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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. III.

TORONTO, AUGUST 25, 1883.

No. 17.

WITH THE REAPERS.

A HARVEST field, where the windwaves roll across the ripened grain and the reapers' cheery song is heard, is one of the most beautiful and suggestive sights in creation. It brings up the thought of Joseph reaping with his brethren, and his wonderful dream; of Ruth among the gleaners; and of our Lord going through the wheat field with his disciples and plucking the ears of grain that they might eat. The constantly repeated miracle of the multiplication of the grains of wheat cast into the ground—no less wonderful than the multiplication of the loaves with which Christ fed the hungry multitude—should inspire thoughts of gratitude in every heart. God still supplies the wants of every living thing. That giveth them they gather. They all wait upon him.

The picture shows an old English harvest field. In the distance the ivied church, to the left the towering and magnificent trees, in the middle distance the reapers with their old-fashioned sickles, in the foreground the standing sheaves, and the pretty family group of father, mother and children, for in those old days the women raked and bound the grain, and the children gleaned after the reapers. A stout Canadian cradler, or, still better, one of our self-raking and binding reaping machines would rather astonish these old fashioned reapers. Our great North-West will soon be the richest and largest harvest field in the world. The old time sickles would prove of little use on our boundless prairies.

THE HERO OF KARS.

NOTABLE CAREER OF A FEROUS CANADIAN.

GENERAL Sir William Fenwick Williams, the hero of Kars, whose death has just been announced, was the descend-

ant of a loyalist family of New York, which emigrated to Nova Scotia in 1783 on the conclusion of the war of the American Revolution. He was born at Annapolis, Nova Scotia, December 4, 1800, and at an early age obtained through the influence of the Commander-in-Chief in British America, Edward Duke of Kent (father of

Queen Victoria), an appointment to the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. Having passed with credit through the prescribed course of study, young Williams was gazetted in 1825 second lieutenant in the Royal Artillery, and was soon sent on special service to Ceylon, where he remained during

and suffered severely in health from the fevers characteristic of that wild region. He became more conversant than any other living man of any nationality with the extensive territory on the borders of Turkey and Persia, and one incidental result of the appointment was the facilitating of the discoveries of Layard, and Rawlinson in Mesopotamia and ancient Assyria.

In July 1854, war having been declared between Russia and Turkey, Colonel Williams was selected by Lord Clarendon as British Commissioner at the Turkish headquarters. In that capacity he reached Erzeroum in September, and before the close of that month was at Kars, which it was then evident was soon to be besieged by the "Moscova." The heroism which he displayed during the memorable siege of Kars along with his companions, the brilliant victory they gained over General Mouravieff on the heights above Kars, September 29, 1855, and the difficulties they experienced in the management of the Turkish garrison are a part of the history of the Crimean war. Forced by famine to surrender to the besieging army, General Williams and his companions were treated with the greatest honour by General Mouravieff, and returned to England through St Petersburg, where he was the recipient of every attention from the Russian Government. On the news of the victory of September 29, the British Cabinet gazetted General Williams a Knight Commander of the Bath.

On reaching England Sir W. F. Williams found himself the popular hero of the day. He was rewarded with a baronetcy, the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, a pension of £1,000 per annum, the freedom of the city of London, and a Doctorate of Laws from the University of Oxford. He was appointed Commander in Chief of the forces in Canada, and held that post throughout the American civil war until 1865. In August, 1870, he was



HARVEST SCENES.

"That dog of yours flew at me this morning and bit me on the leg, and now I notify you that I intend to shoot it the first time I see it." "The dog is not mad." "Mad! I know he is not mad. What's he got to be mad about? I'm the one that's mad."

ant of a loyalist family of New York, which emigrated to Nova Scotia in 1783 on the conclusion of the war of the American Revolution. He was born at Annapolis, Nova Scotia, December 4, 1800, and at an early age obtained through the influence of the Commander-in-Chief in British America, Edward Duke of Kent (father of

nine years of active and constant labours. In 1843 he was commissioned to act as a commissioner, along with the British Ministers in Turkey and Persia, to settle the disputed boundary between these countries. In this service he spent no less than nine years, four of which were passed under a canvas tent,

the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, a pension of £1,000 per annum, the freedom of the city of London, and a Doctorate of Laws from the University of Oxford. He was appointed Commander in Chief of the forces in Canada, and held that post throughout the American civil war until 1865. In August, 1870, he was

appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Gibraltar, and filled that position until 1874, when he finally returned to England.

WE DO NOT KNOW.

DEAR child, dear child, we do not know

Why sorrows come and pleasures go,
Why oft we fail when most we try,
But God knows why,
And we shall all know by-and-by

We do not know, we cannot tell,
But O, the Father knoweth well,
Why one is sick and one is fair,
One sick with care,
And this world's poor are everywhere

We walk in darkness; but He sees
And shows us gently, by degrees
And step by step, the hidden way,
If we but pray:
"Lord, make me follow Thee alway."

We must be patient till the end,
And leave to him the way we wend,
For never here our eye can see
The plan that He
In mercy plans for you and me.

Our best is ill; our worst perhaps
His pity counts a lesser lapse,
But every sin is very black,
And holds us back
From duty's straight and shining track.

Sweet is the fear that will not dare
Forget his law or spurn his care,
And sweeter still the love that saith
With every breath:
"Lord, make me faithful unto death."
—Harriet M Ewen Kimball.

A BRAVE BOY.

BY THE REV. J. C. SEYMOUR.

66



O this is our new cabin-boy, was my inward exclamation," says our story teller, "as I walked on deck and saw a dark-eyed, handsome youth, leaning against

the railing and gazing with a sad abstracted air into the foamy waves that were lustily dashing against the vessel. I had heard so many remarks made about him by the crew, who did not like him because he seemed somewhat shy of them, and they were continually tormenting him with their rough jokes. He had refused to drink any intoxicating liquor since he came on board, and I was curious to know more about him.

"Allen," I asked, "have you ever been on the ocean before?"

"No, sir," he replied, respectfully touching his hat.

"You will find that this is a very rough and dangerous life then," I continued.

"I shall endeavour to use myself to it as other have done before me, besides," he continued earnestly, "as long as I know that God dwells on sea as well as land, I can safely face any hardships I may have to encounter." These words uttered with such an air of innocence and trust in a supreme power, surprised me. Not being entirely satisfied with my enquiries, I asked—

"Why did you not accept the liquor which some of the sailors have so good-naturedly offered you?"

"Because," he replied almost vehem-

ently, "I hate the smell of rum, I despise the beverage, and can only look with disgust upon those who favour it and," here his voice quivered with suppressed emotion, "because I have felt the curse of its baneful effects." He said no more, but abruptly turned and left me.

"My interest and sympathy were sufficiently aroused however, and I resolved to watch over, and protect him as far as possible from the un-governable temper of the captain, and the rough jokes of the sailors. A few days after my conversation with Allen, I was standing beside the captain, when suddenly rough shouts and laughter broke upon our ears; we went to the fore part of the deck, and found a group of sailors trying their utmost to persuade Allen to partake of their grog.

"Laugh on," I heard Allen's firm voice reply, "but I'll never taste a drop. You ought to be ashamed to drink it yourselves, much more to offer it to another." A second shout of laughter greeted the reply, and one of the sailors, emboldened by the captain's presence, whom they all knew was a great drinker himself, approached the boy, and said—

"Now, me hearty, get ready to keel roight over on your beam end, whin ye've swallowed this." He was just going to pour the liquor down his throat when, quick as a flash, Allen seized the bottle and flung it far overboard. While the sailors were looking regretfully after the sinking bottle, Allen looked pale but composed, at Captain Harden, whose face was scarlet with suppressed rage. I trembled for the boy's fate. Suddenly Captain Harden cried out sternly—

"Hoist that fellow aloft into the main topsail. I'll teach him better than to waste my property." Two sailors approached him to execute the order; but Allen quietly waved them back, and said in a low respectful tone—

"I'll go myself, captain, and I hope you will pardon me, I meant no offence." I saw his hand tremble a little as he took hold of the rigging. For one unused to the sea it was extremely dangerous to climb that height. For a moment he hesitated, as he seemed to measure the distance, but he quietly recovered himself, and proceeded slowly and carefully.

"Faster!" cried the captain, as he saw with what care he measured his steps, and faster Allen tried to go, but his foot slipped, and for a moment I stood horror-struck, gazing up at the dangling form suspended from the arms in mid-air. A coarse laugh from the captain, a jeer from the sailors, and Allen again caught hold of the rigging, and soon he was in the watch basket.

"Now, stay there, you young scamp, and get some of the spirit frozen out of you," muttered the captain, as he went down into the cabin. Knowing the captain's temper, I dared not interfere while he was in his present frame of mind. By night-fall, however, I proceeded to the cabin, and found him seated before the table, with a half-empty bottle of his favourite champagne before him. I knew he had been drinking freely, and, therefore, had little hope that Allen would be released, still I ventured to say—

"Pardon my intrusion, Captain Harden, but I am afraid our cabin-boy

will be sick if he is compelled to stay up there much longer."

"Sick! bah, not a bit of it; he's got too much grit in him to yield to such nonsense; no person on board my ship ever gets sick; they know better than to play that game on me. But I'll go and see what he is doing, anyhow."

"Arrived on deck, speaking through his trumpet, he shouted, 'Ho! my lad.'"

"Aye, aye, sir," was the faint, but prompt response from above, as Allen's face appeared, looking with eager hope for his release.

"How do you like your new berth?" was the captain's mocking question.

"Better than grog or whiskey, sir," came the quick reply from Allen.

"If I allow you to descend, will you drink the contents of this glass?" and he held up, as he spoke, a sparkling glass of his favourite wine.

"I have forewarned all intoxicating drinks, sir, and I will not break my pledge, even at the risk of my life."

"There, that settles it," said the captain, turning to me; "he's got to stay up there to-night; he'll be toned down before morning." After the captain had disappeared, I hastily took some blankets, and induced the steward to supply me with some warm biscuit and coffee, and with them I went up to the poor fellow. He eagerly took it without saying a word, at last he said—

"I suppose, I will have to stay up here all night."

"Yes, poor fellow, I'm sorry, but why did you not taste, at least, a little of the wine, just to humor him? You would have been free now, if you had done so."

"Sir," he began earnestly, "if you had promised your mother, in her dying hour, never to taste anything intoxicating, would you break that promise?"

"No, certainly not, my friend; but I think if your mother knew the circumstances you are placed in at present, she would absolve you from your pledge for the sake of your safety."

"She does know, she does know it," he whispered, grasping my hand tightly. But fearing to be discovered in my work of mercy, I cut short the conversation and bade him good-night. By early dawn Captain Harden ordered him to be taken down, for to his call, "Ho, my lad!" there was no reply, and he began to feel alarmed. A glass of warm wine and biscuit were standing ready for him beside the captain, who was sober now, and when he saw the limp form of Allen carried into his presence by two sailors his voice softened, as he said—

"Here, my lad, drink that and I will trouble you no more." With a painful gesture, the boy waved him back, and in a feeble voice said—

"Captain Harden, will you allow me to tell you a little of my history?"

"Go on," said the captain, "but do not think it will change my mind, you have to drink this just to show you he bend stiff necks on board my ship."

"Two weeks before I came on board this ship I stood beside my mother's coffin. I heard the dull thud of falling earth as the sexton filled the grave which held the last remains of my darling mother. I saw the people leave the spot, I was alone, yes alone, for she who loved and cared for me was gone. I knelt for a moment

upon the fresh turf, and while the hot tears rolled down my cheeks, I vowed never to taste the liquor that had broken my mother's heart and ruined my father's life. Two days later, I stretched my hand through the prison bars, behind which my father was confined, I told him of my intention of going to sea. Do with me what you will, captain; let me freeze to death in the mainmast, throw me into the sea below, anything, but do not for my dead mother's sake, force me to drink that poison that has ruined a wife's husband, and do not let it ruin a mother's only son."

"He sank back exhausted, and burst into a fit of tears. The captain stepped forward, and laying his hand, which trembled a little, upon the boy's head, said to the crew who had collected round—

"For our mothers' sake, let us respect Allen Bankroft's pledge. And never," he continued, firing up, "let me catch any of you ill-treating him." He then hastily withdrew to his apartment. The sailors were scattered and I was left alone with Allen.

"Lieutenant, what does this mean? Is it possible that—that—"

"That you are free," I added, "and that no one will trouble you again."

"Lieutenant," he said, "if I was not so ill and cold just now, I think I'd just toss my hat and give three hearty cheers for Captain Harden." He served on our vessel three years, and was a universal favourite. When he left, Captain Harden presented him with a handsome gold watch as a memento of his night in the mainmast."

NICE GIRLS.

ONCE I met at a garden party a clergyman's wife—an accomplished, graceful woman—who introduced her three daughters, all so much after the mother's type that I could not help admiring them.

"Yes," she said, with a tender pride, "I think my girls are nice girls. And so useful too. We are not rich, and we have nine children. So we told the girls that they would have either to turn out and earn their bread abroad, or stay at home and do the work of the house. They chose the latter. We keep no servant—only a char-woman to scrub and clean. My girls take it by turn to be cook, housemaid, and parlor maid. In the nursery, of course, they are all in all to their little brothers and sisters."

"But how about education? I asked.

"O, the work being divided among so many, we find time for lessons too. Some we can afford to pay for, and then the elder teach the younger ones. 'Where there's a will there's a way.' My girls are not ignoramuses, or recluses either. Look at them now."

And as I watched the gracious, graceful damsels, in their linen dresses and straw hats, home manufactured, but as pretty as any of the elegant toilets there—I saw no want in them; quite the contrary. They looked so happy, too,—so gay and at ease.

"Yes," answered the smiling mother, "it is because they are always busy. They never have time to pet and mope, especially about themselves. I do believe my girls are the merriest and happiest girls alive."

I could well imagine it.

THE GRAND PARADE.

BY REV. E. H. STOKES, D. D.

THE billows are out on grand parade
In their uniforms of blue;
Their white plumes toss in the passing breeze,
And their steps are strong and true.

They march to the life-notes of the gale,
And the breaking surges' drum;
While the banners flash in the noon-tide light,
And the sea gulls cry, "They come."

They come, and their march is a thousand years
Aye, a thousand years thrice told;
They shake the earth with their lofty tread,
And their heart-beats grow not old.

They give no heed to the haughtiest foe,
But on in their high career,
Mid lightning's flash, and the thunder's crash
They laugh in the face of fear.

The centuries sat and gazed amazed,
Yet the crowding billows came;
With their plumes still tossing in the breeze,
And their uniforms the same.

They came, sometimes like the rough dragoons
Sometimes with the cannon's roar,
Sometimes they rush in the Northeast raid,
Till they terrify the shore.

Sometimes as still as the lovers' stroll,
When the moon walks in the sky,
Kissing the strand with their liquid lips,
And soothing it with a sigh.

They march till they touch the frozen North,
Then down to the Summer zone,
Still on, to remotest isles away,
To the eyes of men unknown.

They bow but to one Supreme behest,
To but one Commander's rod,
"Thus far," is the only law they heed,
And that law they know, is God.

And the coming centuries unborn,
Shall watch by the wave-washed shore;
Though the nations rise, and kingdoms fall,
The billows march ever more.

So, the waves of influence go on,
Our own, in an endless flow;
And all whom we reach for good or ill,
We never shall fully know.

JUVENILE MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

WE are very glad to publish the following letter from the Cooksville Sunday-school. We hope that many other schools will form similar juvenile missionary societies.—Ed.

DEAR SIR,—Thinking perhaps it might be interesting to the readers of your excellent paper, PLEASANT HOURS, to read the following letter from Mrs. Crosby to our Sunday-school here, I venture to send it you for publication.

At the beginning of this year we organized our school into a "Juvenile Missionary Society," and have every reason to be glad that we did so, for already it is a blessing to ourselves and some little help, we trust, to the great missionary work of the Church. We decided at the beginning to take up a collection every Sunday in school, and to have a public meeting once a quarter. Our first missionary meeting was held on the last Sunday in March, and was most enthusiastic, and rich in spiritual blessing. The money given during the quarter amounted to five dollars, and was voted by the school to the "Port Simpson Missionary Boat." We had, at our meeting, readings, addresses, a dialogue, and plenty of singing. The president of the society, a boy of about fifteen, presided most efficiently. All the offices are filled by scholars, who take a great interest in their work.

Our second meeting was held on Sunday, July 1st. We found the interest increasing in every respect, the collections amounting to six dollars.

We are only a small school, our average attendance perhaps fifty-five, but we hope and pray, not only that the children may be trained to give their pennies, but that they may give themselves, so that from our little school God may, in the years to come, call forth workers into His vineyard, who shall do glorious work for His kingdom on the earth. The seed is being sown in young hearts and who can say what the harvest shall be?

LETTER FROM MRS. CROSBY.

The following is the letter referred to in the above.—Ed.

Port Simpson, B.C.

My dear young Friends,
I was so glad to hear that you had formed yourselves into a missionary society, and I know you are everyone of you glad too, for such work always brings a happy reward along with it. And I know that those who are the most active and earnest find the most pleasure in it, for the half-hearted, or as the Indians say, the "two-hearted," get little or no satisfaction from their work whatever it is. But I hope you are all really in earnest, for think what a grand object you have before you! You know how grateful people who reflect on such things feel to those who make great discoveries in science, or write down beautiful thoughts to be an inspiration to noble deeds, or in any way labour to make life easier or happier. But surely the greatest benefactor to his fellow-men is he who does most to make known the Gospel. Did you ever think what your life would be without it? Suppose you knew nothing of the great Ruler of the universe, who holds all things in His hands, and loves everything His hands have made; of the tender Saviour who took upon Him our nature, and stands as our Mediator, of the Holy Spirit, our Counsellor and Guide, where would there be any hope or comfort? What should we find in life but terror and dismay?

The heathen, though they have an idea of a supernatural power, get little from it but fear. They dread death, and live in fear of their conjurers and medicine-men, who play upon the credulity of the people to extort property from them. A man is sick, and the medicine-man sends him word that he is going to die, then the friends of the sick man beg the doctor's interference, and in consideration of five, ten, twenty blankets, or some equivalent property, he comes and shakes his rattle over his patient, and sings, and blows, and dances round wildly, and leaves him to die or not as the case may be. There are Fire-eaters who, when the frenzy is on them, rush about from house to house, scattering fire around, and pretending to swallow fire. Others go about to bite anyone they can get hold of. It is only at certain times that these things are carried on, and then the people sometimes jump into their canoes, and run off, and the little children hide away wherever they can. But you will be glad to know that these practices are fast disappearing as the people hear and receive the Gospel. Some of these very men who used to be so wild and cruel, are now earnest Christians, trying to bring their friends to the Saviour.

We had a gracious revival here last winter. Everyone, almost, seemed to feel it. Meetings were held three times a day. In the evening lights would be set in the windows of the

houses on the way to light the road, and the people would come up singing to the church, and go away the same way, singing like a Salvation Army.

Some of them got their hearts so full they must go off somewhere to tell others what the Lord had done for them, so eleven men started off for Naas. Mr. Crosby went with them. It was in December. They had about thirty miles to travel, all by water, to the mouth of the river, then fifteen miles further up the river to the mission on the Naas. All along the way, wherever they found a few people camped, they preached Jesus. The river was full of broken ice, in huge cakes, floating up and down with the ebb and flow of the tide. Here was peril—once their canoe was jammed in by the ice and was being carried on, as it seemed, to be dashed on some huge rocks just ahead. Every one was in prayer, when, just in time to avert a disaster, the ice parted, and the canoe was quickly turned ashore, and a praise meeting began.

The visit of these men to the Naas was the means of beginning a wonderful work, which extended far up the river, and into the interior country hundreds of miles, and touched hearts that had never before felt the power of Divine Grace.

One of our little Sunday-school boys died last winter very happy. He told his mother and friends not to grieve for him, that he had given his heart to Jesus when the revival began, and now he was going to be with Him. We find the tickets which some of you so kindly collected last year, very useful in our Sunday-school.

They are a great encouragement, to the children to learn verses of Scripture.

My dear boys and girls, may God bless you more and more, and make you all happy workers for Him.

THE TWO APPRENTICES.

TWO boys were apprentices in a carpenter's shop. One determined to make himself a thorough workman, the other "didn't care." One read and studied, and got books that would help him to understand the principles of his trade. He spent his evenings at home reading. The other liked fun best. He often went with other boys to have a good time. "Come," he often said to his shopmate, "leave your old books, come with us. What's the use of all this reading?"

"If I waste these golden moments," answered the boy, "I shall lose what I can never make up."

While the boys were still apprentices an offer of two thousand dollars appeared in the newspapers for the best plan for a state house, to be built in one of the Eastern States. The studious boy saw the advertisement, and determined to try for it. After careful study he drew out his plans and sent them to the committee. We suppose he did not really expect to get the prize, but still he thought "there is nothing like trying."

In about a week afterwards a gentleman arrived at the carpenter's shop, and inquired if there was an architect by the name of Washington Wilberforce lived there.

"No," said the carpenter, "no architect, but I've got an apprentice by that name."

"Let's see him," said the gentleman.

The young man was summoned, and informed that his plan had been accepted, and that the two thousand dollars were his. The gentleman then said that the boy must put up the building; and his employer was so proud of his success that he willingly gave him his time and let him go.

This studious young carpenter became one of the first architects in our country. He made a fortune, and stands high in the esteem of everybody, while his fellow apprentices can hardly earn food for himself and family by his daily labor.—Exchange.

NOTHING TO DO.

"NOTHING to do!" in this world of ours,
Where woods spring up with choicest flowers
Where smiles have only a fitful play,
Where hearts are breaking every day!

Nothing to do," thou Christian soul,
Wrapping thee round in thy selfish stole,
Oft with thy garments of sloth and sin,
Christ, thy Lord, hath a kingdom to win.

"Nothing to do," and thy Saviour said,
"Follow thou Me in the path I tread."
Lord, lend Thy help in the journey through,
Lest, faint, we cry, "So much to do."

HOME POLITENESS.

A BOY who is polite to father and mother is likely to be polite to everybody else. A boy lacking politeness to his parents may have the semblance of courtesy in society, but is never truly polite in spirit, and is in danger, as he becomes familiar, of betraying his real want of courtesy. We are all in danger of living too much for the outside world, for the impression which we make in society, coveting the good opinion others and caring too little for the good opinion of those who are in a sense a part of ourselves, and who will continue to sustain and be interested in us, notwithstanding these defects of deportment and character. We say to every boy and to every girl, cultivate the habit of courtesy and propriety at home—in the kitchen, as well as in the parlor, and you will be sure in other places to deport yourself in a becoming and attractive manner.

WHITEFIELD'S LAST EXHORTATION.

THE last sermon by that wonderful orator, the Rev George Whitefield, was preached in the open air at Exeter, N.H., September 29, 1770. He went from there to Newburyport, Mass., where he was engaged to preach on the following day. He was the guest of the Rev Mr Parsons, and while at supper the street in front of the house became crowded with people, some of whom pressed their way into the hall. Being very weary, besides not feeling well, he requested a minister who was in the company to speak to the people; and then taking a candle, started up-stairs to his room. But while on the stairs the sight of the crowd so moved him that he stood for a while, with the candlestick in his hand, and spoke to them. He talked to them until the candle had half burned away and went out in its socket. It was his last exhortation. After going to his room he was attacked by asthma, and by sunrise the next morning he was dead.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

LIKE a cradle rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful to and fro—
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below—
Hangs the green earth, awning, rocking,
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow,
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss and cry, and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best,
So when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, love us best.

O great heart of God! whose loving
Can not hindered be nor crossed,
Will not weary, will not even
In our death itself be lost—
Love Divine! of such great loving,
Only mothers know the cost—
Cost of love, which, all love passing,
Gave a Son to save the lost.

—Selected.

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A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

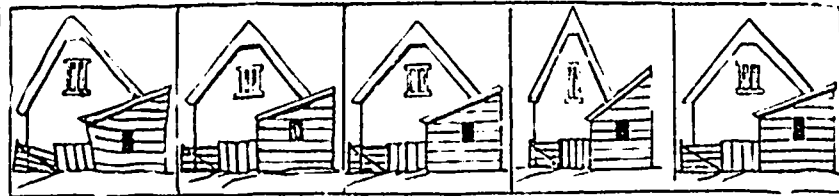
TORONTO, AUGUST 25, 1883.

SABBATH DESECRATION.

THIS subject is one which is now attracting a great deal of attention among a large section of the community.

At the Metropolitan Church, Rev. Hugh Johnston, B. D., preached on this subject. He began by explaining that the Sabbath was founded on the necessities of man, and was given to subserve his highest good, physical, social, mental, spiritual, and eternal. The best men of this city were at present agitated over the violation of the sanctity of this day. If the day of God was dishonoured the house of God was dishonoured, and if the word of God was dishonoured the name of God was dishonoured, and then they could say farewell to public morality and national prosperity and peace. This city had been justly famed for its Sabbath peace and order, but a crisis had come, as there was an outbreak of Sabbath desecration, when they had Sunday excursions by boat to the Island, to adjoining parks, and even to the States; railroad trains were running, the mails were being collected, made up, and sent out, and then there was a determined effort to mutilate and destroy the device of Heaven, this Sabbath,

which was made for man. Should they surrender to the foe this sacred citadel? There were enemies of this day. Infidelity was opposed to all that was holy and divine. Secularism was opposed to the day, for it taught that there was no hereafter; but he thanked God that there was a sound, enlightened, Christian public opinion on this great question. Should they stand like dumb driven cattle and see their existing laws and customs broken down? He asked why the officials of the Grand Trunk Railway, for which the people of Canada had done so much, for the sake of money respond to the clamour of American tourists, and inflict such a moral wrong upon them throughout the length of the land? Why, he asked, should the Postoffice Department help on the Sabbath profanation by making their employees work on Sunday or sacrifice their situations. Christians should take a firm stand on the subject, and by persuasion, by reason, by logic, by appeal to the best feelings of human nature and the teachings of God's Word maintain the Christian Sabbath. The Sabbath, when rightly observed, was the ally of virtue, morality and true religion. Why was the Sabbath law on the statute books? There was a notion among some people that this was a Jewish institution, and was therefore not a binding obligation, although it had got into the laws of the country. He could give the following unanswerable proofs to show that the Sabbath was made for all mankind. As soon as man was made the Sabbath was made for him. As soon as Adam and Eve existed, the Sabbath was appointed, as "God rested on the seventh day from all his work, and God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it." It was ordained to be a commemorative institution. The Sabbath was instituted at creation, because it was to endure as long as the Creator should endure, and the existing law in the statute book should be enforced. Then, again, the Sabbath Day was placed among the Ten Commandments:—"Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy." This formed part of that code of eternal laws written by the finger of God. The Ten Commandments, neither Jewish nor Gentile belong to mankind. Christ did not repeal these laws, but came to give them more spiritual enforcement and meaning. The Sabbath was a day not for labour, not for business, not for recreation, not for pleasure, but for rest and worship. It was a day sacred to God and humanity. It was a day for rest, bodily and mentally. God commanded them to stop working. All factories should be stopped, all stores and shops closed, no cabs running, no engines puffing, no cars or steamers running, but rest. They must not only rest, but worship by assembling together in the sanctuary. As for the Sunday traffic of the Grand Trunk—if the railway authorities feared God as much as they do Vanderbilt's competition, or loved the Almighty God as much as they do the almighty dollar, they would be found yielding to this pressure. The despatching of mails was surely not a necessity, when London, the centre of the world of commerce, with a population of five millions, could do without it. Was it right for a Christian Government to force their employees to break its own laws? He had thought of this. What would have been the course of the Postmaster-General if the Inspectors



A DRAWING LESSON.

and Postmasters had refused to obey this Sabbath order. Would they have lost their places? Never; the whole country would have risen against it. He called upon every patriot to cherish the Sabbath. Let the pulpit thunder. Let the able and powerful press speak, as in a vigorous editorial in one of the dailies on Saturday, and let every man and woman stand up against any lax keeping, or violation of the Sabbath. It is God's best, brightest day, and made for man.

THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

WE had the pleasure of visiting the other day Lakeside Home—a branch of the Toronto Children's Hospital. We were delighted to find such a large, cool, airy structure for the little folk. On its broad verandahs their cots can be wheeled out, so that they can get the fresh pure breeze from the lake. There were twenty-four children in residence—twelve of whom were enjoying a visit to the summer villa of a lover of little children near by. Some of those in the Hospital were confined to bed, with a weight fastened by a cord over a pulley to their ankles to help straighten diseased legs. But the fresh air and bright sunlight poured through the room, and they were happy as crickets. A deal of sympathy is shown the little folk. We have just received a letter from the Superintendent of the Methodist Sunday-school at Burk's Falls, Ont., containing \$5 from the Secretary of the school for some child named John, with a promise of a similar amount annually, in addition to what the school may give. We have had the pleasure of transmitting numerous similar donations to Mrs. McMaster, the kind foundress of the institution.

We have received the announcements of both the Toronto Academy, and Cobourg Collegiate Institute. With the former of these we are more intimately acquainted. It occupies a large and commodious building in one of the healthiest neighbourhoods in Toronto, and is under the management of the Rev. Thomas Ferguson, a respected minister of the Methodist Church of Canada, and an educationist of many years' successful experience. The Cobourg Collegiate Institute is under the principalship of D. C. McHenry, Esq., M.A., and is closely affiliated with Victoria University. Both institutions have a good staff of instructors, and parents desiring high class educational advantages under Christian auspices and careful oversight cannot err in patronising either of them.

Two old Victoria college boys are now Lieutenant-Governors. Lieut. Governor Richey in Nova Scotia, and Lieut. Governor Aikins in Manitoba—Pretty good for "Old Vic."

A DRAWING LESSON.

Teacher.—What is the difference between these two lines?

Emily.—One is straight and the other is bent.

T.—Say curved—not bent. We will first talk about straight lines; they may differ in many ways. What difference do you see in these?

E.—One is long and the other is short.

T.—Lines, then, may differ in length. What difference do you see in these?

E.—One is broader than the other; they differ in breadth.

T.—Look at these two lines.

E.—They are of the same length and breadth.

T.—Yes, but one is darker than the other. They differ in shade.

E.—Here are two lines exactly alike, and yet they differ.

T.—How can that be? They are of the same length, breadth, and shade.

E.—There is no difference in the lines themselves, but they have different directions.

T.—Thus you see that lines may differ, (1) in length, (2) in breadth, (3) in shade, (4) in direction, and (5) in position.

E.—So I shall have to put five questions to each line?

T.—Yes; in drawing if you want to improve quickly, you must begin by working slowly. Above see five little drawings. In No. 1, at the right, all the lines are correct. The house is drawn with light lines, because it is farther off than the shed; or, as an artist would say in the "back-ground."

E.—And I suppose the shed and palings are drawn with dark lines, because they are nearer,—in the front-ground.

T.—Yes; but, if you want to use an artist's word, say "fore-ground." What is the matter with No. 2?

E.—The lines are of the wrong length. The house is too tall, and the shed is too narrow.

T.—And how is No. 3?

E.—The lines are not of the right shade. They are all alike, and the house appears to be quite as near as the shed.

T.—Look at No. 4.

E.—The lines are not right in breadth. The back-ground lines are too broad, and the house appears to be nearer than the shed.

T.—And in No. 5?

E.—They are all wrong together; all falling in the wrong direction.

A PHILOSOPHER, who went to a church where the people came in late, said, "It is the fashion there for nobody to go till every body has got there."



FLAMINGOES AND THEIR NESTS.

FLAMINGOES AND THEIR NESTS.

THESE are among the most extraordinary birds that live. The long legs, long neck and scarlet colour give them an exceedingly conspicuous and fantastic appearance. From bill to toes a full grown one will measure five feet. Though web-footed, they do not swim, but wade in marshy and muddy places. The stilted legs keep the body up out of the water, the long neck enables the bird to reach its food, and the curved bill enables it to raise it as with a sort of spoon. They feed on shell-fish, fish spawn, and the like. They are common in the West Indies, and on the African coast. You remember Longfellow's lines in the Slave's Dream—

Before him like a blood-red cloud,
The bright flamingoes flew.

In flight they look very odd. (See picture.) Their mode of nest building is also very odd. The nest is a hillock of mud about two feet high, in the hollow top of which the eggs are laid. The mother bird "sits" standing, and the young brood take to the water as soon as they are hatched.

It was a Boston lad who, walking one day with his father, saw a drunken soldier lying in the street, and pointing to the recumbent figure, remarked, "Papa, I guess he don't belong to the standing army."

THE GROWTH OF WINNIPEG.

AT a missionary meeting recently held in London, England, the Bishop of Saskatchewan spoke about the remarkable change that had taken place in Winnipeg since he first became acquainted with it. He said in 1866 the nearest railway station was 450 miles distant, and between it and Winnipeg he was obliged to travel in waggons, camping out during the night. Then the town had a population of 200, now it has 25,000. It had not a single church, and the Bishop delivered the first Protestant sermon there in a little chamber over a store. Now it has twelve churches, seating 12,000 people, and so great is the church-going propensity that thousands of people cannot find accommodation on Sundays. The town has 800 miles of railway on one side, and 500 on the other. Referring to the Diocese of Saskatchewan, the Bishop stated that it had an area of 490,000 square miles, and a great railway now entered it advancing at the rate of three miles a day. By another year, he believed, it would have traversed the whole of the valley of the Saskatchewan, reaching the Rocky Mountains. Methodism has obtained a good footing in the city, and before very long it will probably have a Book-Room, and we hope also a college. In the course of a few years the probability is that there will be tens of thousands of prosperous settlers on the wide-spreading prairies of Manitoba, which are now waiting to repay

the toil of the husbandman with teeming plenty, and as Winnipeg is likely to continue to be the metropolis it will be a centre not only of business activity but also of educational, philanthropic and religious movements.—*Christian Journal.*

THE NEW LIEUT.-GOVERNOR OF NOVA SCOTIA.

THE Hon. Matthew Henry Richey, the new Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia, is the son of the Rev. Dr. Richey, the celebrated Methodist divine, who emigrated from Ireland to this country about 1820. Mr. Richey was born in Windsor, N.S., in 1828 where relatives of his mother long resided, his father being then stationed at Shelburne. His early boyhood was spent in Halifax and Charlottetown, P.E.I. In 1835 his father removed with his family to Montreal, where he remained one year in charge of the Great St. James St. Methodist church, and in the following year [1836] was appointed Principal of Upper Canada Academy, (now Victoria College), just then erected at Coburg. Here young Richey remained, attending the classes of the Institute until 1839,—having as one of his classmates the present Lieut.-Governor Aikins, of Manitoba. He also attended school or college at Windsor, Toronto, and Kingston. When attending the Upper Canada College he was a classmate of the present Lieut.-Governor of Ontario. He studied law, but, owing to ill-health he was compelled to abandon the more active work demanded in the practice of his profession; he nevertheless acquired and held a respectable practice. In 1854 he was invited to assume the editorship of the *Provincial Wesleyan*. In 1864, Mr. Richey was elected Mayor of the City of Halifax, and was four times re-elected. In 1873, he was returned by a handsome majority M.P., for Halifax.

We are glad to learn that there is to be a union camp-meeting of the different bodies of Methodists in the neighbourhood of Toronto. It is to be held, we are informed, in the beautiful grove near the Grand Trunk railway near the Scarboro' junction, beginning September 14th. By that time the different bodies will probably be one body, so that in an emphatic sense it will be a union meeting. May the presence of the Master of Assemblies be felt, and the seal of the Divine approval be given to the movement for Methodist unification.

The Manitoba Methodist Conference met for organization on the first of August. By appointment of the General Conference, Rev. Dr. Young, of Winnipeg, is its first President. Mr. Young is now Superintendent of the Missions in the North-West. This will include the territory from Rat Portage to the Rocky Mountains and from the national boundary to the most northerly mission. The Toronto Conference formerly controlled the territory.

The late Dr. Bethune asked a morose and miserly man how he was getting along. The man replied, "What business is that of yours?" said the doctor, "O sir, I am one of those who take an interest even in the meanest of God's creatures."

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

I KNOW not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life or death
His mercy unleteth.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works by faith to prove,
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fringed palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

DEATH OF GEN. TOM THUMB

GENERAL Tom Thumb died of apoplexy on Sunday, July 15, at Middleboro, Mass., aged forty-five years. No person, little or large, was better known the world over, or had been seen by more people, than the subject of this sketch. Tom Thumb (Charles S. Stratton) was born in Bridgeport, Conn., in 1837, and at the age of five years was not two feet in height, and weighed less than sixteen pounds, and he had grown but very little for three or four years. In 1842 he was exhibited in New York by Barnum, his age being announced as 11 years. He visited England in 1844, and was several times exhibited to the Queen and Court at Buckingham Palace.

In 1863 he married Lavinia Warren (born in Middleboro, Mass., October 31, 1842), also a charming little dwarf, who had been placed on exhibition in 1862. After their marriage they travelled extensively in the United States and Europe, and generally drew full houses. They were both a never-ending source of wonderment and delight to children and even to those of larger growth. Tom Thumb and his wife were both bright and intellectual, and prospered greatly in the show business, having amassed a large fortune, which is now left to Mrs. Thumb, who survives her husband.

NO SECRETS FROM MOTHER.

THE moment a girl has a secret from her mother, or has received a letter she dare not let her mother read, or has a friend of whom her mother does not know, she is in danger.

A secret is not a good thing for a girl to have. Hide nothing from your mother; do nothing that, if discovered by your father, would make you blush. The girl who frankly says to her mother, "I have been here. I met so-and-so. Such and such remarks were made, and this or that was done," will be certain of receiving good advice and sympathy.

If all was right, no fault will be found. If the mother knows out of her greater experience that something was improper or unsuitable, she will, if she is a good mother, kindly advise against its repetition.

It is when mothers discover that their girls are hiding things from them that they rebuke or scold. Innocent faults are always pardoned by a kind parent.

You may not know, girls, just what is right—just what is wrong yet. You can't be blamed for making little mistakes, but you never will do anything very wrong if from the first you have no secret from your mother.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

The "European Mail" contains the following curious palindrome and double acrostic, which on account of its intricacy and originality, we publish.

1. Of a noted giant I am the name,
And backwards and forwards I'm just the same.
2. Of all uniformity I am the name,
And backwards and forwards I'm just the same.
3. Of the light of the countenance I'm the name,
And backwards and forwards I'm just the same.
4. Of the sun's mid journey I am the name,
And backwards and forwards I'm just the same.
5. Of the mother of mankind I am the name,
And backwards and forwards I'm just the same.
6. Of a fair young Mary I am the name,
And backwards and forwards I'm just the same.
7. Of what compels silence I am the name,
And backwards and forwards I'm just the same.

These initials combine, you will find they frame,
Of a son of Britain, the noble name,
A Peer, and Statesman of fairest fame,
And backwards and forwards 'tis still the same.

ANSWER

1. Gog.
2. Level.
3. Eye.
4. Noon.
5. Eva.
6. L.—Can any one tell what this is?
7. Gag.

The whole—Glenelg—Lord Glenelg. Not only does each word read the same both ways; but the first and last letters read the same both up and down.

A POCKET MEASURE.



OW what is it all for? Here you have been working over that wonderful box every evening for a week. I believe you are a miser, and that box is to hoard up your treasures in.

And pretty Eva Trumbull fixed her roguish eyes on Rufus, the former boy, and waited to see what he would say.

"Why, I'd just as soon tell you about this box," he said. "You'll laugh, of course; but I don't suppose that will hurt me."

"I won't laugh a bit, unless it is something funny."

"Well, it's a money-box."

"A money-box! I told you you were going to be a miser."

"Well, I'm not," said Rufus, laughing. "I'm planning to spend it, not to keep it; but I like to be sort of systematic about things. You see, I know just about what I'm worth nowadays. There's about six months in the year that I am earning money; and, in one way and another, I earn about \$60, besides my board. Now, it happens that there are ten things for which I need to spend that money, and, as nearly as I can calculate, it might be equally divided between them; so thinking it all over, I concluded that the systematic way would be to have a box with ten compartments, all labeled, and drop the money in \$1 at a time, maybe, or 10 cents at a time, just as I happen to be paid."

"That's a real nice idea," said Eva, admiringly; "but I can't imagine how you can have ten different things, for which you need to spend money

regularly. Now, I have a hundred different ways of spending money, but hardly any of them are regular." Here she gave one of her merriest laughs.

"O, well, it is different with me," explained Rufus. "You see, I don't know much about spending money for things I might happen to like to buy. I have to spend mine for the things that *must* be bought anyhow; and so it's easier to calculate."

"Still," persisted Eva, "I don't know how you make ten."

"Well, I'll tell you." There was a little flush on Rufus' face but Eva looked so sober, and so interested, that he determined to trust her. "In the first place, there's mother; I shall paint her name on this first department, and one tenth of every thing I ever care is to pop in there. Then there's clothes for me, they will take another tenth."

"A tenth for clothes! That will be only \$6 a year, Rufus Briggs! Do you mean to dress in birch bark, that you think you can make \$6 a year do it?"

"Well," said Rufus, in a determined tone, "when a fellow *has* to, you know, why he *has* to; besides, that's only for general clothes; I've got a department here for boots and shoes, and another for shirts, and if I have to borrow from one of those departments for the other, why, it will do no harm."

But still Eva laughed; she knew that \$6, or \$12, or \$18 in a year were of no account so far as clothes were concerned. Didn't *she* wear clothes? She knew what they cost.

"They can't cost more than you've got to buy them with," Rufus said, firmly, and went on with his plan. "There are Mamie and Fannie, my two sisters; I've given them each a department. Of course mother will spend the money for them, but I kind of like to put it in their own name. Then here's the corner for books; I need school books and papers and pens, and all such things you know; but they must all come out of this general fund. Then here's the housekeeping; I have a corner for that, because mother must be helped, you know; that place where her name is means for her own private use, and here's the rent corner; mother has hard times bringing that in every month. Now you see, I've got nine, and I haven't looked out for sickness at all; that troubled me at first, but then I concluded that if any of us were sick we shouldn't need so many clothes nor books, and that it would even itself out; so here's my last corner." And very carefully Rufus printed the word, "BENEVOLENCE," over this compartment.

"Be-nev-o-lence," spelled out Eva, and now she was too much astonished to laugh. "Why, Rufus Briggs! Just as though you could afford to give \$6 a year to benevolence."

"Why, it's only a tenth," said Rufus stoutly; "and it's got to be divided up more than any of the others, there are so many things to give for."

"The ideal!" said Eva. Just then her aunt called her, and she went away thinking about the wonderful box with its many compartments, and only \$60 to put into them all. "And six of them to give away!" she said again, and she thought of the \$1 50 a week that her father gave her for "pin money," out of which she had never given a cent for benevolence in her life. Who are going to try to be like Rufus or Eva!—*The Pansy*.

NEVER GIVE UP.

NEVER give up—what? Why, the right and the true thing. "Be sure you're right; then go ahead," and let nothing push you off the track! But be very sure you *are* right, before you resolve that you will never give up.

Benjamin Franklin was one who never gave up in his purposes to *learn*, to *be*, and to *do*. He has left much good advice for the young, and, what is better, a noble example. He says, "Whatever you attempt to do, whether it be the writing of an essay or the whittling of a stick, do it as well as you can." Keep that in mind when you work and when you play, and it will make a difference. Seek to know the right thing; then do it, no matter if there are difficulties in the way, and do it just as well as you can. Don't let yourself be in too great a hurry to do your very best in any work you attempt.

Robert Helm is a fatherless boy. His mother and two little sisters need all that he can earn, which is little enough, but Robert intends to have a good education, even if he does have to spend these days in a store.

He is prompt, quick, obedient, and brave. He finds some moments every day for his books, even while in the store. There are rainy days, you know, when few customers come in, and odd minutes here and there, and then he manages to get a little time nearly every evening for study.

"I'd give up if I were in your place," said Tom Ware, one of his class, to Robert the other day. "How can you ever expect to get ready for college?"

"Give up? Not I!" was the cheery answer. "I can't go to college as soon as you can, but I must go, for you see it's right that I should have an education."

Do you not see Robert will not give up, because he believes that God says "go on?" And Robert will go on, and God will go with him!

HOW NOT TO DROWN.

MANY persons have wondered that all animals seem to possess an instinctive knowledge of swimming, and that man alone lacks this gift. Mr. Henry McCormac, of Belfast, Ireland, writes that it is not necessary that a person knowing nothing of the art of swimming should drown, if he will depend upon the powers for self-preservation with which nature has endowed him. The pith of the doctor's remarks is contained in the following paragraph: When one of the inferior animals takes the water, falls, or is thrown in, it instantly begins to walk as it does when out of the water. But when a man who cannot "swim" gets into the water, he makes a few spasmodic struggles, throws up his arms, and drowns. The brute, on the other hand treads water, remains on the surface, and is virtually insubmersible. In order, then, to escape drowning, it is only necessary to do as the brute does, and that is to tread or walk water. The brute has no advantages as to his relative weight, in respect to the water, over man; and yet the man perishes while the brute lives. Nevertheless, any man, any woman, any child who can walk on the land, may also walk in the water just as readily as the animal does, and that without any prior instruction or drilling

whatever. Throw a dog in the water, and he treads or walks the water instantly, and there is no imaginable reason why a human being under like circumstances should not do the same. The brute, indeed, walks water instinctively, whereas man has to be told.

BE ON TIME.

TRAVING, haply,
Found your place,
Would you, start well
In the race!
Would you, young man,
In your prime,
Pass your comrades!
Be on time!

Tardy doings,
Listless deeds.
Gain no laurels,
Earn no medals.
Idle work-hours
Do not pay;
After labour
Comes the play.

After action
Comes the rest;
Put your muscle
To the test.
If the mountain
You would climb,
Young beginner,
Be on time!

"Right foot forward,"
Firm and true.
Left foot forward,"
Hope for you!
Hoed not thistle,
Rock or crag;
Earth's great heroes
Never lag!

Up and doing!"
Is the cry,
Prize the minutes
As they fly;
In all stations,
In each clime,
When you labour
"Be on time!"

PROPER EDUCATION FOR GIRLS.

GIVE your daughters a thorough education. Teach them to cook and prepare the food of the household. Teach them to wash, to iron, to darn stockings, to sew on buttons, to make dresses. Teach them to make bread, and that a good kitchen lessens the doctor's account. Teach them that he only lays up money whose expenses are less than his income, and that all grow poor who have to spend more than they receive. Teach them that a calico dress paid for fits better than a silken one unpaid for. Teach them that a healthy face displays greater lustre than fifty consumptive beauties. Teach them to purchase and to see that the account corresponds with the purchase. Teach them good common sense, self-trust, self-help, and industry. Teach them that an honest mechanic in his working dress is a better object of esteem than a dozen haughty, finely dressed idlers. Teach them gardening and the pleasures of nature. Teach them, if you can afford it, music, painting, etc., but consider them as secondary objects only. Teach them that a walk is more salutary than a ride in a carriage. Teach them to reject with disdain all appearance, and to use only "yes" or "no" in good earnest. Teach them that happiness of matrimony depends neither on external appearances nor on wealth, but on the man's character.

A WIT being asked, on the failure of a bank, "Were you not upset?" replied, "No, I only lost my balance."

SOONER OR LATER

SOONER or later the storm shall beat
O'er my slumbers, from head to feet;
Sooner or later the wind shall rave
In the long grasses above my grave.

I shall not heed them where they lie—
Nothing their sounds shall signify;
Nothing the head-stone's frot of rain;
Nothing to me the dark day's pain.

Sooner or later the sun shall shine
With tender warmth on that mound of mine;
Sooner or later in summer's air
Clover and violets blossom there.

I shall not feel in that deep-laid rest
The sheeted light fall over my breast,
Nor oven note in those hidden hours
The wind blown breath of the tossing flowers.

Sooner or later the stainless snows
Shall add their hush to my mute repose—
Sooner or later shall slant and shift
And heap my bed with their dazzling drift.

Chill though that frozen pall shall seem,
Its touch no colder can make the dream—
That wrecks not the sacred dread
Shrouding the city of the dead.

Sooner or later the bee shall come
And fill the noon with its golden hum;
Sooner or later, on half poised wing
The bluebird above my grave shall sing—

Sing and chirp and whistle with glee,
Nothing his music can mean to me;
None of those beautiful things shall know
How soundly their lover sleeps below.

Sooner or later, far out in the night,
The stars shall over me wing their flight;
Sooner or later the darkening dews
Catch the white spark in their silent ooze.

Never a ray shall part the gloom
That raps me 'round in the silent tomb;
Peace shall be perfect to lip and brow
Sooner or later; oh, why not now?

PROFITABLE POLITENESS.

A BOSTON paper tells an incident which took place a number of years ago in that city, which ought to hold a valuable lesson for the young folks of our day. Politeness of the heart makes no account of outward appearances:

There was a very plainly-dressed, elderly lady who was a frequent customer at the then leading drygoods house in Boston. No one in the store knew her even by name. All the clerks but one avoided her, and gave their attention to those who were better dressed and more pretentious. The exception was a young man who had a conscientious regard for duty and system. He never left another customer to wait on the lady, but when at liberty he waited on her with as much attention as if she had been a princess.

This continued a year or two till the young man became of age. One morning the lady approached the young man, when the following conversation took place:

Lady—"Young man, do you wish to go into business for yourself?"

"Yes ma'am," he replied, "but I have neither money, credit, nor friends."

"Well," continued the lady, "you go and select a good situation, ask what the rent is, and report to me," handing the young man her address.

The young man found a capital location and a good store, but the landlord required security, which he could not give. Mindful of the lady's request, he forthwith went to her and reported.

"Well," she replied, "you go and tell Mr. — that I will be responsible."

He went, and the landlord or agent was surprised, but the bargain was closed.

The next day the lady called again

to ascertain the result. The young man told her, but added, "What am I to do for goods? No one will trust me."

"You may go and see Mr. —, and Mr. —, and Mr. —, and tell them to call on me."

He did so, and his store was soon filled with the best goods in the market. There are many in this city who remember the circumstances and the man. He died many years ago, and left a fortune of \$300,000. So much for politeness, so much for treating one's elders with the deference due to age, in whatever garb they are clothed.

THE HOMELESS SINGER.

ON a cold, dark night, when the wind was blowing hard, Conrad, a worthy citizen of a little town in Germany, sat playing his flute, while Ursula, his wife, was preparing supper. They heard a sweet voice singing outside—

"Foxes to their holes have gone,
Every bird into its nest;
But I wander here alone,
And for me there is no rest."

Tears filled the good man's eyes, as he said, "What a fine, sweet voice! What a pity it should be spoiled by being tried in such weather!"

"I think it is the voice of a child. Let us open the door and see," said his wife, who had lost a little boy not long before, and whose heart was opened to take pity on the little wanderer.

Conrad opened the door, and saw a ragged child, who said, "Charity, good sir, for Christ's sake."

"Come in, my little one," said he; "you shall rest with me for the night."

The boy said, "Thank God!" and entered. The heat of the room made him faint, but Ursula's kind care soon revived him. They gave him some supper, and then he told them that he was the son of a poor miner, and wanted to be a priest. He wandered about and sang, and lived on the money people gave him. His kind friends would not let him talk much, but sent him to bed. When he was asleep, they looked in upon him, and were so pleased with his pleasant countenance that they determined to keep him, if he was willing. In the morning they found that he was only too glad to remain.

They sent him to school, and afterward he entered a monastery. There he found the Bible, which he read, and from which he learned the way of life. The sweet voice of the little singer learned to preach the good news, "Justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Conrad and Ursula, when they took that little street singer into their house, little thought that they were nourishing the great champion of the Reformation. The poor child was Martin Luther.

GLADSTONE ON BIBLE STUDY.

ON William E. Gladstone, having been consulted by a gentleman having in charge an adult Bible-class, sent the following reply:—

"I will not dwell on the need of light from above, or the duty of seeking it, of being vigilant against the excuses of the private spirit, of cultivating humility, of bearing in mind that God has through all these long ages had a

people whom he has led, that we are the first who come to the wells of salvation opened by Christ and his apostles. I will also assume that you are strict adherents of method in this great study, so as to make your results comprehensive.

"Two things, however, I especially commend to your thoughts. The first is this—Obristianity in Christ, the nearness to Him and His image, is the end of all your efforts. Thus the Gospels which continually present to us one pattern, have a kind of precedence among the books of the Holy Scriptures. I advise you remembering that the Scriptures have two purposes—one to feed the people of God in "green pastures," the other to serve for proof of doctrine. These are not divided by a sharp line from one another, yet they are provinces on the whole distinct, and in some ways different. We are variously called to various works. But we are all required to feed in the pastures and to drink in the wells. For this purpose the Scriptures are incomparably simple to all those willing to be fed. The same cannot be said in regard to the proof or construction of doctrine. This is a desirable work, but not for us all. It requires to be possessed with more of external helps, more learning and good guides, more knowledge of the historical development of our religion, which development is one of the most wonderful parts of all human history, and, in my opinion, affords also one of the strongest demonstrations of its truth and of the power and goodness of God."

LITTLE TIM.

WARM hearts are sometimes found under ragged jackets, as is shown by the following incident:—

A kit is a box of tools of whatever outfit is needed in any particular branch of business.

It surprised the shiners and newsboys around the post-office the other day to see "Little Tim" coming among them in a quiet way, and hear him say: "Boys, I want to sell my kit. Here's two brushes, a hull box of backing, and a good stout box, and the outfit goes for two shillings."

"Goin' away, Tim?" inquired one.

"Not 'actly, boys, but I want a quarter the awfulest kind just now."

"Goin' on a skursion?" asked another.

"Not to-day, but I must have a quarter," he answered.

One of the lads passed over the change and took the kit; and Tim walked straight to the counting room of a daily paper, put down the money and said, "I kin write if you give me a pencil."

With slow moving fingers, he wrote a death notice. It went into the paper almost as he wrote it, but you might not have seen it. He wrote:—

"Died—Lital Ted—of Scarlet fever, aged three years. Funeral to-morrow, gone up to heaven, left one brother."

"Was it your brother?" asked the cashier.

Tim tried to brace up, but couldn't. The big tears came up, his chin quivered, "I—I had to sell my kit to do it, but he had his arms around my neck when he d—died."

He hurried away home, but the news went to the boys, and they gathered into a group and talked. Tim had not been home an hour before a

barefooted boy left the kit on the doorstep and in the box was a bouquet of flowers, which had been purchased in the market by pennies contributed by the crowd of ragged but big-hearted boys. Did God ever make a heart which would not respond if the right chord were touched?

TO AVOID DROWNING.

IT is a well known fact, says the *Scientific American*, that any person of average structure and lung capacity will float securely in water if care is taken to keep the hands and arms submerged and the lungs full of air. Yet in most cases people who are not swimmers immediately raise their hands above their heads and scream, the moment they find themselves in deep water. The folly of such action can be impressively illustrated by means of a half empty bottle and a couple of nails, and the experience should be repeated in every household, until all the members—particularly the women and children—realize that the only chance for safety in deep water, lies in keeping the hands under, and the mouth shut.

Any short-necked, square-shouldered bottle will answer, and the nails can easily be kept in place by a rubber band or string. First ballast the bottle with sand, so that it will just float with the nails pointed downwards, then by turning the nails upward the bottle will be either forced under the water at once, or will be tipped over so that the water will pour into the open mouth, and down it will go. To children the experiment is a very impressive one, and the moral of it is easily understood. It may prove a life-saving lesson.

CURING A BAD MEMORY.

YOUR memory is bad, perhaps, but I can tell you two secrets that will cure the worst memory. One—to read a subject when strongly interested. The other is not only read, but think. When you have read a paragraph or a page, stop, close the book, and try to remember the ideas on that page, and not only recall them vaguely in your mind, but put them into words and speak them out. Faithfully follow these two rules, and you have the golden keys of knowledge. Bending inattentive reading, there are other things injurious to memory. One is the habit of skimming over newspapers, all in a confused jumble, never to be thought of again, thus diligently cultivating a habit of careless reading hard to break. Another is the reading of trashy novels. Nothing is so fatal to reading with profit, as the habit of running through story after story, and forgetting them as soon as read. I know a grey-haired woman, a life-long lover of books, who sadly declares that her mind has been ruined by such reading.

WHEN Sir George Rose was dining on one occasion with the late Lord Langdale, his host was speaking of the diminutive church in Langdale, of which his Lordship was patron. "It is not bigger," said Lord Langdale, "than this dining room." "No," returned Sir George, "and the living is not half so good." —*London Society.*

LOVING WORDS.

LOVING words will cost but little
 Journeying up the hill of life;
 But they make the weak and weary
 Stronger, braver for the strife.
 Do you count them only trifles?
 What to earth are sun and rain?
 Never was a kind word wasted,
 Never one was said in vain.

When the cares of life are many,
 And its heavy burdens grow
 For the ones that walk beside you,
 If you love them tell them so.
 What you count of little to us
 Has an almost magic power,
 And beneath their cheering sunshine
 Hearts will blossom like a flower.

So, as up life's hill we journey
 Let us scatter, all the way
 Kindly words to be us sunshine
 In the dark and cloudy day.
 Grudge no loving word, my brother,
 As along through life you go,
 To the ones who journey with you,
 If you love them tell them so.

A MOTHER'S WORDS.

A GOOD mother, when her son
 was leaving the home of his
 childhood and going out into
 the great world, knowing that
 he was ambitious, gave him this part-
 ing injunction:

"My son, remember that, though it
 is a good thing to be a great man, it is
 a great thing to be a good man."

No sounder, no truer words were
 ever spoken. A great man may dazzle,
 but a good man is a beacon shining
 afar, by whose beneficent light a multi-
 tude are enabled to walk in safety.
 The best success is very often achieved
 by the humblest; and an obscure life
 well spent is better than a wicked
 renown.

SMILES.

The only kind of vice much shunned
 by some young men seems to be
 advice.

MANY a man slips a three-cent piece
 into the contribution-box with a ten-
 cent air.

Is there a word in the English
 language that contains all the vowels?
 There is unquestionably.

"WHAT do you do when you have
 a cold?" asked a man of Simpkins.
 "Cough," was the sententious reply.

"At what age were you married?"
 asked she inquisitively. But the other
 lady equal to the occasion, and replied,
 "At the parson-age."

SCENE at children's party: "Good-
 by, Florie, must you go now?" "Yes'm;
 and mamma told me to say I've had a
 very nice time."

LEIGH HUNT was asked by a lady
 at dessert if he would not venture on
 an orange. "No, madam, I should
 be very happy to do so, but I am
 afraid I would tumble off."

Officer (to the timid soldier): "Why,
 Pat, you are surely not going to turn
 coward?" Pat. "Why, shure, I'd
 rather be a coward for foive minutes
 than a corpse for the rest of me loife."

"Do you believe in woman's rights?"
 she demanded, jabbing him in the ribs
 with her umbrella. "Yes, he replied,
 as he moved to a safe distance. I be-
 lieve in woman's funeral rites."

A good old Quaker lady, after listen-
 ing to the extravagant yarn of a per-
 son as long as her patience would
 allow, said to him: "Friend, what a
 pity it is a sin to lie, when it seems so
 necessary to your happiness!"

A MINISTER, when one of his flock
 wept over the financial deficit in con-
 nection with a Christian enterprise,
 said: "My dear friend, never mind
 the tears; this thing can't be run by
 water!"

"Is the howling of a dog always fol-
 lowed by death?" asked a little girl of
 her father. "Not always, my dear.
 Sometimes the man that shoots at the
 dog misses him," was the parent's
 reply.

A GOOD natured traveller fell asleep
 in a train and was carried beyond his
 destination. "Pretty good joke. Isn't
 it?" said a fellow-passenger. "Yes;
 but carried a little too far!" was the
 rejoinder.

AN American editor once, in attempt-
 ing to compliment General Pillow as a
 "battle-scarred veteran," was made by
 the types to call him a "battle-scarred
 veteran." In the next issue the mis-
 take was so far corrected as to call
 him a "bottle-scarred veteran."

A SCHOOL mistress, while taking
 down the names and ages of her pupils,
 and the names of their parents, at the
 beginning of a term, asked one little
 fellow—"What's your father's name?"
 "O, you needn't take down his name:
 he's too old to go to schools to a
 woman," was the reply.

THERE are many who seem to think
 that the cheapest literature for Sunday-
 schools which can be had is the best.
 Even many who purchase for them-
 selves and their children the best food
 available for their bodies, freely buy
 that which is rotten and poisonous for
 their minds and hearts. What supreme
 folly! Aye, more; what immense
 injury and injustice are done those who
 are fed on such mental food!—*Ex.*

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

B. C. 1120.] LESSON X. [Sept. 2.

THE DEATH OF SAMSON.

Judg. 16. 21-31. Commit to memory vs. 28-30.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The God of Israel is he that giveth strength
 and power unto his people. Ps. 68. 35.

OUTLINE.

1. The Humbled Hero. v. 21-25.
2. The Prayer for Power. v. 26-28.
3. The Day of Death. v. 29-31.

TIME.—B. C. 1120.

PLACE.—Gaza, on the sea-coast of Palestine.

EXPLANATIONS.—Took Him—See the ac-
 count in Judg. 16. 4-20. Brought him down
 —From the higher country inland to the sea-
 coast. Fetters of brass—Heavy chains on his
 feet. Grind—Grinding grain with a hand-
 mill was generally done by women. Hair..
 began to grow—And with it God gave him
 his strength. Lords of the Philistines—The
 Philistines were not ruled by kings, but by a
 body of lords. Dagon their god—He was
 half-man half-fish in form. Our God hath
 delivered—They gave the glory to such gods
 as they knew. we should honour the Lord
 for every blessing. Hearts were merry—At
 the idol feasts the people used strong drink,
 and acted very wickedly. Make us sport—
 Probably by his feats of strength. The pillars
 —Two pillars on which the roof of the idol
 temple rested. Upon the roof—The roof
 looked down upon an open court inside.
 Called upon the Lord—In his blindness he
 turned toward his God. Avenged of the
 Philistines By giving them punishment for
 his wrongs. It was right for Samson, because
 the Philistines were the oppressors of his
 people the Israelites. Let me die—This was
 not suicide or self-murder, but it was giving
 up his own life while slaying his enemies.
 His brethren—The members of the tribe of
 Dan. Buried him—In some cave in the
 mountain. Judged Israel—Delivered from

enemies and ruled over it. At the same
 time Eli was judge in another part of the
 land.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where do we learn in this lesson—

1. From whom strength comes?
2. How to obtain strength in time of need?
3. That God hears the prayer of a penitent
 sinner?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who was the thirteenth of the judges of
 Israel? Samson the strong man. 2. By
 whom was he made a prisoner? By the
 Philistines. 3. What did they do to him?
 They put out his eyes. 4. For what purpose
 did the Philistines send for Samson at a great
 feast in their idol-temple? To make sport.
 5. What did Samson do while standing between
 the pillars of the temple? He prayed to God
 for strength. 6. How did he use the strength
 which God gave him? In destroying his
 enemies with himself. 7. How was Jesus'
 death nobler than Samson's? In dying to
 save his enemies.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The retributive
 justice of God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

35. What miracles attended his death?
 These miracles attended the death of
 Christ:—The sun was darkened at noon for
 three hours together; there was an earthquake;
 which opened many graves, and the veil of
 the temple was rent in two pieces.

B. C. 1322.] LESSON XL [Sept. 9.

RUTH AND NAOMI.

Ruth. 1, 14-22. Commit to memory vs 16-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thy people shall be my people, and thy
 God my God. Ruth 1. 16.

OUTLINE.

1. Great Love. v. 14-18.
2. Great Grief. v. 19-22.

TIME.—B. C. 1322.

PLACE.—The land of Moab, east of the
 Jordan, and Bethlehem in the tribe of Judah.

EXPLANATIONS.—They lifted up their voice
 —Naomi and her two daughters-in-law, Ruth
 and Orpah. Wept—At parting with each
 other. Orpah kissed—It was a kiss of parting.
 Ruth clave—Stayed with her. Unto her people
 —The Moabites. Unto her gods—In those
 times every nation worshipped its own gods.
 Ruth said—Showing great love and desire to
 be with one who followed the Lord. My
 people—She would be no more a Moabite, but
 an Israelite. Thy God, my God—She chose
 the Lord for her God. The Lord do so—This
 was a form for calling God to witness to the
 truth of what was said, by asking God to
 punish if it were not true. They two went on
 —It was a journey of more than fifty miles,
 and a rough way, over which they went on
 foot. All the city—The name is given in the
 Bible to a small village, as Bethlehem then
 was. Was moved—Noticed Naomi's return.
 Is this Naomi?—In ten years of absence she
 had greatly changed. Call me not Naomi—
 A word meaning pleasant. Call me Mara—
 A word meaning bitterness. Very bitterly—In
 taking away her husband and children, and
 leaving her in poverty. She did not show
 strong faith in God. Testify against me—
 Shown himself an enemy by his dealings.
 Barley-harvest—In the early summer. Read
 the rest of the story in the book of Ruth; and
 how Ruth became an ancestor of King David,
 and of David's Son, Jesus Christ.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson may we find—

1. An example of love in the family?
2. An example of a good resolution?
3. An example of earnestness in God's ser-
 vice?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. To what land did Ruth belong? To the
 land of Moab. 2. With whom did she leave
 the land of Moab? With Naomi, her mother-
 in-law. 3. What did she say o, Naomi's
 people, the Israelites? "Thy people shall
 be my people." 4. Whom did she choose for
 her God? The Lord God of Israel. 5. Who
 were afterward descendants of Ruth? David,
 the king, and Jesus Christ.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's discipline
 of adversity.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

36. Who took care of his burial?
 Joseph of Arimathea, a rich man, and one
 of the disciples of Christ, buried him in his
 own new tomb; and Pilate and the Jews set
 a guard of soldiers about it.

Knowledge Acquired by Electricity.

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 the utmost limits of its power have been
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