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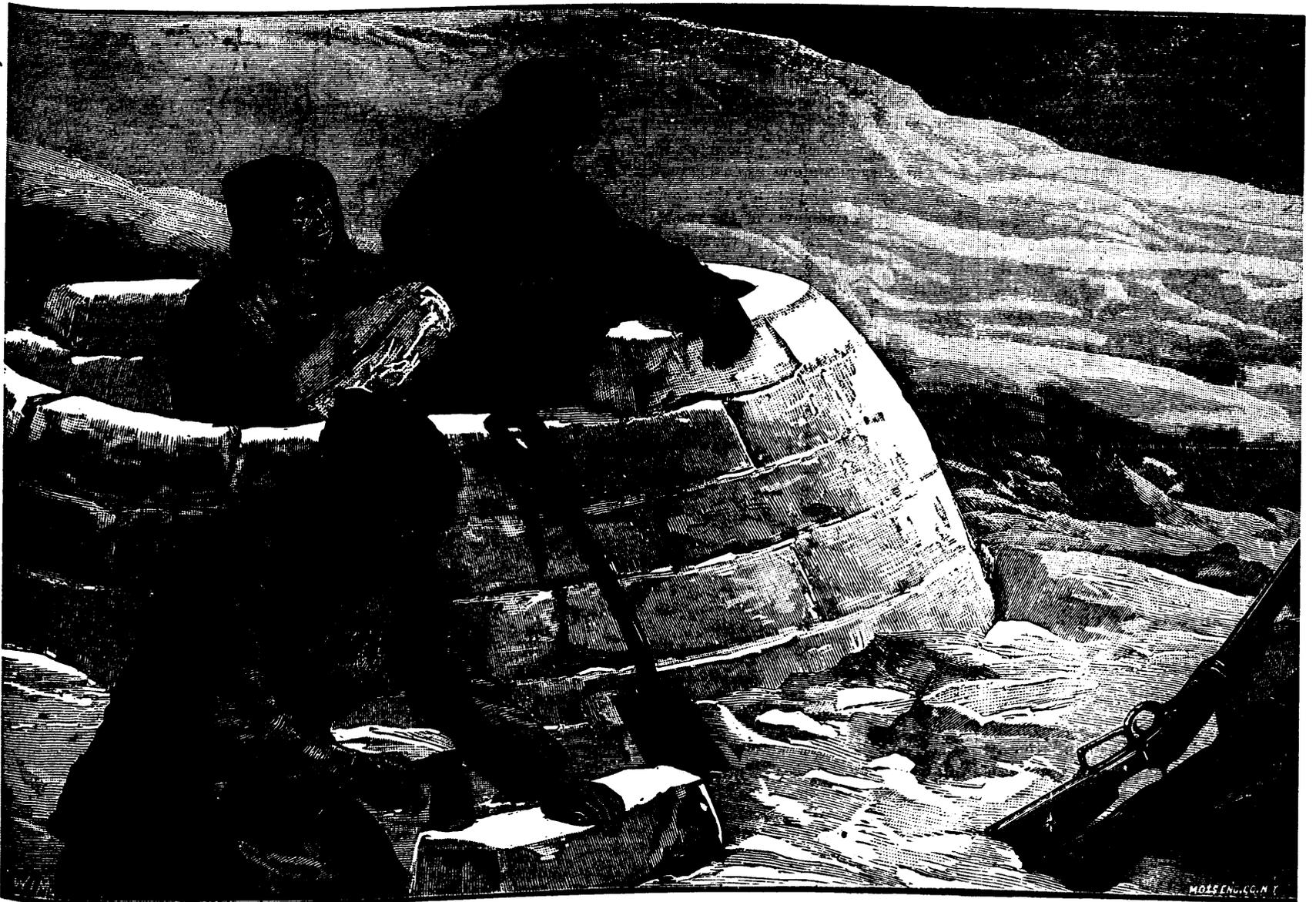
A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

RALPH SMITH

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VII.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 20, 1887.

[No. 17.]



BUILDING A WINTER RESIDENCE.

THE ESKIMO.

In no part of the world is that amazing capacity possessed by man for adapting himself to the circumstances of the position in which he is placed more strikingly apparent than in Arctic climes; similarly, there is no greater evidence obtainable of the goodness and love of God, which he shows towards the bodies as well as the souls of his people, than in the bountiful and wise provision he has made for the wants of the comparatively small and insignificant population of the Arctic regions. Because fat and other greasy substances are the best protection, in the way of

food, against snow, frost and cold, God, in his boundless wisdom, has provided that the Arctic regions shall be the natural home of the seal and whale and other fat producing animals, and also that the inhabitants shall eat with avidity and relish that food without which they could not subsist. So, likewise, because fur clothing is more effectual in resisting cold than that made from any other material would be, he has provided that all the animals of those regions shall be heavily furred, and also that the inhabitants shall possess, as they undoubtedly do, the highest skill in drying and dressing their skins,

preparatory to forming them into the warm, neat garments which they wear. Again, the skill and ingenuity exhibited by the Eskimos in the construction of their snow houses, which has created such a profound impression on the minds of missionaries and explorers of the Arctic climes, is unmistakably and directly a gift from God, and, like the poet, the Eskimo house builder *nascitur non fit*.

The dwellings of the Eskimo during the summer are deer-skin tents, and in the autumn wooden huts, partly underground and covered with earth; but his principal abode is on the ice, where he passes half the year in his

comfortable and symmetrical snow hut. Bishop Bompas, of Mackenzie River, whose honoured name will ever be associated with the welfare, spiritual and otherwise, of the Eskimos, amongst whom he has lived so long and laboured so faithfully, gives such an interesting, and I am sure, accurate description of the erection of his snow tenement by the Eskimo, that I make no apology for introducing it to the notice of the reader. He says, "In building his snow house the Eskimo shows a wonderful readiness, which I can compare to nothing but the skill of a bee in making its honeycomb. In the Eskimo country, the fallen snow on

the wide river mouths, after being driven by the wind, becomes caked or frozen so as to have considerable tenacity, and at the same time it can readily be cut with the knife. The Eskimo, then, with his butcher knife, cuts out square blocks of this frozen snow, as it lies on the surface of the river, of the size of ordinary blocks of stone masonry, and with these he builds a house, perfectly circular, of the shape of a bee-hive. With no tool but the knife, which is used as a trowel, he works with surprising rapidity, and the whole is arched over without any support from beneath, except, perhaps, a single pole during the construction. Any architect or mason at home, would, I suppose, be astonished to witness the work, and might fail in imitating it, for without line, or plummet and square, or measurement, the circular span and arch is exactly preserved, and the whole finished in the space of a single hour." Sir John Franklin, whose keenly observant eye nothing seems to have escaped, expresses his admiration for the beauty of the snow hut, as constructed by the Eskimo, in the following terms: "The purity of the material from which the house was framed, the elegance of its construction, and the transparency of its walls, which transmitted a very pleasant light, gave it an appearance far superior to a marble building, and one might survey it with feelings somewhat akin to those produced by the contemplation of a Greek temple reared by Phidias; both are triumphs of art, inimitable in their kinds."

NO!

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

CHAPTER VIII.

"TOUCH NOT."

YET this very experience of something beyond the solitary routine of his ordinary evenings had a bad effect on Jack, although he had escaped manfully this time.

He seemed to grow more and more lonely, and though he had resolved not to worry his mother he thought he had a right to ask her advice, so his next letter laid the case before her. Here it is:

"B—, Februrary 18, 18—.

"DEAR MAMMY: This letter is for you; don't read it out loud. I want to know what I shall do evenings. I get awfully tired of setting in my sky parlour all alone, sewing on buttons or writing letters. It's a good enough place to sleep in, and I don't expect any better room for six dollars a week. Besides, it would be just as lonesome if 'twas bigger, and as for looking out I'd just as lief see the stars as the back yard, and that's what you mostly do see—the yard, I mean here in the city. I kind of thought Mr. Gray would tell me about where to go, but he has had a lot to do since I came, and I s'pose

he has forgot me. It is real easy to forget boys if you ain't their mother. Well, I want to tell you and I don't want to so I'll just cut right in. You know Lew Denning that was in Mr. Gilbert's store? He came in the other day to see me, and he took me to the theatre. I don't know but what the play was good enough. The girl was real silly, but I s'pose girls mostly are exceptin' ours. But O mother, when they begun to dance it was awful! I was so ashamed I just grabbed my hat and run. I don't want to go there one more time. Not never! But it sort of unsettled me, that did. I want to go somewhere nights. What shall I do? You tell.

"Give my love to the girls and Mimy, and my respects to the ants. O mammy, I'd just like to hug you!"

"JACK."

Manice laid his boyish epistle down with a smile and a heartache. Suddenly there came into her mind the Master's words when he was about to leave his disciples alone as to his personal presence: "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil." And had her boy been kept from the evil? and taught far more forcibly than she could teach him the loathsome aspect of gilded and painted sin to pure and honest eyes! So she said to him in answer:

"DEAR JACK: Your letter is read and burned up. I am glad you wrote it. I think you had better ask Mr. Gray what will be a good way to amuse yourself in the evening, for he knows more about the city than I do. Perhaps there is a library where you can get reading. Dear, Jack do be careful about what books you read. I wish you could board at home, but you can't, and now you have to learn to be a man, to guide and control yourself with God's help to resist temptation, and endure hardness. As I have told you before, I am sure you will sometime be a Christian, and then you will have new strength and Almighty help. I wish you had it now.

"The girls send their love to you, and I dare say would ask you if boys or hens set and if ants deserve to have your message given to them. However, the girls did not read your letter, and I have a kind message from your aunts for you—and with a! Their message takes the shape of a pair of dog-skin gloves, which I inclose. Good-bye, my precious boy. Your very loving MOTHER."

Jack was much impressed by this letter, chiefly because his mother made no comment on his visit to the theatre. She seemed to be reluctant to touch on a topic so foreign to her nature. She did not even ask him not to go again. He felt that she trusted him and also in some subtle way he felt that she knew him even better than he knew himself, which was true.

Manice was a very wise woman, with that motherly wisdom which does not waste words even of advice and coun-

sel. She knew how tired young people get of superabundant words; she tried to be suggestive, knowing how a good seed always germinates and grows, but a large plant too often, if not always, dies of its transplanting. The mother's day is a day of small things, but eventually their increase filleth the earth.

She took this way, too, to gently remind Mr. Gray of his promises to her about her boy; to write and reproach him for leaving Jack so long to fight his way would have been much less successful.

Jack went to him as soon as bank hours were over the day after he got his mother's letter, and asked him quite simply if he could tell him where to spend his evenings when he was tired of his own society.

"Why!" said Mr. Gray, "It's too bad! I have been so perplexed and busy I forgot all about you, Jack. Let me see—come round to my house, 117 Randolph Street, this evening about seven, and I'll take you to some places where steady boys congregate."

So that evening Jack was made free of the Y. M. C. A. reading-rooms, and introduced at the public library, and indorsed there by Mr. Gray.

This was one thing, but the kindly cashier knew very well that boys need some relaxation besides reading, and advised him to buy tickets to a course of lectures illustrated by a stereopticon.

So Jack's evenings were fully occupied, or would have been had Lewis Denning let him alone. But there are boys who seem to delight in making their comrades as bad as themselves, and Lewis Denning was one of these. He was determined to make Jack his companion, not so much because he liked him, or altogether because he desired to bring him down to his own level, but he knew the amount of Jack's salary, and had easily discovered what were his personal expenses. Six dollars a week for board accounted for three hundred, excluding the two weeks of vacation; seventy-five cents a week for washing added \$37. 50; and a hundred dollars a year Jack allowed for clothing and small expenses. This left over a hundred and sixty dollars margin (cipher it exactly for yourselves, boys), which Lewis Denning thought would be quite a help to the various ways in which he enjoyed "life," if only he could persuade Jack into viewing money as he did, as merely the means of procuring pleasure.

He had not yet discovered that every pay day Jack remitted a surplus to his mother, swelling with joy and pride whenever he enclosed the checks in his letters, to think he was at last able to help the dear and beloved woman who worked so hard and so long for him. But in order to help Jack spend his money he must first incline Jack himself to spend it; and he made many cautious approaches in order to fascinate him gradually with the amusements and gratifications that were so sweet to his own nature.

Unfortunately for his plans, Jack did not care for music. He could

not be led into any doubtful society by this lure. But as spring approached and the sun shone more and more fiercely on the roof of Jack's attic chamber so that he found it hot and stuffy when he went back to it in the late afternoon, the country-bred boy began to long for the fresh, keen air, the tossing branches, the cool twilights, and the pure dawns of his real home in Danvers, and he lent a willing ear when Lewis proposed an excursion down the bay one moonlight night on a steamer that left the city at 5 p.m. and returned at 10.

Jack enjoyed the sail as only a boy can enjoy such a thing after a winter of work and confinement to the brick walls. The dashing spray of water, the sunset light on the long stretched beach, the gay crowds of promenaders, all interested and amused him. Lewis and he took supper at the great seaside hotel on L— Bluff, and the sail home in the cool moonlight was altogether delicious.

"Let's go again!" he said to Lewis as they parted at the door of his boarding-house, and Lewis assented with more delight than he expressed. He felt that he had driven in his entering wedge.

Now, the excursion was all right. A more harmless and purer pleasure could hardly have been devised for a healthy boy, and Jack felt exhilarated by its mere recollection. So he went again and again. The third time they strolled into a billiard-room, and Jack soon grew interested in the game; he began to try his own hand at it, and at last, at Lewis's instigation, made a small bet on a certain player. He happened to win his wager, and slipped the dollar into his pocket with an odd feeling of exultation. This indeed was an easy way to get money. Before he left the room he added another dollar to the first; and, but that the steamer sounded its sharp whistle, he might have gained—or lost—still more, but he dared not lose this last boat. The next time these two went over to the Bluff, sea or shore had no charms for Jack. He made straight for the billiard room, and this time experienced, luckily for him, that reverse which does not daunt the habitual gambler, but only excites him to further contest.

Jack lost ten dollars before his evening was over, and went back to the city with a sinking heart. It had been pay-day the day before, his board-bill and washing-bill and his new suit of clothes had all been paid for. If he sent the usual sum to his mother it would leave him but five dollars for the next three months. Fifteen had seemed little enough, but now?

There was nothing to be done but to lessen his usual remittance, and how should no! how could he bear to tell his mother the truth? The excitement of winning was gone. He looked back at himself with surprise and disgust, but he was upright of heart and brave of spirit. He sent the diminished check inside of a long letter that dismayed and yet comforted his mother. She could yet trust her boy's candor, even if his discretion had failed. She wrote back:

"You ask me, dear Jack, why betting is wrong. If you would use its other name, gambling, perhaps you would see for yourself. When a person works hard and honestly for money, do you think it is right or

reasonable to throw it away for the mere pleasure of a guess? Isn't this 'spending their money for that which is not bread?' I am not glad you went to the billiard-table when you did, but I'm very glad you lost money there so early in your experience, for now you know for yourself, before you have acquired the habit, that gambling is a degrading and desperate employment, a pleasure that is all bitterness underneath its gloss of enjoyment."

And Jack kept away from billiard-tables thereafter, to Lewis's great disgust. That our boy had learned to say "No" early in his life was a wonderful help to him now. He had the strength that a habit of resistance gives the soul, a strength next best to Christian principles. In vain did Lewis try to teach him beer-drinking. His promise to his mother so long ago held him with a band of tried steel against this temptation. He was no more perfect or faultless than most well-trained boys; he had their faults and their short-comings but he was not weak.

In the course of this spring he entered a Bible-class and took a seat in the church to which Mr. Gray belonged, though up to this time he had taken up the wandering habit so common to boys and young men in their first experience of city life and gone about to various churches in an unsettled way, growing critical over the singing, the preaching, the congregation, and the "style of things," until a church became to him a mere place of resort. But when Mr. Gray took him in hand at last he proposed that Jack should attach himself to some one church and take part in its services, if not yet as a member, then as one of its regular attendants. And soon the comradeship of the class, the possession of his own seat, hymn book, and Bible, the friendly hand-shake of the minister, gave the boy a feeling of home that is one of the great and beneficent results of Church organization; and is the means of bringing many who are at first merely of its congregation into that heart of Zion which is really the heart of its Head—"the God and Father of us all."

"HANDLE NOT."

Jack went on with his work through the summer, now and then indulging himself with a short sail on some excursion steamer, or a brief ride on the cars to some beautiful suburb where he could have a walk in the woods and fields. He saw little of Lewis Denning, but he had made new friends of a more wholesome sort at the reading-rooms and in the Bible-class—other boys who liked as well as he to take a swim in the sparkling salt water, run races on the green turf, climb trees and hills, and do the thousand things by which boys express their healthy fun and hearty animal nature. It is just as good for boys to play ball, run races, swim, hunt, and fish as it is to read and study. A boy who grows up pale, listless, flabby, with some ache or pain forever knocking at the door of life, unable to eat wholesome food, to sleep well, play well, and work hard with his muscles as well as his brain, is a boy who is good for very little, even if he knows all that his head will hold of what books can teach. For God gives us bodies as well as minds and souls, and we should respect and care for all alike. Honour his gift of flesh and

blood, boys; keep it in good order, clean, pure, and healthy, for he will ask account of that wonderful structure at your hands in the day when he requires an account of the talents, and blesses him as a good and faithful servant who can show a fervent soul, an honest mind, and an undecorated and honoured person.

But Lewis Denning had not quite given up Jack yet. His own funds were rather low, though he had the same salary Jack had; but constant amusement, that costs something five days out of seven, soon makes an empty pocket, even if you never lay up a cent, and Lewis never did.

He thought if once he could get back into intimate terms with Jack he could borrow a little money now and then to help out his own deficiencies of that sort; so he came once in a while to the attic chamber, and Jack was hospitable to him, all the more that he had just come home from his vacation, and Lewis said he wanted to hear all the Danvers news, and intimated that it was for that reason he had come to call the first time. Then, as I said before, he came occasionally, but he did not find Jack as easy to persuade as at first; descriptions of the firemen's balls, the theatre, the various shows he frequented, seemed to fall flat on Jack's ear.

"I saw all I want to of dancing at that theatre," growled he, as Lewis was detailing to him his own delight in a great ball just given by a certain firm to their employees.

"Bless your innocent soul!" laughed Lewis, "you don't think all dancin' is like the ballet, do you?"

Lewis was not "up" in French, as he would have said.

"There's dancin' that is just as good as any thing; lots of very high-toned folks dance. Says in the Bible somewhere that David danced; I dunno as you're any better than he was."

Jack felt puzzled; he was not sure himself; he fell back on an argument that was unanswerable.

"Well, any way, I can't afford it, Lew. I'm savin' up all my extra pennies to get a bicycle next summer; they are such jolly fun. If I had a wheel, you see, I shouldn't have to pay fares on the railroad to go anywhere in the summer. I could just spin it out to Silver Beach, or Fresh Pond, or Hatton, or Milend in no time. I tell you there's nothin' like 'em. And Jack launched into his pet hobby with all the enthusiasm of a boy.

But after Lew had gone, his words about dancing rankled in Jack's mind. He determined to see for himself if King David really did dance.

The psalmist was a favorite character with Jack; he had studied his life lately in the Bible-class in a general sort of way, the teacher choosing for the class such parts of David's history as made a continuous biography, and omitting detail.

Jack had a concordance—his Bible-class demanded honest study, and this was his best help beside a few small maps. He took it out of the drawer as soon as Lewis went, and turned to the word "dance."

To his astonishment there were twenty-two references to this word in its various forms, but he did not look them all out. His searching finger stayed on "2 Sam. 6. 14. David d. before Lord."

Jack opened his Bible, found the place, and read:

"And David danced before the Lord with all his might; and David was girded with a linen ephod."

Jack shut the Bible; boy-like, he looked no further. He was disappointed; the only dancing he had ever seen was a wild orgy, as far removed from the lofty King of Israel as the fairy whirl of gnats in the dazzle of an afternoon's brief sunshine is from the awful march of the starry host through the midnight sky; indeed, further removed, for the gnats are soulless atoms, not responsible women.

Jack felt like Michal, at once disappointed and outraged; but he did the best thing for him to do, he sat down and wrote to his mother. Happy boy, to have such a refuge! A wise and loving mother is the true viceroy of God to her children before they have learned to know the King himself. This is what he wrote:

"DEAR MOTHER: I'm awfully bothered; you know I told you about that horrid dancing I ran away from. Well, Lew has been to see me, and he was talking about a big ball he went to, and I guess I fired up some, and he said there was real respectable dancing; good people did it. He said King David did; that it was in the Bible. I didn't believe him, but I looked it out. Mother, he really did! I mean David. Now is it right to dance? O, I am so puzzled with things! Good bye. This isn't a letter, you know, only a question.

"JACK."

Manice laid down the letter with a sigh. Should she tell Jack to break off his acquaintance with Lewis Denning? Would that avert the danger if he obeyed her? Satan is not so ill off for messenger boys that to get rid of one sets them all out of the way. Then it might put Lewis into that character of forbidden fruit that from Eden down has been so attractive to poor humanity.

She felt weak and incapable before this new attempt to delude her boy; she could only ask with the eagerness and stress of great need for the help that had never failed her; and when she lifted her head, calmed and strengthened, she answered Jack's question:

"MY DEAR BOY: If you had read all that chapter in Samuel, instead of one verse, you would have seen why David danced; he was so glad to get the ark, that is, the personal presence of God, back into his own city with him that he did not think of anything but his gladness. In those old days dancing was the way in which people expressed their joy in anything that happened, as you will see if you look out all the texts in your concordance. I have no idea that David danced as people dance now; he certainly did not do it as an amusement, but 'before the Lord' in holy joy. Dear Jack, if I could see you so filled with joy and gladness and welcome for the coming of God into your heart and soul I should not care if you 'danced' all the way through the city streets!"

"Your very loving MOTHER."

Jack gave a long sigh of relief, and inflicted the whole of his mother's letter on Lewis when he next came.

"Your mother's awful pious, aint she," Lewis commented, suppressing a yawn.

"You bet!" emphatically answered Jack.

"Well, I guess you wouldn't take to balls, p'rhaps; you're such a feller to read. Do you like stories?"

"Yes. I haven't read a great many. I like books about people that travel and have adventures, like Robinson Crusoe, only more."

"Then I'll fetch you one that'll suit you to a T; it is the greatest book, 'The Horrid Hunter of Hallicash.' I bought it at an auction; it is splendid."

So Lewis brought the book, a cheap, badly illustrated story of adventure, where the hero escaped at least ten times from sudden death, sometimes by an apparent suspension of the laws of nature in his favour, sometimes by the sudden appearance of a lovely girl, a hoary hermit, or a loathly hag hopping up like a Jack-in-the-box at the most improbable times and places. Natural history, geography, physiology, probability, even possibility, were all set at defiance, but nevertheless Jack was breathlessly interested in the dashing hunter who wore a death's-head mask to disguise his lordly countenance and alarm his enemies, and turned out at last to be an imperial prince of the House of Hapsburg.

Under this course of reading Jack grew very tired of the tedious work of his daily life; he was all the time dreaming of wild rides through forest and prairie, of encounters with rushing herds of buffalo, or shots at prowling lions. He dreamed of precipices and shipwrecks, of despair and rescue, and awoke unrefreshed. He did not like to study his Bible lesson as once he did, and the class ceased to interest him; the sermons of the pastor fell on deaf ears, for he was dreaming of adventure and prowess instead of listening to the Gospel. More than once Mr. Gray reproved him for carelessness, and still oftener the teller snapped him up for forgetting his daily duties.

One day, however, Lewis left him a book of another style, by the author of "The Horrid Hunter." Jack had been looking over his mother's letters to fix some date he wanted, and two or three lay open on the table beside him, as he eagerly turned to the new book. It is not necessary to describe or retail its contents. Their tone was new to Jack. He read a few pages, and suddenly he seemed to see that forgotten ballet rise before him. His face burned, his soul revolted. He turned his head aside and caught at the glance one sentence from one of his mother's letters, "Jack, be careful what you read!" and crash went the book through the window out on to the roof of the next house.

He felt poisoned, and he was, but not fatally; for the draught had not been sweet to him, and he had discovered its venom soon. He had to pay for the book and replace the broken glass, but it was a small fine of deliverance. He had broken the net, though with torn hands in the effort, and it was many months before his mind recovered its natural healthy tone, or ceased even against his struggling will to recall words and ideas that never should have been imprinted on it. Well says the Arab proverb, "There are three things that return not: the spoken word, the sent arrow, and the lost opportunity."

(To be continued.)

The Good Shepherd.

BY MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

KIND Seeker of the wandering sheep,
Kind Watcher of the fold,
Let us within thy shelter creep,
Secure from harm and cold.

Thy life is love, thy love is life,
We make that love our choice,
And follow on through peace or strife
The leading of thy voice.

It leads us forth thy work to share,
From every idle dream,
It calls to rest in pastures fair,
Beside the coolest stream.

Through pain, through toil, that tender voice
Our trusted guide shall be;
While our uplifted souls rejoice
In toil and pain for thee!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 20, 1887.

\$250,000
FOR MISSIONS
FOR THE YEAR 1887.

SHE COULD SHOUT HOSANNAH."

"O, I SHOUT 'Hosannah!'" was a child's answer to one asking what she did at the representation of a theme from the history of Christ. Was it not significant? She may have thought she could not do very much. Still, she could be one to lift her voice and repeat her simple praise, "Hosannah!"

What would you do in this world? Would you be great with the pen, mighty with the sword, ready with the inventor's cunning? Would you make all these powers an offering to Christ? Would you be marvellous with the voice and win men to Christ by your oratory? All these grand achievements may be denied you. Your round of life may be limited. Still, where you are you can shout, "Hosannah!" By a life submitted to Jesus, in its temperance, its honesty, its purity, its trustful obedience, its constant cheerfulness, you can bring praise to the Saviour. You may be

sure that there will be always someone to listen, a soul in temptation needing your strength, in sickness needing the shadow of that Great Rock in a weary land where you hide away, in sorrow needing the touch of the divine hand wiping away your tears.

O, stand and shout, "Hosannah!"
Perishing souls will hear, and the listening ear of Jesus will catch the glad, worshipful strain.

THE HAPPY LITTLE CHRISTIAN GIRL.

A LITTLE girl one day met with an accident from fire and was dreadfully burned. She was at once taken to a hospital, where she could be better attended than at home. Her sufferings were great, yet she never complained. Amid all her pains she was very happy, and had no fear of death. One night, as she lay in the ward, the rest all quiet, and the nurse absent, a little voice was heard singing:

"Jesus! the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to Heaven."

And then a pause, and nothing was heard but the ticking of the great clock in the hall, when the little girl again sang:

"Happy if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!"

The singing ceased; the nurse returned, and, stepping to the bedside of the little sufferer, looked upon the child, but she was dead—her spirit was in heaven; saved by the Friend of sinners, she went to be with him in his own glorious home forever.—*Selected by M. M. F.*

GOING TO CHURCH.

IN a small village in pleasant Massachusetts lived a wealthy widow lady. She was not proud, like some people, as you shall presently see. She never stayed at home from church for trifles, and had worn the same bonnet for nearly four years. This good lady preferred to give the money she would have spent for bonnets to the poor. But her daughter who was very vain, at last persuaded her to send it to the milliner's shop and have it "fixed over," so when the next Sunday came she had no bonnet to wear. But, as I have said, she never stayed at home from church for trifles. Her stylish daughter was extremely mortified at seeing her mother start for church with a neat-looking calico sun-bonnet on her head. "O mother!" she exclaimed, "I am so ashamed. Every one will laugh at you for wearing that bonnet. I wish you would stay at home." "My daughter," replied the lady, "I do not go to church to show my clothes; and besides no polite person will ridicule me, as you suppose." The daughter said no more, for she knew it would be useless. The lady

went to church and no one thought of laughing about her bonnet, but all honoured her for setting such a good example.

Now, my young friends, don't you think this lady acted in a very wise and proper manner?—*Selected.*

ASHAMED OF THEIR DEEDS.

THE keeper of a meat-market does not hide from public view his well-fattened, choice meats. Often a splendid quarter of beef hangs over the sidewalk. And not only in the meat-market, but also in the grocery and clothing store articles to be sold are amply placed on exhibition. But the saloon makes use of screens, and does its work in the dark as much as possible. Why? some people, regarded respectable, when within the saloon, because of the screens can be kept from exposure, and some boys just commencing to drink can thereby conceal their mischievous beginnings from the public. These veils will indicate that drinkers and sellers of liquors are ashamed of their deeds of darkness. And why are they ashamed of drinking and selling even in moderate quantities? They know, or ought to know, that for the past fifty years the best life-insurance companies of England have insured moderate drinkers and total abstainers in separate sections, and that they have given a bonus to the section of total abstainers of 7, 13, 17, and even 23 per cent. over that paid to the section of moderate drinkers.—*B. J. Hoadly, A.M.*

THEY NEVER STRIKE.

THERE is one class of labourers who never strike and seldom complain. They get up at five o'clock in the morning, and do not go back to bed until ten or eleven o'clock at night. They work without ceasing the whole of that time, and receive no other emolument than food and the plainest clothing. They understand something of every branch of economy and labour, from finance to cooking. Though harassed by a hundred responsibilities, though driven and worried, though reproached and looked down upon, they never revolt; and they cannot organize for their own protection. Not even sickness releases them from their posts. No sacrifice is deemed too great for them to make, and no incompetency in any branch of their work is excused. No essays or books or poems are written in tribute to their steadfastness. They die in the harness, and are supplanted as quickly as may be. These are the housekeeping wives of the labouring men.

If these women had the time to rest which their husbands spend in dram-shops and dissipation; and if they had the money to spend which their husbands squander on liquor and tobacco, they would brighten their homes with comfort and sunshine, rear their children in respectability, and cause life's desert to rejoice and blossom like the garden of the Lord.

Save the Boys.

BY MRS. FRANCES W. HARPER.

A HARD drinker is reported to have said, "I can't reform, but for God's sake save the boys."

Like Dives in the deeps of hell,
I cannot break this fearful spell,
Nor quench the fires I've madly nursed,
Nor cool this dreadful raging thirst.
Take back your pledge, ye came too late;
Ye cannot save me from my fate,
Nor bring me back departed joys,
But ye can try to save the boys.

Ye bid me break my fiery chain
Aside, and be a man again,
When every street with snares is spread,
And nets of sin where'er I sped.
No! I must reap as I did sow—
The seeds of sin bring crops of woe;
But with my latest breath I'll crave
That ye will try the boys to save.

These blood-shot eyes were once so bright,
This sin-crushed heart so glad and light;
But by the wine-cup's ruddy glow
I traced a path to shame and woe.
A captive to my galling chain,
I've tried to rise, but tried in vain;
The cup allures and then destroys,
Oh! from its thralldom save the boys.

Take from your streets these traps of hell,
Into whose gilded snares I fell;
Oh! freemen, from these foul decoys
Arise, and vote to save the boys.
Oh! ye who license men to trade
In draughts that charm and then degrade,
Before ye hear the cry TOO LATE,
Oh! save the boys from my sad fate.

CHRIST'S TRANSFORMING POWER.

SOME of the transformations in this world are wonderful. An old dirty man comes to my door with an old dirty sack, crying, "Rags! Old iron! Paper, rags!" To-morrow I write you a letter on a sheet of beautifully finished and tinted paper; it is the soiled scraps of rags he took away yesterday, transformed. So Jesus' mission into the world was a transforming one. He transforms the temper; he transforms the speech; he transforms the dress; he transforms the habits; he transforms the home; he transforms the nation, or tribe, or people; he transforms the future; he transforms death. He takes of the commonest and ugliest things and lives, and makes of them things of beauty and joy, as he made wine of the water.—*Selected.*

THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

ONE day, when Bishop Wilberforce was travelling by rail, a young man in the carriage said to a companion that he would like to meet His Lordship.

"Would you?" said the bishop, speaking under the shade of his newspaper. "And why?"

"I should like to give him a poser," rejoined the youth.

"What would it be?" said the bishop.

"Why, I should ask him to tell me the way to heaven."

"And the bishop's answer would be, 'Turn to the right and go straight on,'" was the prelate's response, looking up with a twinkle in his eye to his interrogator.—*Band of Hope Review.*



STORMING A CASTLE.

STORMING A CASTLE.

THIS cut represents one of the cruel scenes in the old stormy days of blood, such as have been enacted a thousand times. Listen to Longfellow's description of the horrors of war, and his prayer for peace.

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which through the ages that have gone
before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon
hammer,
Through the Cimbric forest rears the
Norseman's song.
And loud amid the universal clamour,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar
gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful
din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's
skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning
village;
The shout that every prayer for mercy
drowns;
The soldier's revels in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched
asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly
voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power, that fills the world
with terror,
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps
and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from
error,
There were no need for arsenals nor forts:
The warrior's name would be a name
abhorred!
And every nation, that should lift again
its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of
Cain!
Down the dark future, through long gener-
ations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then
cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet
vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say,
"Peace!"
Peace! and no longer from its brazen
portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the
skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

JERRY'S STOLEN SUGAR.

JERRY MCAULEY was one of the wickedest men in New York City; but he had ears that could hear God's voice, and eyes that could see God's hand and take hold of it. Did you ever think that some of the most gentle and polite people in the world are without eyes or ears for God? After Jerry became a Christian he started a mission for other wicked men and women, that he might help them to know God. From one of his "Talks" we hear about the stolen sugar:—

"I want to say to the young converts that they will be tried in many ways; but if you only learn to trust Jesus fully and fearlessly, you will come out all right. I remember a short time after I was converted I was sitting in a mission down town reading, when in came a man who was captain of a vessel. He looked around till he saw me, and said to the man who kept the place: 'What are you doing with that rascal in here?' The captain was told I was converted and living a Christian life. 'He a Christian!' said the captain; 'yes, a pretty Christian he is! He stole a hundred dollars' worth of sugar from me once, and if he had got his deserts he would be in the penitentiary.' Then, walking up to me, he said: 'If you are converted, and pretend to be an honest man, pay me for that sugar you stole from me.' My friends, that was a trying time for me, and the devil tempted me to deny the whole thing and face him down in it; but I lifted my heart to God, and he helped me. I went up to him and said: 'Cap-

tain, I did steal that sugar from you; and if you will walk to my home with me I will pay you for it.' I had got steady work, and had saved a hundred dollars, and had put it away—the first hundred dollars I had ever saved by honest work. I hated to part with it, we needed things so bad; but the Lord helped me, and I said: 'Come on; walk right home with me, and I will pay you for that sugar.' 'Yes,' said he, 'you look like paying a hundred dollars. I ain't fooled quite so easy as that.' I took him by the arm and made him walk right along, and the Lord helped me every step I took. He was silent for a while, when he said, in a kinder tone: 'Now Jerry, you don't mean to pay me that money. You can't spare it.' I said: 'Yes, I can. The Lord will help me to spare it.' 'Jerry,' said he, 'I believe you have got religion. Now hold on; I ain't going to take that money. It is diamond cut diamond. I stole that sugar and you stole it from me. Suppose we call it even.' Well, he would go no farther, and I saved my hundred dollars. If I had tried to shirk the matter and run away from that man, I would have lost my own enjoyment, and lost the chance of showing the captain how the grace of God in the heart makes a man honest. O my friend if you only get honest with God and honest with yourself, you can defy the world!"—*Everybody's Magazine*.

ABSTAIN from all appearance of evil.

MARION'S VERSE.

EVERYTHING had gone wrong with Marion Douglas that Monday morning. In the first place, breakfast was late, and she had spoken unkindly to the cook, and had been reproved by her mother. Then her little sister Allie had actually upset her cup of coffee, and spilled it all over her new plaid merino. She rose from the table very angry, and rushed up-stairs to change her dress. Some word which her Sunday-school teacher had said to her only the morning before crossed her memory.

"It is of no use," she said aloud, "for me to try to be a Christian. I might as well give up."

As she stood, a few minutes later, with her hat and cloak on, ready for school, she remembered that it was her turn to learn and repeat four lines of a poem from some author. She caught up her book of extracts and opened it. What was it that caused the tears to flow from her eyes and her lips to move in a prayer!

She stood a moment, committing the lines to memory, and then went down and spoke pleasantly to the cook, and kissed her mother and Allie good-bye, and went away to school. And when it was her turn to give an extract, she rose, and, with a bright, unclouded face, repeated slowly:

The little worries which we meet each day
May lie as stumbling-blocks across our way,
Or, we may make them stepping-stones to be
Of grace, O Christ, to thee.

PLAYING FOOL.

AN industrious young shoemaker fell into the habit of spending much time in a saloon near by. One by one his customers began to desert him. When his wife remonstrated with him for so neglecting his work for the saloon, he would carelessly reply: "O, I've just been down a little while playing pool." His little two-year-old caught the refrain, and would often ask, "Is you goin' down to play fool, papa?" Smith tried in vain to correct this word. The child persisted in his own pronunciation, and day by day he accosted his father with "Has you been playin' fool, papa?" This made a deep impression upon the shoemaker, as he realized that the question was being answered in the falling off of his customers and the growing wants of the household. He resolved again and again to quit the pool table, but weakly allowed the passion of play to hold him a long time. Finally he found himself out of work, out of money, and out of flour. Sitting on his bench one afternoon, idle and despondent, he was heard to exclaim, "No work again to-day—what I'm to do I don't know!" "Why, papa," prattled the baby, "can't you run down and play fool some more?" "O hush, you poor child," groaned his father, shame-stricken. "That's just the trouble. Papa has played fool too much already." But he never played it again, and to-day his home is comfortable and happy once more.

The Silver Plate.

THEY passed it along from pew to pew,
And gathered the coins, now fast, now few,
That rattled upon it, and every time
Some eager fingers would drop a dime
On the silver plate with a silver sound;
A boy who sat in the aisle looked round
With a wistful face—"O, if only he
Had a dime to offer, how glad he'd be!"
He fumbled his pockets, but didn't dare
To hope he should find a penny there;
And much as he searched when all was done,
He hadn't discovered a single one.
He had listened with wide-set, earnest eyes,
As the minister, in a plaintive wise,
Had spoken of children all abroad
The world who had never heard of God:
Poor, pitiful pagans, who didn't know,
When they came to die, where their souls
would go;
And who shrieked with fear when their
mothers made
Them kneel to an idol god—afraid
He might eat them up—so fierce and wild
And horrid he seemed to the frightened
child.
"How different," murmured the boy, while
his
Lips trembled—"How different *Jesus* is!"

And the more the minister talked, the more
The boy's heart ached to its inner core;
And the nearer to him the silver plate
Kept coming, the harder seemed his fate
That he hadn't a penny (had that sufficed)
To give, that the heathen might hear of
Christ.

But all at once, as the silver sound
Just tinkled beside him, the boy looked
'round

And they offered the piled up plate to him,
And he blushed, and his eyes began to swim.
Then bravely turning, as if he knew
There was nothing better that he could do,
He spoke, in a voice that held a tear—
"Put the plate on the bench beside me here."
And the plate was placed, for they thought
he meant

To empty his pockets of every cent.
But he stood straight up, and he softly put
Right square in the midst of the plate—his
foot,

And said, with a sob controlled before,
"I will give MYSELF—I have nothing more!"

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

ONLY TWO GLASSES OF BEER.

A BOY in a court room was arraigned
for throwing a stone at a horse-car.
When asked by the judge what he had
to say for himself he drooped his head
and stammeringly replied, "Nothing,
sir—except—that I—had taken a—
couple of—glasses—of—beer! Noth-
ing—sir—except—"

As if that would be accepted in ex-
tenuation of a boy's lawlessness!

A barn burns down, and the person
charged with the responsibility says
he has no excuse only that he left a
shovel of burning coals on a hay mow!
The boy's stammering tongue did not
make an acceptable plea, and he was
marched off by the police, to think the
matter over in a stone cell.

"Nothing—sir—except—!"

And yet some people think beer is
a temperate drink, and that brewers
are the apostles of good order, good
health, good morals. Two glasses,
only, of beer, and yet therein was
room sufficient for a stone that did a
deal of trouble. There is room in a
glass of beer for many ugly things—
hot words and hard blows, a living
tongue, and a thief's fingers. But
every glass of beer is sure to have this

within: a stairway that leads one
down to a glass of something stronger.
"Beer" is one ugly step in the drunk-
ard's descent toward hell!

A young man who didn't want to
die a drunkard, and came to us for
help, said he started the trouble in a
glass of beer. A second, who came
for our prayers, traced his drinking
habits back to the quaffing of a glass
of beer while he was getting in coal
when a boy.

"Nothing—sir—except—!"

This is the season when beer and its
kindred nuisances that have been be-
hind doors in town come forth, like
snakes' tongues out of a hole occupied
in winter, and temptingly are paraded
before our boys at pleasure excursions
and summer resorts. Set your face
and foot against the evil, and be right
when you are boys. Don't put your
foot on the top stair of the drunkard's
descent. You then will not surely
reach the last and lowest step.

A FAMOUS FLOATING BRIDGE.

THE greatest and most famous of
all floating bridges was that built by
the Roman Emperor Caligula in
A.D. 39. An immense number of
boats were anchored in the bays of
Baie and Puteoli in two lines, in the
form of a crescent, over three miles
long. A flooring of planks was laid
upon them and covered with earth.
Houses were built upon it and fresh
water was conveyed to them by pipes
from the shore. When all was ready,
the Emperor, accompanied by his
court and a throng of spectators, rode
in solemn procession from one end of
the bridge to the other. He was
clothed in costly robes and adorned
with gold and pearls, and wore Alex-
ander's breast-plate and a civic crown.
At evening the whole bridge was
illuminated with torches and lanterns,
and Caligula boasted that he had
"turned the night into day, as well as
the sea into land." The whole court
slept that night in the houses on the
bridge. Next day there was another
procession in which Caligula rode in a
triumphal chariot, followed by a train
of other chariots. The insane em-
peror then made an oration in praise
of his work, and wound up the festivi-
ties by ordering a large number of the
spectators to be thrown into the sea.
—*Good Words.*

USELESS STUDIES.

THE other day a young girl of our
acquaintance, who is pursuing a
selected course of study in one of the
collegiate institutions of the city, was
examining the printed curriculum with
reference to deciding what study she
should take up next term. While
consulting about the matter, she read
over the long list of text-books on
science, language, literature, and
mathematics, when suddenly she ex-
claimed: "I'll tell you what I would
like to study—I would like to study
medicine. I don't mean that I want

to be a physician and practice, but to
know what to do at home if anybody
is sick or anything happens. I am
sure that it would be more useful to
me than"—and she turned to the pre-
scribed course of study—"than spher-
ical trigonometry and navigation?
But we can't run for a doctor every
time anybody sneezes and coughs,
and I would like to know what to do
for any one who is a little sick."
Here is a matter concerning which
young women need some simple but
careful instruction. But who gives
them any? As daughters in the
family, they can repeat the dates of
the Grecian and Roman wars, work
out an intricate problem in algebra,
and give the technical name of all the
bones in the body; but if the baby
brother left in their charge burns his
hands or is seized with croup, how
many of them know the best thing to
do while waiting for the doctor? And
when, as wives and mothers, the duties
of life increase, how many of them
have any practical knowledge which
will help them to meet calmly and in-
telligently the everyday experience of
accidents and illnesses which are in-
evitable in every family?—*Harper's
Bazaar.*

JOHN KING, THE NEWSBOY.

JOHN KING has been long known in
Cincinnati. In his early life he was
kicked by a horse, and lost the use of
one leg. Later he received an injury
in the other leg, which, with rheuma-
tism, crippled him for life.

He came to Cincinnati in 1868, and
had been here only a short time when
he was taken with small-pox, and was
carried to the pest-house. He had
been as courageous as a man could be
until then, but while there his courage
gave way. He recovered, however,
and soon after became a seller of news-
papers. He made an investment,
after awhile, of a little money which
he had saved, and lost it all and in-
curred a debt besides. He managed
to pay off this debt by the display of
a perseverance and honesty which
must command the praise of all hon-
ourable men. He lost at one time
\$600 by the failure of a bank. Still
he toiled on and accumulated a library
of some thousands of volumes, and the
books were so judiciously selected as
to make the collection more valuable
than private libraries usually are.
His career was one of the most remark-
able on record. His courage and
energy were almost unparalleled. His
difficulties were such as would appal
almost any other human being, but he
never faltered. His taste for reading
was as remarkable as his unconquer-
able courage. His career was more
marvellous than the stories of romance,
and if John King could succeed no
youth in America need despair.

We have no personal acquaintance
with this indomitable and eccentric
man, but the story of his life, as
related in the *Commercial Gazette*, is

really so wonderful that we deem it
worthy of this reference as an encour-
agement to struggling young men who
see before them no way to success.

How the King Came Home.

BY FLORENCE TYLER.

"O, WHY are you waiting, children,
And why are you watching the way?"
"We are watching because the folks have
said,

The king comes home to-day—
The king on his prancing charger,
In his shining golden crown.
O, the bells will ring, the glad birds sing,
When the king comes back to the town."

"Run home to your mothers, children;
In the land is pain and woe,
And the king, beyond the forest,
Fights with the Paynim foe."
"But," said the little children,
"The fight will soon be past,
We fain would wait, though the hour be
late;
He will surely come at last."

So the eager children waited
Till the closing of the day,
Till their eyes were tired of gazing
Along the dusty way;
But there came no sound of music,
No flashing golden crown;
And tears they shed, as they crept to bed,
When the round red sun went down.

But at the hour of midnight,
While the weary children slept,
Was heard within the city
The voice of them that wept;
Along the moonlit highway
Toward the sacred dome,
Dead on his shield, from the well fought
field—
'Twas thus the king came home.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

A MONKEY HERO.

A NOBLEMAN had a favourite
monkey, a large orang-outang. The
monkey was very much attached to
his master, and to the baby boy who
was the pet of the whole family.

One day, a fire suddenly broke out
in the house, and everybody was run-
ning here and there to put it out,
while the little boy in the nursery was
almost forgotten; and when at length
they thought of him, the stair case
was all in flames. What could be
done?

As they were looking up and won-
dering, a large hairy hand and arm
opened the window; and presently the
monkey appeared with the baby in
his arms and carefully climbed down
over the porch, and brought the child
safely to his nurse. Nobody else
could have done it; for a man cannot
climb like a monkey, and is not near
so strong.

You may imagine how the faithful
creature was praised and petted after
that. This is a true story, and the
little child who was saved was the
young Marquis of Kildare.—*Selected.*

LITTLE Charlie listened eagerly to
his father read the third chapter of
Revelation; but when he came to the
twentieth verse—"Behold, I stand at
the door and knock"—he could not
wait, but ran up to his father, eagerly
asking, "Father, did he get in?"

What Maidie Did.

THE box was packed and stood by the door—
 'Twas going a journey the round world o'er;
 There was nothing to do but nail down the lid,
 Save this one little thing that Maidie did.
 Maidie sat on the door-step, Pegg on her arm,
 Holding her tight and keeping her warm;
 She was not very much of a doll, poor Pegg,
 With her head almost off, and only one leg.
 She was all Maidie had, though, her dearest and best,
 Next to papa and mamma and all of the rest;
 And now her poor brain was all in a whirl
 At the thought that many a poor little girl,
 Where the big box was going, had naught so good
 As quiet little Pegg; and, do what she would,
 The question kept coming: "Ought Peggy to go
 In the box o'er the sea, when she loved her so?"
 "She could roll up a rag doll, wouldn't that do?
 Or she'd save all her pennies the whole year through,
 For the nicest French dolly in all the big store"—
 But then that couldn't go in the box by the door.
 "The sweetest—the bestest—the minister said?"
 And softly she patted Pegg's little tow head,
 Kissed her poor faded lips, with a sob raised the lid—

Can you guess for me now what our Maidie did?

RESOLUTE COURAGE.

SIR THOMAS READE, lately British consul-general in Tunis, was a man not to be awed by royal pomp. Several instances of his fearless disregard of official mandates have become a part of Tunisian history.
 He had a most determined will, which was best manifested in cases where injustice was attempted. He would defeat the tyrant if he could. This trait is well illustrated by his championship of a Greek gunsmith who was pursuing his trade in Tunis.
 One day an Arab brought a gun to this man's shop, and asked him to repair it. When the gunsmith asked him if the weapon was loaded, he answered "No," and the smith forthwith pulled the trigger.

The poor Arab had been mistaken, and in consequence received the full charge in his head, which was literally blown off.

A crowd of natives at once rushed in, crying that their countryman had been murdered by the gunsmith. In vain did the latter explain. He would have been speedily torn in pieces had not the police come to his rescue and conveyed him to prison.

The Greek community, in great alarm, went to Sir Thomas Reade and implored his aid. Sir Thomas at once drove to the residence of the bey, and told him that the occurrence had been accidental.

"Well," said the bey, "what do you want?"

"I want the man," answered Sir Thomas.

"But I have not got him here. He is in prison at Tunis."

"Send for him, then; for I do not budge from here till I have him."

The bey actually did send for him; and Sir Thomas delivered him to his Greek friends, charging them to ship him off at once. Such results may be accomplished by a resolute bearing.

HOW TO LEARN.

THE Duke of Argyll who lived in Queen Ann's reign was one day walking in his garden, when he saw a Latin book lying on the grass. Thinking it had been brought from his library he gave directions for it to be taken back, when a lad, called Edmund Stone, then in his eighteenth year, a son of the gardener, claimed it as his own.

The duke was surprised, and on questioning him was still further astonished at his answers.

"But how," said the duke, "came you by the knowledge of all these things?"

Stone replied: "A servant taught me ten years since to read;" and on being further pressed by the duke he thus continued:

"I first learned to read. The masons were then at work upon your Grace's house. I approached them one day and observed that the architect used a rule and compasses, and that he made calculations. I inquired what might be the meaning and use of these things, and I was informed that there was a science called arithmetic. I purchased a book of arithmetic, and I learned it. I was told there was another science called geometry; I bought the necessary books, and I learned geometry. By reading I found that there were good books of these two sciences in Latin; I bought a dictionary, and I learned Latin. I understood also that there were good books of the same kind in French; I bought a dictionary and I learned French. And this, your Grace, is what I have done. It seems to me that we may learn everything when we know the twenty-four letters of the alphabet."

Edmund Stone afterward published some scientific works and was chosen a Fellow of the Royal Society.

THE ROLLING PLANT.

THERE is an extraordinary plant which grows in the Kansas Valley. A more curious specimen has never been observed by the naturalist. It grows in the form of a ball, its stem being extremely small in proportion to the size of the entire plant, which varies in size from a foot to four feet and a half in diameter. Whilst growing it is firmly fixed to its stem, which, in its turn, is rooted in the ground; but as soon as the plant has arrived at maturity the stem shrivels up, and then a gust of wind is quite powerful enough to set the ball rolling across

the prairie. It rolls, leaps, bounds, sometimes even jumping over bushes, impelled by the force of the wind. When the winds rise high it is impossible to imagine anything stranger than the sight of these huge light and elastic balls, which appear to pursue one another, skimming the surface of the soil with extraordinary rapidity.

A distinguished artist and naturalist, Mr. Daniel C. Beard, has, during his recent travels in the Western States, studied this singular plant. Mr. Henry Worrall, of the Agricultural Department of Topeka, Kansas, has also obtained some specimens.

It is related how two hunters, overtaken by a violent storm of wind and dust, descried some curious objects bounding towards them, which at first they thought to be wild animals; on coming nearer, however, they were found to be none other than the rolling plants of Kansas borne before the wind.

PAT AND THE PRIEST.

SELDOM has a better answer been made than that of the poor Irishman to a priest while defending himself for reading the Bible. "But" said the priest, "the Bible is for the priests, and not for the likes o' you." "Ah! but, sir," he answered, "I was reading in my Bible, 'you shall read it to your children,' and sure the priests have no children." "But, Michael," says the priest, "you cannot understand the Bible. It is not for you to understand it, my man." "Ah! very well, your reverence, if I cannot understand it, it will do me no harm, and what I can understand does me a heap o' good." "Very well, Mike," said the priest, "you must go to the church, and the church will teach you. The church will give you the milk of the Word." "And where does the church get it but out of the Bible? Ah! your reverence, I would rather keep the cow myself."

CAT AND SPARROW.

A GENTLEMAN writing to a foreign paper says: "One day my house-cat rushed into my room, having in its mouth a sparrow caught in the neighbouring garden. Scarcely had Puss entered the room when she let the bird free, evidently with the purpose of playing with it, as is the custom of cats with mice before devouring them. The sparrow, having one of its wings injured, could not escape by flying, but boldly began to attack its huge enemy by fierce blows on the nose with its beak. The cat seemed astonished at the attack, and beat a retreat. From that moment the two seemed to forget their natural instincts and came to a mutual understanding. The truce continued, and gradually grew to a fraternal friendship. They ate, played and slept together. Often they ran about the house, the sparrow perched on the cat's back and sometimes carried gently in the cat's mouth,

from which it was released on the first wish to be free.

"When feeding together Puss never touched a morsel till her friend had first partaken. Many of my friends came to see the strange sight, and were much amused at the proceedings of the friendly pair. One morning the sparrow, seeing the window open and its wings being now in good order, took its flight, and I saw it no more. Whether it ever remembered its captivity with regret I cannot know, but I am bound to add that Puss did not die of grief on account of losing her companion."

Country Children.

LITTLE fresh violets,
 Born in the wildwood;
 Sweetly illustrating
 Innocent childhood;
 Shy as the antelope—
 Brown as a berry—
 Free as the mountain air,
 Romping and merry.

Blue eyes and hazel eyes
 Peep from the hedges,
 Shaded by sun-bonnets,
 Frayed at the edges!
 Up in the apple trees,
 Careless of danger
 Manhood in embryo
 Stares at the stranger.

Out in the hilly patch,
 Seeking the berries—
 Under the orchard trees,
 Feasting on cherries—
 Trampling the clover blooms,
 Down 'mong the grasses,
 No voice to hinder them,
 Dear lads and lasses!

No grim propriety—
 No interdiction;
 Free as the birdlings
 From city restriction!
 Coining the purest blood,
 Strengthening each muscle,
 Donning health armour,
 'Gainst life's coming bustle.

Dear little innocents!
 Born in the wildwood;
 Oh, that all little ones
 Had such a childhood!
 Blue skies spread over them,
 Earth's green beneath them
 No sweeter heritage
 Could we bequeath them.

WRONG—LOST—SAVED.

A COLPORTEUR left a Bible in a godless home. As the man and his wife sat together in the evenings the man took up the book, and, reading in it, began to feel its power. "If this book is true," he said one evening to his wife, "we are wrong." He read more, and a few evenings after said again, with deep concern and alarm, "If this book is true we are lost."

He read still farther, and through the darkness the light began to break as he caught a glimpse of the cross and the Saviour; and at last he said to his wife with glowing joy, "If this book is true we may be saved."

That is the story always of the work of grace in the heart. First, there is the "law-work," which shows us our guilt and hopelessness in ourselves; then the gospel comes, showing us salvation and life.

Next Year.

"Next year, next year," we say
When come to naught
Our plans and projects gay,
Our bright dreams, fraught

With brighter hopes, that shine
On that far rim
Of life's horizon line,
Where dreams lie dim.

And touched with morning dew,—
"Next year, next year;"
And while we plan anew,
The days grow ere.

The year has fled, and lo,
We've left behind
The glory and the glow
We hoped to find.

And missed again the clew
We meant to heed—
The cherished plan to do
Some cherished deed.

"Next year, next year!"
Oh, why not now,
Delaying soul, this year
Keep word and vow!

Oh, why not now and here,
Why not to-day,
Before another year
Shall run away,

Keep word and faith or ere
An hour's delay,
Make good the promise fair,
To-day, to-day?

—*Youth's Companion.*

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MATTHEW.

A.D. 28.] LESSON IX. [Aug. 28.

PIETY WITHOUT DISPLAY.

Matt. 6. 1-15. Commit to mem. vs. 7-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart. 1 Sam. 16. 7.

OUTLINE.

1. False Prayer.
2. True Prayer.

TIME, PLACE.—Same as in last lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Alms*—Acts of generous kindness to the poor. Almsgiving is one of the three principal characteristics of a Christian life spoken of in this chapter. *Before men*—Ostentatiously, simply to attract attention. *Do not sound a trumpet*—Not a literal trumpet blowing, but giving with so much noise and bluster as to make men know it simply by the noise. *As the hypocrites*—The word means originally one who answers back. It came to be used only of speakers in dialogues, and finally of actors in dramatic performance. Jesus meant to call the religionists of his day simply pretenders. *In the synagogues*—Buildings for religious public service, at this time very common in Palestine. *In the corners of the streets*—When the hour for prayer came, a Jew would pray wherever he was. The hypocrites of the day would take care to plan their movements so that they would be overtaken at the street corners, and so they would be seen. *Into thy closet*—The special place for prayer in a Jew's house was a little room on the house-top. But figuratively it means pray in quiet seclusion from the world. *Vain repetitions*—A common practice to-day among the heathen, saying over and over again certain forms of words which mean nothing, when so used. *Hallowed be thy name*—That is, let God's name be held in highest reverence in the world.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where, in this lesson, are we taught—
1. That good deeds are sure of reward?
 2. That true prayer never fails of answer?
 3. That God's glory is the Christian's highest joy?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What kind of good works does Christ condemn? Those done for show. 2. How should we give alms and do good works? Without telling others. 3. What is said in the GOLDEN TEXT? "Man looketh," etc. 4. What kind of prayer has power with God? Secret prayer. 5. What should be our model in praying? The Lord's Prayer. DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Prayer.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

11. What lessons does this teach us? The high honour put upon human nature, and the great virtue of humility.

A.D. 28.] LESSON X. [Sept. 4.

TRUST IN OUR HEAVENLY FATHER.

Matt. 6. 24-34. Commit to mem. vs. 31-34.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you. 1 Pet. 5. 7.

OUTLINE.

1. Our Cares.
2. His Care.

TIME, PLACE.—Same as last lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Can serve two masters*—That is, at the same time. *Mammon*—A Syriac word, that meant riches or wealth, and was sometimes personified as the god of worldliness. Evidently so intended here. *Take no thought*—The phrase occurs three times in this lesson. It means, do not devote yourself to such thoughts to such an extent as to produce an anxiety which will shut the mind against every thought of God. *The life more than meat*—The true spiritual life more important than the food which feeds the body. *One cubit*—A measure about a foot and a half in length. *Cast into the oven*—The Oriental oven was a hole dug in the hard earth, in which a fire was built till the earth was heated hot enough to bake whatever was put in. The fire and ashes were then removed, and the article to bake was put in, and the opening covered. The peculiar coarse growth, which Jesus called grass, was used for this fire.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, may we learn—

1. The service which God requires?
2. The care-taking which God forbids?
3. The trust which God demands?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What does Christ say concerning religion and the world? "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." 2. What does he command us about what we shall eat and drink and wear? Not to be anxious. 3. How does the GOLDEN TEXT tell us to escape anxiety about our life? "Casting all," etc. 4. What does Christ command as the first object of life? "Seek ye first the kingdom of God."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Trust.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

12. Was not the Redeemer still further humbled? He was "tempted of the devil" (Matthew iv. 1), though he was the Son of God who could not sin.

HOW IT BEGINS.

"GIVE me a cent, and you may pitch one of these rings, and if it catches over a nail I'll give you ten cents." That seems fair enough; so the boy handed him a cent and took the ring, and it caught on one of the nails.

"Will you take six rings to pitch again, or ten cents?"

"Ten cents," was the answer; and the money was put in his hand. He stepped off, well satisfied with what he had done, and probably not having an idea that he had done wrong. A gentleman standing near him, watched him, and now, before he had time to look about and rejoin his companions, laid his hands on his shoulder:

"My lad, this is your first lesson in gambling."

"Gambling, sir?"

"You staked your cent and won ten cents, did you not?"

"Yes, I did."

"You did not earn them, and they were not given to you; you won them just as gamblers win money. You have taken the first step in the path; that man has gone through it, and you can see the end. Now, I advise you to go and give his ten cents back, and ask him for your cent, and then stand square with the world, an honest boy."

He had hung his head down, but raised it very quickly, and his bright, open look, as he said, "I'll do it," will not soon be forgotten. He ran back, and soon emerged from the ring, looking happier than ever. He touched his cap and bowed pleasantly as he ran away to join his companions. This was an honest boy, and doubtless made an honourable man.

A TEMPERANCE FABLE.

THE rats once assembled in a large cellar to devise some method of safely getting the bait from a steel trap which lay near, having seen numbers of their friends and relatives snatched from them by its merciless jaws. After many long speeches and the proposal of many elaborate but fruitless plans, a clever young rat said, "It is my opinion that if with one paw we can keep down the spring, we can safely take the food from the trap with the other."

All the rats loudly applauded this. Then they were startled by a faint voice, and a poor rat with only three legs, limping into the middle, said, "My friends, I have tried the method you propose, and you see the results. Now, let me suggest a plan to escape the trap: let it alone."

THEY COULD NOT CATCH HIM.

A BOY twelve years old was the important witness in a lawsuit. One of the lawyers, after cross-questioning him severely, said, "Your father has been telling you how to testify, hasn't he?" "Yes," said the boy. "Now," said the lawyer, "just tell us how your father told you to testify." "Well," said the boy modestly, "father told me the lawyer would try and tangle me in my testimony; but if I would just be careful and tell the truth I could tell the same thing every time."

"The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," told at all times, in a straightforward way, will prevent us being caught in falsehoods.

A TREE never grew to be a tree in a single night. First it was a seed, then a tender sprout, then a weak sapling, and at last a strong tree. So you will grow if you keep trying to do right. From a fearful, helpless disciple of Jesus, you will go on till you become a brave and successful soldier in his cause.

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