

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. III.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 10, 1883.

No. 3.

## JACK AND THE YELLOW-BOYS.

SAILORS generally spend their money as fast as they get it. They usually get their money at the end of the voyage, and in a few days after they get ashore, in drinking and other carnal frolics, their money is all squandered. During the last twenty years, however, by Bethels and other Sailors' Missions, a great reformation in the habits of the Tars has been effected, and the good work is still being vigorously prosecuted by earnest Christian workers, in many of the leading sea-ports of the world.

Our picture shows us a jolly Jack Tar—as sailors are generally called—who had been in the habit of spending all his earnings in drink at a certain saloon. Some good temperance workers had induced him to take the pledge and join their society, and then Jack found that he could save his money, and was beginning to feel proud of his accumulated stock of Yellow boys, as English sovereigns are often designated.

One day Jack was passing the old groggery, in which he had spent many a Yellow-boy in times past, and the landlord was very anxious for him to come in and "take a glass." He was sorry to lose such a good customer as Jack had been. But the smiling old tempter could not induce the Tar to go inside. The landlord then changed his tactics and said: "Why, how ill you look: you're quite yellow, or the want of some grog."

"No, no, old boy," cried Jack, "it's not my face, but my pocket that's turned yellow since I gave up drinking." Jack, suiting the action to the word, drew several sovereigns from his pocket, and holding them in the palm of his hand, said: "See here, it's my pocket that's yellow with these Yellow-boys."

Drinking alcoholic liquors is damaging to health; it deadens and perverts the finer principles of human nature; it is the great enemy of personal and domestic happiness; and one of the most unsatisfactory, and yet most effectual ways of squandering

## THE INDIANS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

THE change that has been wrought in these people in these eight years is wonderful, indeed. The savage has come a peace-

Sabbath so strictly as the Christian Indians along this coast. No unnecessary work will they do on that day. Many of them, within the last few weeks, rather than break the Sabbath for the white man at the Canneries, have received their discharge, feeling it better and worthier to obey God rather than man. But still, these Indians need nursing. They are yet as children. They must have all the which care kind, loving, Christian hearts can give them—their former life having been so base. Peculiar tact is required to manage them, their prejudices and superstitions being welded into their very nature. We have in Mr. and Mrs. Crosby the right people in the right place. Each fills a sphere so efficiently that, in my opinion, if Ontario was searched, from one end to the other, two persons more suitable or more devoted to their varied duties could not be found.

Hold up their hands by earnest prayer. Never did I more see Mr. Crosby's fitness for his peculiar work than last week. About fifty of the Tongass tribe of Alaska, on their way home from the British Columbian Salmon Fisheries, which have closed their operations for the season, stayed a few days at Port Simpson. Mr. Crosby invited them to his house, and there, in what is called the Indian's room, he preached to them in Chinook. The Tongass sang several hymns in their own tongue; many of them related their religious experience.

Others, being pricked to the heart, confessed the wrongs they had done to one another, and desired to make restitution. Mr. Crosby appointed a time for the settlement of these difficulties, and with great tact and firmness disposed of them all with almost entire satisfaction to the parties concerned.

About four years ago, the Tongass were a most wretched people morally.



JACK AND THE YELLOW-BOYS.—(From the British Workman.)

money. Smash the glass and save the Yellow-boys.

The mistress has gently reprimanded her maid for oversleeping herself in the morning. "You see, ma'am," explained the servant, "I sleep very slowly, and so you see, ma'am, it takes me much longer to get my full sleep than it does others, you see, ma'am."

able, law-abiding citizen—a citizen, as far as his knowledge goes, willing to observe the laws of God and man. I have often thought since I came up here, that these people have made more progress in civilization during the past eight years, than the ancient Britons made in a century. I may safely say, that there are no other people in all the world that observe the

Some infamous white man had taught them to make whiskey from molasses.

They drank the liquor, quarrelled with one another—which ended in the murder of four men, one of whom was a chief. Mr. Crosby had warned them against using the drink, told them they would kill each other, and seeing that his words came to pass they are now ready to listen to his counsel. A few years before this occurrence, several Tongass children of high rank in the tribe had died suddenly of some contagious disease. According to their custom a slave must be put to death and buried with them to attend them in the life beyond. There was a band of American soldiers near their village, so the people feared to put the slave to death openly. So the slave was taken down to the beach covered over with a blanket, and they literally trampled him to death. What a change has come over this people! They love now to sing the praises of God and to worship Him in His temple. They are clean, and decently dressed, both male and female. But they are without a missionary or teacher, which is the case with many tribes at the North.—*Outlook.*

#### PRINCESS ALEXANDRA'S DAUGHTERS.

“HERE is luck in odd numbers.” This is the expression invariably used by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, when referring to his five children—his two boys and three girls. Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise is the most amiable of the three, and is a miniature copy of her mother. The Princess Victoria, her father's pet, has a temper of her own, impetuous, ardent, hot, smiling through tears like a sunbeam in showers, while Maude, whom Queen Victoria idolizes, has a disposition somewhat like that of her right royal grandmother. None of the Princesses fear the Queen, although everybody else has a wholesome dread of Her Most Gracious Majesty. The daughters of the Prince of Wales, after the first formal deep curtsy down to the ground is made, romp with their grandmother as they would with one of the *gouvernantes*; and it is a matter of apprehension to the Dowager Marchioness of Ely, who, with the exception of the late Duchess of Sutherland—the Grand Duchess—is most intimate with the Sovereign, when the young princesses pounce upon the Queen, and dare to pull about the ruler of an empire upon which the sun never sets. The Princess Louise is the most talented, the Princess Maude the smartest. All three have a talent for languages, and are always delighted when their uncle, the Crown Prince of Denmark is with them, as then they chat in Danish. He is said to be their primo favourite, and as they dearly love a romp, the good-tempered uncle indulges them with the *dan* of a lad of fifteen. The Princesses are all musical, inheriting this taste from their mother, who is a superb pianist, but who never plays outside of her own immediate family circle. She is a devout follower of Rubinstein, and performs that wonderful waltz after a fashion that would have enchanted the *maestro* could he but have had the pleasure of hearing her play it. The Princess of Wales carefully watches the musical

education of her daughters, and nearly every day, after Mademoiselle Gay-mard-Pacini, the *premiere* pianist of the age, who is their instructress, has concluded her lesson, she asks her each demoiselle acquitted herself. The Prince is no musician. “I leave all that sort of thing to Edinburgh,” he laughs. The young princesses having been promised a visit to the Tower of London in May last, which they were nearly crazy to see, the Rev. Teignmouth Shore, one of the Queen's chaplains, was ordered to act as their escort. “I won't go if I can't go like any other little girl,” said the Princess Maude. “I have to have great big soldiers saluting, and everybody bowing down to the ground! It's no fun, and I want to go like any other little girl.” The Princess Maude carried the day, having been warmly supported by her sisters, and the happy trio did the Tower “like any other little girls,” to their unbounded satisfaction. The princesses are made to keep early hours; five a.m., in summer finds them out of their beds, and in flannel suits for calisthenics. Their breakfast is very simple, as much stirabout, oatmeal, and milk as they like to eat. No hot rolls, no heavy meats, consequently no dyspepsia: Their dinner at two is equally plain. A nutritious soup, a fish and a joint, with vegetables and one pie or pudding. The Prince when away writes to each of the girls in turn. The writer was amused at seeing a letter,—a charming, affectionate letter, too—on the envelope of which was written:—

H. R. P.,

THE PRINCESS VICTORIA OF WALES,  
A. E. SANDRINGHAM.

and although the initials of the heir to the throne were in the left-hand corner, because he had failed to attach two postage stamps instead of one, the post-office stamp 2d for extra weight was sprawled all over the envelope. What radical but will rejoice at this! The letters from their brothers while cruising in the *Bacchante* are always sources of unbounded delight to the young princesses. George is the favourite, and such exclamations as “Oh, won't we have fun when George comes back! What romps we'll have with George!” were to be heard all through July, both at Marlborough House and Osborne, whither the little ladies were invited to assist at the debarkation at Cowes. The princesses are incessant talkers. They rattle away from rosy morn to dewy eve, and the resident governesses, extremely elegant ladies, are occasionally driven to the verge of despair by the incessant prattle of these little royalties. The elder governess they call “Mam,” the younger “Selle,” dexterously cutting the word *mademoiselle* in two. They are admirable mimics, and every new “swell” who arrives is pretty certain to have his or her “precious weakness” admirably reproduced by these natural and charming children. They are very fond, like other children, of inspecting visitors from the regions of the staircase, and a favourite rarely escapes without some furtive recognition. When *en famille* the young princesses are always despatched by their parents for the wraps of the guests when the latter are about to take their departure “Louise, run and get Lady So-and-so her cloak,” “Maude, where is Mrs. —'s shawl?” “Victoria, go and find the Duchess' wrap.” The Princess of Wales dresses her daughters in the

plainest possible way, calicoes, gingham, muslins, and flannel being *de rigueur*. No corsos, no tightness of any kind, and as for ornaments, such as rings, earrings, or *brace-lets*, Her Royal Highness would be astounded if such an idea were so much as mooted. She is very particular about having the girls instructed in sewing, embroidery, and all manner of woman's domestic work, and continually holds up her sister-in-law Lorne as a model in that respect. Little does the passer-by imagine, as he glances up at the lightest window of Marlborough House, that behind the blind is seated the future Queen of England, lovingly surrounded by her daughters, to whom she is reading some refined and instructive story, while her husband, his cigar in his mouth, gazes at this homopicture with a pleasure appreciated only by a father's love.

#### ELEPHANTS MINDING THE BABY.

HERE is nothing by any means uncommon or incredible in the stories which have been reported, says Buckland, about the children of a mahout being cared for by the mahout's elephant. It is always expedient to employ a married mahout if you can, with a hard working wife and two or three children. The whole family become, as it were, parasites to the elephant by whom they earn their living. It is only a question of degree to what extent an elephant may be trusted with a baby; but I have seen a baby placed by its mother systematically under the elephant's care, and within reach of its trunk, while the mother went to fetch water, or to get wood or materials to cook the family dinner. No jackal or wolf would be likely to pick up and carry off a baby who was thus confided to the care of an elephant; but most people who have lived a life in the jungles know how very possible it is for a jackal or a wolf to carry off a baby, even when lying in a hut, when the mother's back is turned.

The children thus brought up in the companionship of an elephant become ridiculously familiar, and take all kinds of liberties with it, which the elephants seem to endure on the principle that it does not hurt her, while it amuses the child. You see a little naked black imp, about two feet high, standing on the elephant's bare back, and taking it down to the water to bathe, vociferating all the time in the most unbecoming terms of native abusive language. On arriving at the water, the elephant ostensibly in obedience to the imp's command, lies down and enjoys itself, just leaving a part of its body, like a small island, above water, on which the small imp stands and shouts, and shouts all the more if so be that he has several companions of his own age also in charge of their elephants, all wallowing in the water around him. If the imp slips off his island, the elephant's trunk promptly replaces him in safety. These little urchins as they grow up become first mates to mahouts, and eventually arrive at the dignity of being mahouts.

The wife of a mahout is almost always a great favourite with her elephant, and I remember a case in which the wife of a mahout who was killed by his elephant (I believe more by accident than from actual malice) succeeding in quieting the beast, which

seemed to understand the poor woman's anguish at the death of her husband, and endeavoured in its elephantine way to make amends for its offence. It is nothing new to say that the elephant is the most sagacious of animals, and those who have had most to do with them cannot help liking and admiring them.—*Christian Weekly.*

#### GRANDMOTHER TENTERDEN.

MASACHUSETTS SHORE.

BY BRET HARTE.

MIND it was but yesterday,—  
The sun was dim, the air was chill;  
Below the town, below the hill,  
The sails of my son's ship did fill,—  
My Jacob who was cast away.

He said, “God keep you, mother dear,”  
But did not turn to kiss his wife;  
They had some foolish idle strife;  
Her tongue was like a two edged-knife,  
And he was proud as any peer.

Howbeit that night I took no note  
Of sea nor sky, for all was drear;  
I marked not that the hills looked near,  
Nor that the moon, though curved and clear,  
Through curd-like scud did drive and float.

For with my darling went the joy  
Of autumn woods and meadows brown;  
I came to hate the little town;  
It seemed as if the sun went down  
With him, my only darling boy.

It was the middle of the night,  
The wind it shifted west-by-south;  
He piled high up the harbour mouth;  
The marshes, black with summer drouth,  
Where all abroad with sea-foam white.

It was the middle of the night,—  
The sea upon the garden leapt,  
And my son's wife in quiet slept,  
And I, his mother, walked and wept,  
When lo! there came a sudden light.

And there he stood! his seaman's dress  
All wet and dripping seemed to be;  
The pale blue fires of the sea  
Dripped from his garments constantly,—  
I could not speak through cowardness.

“I come through night and storm,” he  
said;  
“Through storm and night and death,” said  
he,  
To kiss my wife, if it so be  
That strife still holds 'twixt her and me.  
For all beyond is Peace,” he said.

“The sea is His, and He who sent  
The wind and wave can soothe their strife;  
And brief and foolish is our life”  
He stooped and kissed his sleeping wife,  
Then sighed, and, like a dream, he went.

Now, when my darling kissed not me,  
But her—his wife—who did not wake,  
My heart within me seemed to break;  
I swore a vow! nor thenceforth spake  
Of what my clearer eyes did see.

And when the slow weeks brought him not,  
Somehow we spake of aught beside;  
For she,—her hope upheld her pride;  
And I,—in me all hope had died,  
And my son passed as if forgot.

It was about the next spring-tide,  
She pined and faded where she stood;  
Yet spake no word of ill or good;  
She had the hard, cold Edward's blood  
In all her veins,—and so she died.

One time I thought, before she passed,  
To give her peace, but ere I spake  
Methought, “He will be the first to break  
The news in Heaven,” and for his sake  
I held mine back until the last.

And here I sit, nor care to roam;  
I only want to hear his call;  
I doubt not that this day next fall,  
Shall see me safe in port where all  
And every ship at last comes home.

And you have sailed the Spanish main,  
And knew my Jacob? . . . Eh! Mercy!  
Ah, God of wisdom! hath the sea  
Yielded its dead to humble me!  
My boy! My boy! Nay Jacob—turn  
again!

THE PENNY YE MEANT TO GIVE

HER 'S a funny tale of a stingy man,  
Who was none too good, though he  
might have been worse;  
Who went to his church on a Sunday night,  
And carried along his well-filled purse

When the sexton came with his begging plate,  
The church was but dim with the candle's  
light;

The stingy man fumbled all through his  
purse,  
And chose a coin by touch, and not sight.

It's an odd thing now that guineas be  
So like unto pennies in shape and size,  
"I'll give a penny," the stingy man said;  
"The poor must not grieve of pennies  
despite."

The penny fell down with a clatter and ring;  
And back in his seat leaned the stingy man,  
"The world is so full of the poor," he thought,  
"I can't help them all—I give what I can."

Ha, ha! how the sexton smiled, to be sure,  
To see the gold guinea fall into his plate;  
Ha, ha! how the stingy man's heart was  
wrong,  
Perceiving his blunder, but just too late!

"No matter," he said, "in the Lord's  
account  
That guinea of gold is set down to me,  
They lend to Him who give to the poor,  
It will not so bad an investment be."

"Na, na, mon," the chuckling sexton cries  
out;  
"The Lord is no cheater—He kens thee  
well;  
He knew it was only by accident  
That out of thy fingers the guinea fell

"He keeps an account, no doubt, for the  
poor;  
But in that account He'll set down to thee  
Na more o' that golden guinea, my mon,  
Than the one bare penny ye meant to give!"

There's a comfort, too, in the little tale—  
A serious side as well as a joke—  
A comfort for all the generous poor  
In the comical words the sexton spoke.

A comfort to think that the good Lord knows  
How generous we really desire to be,  
And will give us credit in his account  
For all the pennies we long to "give"

ALL ABOUT SHOES.

WHEN the children of Israel  
had gone through the wild-  
erness on their way from  
Egypt to Canaan, and were  
just on the borders of the promised  
land, the Lord said unto them, "I have  
led you forty years in the wilderness:  
your clothes are not waxen old upon  
you, and thy shoe is not waxen old upon  
thy foot."

What kind of shoes do you think  
they wore? Did they look like the  
next ties or boots which we wear?  
Oh, no, they were only a flat sole tied  
around the foot with a leathern strap.  
They were called "sandals," and were  
mostly made of wood or leather. Very  
handsome ones, for women, were made  
of badger skins, and sometimes embroi-  
dered. Soldiers' sandals were made of  
iron or brass. "Thy shoes shall be  
iron and brass"—that is, I will help  
you to walk over thorns and briars and  
rough places—is one of the precious  
Bible promises.

By degrees the fashion of shoes  
changed so as to cover the whole foot.  
In the reign of William Rufus of Eng-  
land, about eight hundred years ago,  
a young man by the name of Robert,  
afterward surnamed the "Horned," in-  
troduced shoes with long twisted toes  
like a ram's horn. At first the style  
was very much disliked; but after  
awhile it became the fashion, and then  
the longer the points were the better.  
At last they reached such a length as  
to touch the knees, and were secured

to them by gold and silver chains.  
You see that the people in old times,  
as now, took up very absurd fashions,  
and carried them to an extreme. By  
and by their ministers had to interfere,  
and a law was made that if any one  
wore the toes of his shoes more than  
two inches long he should be excom-  
municated or turned out of the Church.

When the people found they could  
not have points to suit them, they  
changed the style and made the toes  
broad; and after awhile the king had  
to put a stop to that also.

The Chinese make queer shoes,  
though some of them are very hand-  
some. They are of silk, and are worked  
all over with gold and silver thread.

In Holland the poor people still wear  
wooden shoes. They look very clumsy,  
but are said to be quite comfortable.  
But it sounds strangely to hear them  
hobbling over the paved streets in  
these thick, heavy wooden shoes, or  
s-bets. It is like walking with each  
foot in a box.

The snow-shoes of the Russians and  
the Swedes, and of our northern Indians,  
are like baskets for the feet. They are  
light, but very long and wide, to keep  
the feet from sinking into the snow. A  
person who has never used them can  
not walk in them at first, but has to  
learn how, and to practice as you do  
with skates.—*Morning Light.*

HENRY OF ZUPHTEN—A PRO-  
TESTANT HERO.

IN many of the monasteries, during  
the stormy days of the Re-  
formation, the monks embraced  
the pure and simple Gospel of  
Jesus Christ, and faithfully preached  
it to the joy of multitudes and the  
glory of God. In the Augustine Con-  
vent, at Antwerp, the monks had re-  
ceived the "truth as it is in Jesus,"  
and with intense zeal declared it to  
the crowds that came to the Church of  
the Augustines to listen to "the old, old  
story" of salvation by faith in the  
atoning sacrifice of Christ. The friends  
of the Papacy were roused at the  
successes attending the ministrations  
of these Christian monks, and deter-  
mined to destroy the good work, and  
put the agents to death. Accordingly  
the monks were seized and condemned  
to death. Amongst the number en-  
gaged in disseminating the truth in this  
convent, was Henry of Zuphten, noted  
for his strong faith in God, burning  
eloquence, and Christian zeal. Being  
seized for his adherence to the doctrines  
of Luther, some young ladies, possessed  
of courageous spirits, rescued him from  
those who had determined to put him  
to death. Rejoicing in his liberty, he  
employed his time and talents in pro-  
mulgating the doctrines of primitive  
Christianity to the multitudes who  
were as "sheep without a shepherd,"  
yet hungering and thirsting after  
righteousness.

Whilst thus engaged, he received and  
accepted an invitation from Pastor  
Bye, of Meldorf, and several devoted  
Christians, to preach the Gospel to  
them. When this became known, the  
enemies of Protestantism consulted  
together as to the best means to be  
adopted for preventing the spreading  
of religious truth among the people.  
They concluded, that it was expedient  
to put the zealous monk to death. He  
was notified, that in the event of his  
preaching, he would have to forfeit  
his life, and noble was the reply given

to the prior who bore the message.  
With that courage which was character-  
istic of his nature and religious feelings  
he answered.

"If it is God's will, that I die  
in the Dittmarcher, heaven is as near  
there as anywhere else. I shall reach"

He did preach, despite the evil  
consequences that were sure to follow.  
His enemies were now filled with rage  
and at once gathered together five-  
hundred men, whose wicked propen-  
sities were inflamed by intoxicating  
drink, supplied them by their leaders.  
It was midnight when the drunken  
rabble armed themselves, and marched  
to the village, accompanied by a band  
of monks bearing torches. The par-  
sonage was invaded, and the mob  
seizing Pastor Bye beat him severely.  
Henry of Zuphten was then taken,  
bound, and dragged to the place of  
execution, over roads rough with ice  
and snow that soon drew the blood  
from his feet. He was condemned and  
beaten with clubs. A pile of faggots  
was erected whereon he was to be  
burned, but as he was making a con-  
fession of his faith in Jesus, one of his  
enemies struck him with his fist,  
another knocked him down, and as he  
lay on the burning pile, John Holme  
smote him on the breast with a club,  
and he expired at the feet of his  
enemies, a martyr for the truth and  
a conqueror through Christ. His death  
increased the zeal of the Protestants,  
and hastened the dawn of religious  
liberty, when every man might worship  
God according to his conscience.

ROBIN RUSTLER.

Fort Macleod N. W. T.

"O TAKE ME NEARER TO HIM!"

THE following is the pam-  
phlet mentioned by the Corres-  
ponding Secretary of the  
Louisville Conference Society, in our  
November number, as having been re-  
cited with great effect at the last  
meeting of that Society. It appeared  
originally in *Woman's Work for  
Woman*:

TAKE me nearer to your Jesus;  
Scarce I know of whom I speak,  
But my life is very weary,  
And my heart is very weak;  
And you say that he can help me—  
That the heart of woman born  
Will not spurn my feeble pleading,  
He my sorrow will not scorn.

Take me nearer, if you love him,  
To his throne—you know the way  
Let your stronger faith support me,  
Teach my lips the words to say  
Help, oh, help me find his presence!  
For my feet in darkness grope;  
I may die, and never find him—  
Christ my last, my only hope.

Take me nearer to the Healer  
For my soul is sick with sin,  
And I need the strong life-giver  
Who can make me new within,  
And I need the tender Shepherd,  
Who will lift me to his breast,  
And content my longing spirit  
With his love and home and rest.

Take me nearer, ever nearer;  
For I faint beneath the weight  
Of the burdened life I carry,  
And I dread to meet the fate  
Which must come, or soon or later,  
With its swift and stealthy tread,  
To shroud my soul in darkness  
With the cold and silent dead.

Take me nearer to your Jesus,  
And the blessing yours shall be  
Of a soul that, near to perish,  
From the captor is set free.  
And another star in glory  
So shall shine to Jesus praise,  
And another heart shall love him  
Through the bright eternal days

QUAINT THINGS SAID BY  
LITTLE ONES.

CHILDREN say many quaint  
things. Sometimes, too, there  
is a sort of wit in the pierc-  
ing directness with which they  
go to the heart of a question. Mr.  
Howard Paul, in a collection which he  
has just published of "Clever Things  
Said by Children," makes them too  
clever by half.

The story of the Board school  
student who could not be made to  
understand the nature of a miracle,  
and who, instead of giving the answer  
expected from him, declared that if he  
saw the moon shining in the daytime  
he would say it was the sun, and that  
if his master assured him it was not  
the sun he should say his master was  
drunk, appeared originally in an  
official report.

The mingled dullness and ingenuity  
with which children will sometimes  
throw new light on a question by their  
mode of answering it is often very  
amusing. In order to explain in a  
strikingly intelligible manner the neces-  
sity of regulating one's conduct, a  
school-master asks a boy what, when  
a watch goes sometimes too fast, some-  
times too slow, the owner ought to do  
with it. "Sell it," replies the boy.

The reputation for veracity enjoyed  
by George Washington in America  
has been made by his admiring fellow  
countrymen the subject of innumerable  
jests; and it appears that some lec-  
turer on moral philosophy, having  
questioned a pupil as to why Washing-  
ton's birthday was celebrated more  
than the lecturer's own birthday,  
received the prompt answer, "Because  
he never told a lie."

There can be no doubt as to the  
sharpness (or as to the insolence) of  
the boy who, as he was removing the  
outer part of a piece of cheese, and  
was told by his father in a tone of  
remonstrance that he ate the rind,  
answered, "I am cutting this off for  
you." Many of the sayings ascribed  
to innocent little children are at least  
as rude as they are witty. What else  
can be said of the daring rejoinder  
uttered by the boy who wished first to  
know whether his grandpapa had been  
with Noah in the ark, and, being  
answered curtly in the negative, in-  
quired of the old man how it was that  
he escaped drowning?

There is deep pathos, on the other  
hand, in the tale of a child who,  
having been presented with a half-  
crown, and assured moreover that it  
was a good one, expressed his regret,  
saying that if it had been had he might  
have kept it, but that as it was good  
his parents would take it from him.

There is drolery sometimes in the  
narrative with which a child will mis-  
take the character of an action. A  
young man, for instance, coming home  
from a party so late that he thought  
it desirable to take off his boots before  
walking upstairs, was told by his in-  
fant brother from a commanding posi-  
tion on the staircase that he need not  
be afraid of waking the family, since  
they were "all up."

BABY had been forbidden to ask for  
dessert. The other day they forgot  
to serve him, and, as baby is very  
obedient, he remained silent, although  
much affected. "Josephine," said the  
father, "pass me a plate." "Won't  
you have mine, papa!" cried baby,  
"it is very clean."

## COME AWAY!

OUT of Sodom and Gomorrah.  
Up from all the darkened plain,  
Where the Wine-god sheds the horror  
Of his burning sulphur rain,  
Oh! we bid you  
Come away! Come away!  
Speed you! speed you! God shall lead you  
While you hurry to obey!

Lurid gleams the clouds illumine  
From their own electric bars:  
Under foot the hot bitumen  
With volcanic thunder jars!  
Oh! we bid you, etc.

Ha! the beauty of the flashes  
Hides the double sting of death,  
And a swirling of black ashes  
Chokes the last expiring breath,  
Oh! we bid you, etc.

See the flame burst lap to cinders  
Reeling squadrons just below,  
And the black soil sinks and renders  
Your own downfall swifter, so!  
Oh! we bid you, etc.

GEORGE S. BURLINGH.

## OUR PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

Christian Guardian, weekly . . . . .	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 60 pp. monthly, illustrated . . . . .	7 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together . . . . .	3 50
The Wesleyan Halifax Weekly . . . . .	2 00
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly . . . . .	0 60
Under 6 copies, 66c.; over 6 copies . . . . .	0 60
Canadian Scholar's Quarterly, 20 pp. 8vo. . . . .	0 05
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a doz.; 50c. per 100.	
Home and School, 8 pp. 4to., semi-monthly, single copies . . . . .	0 20
Less than 20 copies . . . . .	0 25
Over 20 copies . . . . .	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp. 4to., semi-monthly, single copies . . . . .	0 30
Less than 20 copies . . . . .	0 25
Over 20 copies . . . . .	0 22
Berean Leaves, monthly, 100 copies per month . . . . .	5 50
Sunbeam—Semi-monthly—when less than 20 copies . . . . .	0 15
20 copies and upwards . . . . .	0 12

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,  
Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
78 and 80 King Street East, Toronto.

C. W. Coates, 3 Bligny Street, Montreal.  
S. F. Huebner, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N. S.

## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 10, 1883.

## METHODIST UNION.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

NO subject connected with Canadian Methodism has ever so largely attracted the attention of the secular and religious press, both in our own country, in Great Britain, and in the United States, as that of Methodist Union. The religious editor of the New York Herald, one of the leading papers in the world, sent a special letter to the present writer requesting "full particulars" of the movement. The N. Y. Independent, the N. Y. Christian Advocate, and other foremost journals in the United States have given the subject much attention, and expressed their sympathy with the movement. We give below brief extracts from the Canadian press. Did space permit we could fill this whole number with extracts.

(Christian Guardian)

The most delightful spirit of harmony and brotherhood characterized all the sessions of the committee. Not a single jar or display of unseemly warmth was witnessed from first to last. Much of the success of the meeting was due to

the tact, skill, and good humour with which Dr. Carman presided. Indeed the courteous and fraternal spirit manifested by all is one of the best pledges of the success of the movement.

The result has exceeded the most sanguine expectations of all concerned.

What are the advantages of the proposed union? The substitution of brotherly unity and co-operation for rivalry and division. The prevention of great waste of money and labour in maintaining separate churches where one would be amply sufficient; the concentration of the influence and resources of a large connexion in any great movement for any desirable end; the strengthening of our educational institutions by uniting the resources now separated; the placing of Methodism more to the front in mission work in the great North-West, and last, though not least, the presentation to the world of convincing practical evidence that unity in the great vicinities of Christianity and in the work of saving sinners is deemed of far greater importance than the small differences that have kept us so long apart. Some temporary disturbance it will cause; but in a few years this legislative tinkering will be pretty well over, and the one Methodist Church of Canada being free to concentrate all her resources on the work of saving the sinful and the erring will win grander victories for Christ in the world than ever were won in the past by the separate agencies.

(The Wesleyan, Halifax)

The Methodist Churches of Canada are now engaged in the consideration of one great ecclesiastical question. Each separate branch is asking, Shall we unite our scattered forces into one earnest and harmonious Church, or shall we perpetuate the past with its separate organizations and its divided purposes?

The press of the country, religious and secular, has, with one voice, expressed its approval of the harmonious decision of the Union Committee in November. Union is not a trifle, to be treated from the standpoint of prepossession, prejudice, or that of personal or relative interest. The first question each man involved in the decision should ask is, "Is this scheme for the glory of God in the growth of one branch of His Church?" In keeping up with Providence we cannot go astray. Expected losses will be real gain. God will not be in debt to any man. It is not wise to go too fast in Church work as in other work, but it is a bad, it has been remarked, not to keep up with God's evident designs for the conversion of the world. There is danger in resisting the Holy Ghost in matters of personal salvation, and it is equally perilous to grieve him in the path of Providence. This question can best be settled by looking up.

(The Toronto Globe)

As one consequence of Methodist Union, now apparently so near consummation, it may be expected that Victoria University and Albert University will be amalgamated.

It will be seen that the objections to Union do not affect the principle, but are confined to matters of detail which to us, however they may strike others, appear rather unimportant. If these are all the objection that can be found to the proposed basis, the Union may be considered as all but established. It need not but the continuance of the

same spirit of conciliation and mutual accommodation which prevailed in the late negotiations, and all these objections can be swept out of the way. It is not to be supposed that, having gone so far in the direction of unity, the approaching bodies will fly apart again, to the injury of all of them, about such relatively small matters. The larger and wealthier body will no doubt be found ready to meet the others with justice and reasonable concessions.

(Presbyterian Witness.)

It seems that there is to be opposition to the Basis of Union adopted by the Methodist Committees at Toronto. We do not believe that any principle worth a moment's comparison with union has been "sacrificed." Still, it is hard to give up old ways. It is a sad truth that it is much easier to create strife and division than to make peace and union. Some—not a few—will turn to Wesley's noble hymn which begins thus:

"Weary of all this wordy strife,  
These notions, forms, and moods, and names,  
To Thee, the Way, the Truth, the Life,  
Whose love my simple heart inflames,  
Divinely taught at last I fly,  
With Thee and Thine to live and die."

(Methodist Magazine.)

Of course there will be something in the Constitution of the United Church that will be new to each of its former sections. But Methodism is not so wedded to the traditions of the past as to be incapable of modification to meet the exigencies of the times. From the very beginning Methodism has been, in a special sense, the child of Providence, and when she has most trustfully followed the leadings of Providence she has been most safely led. The very flexibility of her institutions will the better adapt her to meet the changing and envolving conditions of society from age to age.

We have the most sanguine confidence that the "basis" to be voted upon at the February Quarterly Meetings will commend itself to the calm and prayerful judgment of the vast majority of them as a practicable measure for bringing about a union of the Methodist Churches of Canada—a consummation that will redound, we are solemnly convinced, to the glory of God, the welfare of His Church, and the salvation of immortal souls. Let us approach the question in the spirit of the pastoral letter which we publish in these pages, a letter whose apostolic spirit and piety must commend it to every heart and mind. And may the God of all grace so illumine our understandings and hallow our hearts, that we may do that which is well-pleasing in His sight, and which shall be for His honour and glory!

(The Toronto Mail)

It is hardly necessary to affirm that so auspicious a result (as Methodist Union) would be highly satisfactory to all who, with us, deplore the divided state of Christendom. Apart from the grave consideration that the multiplication of separate denominations necessarily paralyze religious effort everywhere, there is another result not less disastrous to the growth of faith in the world. We live in an age when unbelief has asserted itself with boldness and vigour under many guises. It has endeavoured, with partial success, to enlist natural science, philosophy, and

varied forms of more or less destructive criticism upon its side. At such a crisis, and in the presence of so active and relentless a foe, disunion in the camp of the Church militant cannot fail to prove disastrous.

Perhaps the broader lines of demarcation are not to be effaced; but that is no valid reason why each division should be rent asunder by dissensions upon matters not vitally important to sound faith and morals. The three bodies which now form the Presbyterian Church in Canada have set a noble example to their Methodist brethren. A united Methodist Church in Canada would mean a membership of nearly three-quarters of a million, and a pastorate numbering nearly fifteen hundred. The advantages to be reaped by so momentous a concentration of strength ought not to be thrown away except for the gravest reasons. Certainly no preferences for one form of Church government over another, where the points of difference are apparently so easily reconciled, should keep those apart who are at one on all the weightier matters of the faith.

(Canada Presbyterian.)

It is clear that in all the sections of the Methodist Church the union feeling has acquired great strength. There is no opposition of Union itself. The few stray shots fired by occasional newspaper correspondents were directed against what were deemed obnoxious details, not against the principle.

Should this happy result be reached, not only will Methodism be benefited but the cause of a common Christianity be advanced. Unseemly rivalries will disappear, sectarian bitterness will subside, and the larger church will have larger aims and a larger spirit. The Methodist Church will be able to concentrate its energies for the accomplishment of a great and a good work, not only in the older provinces of the Dominion, but in the North-West. There is a great work to do for all the Churches. However deeply attached they may be to their distinctive principles, there is ample room for all their efforts to bring men to Christ, and to mould the religious life of our young Dominion, that when it attains its strength it may be in reality, as well as in name, a Christian nation.

(London, Eng., Watchman.)

Anything that would reduce the number of Wesleyan sects consistently with what is vital to Methodism would be of great service in husbanding our resources, and in promoting the general welfare of religion. We need all the strength which comes from Union, and if in the providence of God the various Wesleyan denominations ever become one they will constitute by far the most powerful Protestant body in England, and therefore, in the prospects of Ritualism and Popery in this country, an increase of Protestant and Evangelical power—a very great desideratum.

ANY person having copies of PLEASANT HOURS for September 24th, 1881, January 14th, 1882, May 27th, 1882; or of the SUNBEAM for December 19th, 1881, will oblige by sending them to this office to complete file copy.

INGRATITUDE is as mean as it is common, and the ungrateful man cannot tell how long it will be before he will be a malicious one.



MEETING AT THE TOP.—(See next page.)

## MEETING AT THE TOP.

IN one of his inimitable sketches, Norman Macleod presents us with a story of the members of two rival Scottish sects, which is as full of meaning to the different branches of the Methodist Church of to-day as an ancient parable:

"I mind," said David, "twa neighbours of ours, and ye'll mind them, too, gude wife; that was John Horton, and Andrew Gebbie. The one was a keen burgher and the tither was an anti-burgher. Baith lived in the same house, though at different ends, and it was the bargain that each should keep his ain side of the house aye well thatched. But they happened to dispute so keenly about the principles of their kirks, that at last they quarrelled and didn't speak at a'. So one day, after this, as they were on the roof thatching, each on his ain side, they reached the top, and looked over face to face. What could they do? They could na flee. So, at last, Andrew took off his Kilmarnock cap, and, scratching his head, said: 'Johnnie, you and me, I think have been very foolish to dispute as we hae done about our kirks, until we hae almost forgot His will about ourselves; and so we hae fought sae bitterly for what we ca' the truth, that it has ended in spite. Whatever is wrang, it is perfectly certain that it can never be right to be uncivil, unneighbourly, unkind; in fact to hate one another. Na, na, that's the devil's wark, and no God's. Noo, it strikes me, that it's wi' the kirk as wi' this house. Ye are working on one side, and me on tither, but if we only do our work well, we'll meet at the top at last. *Gie us your han', auld neighbour!*"

The two neighbours shook hands across the ridge of the thatch, and their friendship, thus renewed, ever after remained unbroken.

We meet at the top! But alas for poor humanity, how many never get near enough to the top to see each other, much less to greet across the ridge! We live on separate sides of the building, and we think if the rafters on *our* side of the roof are pitched *right*, surely those on the other side must be *wrong*, for they stand directly opposed to ours. And so in our ignorance, and darkness, and blindness, we grow harsh and unwise and uncharitable, and we destroy with our "meat" our brother for whom Christ died.

Is it not time to start for the top? We may come up on different sides, but we shall meet there. Fogs will vanish, misunderstandings will cease, the voices that sounded harshly and unkindly, as we have shouted at each other from our low standing-places, on opposite sides of the house, will sound softer and sweeter as we speak to each other in the glad sunshine at the top. Up to the roof, then! Leave disputing and go to work. Strive for a higher, purer, holier life. Get above partizan strifes and sectarian wranglings, Church squabbles and personal controversies; and work in the clear glad sunlight of God's love, and grace, and salvation, and you will meet at the top with many an earnest, ardent, godly soul who is in fellowship with you in the one body, though you may have long disowned or ignored the dear relationship. And, by-and-by, in the clear light that bathes the crest of Mount Zion, in the light of the

glory that is to be revealed, the long-parted children of a common Father shall unite, not only in real but in manifest unity, and in answer to Christ's parting prayer, "That they may all be one, and they shall meet at the top," to clasp glad hands and never part again.

## THE LITTLE RED SCHOOL HOUSE.

IN the grave of the past it is buried,  
The weather-worn temple of wood;  
And only dark weeds in the summer  
Now mark the dear spot where it stood.  
Oh! could all the scholars assemble  
Once more in that prison-like place,  
And hear the quaint school-master utter  
His heart felt entreaties for grace!

Oh! could we return to that school-room,  
Untouched by the evils of years,  
And find the bright smiles that have vanished  
In place of the dimness of tears,  
And join in the silver-toned laughter,  
The gurgle of innocent fun;  
The races we had gone homeward  
When all the hard lessons were done!

How the truants skulked in after bell-time!  
So guiltfully heedless of rule;  
For they knew the old teacher was patient;  
His smile was the law of his school.  
How pleasant this place of the children  
On hot, murky days of July,  
When the little ones turned from their studies  
In the shade of the elm tree to lie!

But, alas! the crude structure has fallen,  
Its timbers have gone to decay;  
The master sleeps there in the corner,  
Where the glad children shouted in play,  
God bless the dear spot that since childhood  
Has grown to be sacred and still,  
Where the little red school-house in glory  
Once stood on the brow of the hill.

May all of the scholars assemble  
In Heaven's great class room above,  
And meet after life's fitful season,  
To learn the grand wisdom of love;  
And see the old docile-faced teacher,  
A pupil himself, as before,  
In branches whose worth he commended  
In the little red school-house of yore.

A CORRESPONDENT in New Brunswick writes: "I am glad that our S. S. papers are second to none at their price, and also that the Magazine continues so good. I shall do my utmost for all these." Another in Nova Scotia writes: "I am glad to say from years of acquaintance with the Magazine that in my opinion it never stood so high as it does now. It must be a source of great pleasure to you to know that your labours in connection with the Magazine are being so fully appreciated. I trust you may have a most successful year's work wishing you all good." Now these and similar words of cheer, and especially the hearty co-operation with which they are accompanied, are very encouraging. It must be as gratifying to our friends who so kindly help us, as it is to ourselves that the subscriptions to the Magazine and Sunday-school periodical never came in so fast as during the last two months. The success of the new paper, *Home and School* especially, has surpassed our most sanguine anticipations.

THE Thanksgiving number of the *Youth's Companion* is a double number enclosed in a coloured cover with a full-page picture of a Puritan maiden paring apples. The artistic beauty of the number shows how much is being done in these days to attract the young to reading which instructs while it entertains. A glance through its pages is sufficient to indicate the reason for the *Companion's* popularity, which has given it a welcome into three hundred thousand homes. Price \$1.75; taken with *Methodist Magazine*, \$1.50.

## THE BASIS OF UNION.



THE following vindication of the action of the Union Committee, by a member of that body, is the best that we have seen. We, therefore, make room for it asking careful consideration, especially of its closing paragraph—Ed.

General Superintendency was a crucial subject, and the subject was felt to be so grave that if that could be got over the rest would be comparatively easy. The members of the sub-Committee from the Methodist Church of Canada were elected from its members by ballot, and consisted of men representing every shade of thought in the connexion. In the report which is found in the "basis," it will be seen that the Episcopal Methodists yielded everything that could be asked. Anything further would destroy their identity and be absorption, and I believe that at one time the Committee thought it impossible to surmount the difficulty; but the Committee on Annual Conferences had suggested that the Methodist Church of Canada ought not to be so exacting as to block the negotiations at this stage, and they recommended what virtually was finally adopted. The brethren of the Methodist Episcopal Church gave up the life-tenure of office, which, to some, appeared almost like the annihilation of the Episcopacy. The Presiding Eldership went with that. They gave up consecration to the office; they gave up the right of the Superintendent to take part in appointing to circuits—or of having a right to sit in the Stationing Committee. They gave up the right to preside continuously in the Annual Conference. They gave up the right to ordain except as co-ordinate with the President of the Annual Conference. Should they have been required to give up more than these with the many things that necessarily went with them? I confess I looked with admiration at the men who so agreed for the purpose of Union, of whom Bishop Carman was one, and who agreed to disrobe himself of what was his life office and his authority as Bishop for the sake of Union.

The Methodist Church of Canada yielded the limitation of four years as the time of official life of the General Superintendent and accepted eight years, and gave the right to the General Superintendent to organize the Annual Conferences and preside the first day, and alternately afterward, day by day, if present, and to take part in the ordination of candidates, the President of the Annual Conference retaining every power at present possessed, except continuous presidency and sole ordination during session of Conference. Who that looks at these facts squarely will for a moment hesitate as to which of these bodies has made the greater sacrifice, and if we say that the absolute destruction of the semblance of superintendency is a *sine qua non* of Union, then the failure of Union must lie at the door of the Methodist Church of Canada, for I am confident the verdict of universal Christendom will be against it.

Next came the question of the representation of the laity in the Church courts. This question affected chiefly the Primitive and Bible Christian Churches. Most persons are so fully

acquainted with this phase of Church polity as not to need from me any statement further than this, that in those churches the laity are represented in all the church courts and stationing committees. In some cases there are two laymen for one minister.

These brethren feel that the concessions made in 1874 by the Methodist Church of Canada in order to promote union must be taken into account; but they felt also that their people would require an additional recognition of their claims, and some of these the other two bodies could not yield. First, the claim of the ministry to receive candidates for probation and to watch over and appoint to fields of labour those who had been received, and to guard their character and define their position was a matter that could not be discussed from the standpoint of the Methodist Church of Canada. We agreed that as the law making was by a delegated conference, of which half were laymen, the rights of the laity were fully protected; still if it were considered best, after reserving these ministerial rights, to admit the laity to the Annual Conferences we had no objection, and this was accepted.

The next question of importance was the Superannuation Fund of the Churches. The fund of the Methodist Church of Canada was altogether the most important, because of the amount of invested funds and of the elaborateness of the organization. The other bodies agreed that in the "basis" it should be understood and agreed that the claimants on that fund should not be injuriously affected by the union. That principle being accepted, the question of detail as to the future plan of working was provided for and a committee appointed to act in the premises. The investment was retained for the use of the Church as at present, and the Book Room profits also solely for the same purpose.

Some have been affected hostilely toward union on the ground that the union with the New Connexion has been the reason for the small amount now paid the worn-out preachers. I have not entered into these calculations by which it is said this can be shown, so I can only say that I do not think the statement correct, but this I do say earnestly, that the union with the New Connexion has had much to do with the position of prosperity and of precedence now claimed by the London Conference. And if to-day they have larger ministerial salaries as an average than the other Conferences, it is because there has been union, which enabled the workers to till the land instead of pulling down each other's line fences and stealing each other's flocks and herds. "Swapping jack-knives" is just as good a way of making money as making inroads on other churches is a way for converting the world.

We looked at this fact. There are now four Book-rooms, with the cost of maintenance, four editors, two or three book stewards, office rent and clerk hire, with the cost of running the establishments. Using the money paid into that department would give cash capital equal to the business requirement. The increased circulation of one first-class organ of the United Church, with but little additional expense, the increased circulation of Sunday-school periodicals and Methodist literature, with the

saving of expenses, ought to be the Superannuation Fund \$10,000 per annum in a few years, instead of \$2,000, and still roll up the capital as rapidly as the development of the country will require. I am sure that, so far as relates to the Superannuation Fund, its best hopes of future maintenance must arise from Union.

The Committee on Funds dealt with them all. Dr. Sanderson was Chairman; Dr. Pickard and J. Gray were members. The report, I conclude, on the missionary matters was wisely considered. They said that the missionaries would be in as favourable a condition under union as before. Union evidently has not ruined the mission-aries in the London Conference, where the greatest number of Meth. dist New Connexion formed stations after the union of 1874.

I claim that the position of the London Conference, the larger average salaries of the preachers, the fine financial showing of all connexional funds, is an unanswerable argument in favour of union, so far as the income of preachers is concerned.

The Committee on the re-organization of the work reported that they found in looking over the work that to-day there were as many vacancies to be filled in the Conferences as there would be preachers set at liberty by uniting several circuits into one. Of course a District like Hamilton, so experienced and financially able, ought to find out in part of a day's discussion that the last named Committee knew nothing of the subject of the report, though they spent a week in ascertaining the facts on which they based it. Probably no part of the work will be more helped by Union than the missions. A large number of these must at once cease to be missions. These same missions will be able to not only sustain the minister generously, but also contribute largely to the general funds. In two years the missionary income ought to reach over \$200,000 and go on increasing at a greater ratio each year. Although district meetings have raised an outcry against the Basis of Union, and men of great pretence have sneered at it and proclaimed it an abortion, I am confident it will be found that no Committee will ever find a Basis of Union in which more can be given up by the bodies negotiating outside the Methodist Church of Canada, and that if this basis shall be negatived it would be the most insane act that any Church could be guilty of for the minor bodies ever to suppose it possible to have union with the Methodist Church of Canada. The outcome of failure here must be an earnest and determined conflict wherever we meet. I trust the quarterly meetings of the Church will take the whole facts into account, and may God so save from prejudices that a calm, deliberate vote will express what is the mind of God in relation to this all important subject.

UNION.

A GERMAN composer was concluding one of his overtures. As the horns played too loud, he told them repeatedly to play more softly; and more softly they played each time. At the fourth repetition, with a knowing wink at each other, they put their instruments to their lips and did not blow at all. The conductor nodded approvingly: "Very good indeed! Now, one shade softer, and you'll have it."

REQUIRED READING, S. S. R. U

STORIES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY BY THE EDITOR.

END OF THE WAR.



WE return now to retrace the fortunes of the war of which the culminating acts, at least in Upper Canada, had now taken place. After the fatal fight of Lundy's Lane, as we have seen, the American force retreated precipitately on Fort Erie, of which they retained possession, and, working night and day, formed an entrenched camp for their protection, strengthening a line of abatis along the front. The victorious British columns closely followed, and for three weeks the camp and fort occupied by the American army were closely besieged by a force only two-thirds as numerous. Two American armed vessels, which supported the fort on the lake side, were very cleverly captured in a night attack by Captain Dobbs, of the Royal Navy, by means of boats conveyed by sheer force of human muscle twenty miles across the country in the rear of the American lines, from the Niagara to Lake Erie.

The British forces also threw up strong entrenchments and planted batteries; and the two armies lay watching each other like couchant lions, waiting the opportunity to make the fatal spring. The guns on the batteries were kept double shotted, and through the long nights dark lanterns were kept burning, and linestocks ready for firing lay beside every gun. Ever and anon a live shell screamed through the air, one of which penetrating an American magazine, caused it to explode with fearful violence.

On the 14th of August, after a vigorous bombardment, a night attack, in three columns, was made upon the fort. At two o'clock in the morning, the columns moved out of the trenches, with the utmost silence, bearing scaling ladders, and crept stealthily over the plain toward the apparently slumbering fort. Dark clouds hung low, and the only sounds heard were the melancholy cry of the loon and the measured dash of the waves upon the shore. At length the American picket discovered the approach of the British columns and gave the alarm. The bugles rang shrill in the ear of night. Every embrasure of the seemingly sleeping fort flashed forth its tongue of flame, revealing the position of the assailants, and the gloom settled heavier than ever, deepened still further by the sulphurous clouds of smoke from the cannon. The British van hacked with their swords at the abatis, and tried, by wading through a marsh, to enter the curtain of the fort by a flank movement. Rent and torn by a fire of canister and grape, five times the assailing columns were hurled back, and five times, undaunted, they returned to the charge.

At length the wall was reached, the ladders were planted, and Lieutenant Colonel Drummond, with a hundred men of the Royal Artillery, gained a footing in a bastion. The parole by

which they recognized each other in the dark was "steel"—an omen of the desperate means used to insure their victory. With pike and bayonet they rushed upon the garrison. Their comrades swarmed up the scaling ladders and filled the bastion. Suddenly the ground heaved and trembled as with the throes of an earthquake. There came a burst of thunder sound, a volcano of fire and timber; stones and living men were hurled two hundred feet in the air, and the night settled down on the scene of chaos. The British columns, utterly demoralized by this appalling disaster, fell back precipitately on their entrenchments, leaving the mangled bodies of two hundred of their comrades, among them the gallant leader, Lieutenant Colonel Drummond, in the fatal fosse and bastion.

The Americans, being strongly reinforced, a month later made a vigorous sally from the fort, but were driven back, with a loss on the part of both assailants and assailed of about four hundred men. Shortly after, General Izard blew up the works and recrossed the river to United States territory. The fortress, constructed at such a cost, and assailed and defended with such valour, soon fell to utter ruin. Where earth-shaking war achieved such vast exploits, to-day the peaceful waters of the placid lake kiss the deserted strand, and a few grass-grown and mouldering ruin mounds alone mark the grave of so much military pomp, power, and unavailing valour.

Along the Atlantic seaboard the British maintained a harassing blockade. The close of the Continental war enabled Great Britain to throw more vigour into the conflict with the United States. Her giant navy was, therefore, free from service in European waters, and Admiral Cockburn, with a fleet of fifty vessels, about the middle of August, arrived in Chesapeake Bay with troops destined for the attack on the American capital.

Towards evening the victorious army occupied the city. The destruction of the public buildings had been decreed, in retaliation for the pillage of Toronto and the wanton burning of Niagara. An offer was made to the American authorities to accept a money payment by way of ransom, but it was refused. The next day, the torch was ruthlessly applied to the Capitol, with its valuable library, the President's house, treasury, war office, arsenal, dockyard, and the long bridge across the Potomac. Even if justifiable as a military retaliation, this act was unworthy of a great and generous nation.

Peace was concluded at Ghent on the 24th of December, 1814, and was hailed with delight by the kindred peoples, wearied with mutual and unavailing slaughter. The long and costly conflict was alike bloody and barren. The Americans annexed not a single foot of territory. They gained not a single permanent advantage. Their seaboard was insulted, their capital destroyed. Their annual exports were reduced from £22,000,000 to £1,500,000. Three thousand of their vessels were captured. Two-thirds of their commercial class became insolvent. A vast war-tax was incurred, and the very existence of the Union imperilled by the menaced secession of the New England States. The "right of search" and the rights of neutrals—the ostensible but not the real causes of the

war—were not even mentioned in the treaty of peace.

On Canada, too, the burden of the war fell heavily. Great Britain, exhausted by nearly twenty years of conflict, and still engaged in a strenuous struggle against the European despot, Napoleon, could only, till near the close of the war, furnish scanty military aid. It was Canadian militia, with little help from British regulars, who won the brilliant victories of Chrysler's Farm and Chateauguay, and throughout the entire conflict they were the principal defence of their country. In many a Canadian home, bitter tears were shed for son or sire left cold and stark upon the bloody plain at Queenston Heights, or Chippewa, or Lundy's Lane, or other hard-fought field of battle.

THE EARTHEN VESSEL

THE Master stood in his garden,  
Among the lilies fair,  
Which his own right hand had planted,  
And trained with tenderest care.

He looked at their snowy blossoms,  
And marked, with observant eye,  
That his flowers were sadly drooping,  
For their leaves were parched and dry.

"My lilies need to be watered,"  
The heavenly Master said.  
"When shall I draw it for them,  
And raise each drooping head?"

Close to his feet, on the pathway,  
Empty, and frail, and small,  
An earthen vessel was lying,  
Which seemed of no use at all.

But the Master saw and raised it  
From the dust in which it lay,  
And smiled, as he gently whispered,  
"This shall do my work to-day."

"It is but an earthen vessel,  
But it lay so close to me,  
It is small, but it is empty,  
And that is all it needs to be."

So to the fountain he took it,  
And filled it full to the brim,  
How glad was the earthen vessel  
To be of some use to him.

He poured forth the living water  
Over his lilies fair,  
Until the vessel was empty,  
And again he filled it there.

He watered the drooping lilies  
Until they revived again,  
And the Master saw, with pleasure,  
That his labour had not been in vain.

His own hand had drawn the water  
Which refreshed the thirsty flowers,  
But he used the earthen vessel  
To convey the living showers.

And of itself it whispered,  
As he laid it aside once more,  
"Still would I lie in his pathway,  
Just where I did before."

"Close would I keep to the Master,  
Empty would I remain,  
And, perhaps, some day, He may use me  
To water his flowers again."

THE GOSPEL

THE Gospel abolishes labour much in the same way as it abolishes death; it leaves the thing, but changes its nature. The Gospel sweetens the believer's work; it gives him new motives for performing it. The Gospel dignifies toil; it transforms it from the drudgery of the work house or the penitentiary to the affectionate offices and joyful services of the fireside and family circle. It asks us to do for the sake of Christ many things which we were once compelled to bear as a portion of the curse.—*Jas. Hamilton, D.D.*



ONWARD, EVER ONWARD.

BY THE REV. CANON FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.

ONWARD, ever onward, front the noble fray.

Turn your faces sunward all the burning day; Fierce the foe around us, loud the battle's roar.

Gleams the wild waste round us, gloom the hills before.

Aye, but calm and cheery, aye, but firm and strong.

Though the way be weary, though the way be long.

Onward, ever onward, front the noble fray, Turn your faces sunward all the burning day.

While we face the battle, while we tread the path,

'Mid the war-drums' rattle, 'mid the tempest's wrath,

Let high thoughts of duty, that no foe can tame,

Throng our minds with beauty, thrill our souls with flame.

Aye, but calm and cheery, &c.

A BETTER TIME.

BY REV. C. P. HARD, A.M.

Do we not mark the presence of the Spirit within the wheels of the great missionary movement, in that so many hearts in all parts of Christendom have been inspired at the same time? Do we not see that the Master has directed a vast simultaneous advance? Note the large gifts of individuals made within a few years.

As the mountain peaks catch the first rays from the rising sun, and shine like towers of gold, while the twilight still fills the valley, so leading men in the Churches have given their hundreds of thousands of dollars to the missionary treasuries, a promise of the interest which many others now absorbed with church building and college endowments will soon express with princely liberality.

Far down in the valley we hear the voices of the marching Sunday-school, training an army of systematic givers, coming forward to influential positions at home and missionary toil abroad.

And midway, on the mountain of vision, we listen to the councils of the women planning the recovery of woman throughout the world, and educating the household of faith in the principles of the great cause, and summoning and displaying facts which appeal to all hearts.

Meantime we are thrilled by voices from the throne of the Triune. One saying, "Go, lo I am with you always;" and another, "He shall not fail nor be discouraged till he have set righteousness in the earth and the isles shall wait for his law;" and the third, "Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him and given him a name which is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things in earth and things under the earth, and that every tongue should confess that Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

A little later we hear the seraphs cry again one to another, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts, the whole earth is full of his glory."

Duty reaches down the ages in its effects, and into eternity; and when a man goes about it resolutely it seems to me now as though his footsteps were echoing beyond the stars, though only heard faintly in the atmosphere of this world.

AFTER TOIL COMES REST.

A LITTLE longer toil, poor tired hands, Then rest, sweet rest; The torn and bruised and hard the iron bands, Thy God knows best.

A little longer run, poor aching feet, Then rest, sweet rest; Tho' all is dark, and storms around thee beat, Thy God knows best.

A little longer sigh, poor fainting heart, Then rest, sweet rest; Oh, be thou strong and bear the bitter part, Thy God knows best.

A little longer here, oh, prisoned soul, Then rest, sweet rest; Even though thy woes like seething billows roll, Thy God knows best.

A little longer weary one to weep Then rest, sweet rest; There's peace beyond the cold and painless sleep, Thy God knows best.

SUPPOSE the pastor, every few Sabbaths, should fail to appear in his pulpit at the hour of service, with no substitute and no notification of his absence, leaving the elders to hold some kind of a meeting or send the people away—how long could such a pastor retain his place? Teachers who stay away from their classes and make no provision for them, can work out the meaning of this paragraph.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

A. D. 30.] LESSON VII. [Feb. 18.

CHRISTIAN COLLEGE.

Acts 4. 18-31. Commit to memory vs. 29-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If God be for us, who can be against us? Rom. 8. 31.

OUTLINE.

- 1. The Defeated Council. v. 18-22. 2. The Devout Company. v. 23-30. 3. The Divine Comforter. v. 31.

TIME.—A. D. 30., on the same day with the events of the last lesson.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

EXPLANATIONS.—They called them—The rulers called the apostles Peter and John before them again. Not to speak at all—Not to mention in public the name of Jesus Right in the sight of God—God's command is to obeyed rather than man's. Cannot but speak—cannot help speaking, for God has commanded. Seen and heard—What they knew about Jesus, his life, death, resurrection, and saving power. Believers now can testify to the same truths. Threatened them—With punishment if they disobeyed. Because of the people—They were afraid to offend the people, who were friendly to the disciples. Glorified God—Praise God for the miracle of healing the lame man. Above forty years old—Having been a cripple so long, his cure was all the more wonderful. Went to their own company—The rest of the apostles and believers in Christ. Reported—Told what had taken place. When they heard—The whole company. Lifted up their voice—Singing the praise of God. Thou art God—God had shown his power in strengthening the apostles. Mouth of thy servant David—In Psalm 2. Heathen—The people who do not worship God. Child Jesus—Here means "thy servant Jesus." Herod. Pilate—They saw in their acts against Jesus the fulfilment of the prophecy in the psalm they were singing. Whosoever... thy counsel determined—God determined that Jesus should die for the sins of men, but man slew him by their own wicked will. Their deed was none the less wicked because God made it the means of salvation. Their threatenings—Against the cause of Christ. Grant—They did not pray that persecution might stop, but that they might have power to withstand it. Signs and wonders—They prayed that God would continue to show his power. Place was shaken—By the power of God. Filled with the Holy Ghost—God's Spirit took possession of them.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where may we learn in this lesson—

- 1. Our duty to obey God? 2. Our privilege to praise God? 3. Our duty to speak God's word?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did the council command Peter and John? Not to speak in Jesus' name. 2. What did the apostles say that they must speak? What they had seen and heard. 3. What did they do when set free? Praised God. 4. What example did they show? Boldness in Christ's name.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The counsel of God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

10. What witness did the wise men of the east bear to Jesus? The wise men of the east, having seen a strange star in the east, which led them to the house where the infant lay, came and worshipped him; and thus did they bear witness to Jesus.

A. D. 30.] LESSON VIII. [Feb. 25.

ANANIAS AND SAPPHIRA.

Acts 5. 1-11. Commit to memory verses 9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Lying lips are abomination to the Lord. Prov. 12. 22.

OUTLINE.

- 1. Deut. v. 1-4. 2. Dooms. v. 5-11.

TIME.—A. D. 30., a few days after the events of the last lesson.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

EXPLANATIONS.—But—This is in contrast to the liberality of Ananias, in the previous chapter. Sold a possession—A piece of property. Kept back part—Did not give all, while pretending to do so. His wife... privy to it—Acquainted with it, and sharing in the plan. Brought a certain part—This he had a right to do, provided he did not pretend to be giving all. At the apostles' feet—To be given to the poor. Peter said—Inspired with knowledge by the Holy Spirit. Satan filled thine heart—Satan could not have done this unless Ananias were willing to let him. Lie to the Holy Ghost—By lying to the Church in which the Holy Ghost was dwelling. Kept back part—Thus he told a lie by his act, without speaking. Was it not thine own—To give or to keep, as its owner chose. After it was sold—The money was still his, even after the land was sold. Concealed this thing—Planned it. He was held guilty, though Satan filled his heart. Lied... unto God—By lying to God's Church. Gave up the ghost—Died in an instant, by the stroke of God. Great fear—A fear of God, and a fear of doing wrong. Young men—The young men in the Church, who were strong, and fit to do work. Wound him up—Wrapped him around for burial. Buried him—In some place outside the city. In the East burial takes place very soon after death. Three hours after—The wife had longer time to repent, but did not. For so much—Naming the price of the land, or pointing to the money. Yea—A more open lie than her husband's. Tempt the spirit—To treat God's Spirit contemptuously by trying to deceive God's Church. At the door—Just returning from the burial. At his feet—At the feet of Peter. Fear—A reverence for God and respect for the Church.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where does this lesson teach—

- 1. That the love of money is the root of all evil? 2. That lying may be in act as well as word? 3. That secret sins are known to God?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was the sin of Ananias and Sapphira? Lying. 2. What led them to lie? The love of money. 3. To whom did they tell the lies? To the Church. 4. Whom did Peter say they tried to deceive? God. 5. What punishment came upon them? Sudden death.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The divinity of the Holy Ghost.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

11. What honour did Simeon do him in the temple? Simeon was an old man, yet God assured him that he should see the Saviour before he died; and in the temple he honoured Jesus by taking him up in his arms, and acknowledging him to be the Christ.

CANON FARRAR'S NEW WORK.

"The Early Days of Christianity."

BY

F. W. FARRAR, D.D., F. R. S.

Author of "Life of Christ," "Life and Work of St. Paul," &c., &c.

Author's complete and Unabridged Edition, printed from the imported plates, issued in one volume, with all the Notes, Appendix, Index, &c, same as the high priced edition.

Paper, 40 cents net. Postpaid, 45c. Cloth, 75 cents net. Postpaid, 81c.

"The glowing and rapid style for which Canon Farrar has been so much admired carries the reader easily through the difficulties of textual criticism, and nothing in the work is more remarkable than the happy combination of minute scholarship with the grace of a literary method, and at times the rhetorical fervor of an advocate."—New York Tribune.

"He brings out salient points, and shows a depth and grasp of thought which none of his previous works have prepared us to expect in him. . . . The most difficult points are bravely met and fearlessly discussed."—The Churchman

"Full of information, which cannot fail, of interesting religious minds, and the scholar's work is evident on every page."—The Literary World.

"One of the most learned and ingenious; yet candid works ever written in comment upon the New Testament."—Good Literature.

"No one can read the book without interest and profit."—The Critic.

"Canon Farrar has written a great book, in its learning, its style, and its aim. . . . It is enough to repeat that there is no question of interpretation, genuineness, or authenticity which he does not boldly meet. . . . There is an impetuous element in his literary method which does not ordinarily accompany the logical faculty."—The Christian Advocate.

LATEST ISSUE

OF THE

STANDARD SERIES.

Printed in large type, on good paper, and bound in heavy card manilla. Mailed post-free on receipt of price.

No. 79.—PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF LYMAN BEECHER. By Rev. James C. Whit, M. A. Price 10 cents.

Nos. 77 & 78.—HEROES AND HOLIDAYS. Ten-minute talks to Boys and Girls on the holidays and International S. S. Lessons of 1883. Price 60 cents. Edited by Rev. W. F. Crafts.

No. 76.—THE LESSON IN THE CLOSET, 1883 By Chas. F. Deems, LL.D. Treats devotionally S. S. Lessons for the first six months of 1883. Price 20 cents.

No. 75.—THE BLOOD OF JESUS. By Rev. Wm. Reid. With introduction, by Rev. E. P. Hammond. Price 10 cents.

No. 74.—OPIUM. ENGLAND'S COERCIVE POLICY AND ITS DISASTROUS RESULTS IN CHINA AND INDIA. The spread of opium smoking in America. By John Liggins. Price 10 cents.

No. 73.—NEW TESTAMENT HELPS for any Version or Edition. The most complete library of Helps to the New Testament ever published. Price 20 cents.

No. 72.—THE CONVERSION OF CHILDREN. By Rev. E. Payson Hammond. Price 30 cents.

No. 71.—THE REVISER'S ENGLISH. By G. Washington Moon. 20 cents.

General Agent for I. K. FUNK & Co.'s Publications, for the Dominion of Canada. Send for complete list

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

78 & 80 King St. East, Toronto, Ont.

Or, C. W. COATES, Montreal, Que.,

S. F. HURDIS, Halifax, N. S.