillow.

"Mamma," he asked, in sweet, caressing tones, "is you fraid to die?"

The mother looked at him with swift intelligence. Perhaps she had been thinking of this.

"Who told you, Charlie?" she asked, faintly.

"Doctor, an' papa, an' gamma—everybody," he whispered. "Mamma, dear, 'ittle mamma, doan' be fraid to die, 'ill you?"

"No, Charlie," said the young mother, after one supreme pang of grief; "no, mamma won't be afraid."

"Just shut your eyes in 'e dark, mamma; teep hold my hand, an' an' when you open 'em, mamma, it 'll be all light there."

When the family gathered awe-stricken at the bedside, Charlie held up his little hand.

"Hush! My mamma doan' to sleep. Her won't wake up here any more."

And so it proved. There was no heart-rending farewell, no agony of parting; for when the young mother woke, she had passed beyond; and, as baby Charlie said, "It was all light there."

**THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.**

THE following sketch is called the portrait of a true gentleman. It was found in an old manor-house in Gloucestershire, written and framed, and hung over the mantelpiece of a tapestried sitting-room:

"The true gentleman is God's servant, the world's master, and his own man; virtue is his business, study his recreation, contentment his rest, and happiness his reward; God is his father, Jesus Christ is his Saviour, the saints his brethren, and all that need him his friends; devotion is his chaplain, chastity his chamberlain, sobriety his butler, temperance his cook, hospitality his housekeeper, providence his steward, charity his treasurer, piety his mistress of the house, and discretion his porter to let in or out as most fit. Thus is his whole family made up of virtues, and he is the true master of the house. He is necessitated to take the world on his way to heaven; but he walks through it as fast as he can, and all his business by the way is to make himself and others happy. Take him in two words—a man and a Christian."

**Prayer.**

Come at the morning hour,  
Come, let us kneel and pray;  
Prayer is the Christian's pilgrim-staff  
To walk with God all day.

At noon, beneath the Rock  
Of Ages, rest and pray;  
Sweet is that shelter from the sun  
In weary heat of day.

At evening, in thy home,  
Around its altar pray, pray;  
And finding there the house of God,  
With heaven then close the day.

When midnight veils our eyes,  
Oh, it is sweet to say,  
"I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,  
With thee to watch and pray!"

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**Pleasant Hours:**

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 29, 1888.

**NO SALVATION IN OUR OWN  
RIGHTEOUSNESS.**

SEE why it is that you have failed hitherto to find rest. You have been earnest and sincere for a great many years, and you have kept on hearing and reading, and, after a fashion, you have even kept on praying; but all the while you have been on the wrong road. Suppose yonder young man should start with his bicycle to go to Brighton, and he should travel due north; he will never get there. The faster he travels the farther he will go from the place. If you follow after righteousness by the works of the law, the more you do the farther off you will be from the righteousness of God.

O sirs, if you could be saved by your own works, and your proud hopes could be fulfilled, then the death of our Lord would be proved to be a gross mistake. What need of the great sacrifice if you can save yourself? The cross is a superfluity if human merit can suffice. There was no need for the Father to put his Son to grief if, after all, men can work out a righteousness of their own. If works can save you, why did Jesus die? Do you see what you are driving at? Do you mean to trample under foot the blood of Jesus? I beseech you, abhor all notion of self-justification. Dash down the idol which would rival your Lord.

You know that Jesus could save you if you trusted him, but you do not trust him. Oh that this moment you would end this delay! To trust in Jesus is described in Scripture as looking. As

the man bitten by the serpent looked to the serpent of brass hung high upon the pole, and as he looked, healing and life came to him, so if you look to Jesus now you will be saved. I see God's only begotten Son, who has digned to become man for our sakes, and to die in our room and place, and from the cross I entreat him to speak to you. Speak, O my Master! He does speak, and these are his words—"Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else." Look, I pray you! Look and live!—*Spurgeon.*

**A GOOD NOTION.**

A BELIEVER was giving in a prayer-meeting his testimony as to God's grace and goodness, and said:—

"On my way here to-night I met a man who asked me where I was going, I said: 'I am going to prayer-meeting.' He said: 'There are a good many religions, and I think the most of them are delusions; as to the Christian religion, that is only a notion; that is a mere notion, the Christian religion.' I said to him: 'Stranger, you see that tavern over there?' 'Yes,' said he, 'I see it.' 'Do you see me?' 'Yes, of course, I see you.' 'Now the time was, as everybody in this town knows, that if I had a quarter of a dollar in my pocket, I could not pass that tavern without going in and getting a drink; all the people of Jefferson could not keep me out of that place; but God has changed my heart, and the Lord Jesus Christ has destroyed my thirst for strong drink, and there is my whole week's wages, and I have no temptation to go there; and, stranger, if this is a notion, I want to tell you it is a mighty powerful notion; it is a notion that has put clothes on my children's backs, and it is a notion that has put good food on our table, and it is a notion that has filled my mouth with thanksgiving to God. And, stranger, you had better go along with me, you might get religion too; lots of people are getting religion now.'"

**CALIFORNIAN WONDERS.**

THE above and the following picture shows some of the wonders of the Yosemite—the magnificent Bridal Veil Falls and the Big Trees. The Falls leap down in successive cataracts nearly 3,000 feet. The size of the trees can be imagined from the way in which a coach and six drives right through the very heart of the one in our cut.

**REJECTED GRACE.**

A SINNER engrossed in worldly pursuits and pleasures saw in a dream a beautiful vision. Some one stood holding out to him a white robe and crown. Each night the vision came, but seemed farther and farther away. "Who art thou?" he finally asked. "I am the Day of Grace," was the reply. But the sinner did not accept her offers. Finally the vision passed away and was seen no more.

Years passed away. The sinner remained absorbed in his worldly occupations, and thought no more of the marvellous vision. At length he fell sick, and drew near death. As he lay there upon his couch he saw phantoms of the past rise

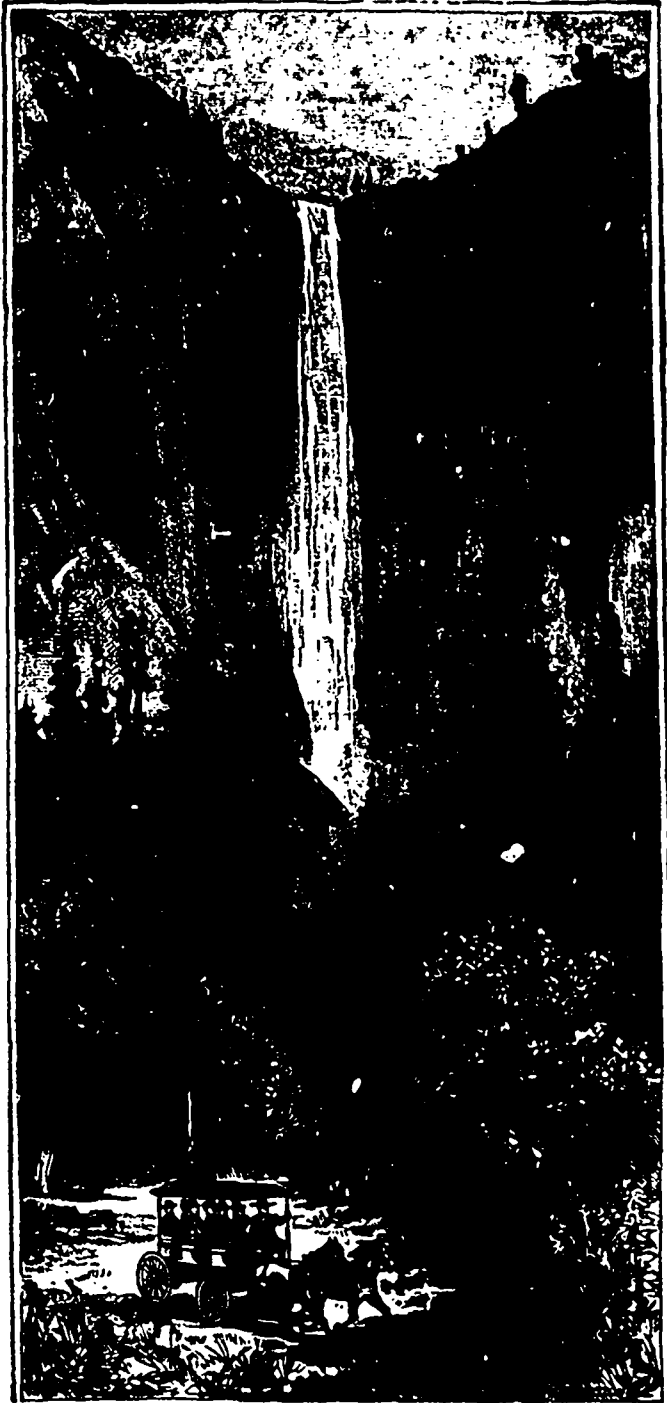


CALIFORNIA BIG TREE.

before him. Worldly Pleasure passed by. Her gay robes and her mask were torn off, and the sinner saw too late that worldly pleasure was a hollow mockery, and full of villainy. Worldly Gain passed by. His gilded coat was gone, and only dust and ashes remained. Sin passed by, the sinner saw that its only reward was the bitterness of death.

As he lay lamenting his ill-spent life, a fearful apparition with a flaming sword suddenly arose before him, and the longer he looked the more dreadful and threatening did it appear. At last he gasped, "Who art thou, dread spirit?" The apparition made answer, "I was once the Day of Grace, whom thou didst reject. Then I would have delivered thee from worldly pleasure, from worldly gain, and from sin, but thou didst refuse my offers. Now, I am come to abide with thee forever, and I shall torment thee more than all else. Once thou hadst power to reject me; now thou hast none. My name is now Grace Rejected, and with the sword of remorse will I pierce thy conscience through all eternity."

Thus may you learn, O sinner, how terrible it is to reject the proffered salvation. The memory of rejected grace will one day cling to you like the poisoned robe to the limbs of Hercules, and you will finally know, though everlastingly too late, how terrible is the wrath of the Lamb. Then your relations to the Lamb will be changed; your chance for pardon gone, and rejected grace will be your everlasting torment; for by rejecting grace are you brought to perdition. Then repent, while you may, and turn not the Holy Spirit from you; for "His feet departing ne'er return." Open your heart while he knocks, else you may be forever lost.



BRIDAL VEIL FALLS, YOSEMITE VALLEY.

**LONELY WORKERS.**

MANY Christians have to endure the solitude of unnoticed labour. They are serving God in a way which is exceedingly useful, but not at all noticeable. How very sweet to many workers are those little corners of the newspapers and magazines which describe their labours and successes; yet some who are doing what God will think a great deal more of at the last never saw their names in print. Yonder excellent brother is plodding away in a little country village; nobody knows anything about him, but he is bringing souls to God. Unknown to fame, the angels are acquainted with him, and a few precious ones whom he has led to Jesus know him well.

Perhaps yonder sister has a class in the Sunday-school; there is nothing striking in her or in her class; nobody thinks of her as a remarkable worker; she is a flower that blooms almost unseen, but she is none the less fragrant. There is a Bible-woman; she is mentioned in the report as making so many visits a week, but nobody discovers all she is doing for the poor and needy, and how many are saved in the Lord through her instrumentality. Hundreds of God's servants are serving him without the encouragement of man's approving

eye, yet they are not alone—the father is with them.

Never mind where you work, care more about how you work. Never mind who sees, if God approves. If he smiles, be content. We cannot be always sure when we are most useful. . . . It is not the acreage you sow; it is the multiplication which God gives to the seed which will make up the harvest. You have less to do with being successful than with being faithful. Your main comfort is that in your labour you are not alone, for God, the eternal one, who guides the marches of the stars, is with you.

**WORK IS NOT CURSED.**

SOME think that there is a curse resting upon work, and refer to the Bible as authority. But look at Gen. iii. 17-19, and judge for yourself if God ever cursed work, or even made it a curse. Before man sinned he worked: that seems to be the meaning of "to dress and keep" in Gen. ii. 15. God himself worked when he created this world. Christ declared, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." What the pure, sinless man was directed to do, what God and Christ did, cannot have a curse resting upon it. In the fourth commandment God bids man work six days just as surely as he forbids him to work the seventh day of the week.

Instead of having a curse resting upon it, work is honourable, whether it be of brain or of muscle, and one is as honourable as the other. The man whose back aches, whose limbs are sore and whose hands are hard with toil deserves our respect just as certainly as does he whose brain has grown weary with study, care and mental labour. Each one is a worker, and not only has done what God commands, but has imitated his Creator.

Our Maker has so created us that we are the more happy and healthy for work; indeed, it is almost impossible really to enjoy life without working. We far more appreciate the things we have worked for than those gained without any toil. The man who gets the most real comfort from his wealth and his position is the one who earned them by hard work.

Never despise work nor an honest workman, no matter how humble his toil. He is doing what God intended; and if he did not take the humble place, you might be compelled to take it. Work never disgraces the workman, though he may disgrace the work.—*Forward.*

**A MODERATE DRINKER.**

A BOY wished to sign the pledge, but his father would not allow him, and told him to take drink moderately. He did so, and became fond of it; visited the drink-shop, formed bad companionships, became a drunkard. He is now hid in the cemetery.

Dear little people, if your father and mother object to your signing the pledge, ask them to read this, and allow you to do so. Attend the temperance meetings. You can, and get all the friends you can to do the same.

**How St. Patrick Banished the Snakes.**

WHEN Patrick, sainted by decree,  
First stepped his foot on Erin's shore,  
A cry went up from all the land  
That snakes existed by the score.

At first he thought, and thought in vain,  
Of how this grievous plague to end;  
But soon he saw the reptile's course  
To liquor stores did surely tend.

'Twas then the thought occurred to him  
That some men now on earth retain,  
Of how—in order to be good  
One must from spirits all abstain.

So, throughout Ireland went forth  
The mandate, cruel for a while,  
That nought of liquors should be drunk  
By people of the Emerald Isle.

Then soon the drunkards disappeared;  
Likewise the "tremens" and the "shakes":  
So that's the way St. Patrick used  
To banish and expel the "snakes."

—*The Judge.*

**THE KING'S MESSENGER;**

OR,

**LAWRENCE TEMPLE'S PROBATION.**

(A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.)

BY THE EDITOR.

**CHAPTER XI.**

IN THE FIELD.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of them that bring good tidings."—ISAIAH liii. 7.

"Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;  
How jocund did they drive their teams a-field!  
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!"

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,  
The short and simple annals of the poor."

—*Gray's Elegy.*

LAWRENCE took the steamer to Toronto, in which city he spent a day. The wide streets, the moving multitudes, the number and elegance of the churches,—were to him a novel spectacle, bringing a stronger sense of the bigness of the world than even the wilderness of the Mattawa. While making his frugal purchases of books at the Methodist Book Room, in whose purlieus the preachers most do congregate, and which contained more volumes than he had ever seen before, the minister of one of the city churches claimed him as a lawful prize, and carried him off to share his hospitality and preach in the evening.

The next day he proceeded by railway to Barrie, and thence by steamer again to the pretty village of Orillia. Here he took the stage for Muskoka. He had an ominous initiation into his work. The road was of frightful ruggedness. The old earth showed her bones in a huge outcrop of primeval granite, with scarcely soil enough to decently cover her nakedness. Lawrence had to cling to his seat as the rough, strong stage climbed the rugged ridges and rattled down the other side, like a landsman in a ship on a stormy sea. At last, in descending a steep hill, the horses could no longer hold back, and the stage, rattling to the bottom, came to grief against a huge stone. There was nothing for it but to walk to his destination, some half-dozen miles farther, carrying his valise in his hand. The road became less rugged, but the heat was excessive, and the black-flies and mosquitoes a perfect plague.

"Be you the noo preacher!" asked an honest-faced, sun-burnt, tan-freckled man, as Lawrence

walked up to the post office, store, and principal buildings generally of the little village of Centreville, though it was not very apparent of what it was the centre. The speaker was dressed in gray homespun trousers, which looked very warm for the season, a gray flannel shirt, coarse hat, and a broad-brimmed straw hat, with ample means for ventilation in its crown. A fringe of sandy hair surrounded his broad, honest face as he beamed welcome on the new comer.

"Omn the circuit steward," he went on, when Lawrence owned the soft impeachment—"Jes come along with me. We wuz expectin' of yer. Jes let me have yer baggage. I see the black, it's a been givin' yet a Muskoka welcome," calling Lawrence's attention to the fact that the blood was streaming down his neck from their bites, a circumstance of which he had not been aware, soon, however, he was very painfully reminded of it, for the bites began to swell, and to become exceedingly inflamed.

"They alier do take to strangers," said the circuit official. "Yer'll hev to get some oil, and smear your face with it—fish oil's the best."

"Are they so bad as that?" inquired Lawrence, in some trepidation, for he had a constitutional aversion to the touch of any kind of oil.

"Well, they do say they killed a man out north here; but I guess that wuz a kind o' drawin' a long bow. Somethin' like the story 'bout our nusketeers. Yer know, they say many on 'em will weigh a pound."

"They don't say how many, though," said Lawrence, who saw through the joke.

"Yer'll do for Mu koka, I reckon, if yer alier as cute as that," said the steward admiringly. "We want a pretty peart man in here, I till yet. 'Amos anybody'll do for outside, but it takes a man to get along in here—it doos."

"Excuse me, Mr. Steward; I have not the pleasure of knowing your name yet," said Lawrence.

"Hophni Perkins at yer service," replied that functionary, with a galvanic attempt at a bow.

"Hophni! What a singular name! I never heard it out of the Bible before."

"Well, yer see," explained Mr. Perkins, "father and mother, they wuz old-fashioned Methodists out to the front, and they wuz great on Scriptooral names. So they called my twin broth'r Phineas—he lives jes' over the swale yonder—and they had to call me Hophni, to keep up the balance, I s'pose. They mought a' chosen more respectable namesakes for us, though. Hows'ever, that don't make no odds. It's somethin' like original sin, I low. A man ain't jedged for the name he bears, an' I won't be punished for Hophni's sins, but fer my own, unless they is washed away in the blood o' the Lamb. An', praise the Lord, mine is. I've got the assurance every day. But here we are," he continued, as they reached a small log-cabin standing near the roadside. The chimney was built of sticks and clay; but the evening meal was being cooked out-of-doors—gipsy-fashion—as was the general custom in hot weather.

"Jerushy, here's the noo preacher," he said to a toil worn, weary-looking woman in a woolsey petticoat and linen upper-garment of no distinctive name.

"Yer welcome, shure," she said, rising from the frying-pan, where she was cooking a savoury meal, a kindly smile illuminating her plain features.

"Yer to make this yer home till quarterly meetin'," said Mr. Perkins, "then they'll arrange where yer to go. It'll be month about, I guess, beginnin' at Brother Plin's, over there. We call him that fer short, yer know. Yer may find some places better'n this, but yer'll find more wuss. Set

down, set down. Yer must be hungry. Jerushy, what have yer got? Where's the chudder?"

"Tom caught some bass in the lake," said that woman, of few words, but of kind heart and acts. The children—brown as young Indians, and tanned as fawns, were hiding around the corner of the house, reconnoitering the new comer; but the attractions of the supper brought them one by one to the table.

As this was the new preacher's first meal, a tablecloth, clean but coarse, was spread—a luxury not always thought necessary on subsequent occasions. The fish was delicious. The same could hardly be said of the chips of pork floating in a cold fat. The butter and milk were fresh and rich, but the tea was not of the finest aroma. The wild strawberries and cream, however, were "fit for a king," said Lawrence.

After prayers with this kind family, hospitable to the extent of their means—and a king could be no more—Lawrence was shown to his sleeping apartment. It was a loft under the roof, to which access was had by means of a rude ladder in the corner.

"We go to roost with the fowls and get up with the fowls here," said Mr. Perkins.

"Look out for yer head," he added, just *after* Lawrence had brought that important part in contact with the low rafter. A faint light came through a small four-pane window, which was open for ventilation. The furniture of the loft consisted of a flock bed, a spinning-wheel, a quantity of wool—which had a strong, greasy smell—tied up in a blanket, and a quantity of last year's corn in the cob, lying on the floor.

Lawrence slept the sleep of youth, of peace of mind, and of a weary body. He awoke early, but found that the household were stirring before him, for want of other means of making his ablutions, he washed in a tin basin set on the end of the large trough out of doors, although it was raining slightly, and dried his hands and face on a roller towel behind the door. Having forgotten to provide himself with a comb and brush, which useful articles he procured on his first visit to the store, he tried to arrange his dishevelled locks with a lead-pencil—not, however, with a very high degree of success. Looking-glass—that luxury of civilization—there was none, except a small disc, not much larger than a watch, hanging on the wall, before which Mr. Perkins performed his weekly shaving operation. To get a view of his broad face in its small surface, he was obliged to twist his features as though he were making faces for a wager, and to squint sideways in a manner that threatened permanent strabismus. Notwithstanding these efforts, or perhaps in consequence of them, he sometimes nicked his features in a manner by no means ornamental, especially as he employed as a styptic a film of cobweb which contrasted strongly with his ruddy countenance and snowy but unstarched expansive shirt collar.

Next day Mr. Perkins accompanied Lawrence "cross lots" to introduce him to Jeremiah Hawkins, or "Jerry Hawkins," as he was generally called, the class-leader of the Centreville appointment. They found him ploughing in a field, with a lean horse and a cow yoked together. He was a little, meagre old man, with bright eyes like a ferret.

"Brother Hawkins, this is the noo preacher," said Mr. Perkins, making the introduction with the very essence of true politeness, though without some of its outward forms.

The old man took from his head a well-worn musk-rat fur cap, in places rubbed bare, which, notwithstanding the intense heat of the weather, he wore, and pulling his iron-gray forelock, made

what might be described as a strongly accented bow.

"Put on your cap, Father Hawkins," said Lawrence, warmly shaking his head, "I never like an old man to uncover to me. I feel that I ought rather to take off my hat to him."

"An' thoo be the noo preacher, bless the Lord!" said Father Hawkins, leaning against his plough-handle. "O! wor feared the Conference would send us none—we've raised so little for the last. But we've did what we've could—didnt us, Hophni?"

"Yes, but the times wuz bad. We'll do better to year," said that hopeful individual.

"Oh! the Conference will not throw you over because you're poor," said Lawrence cheerily, "and the Missionary Board will do what they can. That's what the Missionary Society is for—to help those that can't help themselves."

"It would al-to-break we're hearts to have no preachin' nor ordinances, wouldn't it, Hophni?" said the old man.

"That it would," said Mr. Perkins. "When I com'd in here, and my little Isaac wuz born, ther wuzn't no preacher to baptize him, an' when he died ther wuzn't none within forty miles to bury him. An' my Jerushy, she took on so 'cause the poor child had never been christened. She wuz 'Piscopalian, yer know, an' they makes great account o' that. But we digged a grave in the corner o' the lot; an' Father Hawkins here, he said a prayer, an' exhorted a bit over the little coffin, an' then we carried him out and buried him; an' I believe the angels watch his sleep jes' as much as though it wuz in ever so consecrated groun'."

"Not a doubt of it," said Lawrence; "their angels do always behold the face of our Father in heaven."

"You're from Devonshire?" he continued to Father Hawkins, knowing that one can always draw people out by speaking of their native place.

"Yes. Be thoo?" said the old man, brightening up. "But thoo hast na gotten they spaiich."

"No," said Lawrence, with a patriotic emotion; "I'm from a better place—I'm a Canadian."

"Na, na, lad, thoo canst na be frae a better place, though we've na runnin' doon Canada. But thoo've never seen they green lanes of Devon, an' they orchards, an' they hop-fields, an' they rich lush pastur', an' they Devonshire cream. Hev' 'em, Hophni?" and the old man sighed as he contrasted the rich culture of that garden county of the old land with the raw newness of the rocky region to which in his old age he was transplanted, like one of the hop-vines of his native shire, torn up by the roots and planted on a rock.

"Canada's not such a bad place to be born in, after all," said Mr. Perkins.

"The best in the world," interjected Lawrence.

"When father com'd to York township, on the front, fifty year ago, there wuz no roads no more'n here; an' the mud was that bad, cattle got mired every spring. An' now we'll soon have the railroad an' steamboats an' the market brought to our very doors."

Father Hawkins proceeded to give Lawrence a list of the names and residences of the members of the Centreville class, which he kept in his head, because, poor man, he couldn't "read writing, or reading either, for that matter." It was for this purpose, indeed, that the latter called upon him.

There was old "Widdah Beddoes," up the river; and her son and his wife—they lived on the lake road; and Squire Hill, "kep the store and Post Office;" and Brother Jones, the local-preacher, lived above the Big Falls.

"Good fishin' up thar ef yer that ways inclined," remarked Mr. Perkins.

Lawrence admitted that he was not much of a sportsman.

"No more ain't I," replied his host. "Fishin' only fit for boys. Men's time's too precious. I kin do more in a day on the farm than I could catch fish in a week. It may do for city gents who can afford to come out yer with all their fancy tackle an' catch fish that cost 'em 'bout four dollars a-piece; but a man as works for his livin' can't afford it."

We imagine that our forest philosopher spoke with a good deal of truth.

"Thoo kin 'ave ma boat for visitin' they foaks up t' river an' along t' lake; an' fer the upper 'pint-mint, Squire Hill 'll lend thoo his meer, when her's no workin'. But for the rest, Oi suspect thoo'll 'ave to use shanks' meer, as we've used to call it in our parts."

This good old man had been selected for the important office of class leader, and guiding souls to heaven, it was evident, not for his wealth or social influence or learning, but on account of his possession of the highest and most essential qualification—his sincere and fervid piety. Although he could not read a word, his mind was stored with Scripture and with Wesley's hymns. In class he would bring out of his treasury things new and old—exhorting, warning, encouraging, reproving—in the spirit of meekness and love. And he would pray with such fervour that all hearts were first melted and then kindled to a glow of holy zeal.

"Two men I honour," says Carlyle—we quote from memory—"and no third. First, the man that, with earth-made implement, conquers the earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand, crooked and coarse. Thou art in the path of duty, my brother, be out of it who may. Thou art toiling for the altogether indispensable—for daily bread.

"Another man I honour," he continues, "and still more highly—him who toils for the spiritually indispensable—for the bread of life. Unspeakingly touching is it when both these dignities are united—when he who is toiling upwardly for the lowest of men's wants is toiling downwardly for the highest. Sublimar know I nothing than such a peasant-saint—could such now anywhere be met with."

Such, we make bold to assert, are many of the humble, toiling class-leaders and local-preachers of the Methodist Church, who imitate in their daily walk the Blessed Life which was lived at Galilee, amid

Those holy fields  
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet  
Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed,  
For our advantage, to the bitter cross.

(To be continued.)

**SPICY DEFINITIONS.**

A SMART, pithy, or humorous definition often furnishes a happy illustration of the proverbial brevity which is the soul of wit. Here are a few apt ones that are evidently spontaneous:

A boy once said that "dust is mud with the juice squeezed out."

A fan, we learn from another juvenile source, is "a thing to brush warmth off with;" and a monkey "a small boy with a tail;" salt, "what makes your potatoes taste bad when you don't put any on," and ice, "water that stayed out late in the cold and went to sleep."

A schoolboy asked to define the word "sob," whimpered out: "It means when a feller don't mean to cry and it bursts out itself."

A youngster was asked to give his idea of the meaning of "responsibility," and he said: "Well,

supposing I had only two buttons on my trousers and one came off, all the responsibility would rest on the other button."

To hit off a man as "a body of men organized to find out which one has the smartest lawyer," is to satirize many of our "intelligent" fellow countrymen.

The word "suspect" is, in the opinion of a jealous husband, "a feeling that compels you to try to find out something which you don't wish to know."

A good definition of a "Pharisee" is "a tradesman who uses long prayers and short weights;" of a humbug, "one who agrees with everybody," and of a tyrant, "the other's version of somebody's hero."

A lady's idea of the ballet girl was "an open-muslin umbrella with two pink handles," and a Parisian's of chess, "a humane substitute for hard labour."

Thin soup, according to an Irish mendicant, is "a quart of water boiled down to a pint, to make it strong."

Of definitions of a bachelor: "unaltared man," "a singular being," and "a target for a miss," are apt enough.

A walking stick may be described as "the old man's strength and the young man's weakness," and an umbrella as "a fair and foul weather friend who has had many ups and downs in the world"—*The Voice*.

**FORBEARING.**

"Do let me alone, girls. Don't you see I am writing?"

Little Allie stood before a desk, and was slowly, and with great painstaking, writing a composition. Her sisters had come in to set the room in order, and were teasing the wee lassie without mercy. Janet threw the duster at her, while Ruth tickled her with the fuzzy feather brush.

"It's fun to tease Allie," cried Janet. "Her eyes always snap, and she gets as red as a beet when she's angry."

"What are you writing?" said Maggie, jerking the paper from her. "Oh!" She straightened herself, and read with mock dignity: "The cat. The cat is a very pretty little animal, with soft fur, and—"

"Long horns," interrupted Janet.

"And wide-spreading wings," said Ruth.

Poor little Allie's face did grow red; for any little girl who has ever tried to write a composition will know that it was very hard to be treated so. But her eyes did not snap, for the lids had drooped over them and she was sending up a very earnest little prayer for help in overcoming her habit of getting into a passion when things vexed her.

If she had become angry, her sisters would have kept on with their fun, or, more likely, become angry too; for an evil temper can spread from one little heart to another.

But let us be thankful in remembering that sweetness and loving-kindness are as catching as evil temper. So, when the sisters saw that Allie did not fly into a passion, they began to feel ashamed of themselves.

"It's too bad!" exclaimed Janet, as she peeped around into Allie's face, and met only a pleasant little smile. "Forgive us, dear little sister. I guess you are trying to overcome evil with good."

LITTLE Harry, lying on the floor, and looking up into his dog's face, was heard to say: "Pedro, do you love God?" Taking the wise look for an answer in the affirmative, he said: "Well, then, you are a good Congregationalist."

**A Wayside Calvary.**

The carven Christ has a gaunt and grim  
Face, and the blue Passion skies,  
And piteous, pathetic to him,  
Seems every man that lives and dies.  
He's hid from hate of alien eyes,  
Two hundred Prussians sleep, they say,  
Beneath the cross whose shadow lies,  
Athwart the road to Calvary.

'Mid foes they slumber, unafraid,  
Made whole by Death, the cunning leech,  
And near the big white roadway laid,  
By the old arms, beyond all reach  
Of Heimweh's pangs or stranger's speech;  
Of curse or blessing naught wreck they,  
Of snows that hide nor suns that bleach  
The dusty road to Calvary.

Of garlands late or blossoms spread  
The Prussians sun-worched mound lies bare;  
But the grass, crops above the dead,  
And wild poppies flutter fair,  
And the daisies, crowsey treasures there  
Beneath the scud, stark and grey,  
That hath the strangers in its care  
Beside the road to Calvary.

**A REASON FOR THE SILENCE.**

BY THE REV. HENRY KETCHAM.

A FEW years ago, a fellow student and I visited, in Paris, the magnificent structure known as The Tomb of the Napoleons. Leaning over the railing, we looked down upon the massive sarcophagus of Napoleon I. In the pavement, and surrounding the sarcophagus, was a mosaic representing the laurel wreaths of victory; and encircled in these were the names of some of the most splendid battles fought by the great warrior, - Austerlitz, Marengo, Jena, etc. My companion broke the silence with a most exquisitely ironical remark: "I don't see Waterloo among those names!" Come to think of it, Waterloo was the best known battle the dead general had ever been engaged in; but, somehow, his monumental historian had omitted all mention of it, all reference to it. Possibly too, any one of us would have done the same thing under similar circumstances.

The question is often raised, Why do not the Egyptian records make mention of the ten plagues, and of the remarkable disaster at the crossing of the Red Sea? The answers are many and sufficient. Among the other answers, I will contribute this: For the same reason that Waterloo is not mentioned in the Tomb of the Napoleons.

**THE DECEITFUL KANGAROO.**

LAMB-LIKE as is the face of the kangaroo, tender and soft as are his eyes, he is by no means as gentle and tender as he looks. Like the "heathen Chinee," his countenance belies him, and there are few more exciting and, withal, dangerous sports than kangaroo shooting. To the hunter, seeking for some new sensation, a visit to the wild of Australia in search of kangaroos can be recommended. It requires a fleet horse to run one down if he gets a fair chance to show tail, and strong, well trained dogs to tackle him when brought to bay. Inside his soft, dewy lips are strong, formidable teeth, which can bite severely. His forepaws, weak as they seem, can lift a dog high in the air and crush him to death; while, when lying down, his favourite fighting attitude, he can kick with his powerful hind legs in a manner that rapidly clears a circle around him; and woe betide the man or dog that comes in reach of those huge claws, which can make a flesh wound deep enough to maim the one or kill the other.



**A Farmer's View of the Church.**

With wife, I've had a round with Wayne,  
Bout punn' our ch'rch;  
He tried the sceptic dodge on me,  
The argument of smutch.

Says he, "Look at your members now,  
There's Jones got drunk, an' Swain  
Will cheat a friend to make a trade;  
An' I as good as them!"

Says I, "A butcher buying stock  
Doesn't just the way you do;  
He hunts around the cattle-yard,  
An' finds the meanest two;

Then ev'ry offer that he makes,  
An' ev'ry one he hears,  
Is coupled with the mee'n' words—  
'Jest look to them two steers!'

You pick the meanest Christians out,  
An' then, with tricky jeers,  
You run the whole church down by that—  
'Jest look at them two steers!'

No farmer's fooled by that old trick,  
And so you can't afford  
To risk your soul in tryin' it  
Upon the all-wise Lord."

### LESSON NOTES. FOURTH QUARTER.

## STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1451.] LESSON I. [OCT. 7

## THE COMMISSION OF JOSHUA.

Josh. 1. 1-9. Memory verses, 8, 9

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breast-plate of righteousness. Eph. 6. 14.

## OUTLINE.

1. The Leader.
2. The Commission.

TIME.—1451 B.C.

PLACE.—The plains of Moab.

EXPLANATIONS.—All this people—The whole body of Israelites. *The wilderness*—That is, the peninsula at the south of Canaan, in which they had wandered for thirty-eight years. *The great sea*—The Mediterranean. *Not depart out of thy mouth*—This means he should know the law so thoroughly as to have it always, as we say, "at tongue's end"—able always to quote it, and always obeying it.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—  
1. That God will keep all his promises?  
2. That we should be bold in God's service?  
3. That we ought to study and obey God's word?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. After Moses' death, who became leader of the people? Joshua, the son of Nun.  
2. What sort of spirit had he shown himself to be? Full of spirit of wisdom.  
3. Under what promise of God did he undertake the new work? "I will not fail thee."  
4. What one thing did God require of him? To observe to do all the law.  
5. What command as to his action in his new position did God give him? "Be strong and of a good courage."  
6. What command of Paul to the Christian soldier resembles this? "Stand, therefore, having your loins," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christian courage.

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

1. Man was made to know, love and serve God: have all men done so?  
No: "for all have sinned, and fall short of the glory of God." (Romans iii. 23.)

R.C. 1451] LESSON II. [OCT. 14

## CROSSING THE JORDAN.

Josh. 3. 5-17, Memory verse, 5-6

## GOLDEN TEXT.

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee. Isa. 43. 2.

## OUTLINE.

1. The Ark.
2. The River.

TIME.—1451 B.C.

PLACE.—The banks of the Jordan, near Jericho.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Sanctify yourselves*—By sacred washings and changes of raiment. *Will do wonders*—Will make some miraculous manifestation in your behalf. *Magnify thee*—To especially honour him before the people, that the people might know he was God's chosen servant. *Drink of the water*—Eastern brink of the Jordan, at the water's edge. *The living God*—That is, the true and only God, in opposition to lifeless idols. *Shall stand upon a heap*—Or shall be like a wall; when the waters stop running down they shall pile up. *The salt sea*—The Dead Sea.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—  
1. That God honours those whom he calls to his service?  
2. That he will deliver all who trust in him?  
3. That his people need fear no danger where he leads?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was the next great event in Israel's history? The passage of the Jordan.  
2. How did they cross this river? They all passed over on dry ground.  
3. What was the apparent cause of this dry ground passage? The ark in the river.  
4. What was the real cause? The presence of the eternal God.  
5. What has been the voice of God to the world ever since? "When thou passest," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's presence.

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

2. Did our first parents continue in the state in which God created them?  
No; they fell from that state into sin.

**HOUSEKEEPING FOR GIRLS.**

It is astonishing that mothers should be willing to send their daughters into the world unfitted to fulfil the practical duties of life.

Many years ago I went to visit a family in New Jersey, in which there was a method of instruction for the daughters pursued by the mother, a shrewd sensible woman, which has always seemed to me to be well worthy of imitation by every mother who has her daughter's future happiness at heart. This mother was a thorough housekeeper, a widow who, in addition to her household duties, was carrying on the business of her late husband in a building adjoining the house. She had four daughters. She gave them the best education the city afforded, and it being the seat of a college, the schools were uncommonly good. When the oldest daughter graduated from school, the mother took her into the kitchen, where she was thoroughly instructed in all the mysteries of that kind of work; taught her all other kinds of housekeeping work, even how to select poultry, butcher's meat, etc., and how to preside at table. When she was competent to do it, she alternated, week in and week out, with her mother, in taking entire charge of the house as mistress. When the other daughters graduated, the same thorough instruction was given them, and when these girls married, as they all did, housekeeping was no bugbear to them or cause for trouble and anxiety to their husbands. Their parlours were the resort of the best people of the place, and their house was a home in every sense of the word. Will every other mother go and do likewise?

**LITTLE LYDIA.**

This is the name of our pet—one of the sweetest and the dearest in this wide world. Just such a little child, I think, it must have been that Jesus took in his arms when he said, "Who-soever shall receive one of such children in my name, receiveth me." This dear little girl had one of the loveliest and best of papas. How she loved him! and how he loved her! He was a Christian lawyer, and when at home would sit down in his library-chair, and gather his big law-books around him, which looked to be very uninteresting to Lydia. She would often go to him and climb up on his knee, and put her sweet mouth to his for a loving kiss; and her papa would lay his open book aside, and talk to Lydia in the way she liked best, and not be sorry, either, that his studies had been interrupted.

More than a year ago, this kind papa went home to heaven. His little girl did not stand beside him when he went, to hear his last good-bye; and when she heard that he had gone, she wondered much. The story she was told was true. Papa was safe in another home, more beautiful than his on earth; and, though he could not return to little Lydia, she could go to him. How she will go—whether up to heaven on a ladder, or with wings—she cannot decide. No one has told her of death, the funeral, and the grave. To do just what God and papa wish, that she may be ready to go to them at any time, in God's own way, is little Lydia's daily wish; and she is now, I think, not four years old.

**HOW WHALES ARE FED.**

"An intelligent sea-captain informs me," says a writer, "that several years ago, in the Gulf Stream, off the coast of Florida, he fell in with such a 'school of young sea-nettles' (medusæ), as had never before been heard of." The sea was covered with them for many leagues. He likened them, as they appeared on near inspection in the water, to acorns floating on a stream; but they were so thick as to completely cover the sea, giving it the appearance, in the distance, of a boundless meadow in the yellow leaf. He was bound for England, and was five or six days in sailing through them. In about sixty days afterward, on his return, he fell in with the same school off the Western Islands, and here he was three or four days in passing them again. He recognized them as the same, for he had never before seen any like them, and on both occasions he frequently hauled up basketfuls and examined them. Now, the Western Islands is a great place of resort for whales, and at first there is something curious to us in the idea that the Gulf of Mexico is the harvest field, and the Gulf Stream the gleaner which collects the fruitage planted there and conveys it thousands of miles off to the hungry whale at sea. But how perfectly in unison is it with the kind and providential care of that great and good Being who cares for the sparrow and feeds the young ravens when they cry!"

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