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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, JULY 6, 1889.

[No. 14

MOHAMMEDANS AT PRAYER.

THE Mohammedans are, in their way, a deeply religious people. They have frequent hours of prayer which they devoutly observe, no matter where they may be—on sea or shore—in the desert or in the city. It is very impressive in the early hours of the morning to hear the muezzins cry from the lofty minaret, "Rise to prayer. Prayer is better than sleep. There is no god but God, and Mohammed is his prophet."

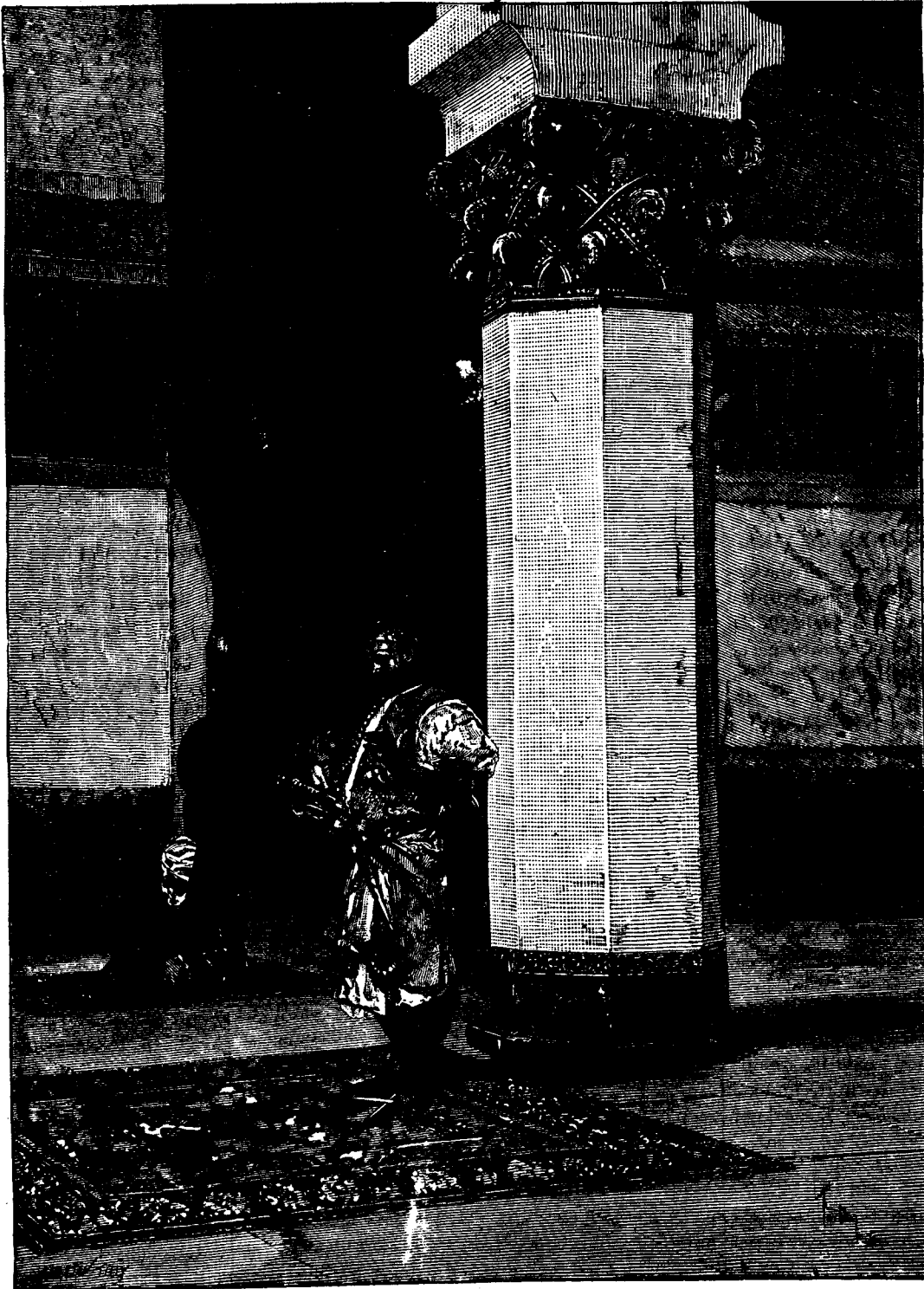
Though a very corrupt form of religion Mohammedanism is a great improvement on the degrading worship of idols which it superseded, and it may be a preparation of vast portions of the race for the purer religions of Jesus.

LITTLE MARY VANCE.

MR. JONES was a very wicked man. He made and sold the strong drink, which is just like poison to those who take it; and, besides, he drank it himself, and was often seen reeling through the streets. He was very violent in his temper, too, so that almost everybody was afraid of him.

Once, as he was staggering along the village street, he met little Mary Vance. Mary was the minister's little girl, and was going with her father and mother to the Wednesday afternoon prayer-meeting, and had tripped along quite ahead of them.

She was a dear, loving little girl, and would not hurt anybody if she could help it; so, when she saw the drunken man coming, she crept up as close to the fence as she could, but did not run, lest he might think she was afraid of him. But as he came along he spoke. "Well, now, my little dear," he said, in his thick, drunken speech, "how are you, and where are you going?"



MOHAMMEDANS AT PRAYER.

"I'm going to meeting, up in the meeting-house," she answered. "Won't you go too, Mr. Jones?"

"Well, I don't know but I will, seeing it's you," said the man. "But where shall I sit?"

"Oh, you shall sit in our pew," said Mary, and she led the way; and when she had shown him into the pew she sat down beside him. "Surely he won't hurt me in church," thought the dear child.

sweet, childish way—to the house of prayer that Wednesday afternoon.—S. S. Visitor.

THE weakness of your faith will not destroy you. A trembling hand may receive a royal gift. Great messages can be sent along slender wires. Think more of HIM to whom you look than of the look itself.

The father and mother came in. The father took his place in the desk, but the mother, seeing their pew so strangely occupied, walked into one a little distance behind, where she could watch Mary, and see that no harm came to her.

After prayer and singing, the minister said: "Now, we shall be happy to hear from any one who has a word to say."

The poor drunkard rose. "I have a few words to say," he said. "I wish you'd pray for me, for I'm awful wicked."

The people looked at him, and seeing he was half drunk, were really frightened lest he should do some strange, bad thing; and they began to move away from him—some this way and some that—until he and Mary sat almost alone in the middle of the church. He noticed this. "See how they all hate me," he thought, "because I'm so wicked; and perhaps God will forsake me too! Oh, how dreadful!"

The thought took such hold of him that he began to cry, and rose again and said: "Won't you pray for me?"

They did pray for him; and the dear Saviour pardoned his sins, and gave him a new heart. He went home a different man, gave up his wicked business, left off drinking, and began to serve God; and he always loved little Mary Vance for leading him—in her

Barley Loaves.

ONLY five barley loaves !
 Only two fishes small !
 And shall I offer these poor gifts
 To Christ, the Lord of all ?
 To him whose mighty word
 Can still the angry sea,
 Can cleanse the leper, raise the dead ?
 He hath no need of me.

Yes, he hath no need of thee ;
 Then bring thy loaves of bread :
 Behold ! with them, when Jesus speaks,
 The multitude are fed.
 "Two hundred pennyworth,"
 Said one, "had not sufficed."
 Ah, true ! What is abundance worth
 Unless 'tis blessed by Christ ?

Only one talent small,
 Scarce worthy to be named ;
 Truly he hath no need of this ;
 O soul, art thou ashamed ?
 He gave that talent first ;
 Then use it in his strength ;
 Thereby—thou knowest not—he may work
 A miracle at length.

Many the starving souls
 Now waiting to be fed.
 Needing, though knowing not their need,
 Of Christ, the living Bread.
 Oh, hast thou known his love ?
 To others make it known,
 Receiving blessings, others bless ;
 No seed abides alone.

And when thine eyes shall see
 The holy ransomed throng,
 In heavenly fields, by living streams,
 By Jesus led along,
 Unspeaking thy joy shall be,
 And glorious thy reward,
 If by thy barley loaves, one soul
 Has been brought home to God.

POLICEMEN OF THE CANADIAN PLAINS.

THE little army of red-coats with which the Canadian Government maintains order, preserves the peace, and promotes temperance throughout the vast regions of the North-west is, in some respects, unique. In the country patrolled by this force, the Indian, the half-breed, the horse-thief, the outlaw, and the whiskey-smuggler are all causes of disturbance or danger. The members of the North-west Mounted Police, as the force is officially entitled, combine in themselves the functions of soldier, policeman, and whiskey detective or revenue officer.

The history of this organization is briefly told. In the year 1870, the Government of Canada acquired by purchase from the Hudson's Bay Company all that corporation's immense landed possessions in the unknown and mysterious West, and, of course, immediately became responsible for the protection of life and property on the new domain. The Company had made no other use of its illimitable estate than to obtain furs from it, and no attempt had ever been made to check the sale of "fire water" to the thirsty redskins, or to interpose as peacemakers in the incessant tribal wars.

The Canadian authorities had not been long in possession ere they clearly realized that both these reforms were absolutely necessary before any satisfactory return could be had from their investment. The organization of a force to meet this need was, therefore, determined upon.

In the autumn of 1873, a company of over one hundred men, the germ of the present force, was gathered at Fort Garry, now the City of Winnipeg, but then little more than the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company.

This beginning had hardly been made, before it was seen that in order to be of any service, the force must be much larger. Accordingly, during

the following spring, two hundred more men were sent out from Toronto. From year to year more men have been required, as the country was opened and settlement extended, until the present number, one thousand, which is generally regarded as the maximum, has been reached.

At the outset, many of the police were regular soldiers who had obtained their discharge, ex-members of the Royal Irish Constabulary, graduates from the gunnery schools of Canada, or, at least, men with militia training. Now the composition of the force may be said to include all sorts and conditions of men, the preference, however, being always given to those who have had some military training.

When arrayed in full regimentals, the mounted police present quite an imposing appearance; and this fact, no doubt, has much to do with the uniform success which has marked their work, for appearances go a long way with our dusky brother of the plains. Their dress uniform consists of a scarlet tunic, blue breeches with scarlet stripes, and a white helmet. The officers are distinguished from the privates by appropriate decorations of gold lace, and also by their carrying field-glasses and a sword.

In the early days the armament consisted of a Snider carbine; and a revolver carried in the belt, but of late years a Winchester repeater, fitted with special sights for long distances, has replaced the Snider.

Besides their usual arms, the police have a light battery of artillery for special emergencies, and one division of the force is trained to its management.

The horses upon which the police are mounted are the best obtainable. At first they were brought from Eastern Canada, but it was soon found that these animals took, at least, a year to get into harmony with their new environment, and become thoroughly useful. Accordingly, mounts were sought in Northern Montana and Oregon, until the development of the ranch system within the Canadian boundary line enabled the Government to transfer their custom to their own tax-payers.

As the force was organized under the direction of an officer in the Imperial Army, the equipment first used was naturally that of the British cavalry. But a little experience soon showed its shortcomings, and the army saddle made way for the Mexican or American prairie saddle, which is now used.

The territory for the good behaviour in which the mounted police are responsible is, undoubtedly, the vastest police district in the world. It extends from the international boundary line on the south to the Great Saskatchewan on the north, and from Manitoba on the east to the shores of the Pacific Ocean on the west. The whole of this immense country is patrolled, the dangerous districts being constantly under surveillance.

What, we may wonder, would be the sensations of an ordinary city guardian of the peace, who thinks his beat of three or four blocks a heavy responsibility, if made to understand that there are policemen whose beat extends for hundreds of miles?

When a threatening crowd gathers in the streets of a city, the policemen keep moving up and down amongst them to prevent their massing together for mischief. So in this great North-west country, where an Indian uprising is always to be guarded against, do the mounted police keep moving from camp to camp, and reservation to reservation, ready to scent out the first signs of combination or conspiracy.

There are ten headquarter posts, each having about one hundred men with complete equipment,

which includes stores, transport, guides and scouts. Each post is the centre of a system of small outposts, to which the men are sent in groups, and from which they carry on their patrol.

The success of the force in the performance of the work for which it was created has been remarkable. At the time of its formation every element of discord and danger incident to a new country existed in the Canadian North-west. Indians, indignant at the usurpation of their hunting grounds, French half-breeds, darkly suspicious of their British masters; whiskey-smugglers, determined to carry on their abominable traffic at the muzzle of the rifle, if need be, and in some cases entrenched behind strong fortifications; and horse thieves, ready to resent with the revolver any interference with their nefarious occupation.

Yet amid all these sources of disorder, let it be said to the credit of the force, that there has never been any necessity for a visit from Judge Lynch, nor for the organization of vigilantes or regulators since they entered upon their duties.

The whiskey-smugglers surrendered without a blow; the half-breeds submitted to the inevitable; the Indians bowed down before the red-coats in their martial array; the horse-thieves yielded themselves up quietly if they could not get away. In the region patrolled by the mounted police, life and property are almost as secure as in Toronto or Montreal.

In some cases outlaws and desperadoes who have defied all authority on the southern side of the forty-ninth parallel, surrender at once to the mounted police.

As an illustration of this, a most notorious whiskey-smuggler, horse-thief and outlaw, whose hands were freshly stained with the blood of United States marshals, was reported by a scout as having crossed the boundary line on his way northward. An officer who had heard the report rode out one afternoon from Winnipeg across the prairie with no special end in view, but thinking to himself that possibly he might see some sign of this unwelcome visitor.

While cantering carelessly along, he suddenly came upon an encampment concealed in a coulee, which at once aroused his suspicions. He had only his revolver, but he thought he would investigate notwithstanding. As he approached, a sinister-looking man whom he readily recognized, from the published description, as the fugitive desperado came out and demanded his business.

The officer told him who he was, adding that he would like his company back to Winnipeg. The fugitive thought to-morrow would do, but the officer thought not, and the end of it was, that that night the scoundrel lay safe in the city jail.

The methods employed by the police in dealing with the Indians may be illustrated by a well-known case. One of their spies brought in word to a headquarter post that three noted horse-thieves would spend that night in an encampment about thirty miles distant. The inspector at once determined to capture them, and, soon after sundown set off with ten chosen men.

Guided by their scouts they rode hard, but warily, through the gathering darkness, until they reached a thick clump of trees that crowned a hill within half-a-mile of the camp. There they halted to rest their horses, and to wait for midnight.

When midnight came, and the Indians were wrapped in profound slumber, six of the police, led by the spy, crept cautiously into the midst of the camp, and approached the *tepees* in which the criminals were sleeping.

Then followed a sudden entrance, a startled confusion, a smothered exclamation, and in another

minute all three were being hurried off at the muzzle of six revolvers, while the astonished Indians were stumbling to their feet round about them. Before any resistance could be organized, the prisoners were mounted and carried away into the darkness, to find themselves by breakfast time secure in the headquarters cell.

Now and then, however, it happens that the police do not come out first. A large theft of horses had been reported at a post, and a detachment of the police went off in pursuit of the robbers. They had been searching fruitlessly for several days, and were inclined to give it up.

Late one afternoon, while his men were preparing to encamp for the night, the officer in command rode out alone several miles across the prairie. Suddenly he came upon a narrow *coulee* with a thicket filling its bottom, and what should he see, partially concealed in this thicket, but the "pinto" horse that had been specially described as one of those stolen! The next moment a man emerged from the underbrush, and the officer shouted to him:

"What are you doing with that pinto horse?"

"Pinto horse, is it!" shouted back the man, promptly covering the officer with a well-aimed Winchester. "I'll give you two minutes to get out of sight. Now—git!"

The officer looked at the man, and saw he meant business. He had nothing but a revolver himself, and even if he had had a rifle it would have been too late to use it. There was no alternative but to turn ingloriously and depart, which he sensibly did without further parley, vowing, no doubt, that that was the last time he would go reconnoitering alone and lightly armed.

As the line of settlement extends, the responsibilities of the mounted police increase, for they have not only to look after the Indians and horse-stealers, but to see to the strict enforcement of the law which prohibits the importation and sale of liquors in the North-west—a duty which constitutes a heavy proportion of their work.

They are certainly a very fine and very well-equipped body of men. The discipline maintained is almost perfect. The life has many attractions for adventurous, hardy spirits, and there is little doubt that the North-west Mounted Police will continue to be, what it always has been, an eminently adequate and successful organization.—
J. MACDONALD OXLEY, in *Youth's Companion*.

FAMOUS DUNCES.

It is somewhat discouraging for a boy of moderate abilities, who aims to do his best, to be told that others accomplished in childhood what he can only do by hard study the best years of his youth. But such a boy should not relax his efforts. He will succeed if he gives his heart and mind to the work.

Sir Isaac Newton was pronounced a dunce in his early school days. He stood low in his classes, and seemed to have no relish for study. One day the "bright boy" of the school gave him a kick in the stomach, which caused him severe pain.

The insult stung young Newton to the quick, and he resolved to make himself felt and respected by improved scholarship. Newton owed his pre-eminence in his philosophical studies more to perseverance and application than to any marvellous natural endowments.

Oliver Goldsmith, than whom no boy could appear more stupid, was the butt of ridicule. A school-dame, after wonderful patience and perseverance, taught him the alphabet—a thing which she deemed creditable to her school, and which she

lived to mention with pride when her pupil became famous.

Sir Walter Scott was a dull boy, and when attending the University at Edinburgh he went by the name of "The Great Blockhead." But he wasted no time on trifles; and in pursuing a study that he loved, he was persevering and methodical.

Sheridan found it hard to acquire the elements of learning. His mother deemed it her duty to inform his teacher that he was not bright to learn like other boys.

Adam Clarke was pronounced by his father to be "a grievous dunce;" and Dr. Chalmers was pronounced by his teacher an "incorrigible" one.

Chatterton was dismissed from school by his master, who, finding himself unable to teach him anything in a satisfactory manner, settled it that the boy was a fool.—*Selected*.

KEEPING THE PLEDGE.

WE know a dear little boy in Pennsylvania who signed at a temperance meeting held for children. A short time afterward his mother was busy in her kitchen preparing cakes and pies. "Davy," she said, "go up to the closet and bring me down the brandy jug. I want some for these mince pies."

Davy, as was his habit, instantly obeyed. But as he went dancing up stairs the thought came to him, "Can I, a temperance boy, carry a brandy jug?" He stopped right there on the stairs and decided the question. Then hurrying back to the kitchen, he said, "O, mamma! I can't carry that brandy jug—I've signed the pledge; but I'll stir the batter while you go."

Without a word the mother gave his little hands the spoon with which she was stirring the batter, and went herself to bring the jug. She felt a strange choking sensation in her throat; but she walked up those steps with a firm tread, and seized the jug. When she came down the dear little fellow was beating away at the dough with all his might. His eyes followed her as she went to the sink and began to empty out the contents of the jug.

"What are you doing mamma?"

"I'm emptying out the brandy. We'll not have any more in our mince pies."

"O, mamma! do you mean it?"

"Yes; I mean to use lemons instead."

"O, I'm so glad! We're going to have temperance pies."

And Davy fairly danced up and down in the kitchen, as the brandy gurgled in the sink.

Don't you think Davy is a real good temperance boy? Then follow his example.

Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing, and you will not be defiled.—*Selected*.

A GOLDEN ENVELOPE.

A POOR servant girl in London had attended the ragged-schools, and had received spiritual as well as mental benefit from them.

One evening at the close of the school she put into the minister's hand a note containing a half-sovereign—nearly two dollars and fifty-cents. Her entire wages were only eight pounds a year, or about forty dollars.

She offered this half-sovereign as a thanksgiving tribute to God for the blessing she had received from the schools, very modestly and beautifully remarking that the sum was not much.

"But, sir," said she, "I have wrapped it up with an earnest prayer and many tears."

Here is, indeed, a most rare and beautiful envelope. Would that our offerings, as we lay them upon God's altar, were more generally inclosed in such golden envelopes.

What Do You Think?

BY KATE LAURANCE

WHAT do you think I saw,
All bundled up in fur,
Swinging at ease on a willow-spray?
Nine little pussies plump and gray;
But I could not find the sign of a claw,
Nor even a tip of a velvet paw:
What do you think they were?

What do you think I heard,
When I opened my window wide?
Tones so silvery, sweet and strong,
Notes so flute-like, with trills so long—
The little singer in coat of blue
Sat on a bough—then away he flew,
With his dear little mate at his side.

What do you think I found
As I walked to-day in the wood?
Something trailing around my feet
Filling the air with its fragrance sweet,
Blossoms white, just tinted with pink;
I stooped and plucked them. You've guessed, I think,
The flowers 'mid which I stood.

Something I saw and heard
As I stood to-day on the bridge—
Something that rippled and sparkled and shone,
And sang to itself in a quiet tone,
Then ran away by itself to the mill;
I followed its course to a spot on the hill
Where a spring bubbled out of the ridge.

Well, who do you think has come?
The birds have begun to sing,
The willows to bud and the lambs to play,
The grass to grow greener every day,
The brook to sparkle and dance and leap,
And the flowers to wake from their winter sleep:
What is it that has come?

POOR BLUEBELL!

WHAT could be the matter with the cow! Poor Bluebell! There she stood, stock-still, looking at her beautiful bunch of clover, sniffing at it longingly, but never attempting to eat, wistfully watching us with her great, soft eyes, as though she expected help of some kind from our superior sagacity.

"I'm rale vexed about her," said Mrs. Moir, our good landlady. "I canna think what ails the pair thing."

"Send for the veterinary surgeon," we suggested timidly, not feeling sure whether he would condescend to doctor cows.

"He's awa to Stirling Fair, and we canna get him till night," responded the anxious woman; "and milk cows canna be neglected. Eh, but there he is! coming along the road. Glad am I to see the face of him."

"Give me a long, strong cord," said the doctor; and with this he bound poor Bluebell's head firmly, to the post of the cowhouse door; then, after a good deal of struggling on the part of the patient, he contrived to open her mouth and examine the interior. The tongue was terribly swollen, while the palate was scratched, bleeding, and much inflamed.

It was no easy matter to continue his investigations, as Bluebell began to plunge violently; nevertheless, the doctor contrived to get his hand into her mouth; then, after a few moments, he drew it forth and presented us with a large darning-needle which had been deeply fixed in poor Bluebell's tongue. The relief experienced by the poor cow was immediate, and she at once attempted to eat a mouthful of clover, but the doctor removed it.

"No, no," he cried; "nothing but a pailful of warm gruel."

And with this soothing and healing food, Bluebell was fain to be content.

EARLY in life secure a practical business education.

Canada.

Oh Canada, our Motherland,
We cling to thee alone ;
Thou art the Queen to whom we kneel
And cluster round thy throne,
Thy sylvan seat's 'mid forests vast
And prairies stretching wide,
And snow-clad hills and placid lakes,
Whence mighty rivers glide.

Oh Canada, our Motherland,
Earth holdeth none like thee,
And may thy flag for aye wave o'er
A people brave and free.
A giant race to wield the sword,
Omnipotent, of right ;
A nation pledged to keep the lamp
Of learning burning bright.

Blow wild ye winds of winter, blow
O'er all our northern land.
What care we for the scented breeze
Of fair Italia's strand ?
Blow wild ye winds, and in your voice,
Wide wafted o'er the world,
Proclaim to all a nation's birth -
A nation's flag unfurled.

Oh Canada, the sun doth shine
On thee with glorious light.
Unclouded is the sky above,
So peaceful, blue and bright.
But, should the clouds of war roll down,
Unflinching shall we stand,
And guard what God hath given us
Our fair Canadian land.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JULY 6, 1889.

JUST A WORD FOR JESUS.

BY MARY C. BAKER.

I HAVE read of a young girl who often went out in a boat, after flowers. An old man rowed the boat, and Edith wondered if he were a Christian; and she thought, "I have never told him of Jesus, and it may be my last opportunity to speak for Christ, or it may be his last chance of hearing the truth."

This morning, as she thought of these things, she resolved to watch a chance to speak to the old sailor. It was not easy for Edith to speak now, because she had let so many opportunities pass unimproved; but as she looked up to God for help she gained courage; and there—as they were on the river—she spoke to the man about heaven, and asked him if he was going there. Old Jerry was willing to talk; and Edith told

him that God's word and prayer were two oars, and if he would grasp them with faith he could "pull for the shore," and God would help him.

Long ago Jerry had a praying mother, and she had given him a Bible, and he had learned prayers in his infancy, which he had about forgotten—they had been so many years unsaid. But Jerry promised Edith he would begin to read his Bible and pray that night.

The next morning, as Edith was walking down by the river, a messenger came in haste to say that Old Jerry had met with an accident, and had been almost killed, and that he wanted to see her. She went quickly, and, as he was very near death, she sang:—

"Light in the darkness, sailor; day is at hand—
See o'er the foaming billows fair haven's land;
Drear was the voyage, sailor, now almost o'er,
Safe within the life-boat, sailor, pull for the shore."

As she paused she bent down to listen, and Jerry said, in a faint whisper, "I did it! I took the oars—I pulled for the shore—I guess I'll make the harbour."

It is not best to wait or delay giving ourselves to Jesus. But if we come to-day it will not be too late. Jerry gave himself to Jesus the best he knew how that night, and did not think it was his last chance.

Edith was very glad she had spoken to him. If she had failed, then a soul would have been lost. But, dear children, if Edith had not loved Jesus she would not have known how to lead a sinner to him. She had come, and she knew the way. If the dear children who read this will come—come now, and with all their hearts—they will find Jesus a precious Saviour, and he says his yoke is easy and his burden light.

The Lord makes every one who comes to him a light-bearer. He says, "Let your light shine." We do not have to make the light. *He is light*; and if he lives in our hearts, we have just to *let the light shine*.

One of our duties will be to speak to others of our dearest Friend. We can invite them, as Edith invited the sailor. God will help us, and we shall rejoice with the angels as we see sinners coming to Jesus.

Who will thus consecrate himself to this service?

GIVING ALL TO JESUS.

ONCE a little boy learned at a meeting that Jesus had suffered and died for him, because he had been wicked. He was told how God had so loved him as to give Jesus as his Saviour.

The minister had been saying we could not give too much back to God for all he had given to us. Soon after, the collection plates were passed for the people to give their offerings.

When the plate came to him, he looked up and said to the man, in a low voice: "Put it down lower." The plate was lowered somewhat, and the boy again said: "Put it down lower still."

The man then smiled at the earnest little fellow, and put the plate down on the floor. The little boy immediately stepped into it, and the man quickly said: "What do you mean?" The little fellow at once replied: "I mean to give myself to Jesus."

He had the true spirit, and the act was an impressive one. We sometimes sing:

"But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do."

And yet we don't do it, but only think we do. All we have and all we are belong to God, and we should simply use and enjoy them for his glory.

"I'M SHY."

I HEARD of a little girl who offered this prayer to God: "Make me a real thorough good girl, and if at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again."

I should like all the readers of PLEASANT HOURS to have the same wish in their hearts, and themselves to "try, try, try again," if at first they do not succeed in being what they are asking God to make them.

The same gentleman who told me about the little girl, told me of two others who were lying with their arms round each other in a wood when a storm came on. The thunder rolled, the flashes of lightning frightened the little ones, and the rain poured down in torrents. One of them said to the other, "Sister, pray to God." But she said, "No, I cannot; I'm shy."

I wonder if any of the readers of PLEASANT HOURS are too shy to pray to God; but they do not need to be, because God is our Father in heaven. He loves us much more than any father on earth loves his children; and we surely mean that we are all his children when we say, "O God, our Father, who art in heaven."



HELPLESS CHILDREN.

Cry of the Helpless Children.

BY ANNIE BOWWELL.

VEIL thou thy face, O nation, powerful, proud,
Though marts be filled and church spires pierce the
skies,

If infant woes and wrongs can cry aloud,
And to God's laws appeals from thine can rise.
Boast not thyself of wealth, as wise, or free,
While ignorance blinds, or hunger goads to sin;
And while the drifting flotsam of life's sea
Goes down to wreck in tempests dark and din.

In vain shall science tell her wondrous story,
In vain shall industry her guerdon claim,
Vainly shall valour win and wear her glory,
While on the land there lies this taint of shame.

In vain are all the bolts of knowledge riven
While youth unheeded smites a fast-closed door;
In vain shall prayers and praises rise to heaven
While trampled lies God's chiefest gift—his poor.
Their name is legion, and the demons tear them
Of unassuaged want, untamed desire;
Whose is the part to feel, to heal, to cheer them?
At whose right hand shall God their blood require?

Rise in thy might, O young and Christian nation!
Blot from thy shield this old and scorching stain;
Own thou these darkened souls as God's creation,
His sacred trust, to be redeemed again.

They lift their voice, they cry to thee, their mother,
From reeking tenement and flinty street;
Who else shall lead, and guide, and teach? What other
Make straight the path before their bleeding feet?
Stretch forth thy hand to succour and to save them
When, nursed in sorrow, reared in sin and pain,
The cruel mercies of mankind would give them
Forgotten graves to close a life of stain.

Give light for stripes, give aid for scorn, give healing
For hands that thrust them forward to their doom;
Give love for strict, strained justice, so revealing
A Father, not a Judge, beyond the tomb.

Hark to the voice within thy bosom pleading
For those, forsaken, who yet bear thy name;
Remember that at thy repulse or leading
They shall debase or lift on high thy fame.
In thy son's life or death thou livest or diest—
See that, when questioned of thy duty done,
Thine eyes shall meet thy God's as thou'rtpliant;
"Of them thou gavest me have I lost none."

KINGSTON, ONT., March 14, 1888.



ARCHDEACON FARRAR ON LONDON WAIF-LIFE.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR, in a sermon preached by him in Westminster Abbey, in May, 1888, thus refers to the increase of waif-life in London:—

"London has 7,400 streets, extending to 260 miles. Its area is swept by a radius of fifteen miles. It has 4,500,000 of souls in its crowded space. The common lodging-houses have 27,000 inhabitants, and into them drift the social wreckage of every class.

"There is an army of 100,000 paupers. There are hundreds of deserted children, who live by prowling about in the markets, the slums, and the railway arches. The increase of population means the increase mainly of its squalor, its wretchedness, and its guilt. The increase is mainly among the destitute—an increase ten per cent. more rapid in the slums and rookeries than in the parks and squares! It is an increase of a pauper class, living on alms and rates and odd jobs, in the misery of a chronic indigence and the sensuality of a godless despair!

"It is the gin-shops and the streets, which, through our fault and our callous indifference and worldliness, have made them what they are, and have wrecked all that splendid immortality. . . . When God returns to judgment, will he not ask us questions about these things? Will Christ smile approval at this wholesale ruin of those for whom he died?"

This state of things has its counterpart in New York and other large cities on this continent. Even in Toronto, the class described by Archdeacon Farrar has largely increased—and may continue to increase—with the growth of the city, in spite of the generous efforts and increase of our private charities to keep it in check. Other institutions of a remedial and preventive character are required to meet these special needs of the city.—*Aims and Objects of the Toronto Humane Society.*

You may be small, but no one can fill your place.

A BILLION.

WHAT is a billion? In the French system of notation—which is also used in the United States—it is a thousand millions; but the English system gives the name billion to a million millions.

Sir Henry Bessemer, the famous inventor, who is in the habit of occupying his leisure with curious calculations, for the amusement of his grandchildren, tried to convey some idea of the immensity expressed in this little word. He took it successively as a measure of time, of length, and of height. Selecting the section as the unit to be used in his first calculation, he began with the startling assertion that a billion seconds have not yet elapsed since the beginning of the Christian era—nor, indeed, even a sixteenth part of that number. A billion seconds make 31,687 years, 17 days, 22 hours, 45 minutes, 5 seconds.

In regard to length, he chose for his unit the English sovereign—a coin of the size of a half-eagle. A chain of a billion sovereigns would be long enough to pass 763 times around the globe. Or, supposing all these coins lay side by side, each in contact with its neighbour, it would form about the earth a golden zone fifty-six feet six inches wide. This same chain, were it stretched out in a straight line, would make a line a fraction over 18,328,445 miles in extent.

For measuring height, Sir Henry chose for a unit a single sheet of such paper as that upon which the London *Times* is printed—a measure of about 1.333 of an inch in thickness. A billion of these in thin sheets, pressed out flat and piled vertically upon each other, would attain the altitude of 47,348 miles.—*Selected.*

A PARABLE.

THE rats, it is said, once called a meeting to decide on some means for getting the bait out of a steel trap, in a cellar near by, in which several of their friends had been caught. Many speeches had been made, when at last one old rat stood up on his hind legs and said: "In my opinion, if with one paw you keep down the spring, with the other paw you can take the bait out." This ended the speech-making, and the meeting broke up with applause.

But meantime the trap continued to catch the rats as before, and, finally, another meeting was called. Several speeches were made; and at last in hobbled a rat on three legs, and lifting up his mangled paw, he said: "You can see what came of the advice given in the last meeting. Now I will give you my advice: 'If you would escape the trap, don't go near it. Don't touch it, and you are safe.'"

We advise the tippler to follow the advice of the last speaker.—*Selected.*

CARPET THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL ROOM.

IN taking leave of his old congregation at Toronto, the Rev. Dr. Castle—speaking of the building of the new church—said: "One of the hardest things in connection with that work was persuading the deacons to put a carpet on the school-room floor. They thought it would be ruined in a year; but after thirteen years it was still in good condition, and had proved an educating and elevating influence on the children. It is a good plan to carpet the school-room."

Star Dreams.

THE stars that fleck the midnight sky,
I call the flowers of God;
In heavenly fields thick sown they lie
As daisies on the sod.
They garland every holy place;
They crown the pillars of his house,
And twined in wreath and chaplet, grace
Serene angelic brows.

I call them, too, my milk-white sheep,
In any pastures fed,
Who wander o'er the hills of sleep
By night, the shepherd led;
They range the happy meadows wide,
And by the streamlets blest;
At morn he drives them down the slope,
And folds them in the west.

They are my ships, my stately ships,
That sail the tideless blue,
Till westward blown at morn they crowd
The gates of sunset through;
Nor ever snowy sail is furled,
Nor anchor cast by sea or shore;
From sunrise port to sunrise bay
They sail forevermore.

I call them, too, my bright haired boys,
An eager joyous throng,
Who over dreamland, hill and dale,
Go wandering all night long,
With scrip and staff and sandaled feet,
Fair pilgrims of the sky,
In dreams I bless them one by one,
As they go wandering by.

So all night long across the sky
My white ships sail, my flocks are led,
My dream-born children pass me by
With eager joyous tread,
The flowers that in his garden shine
I wear on brow and breast;
And, lulled by melodies divine,
I sink to dreamless rest.

TWO KINDS OF GIRLS.

THERE are two kinds of girls. One is the kind that appears best abroad—the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, etc., and whose chief delight is in all such things. The other is a kind which appears best at home—the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining-room, the parlor, and all the precincts of home.

They differ widely in character. One is frequently a torment at home; the other is a blessing. One is a moth, consuming everything about her; the other is a sunbeam, inspiring life and gladness all along her pathway.

Which will you strive to be?

CURIOUS STATISTICS.

THE number of languages spoken is 4,064. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of human life is 33 years. One quarter die before the age of 7, one half before the age of 17. To every 1,000 persons, 1 only reaches 100 years; and to every 100, only 6 reach 75 years; and not more than 1 in 500 will reach 80 years. There are on earth 1,000,000,000 of inhabitants. Of these 33,333,333 die every year; 91,824 die every day; 7,780 die every hour, and 60 per minute, or 1 every second. These losses are about balanced by an equal number of births. The married are longer lived than the single; and, above all, those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life previous to 50 years than men, but fewer after. The number of marriages are in the proportion of 76 to 100, and are more frequent after the equinoxes—that is, during the months of June and December. Those born in spring are generally more robust than others. Births and deaths are more frequent by night than by day. The number of men capable of bearing arms is about one-fourth of the population.

Speak Tenderly.

WHEN the circle's all complete,
When the room is bright with cheer,
When we meet in no vacant seat,
When we meet our dear faces there—
Then how tender should the tone
Be to those we call our own!

Soon, ah, soon the circle breaks,
Soon the darksome shadows come;
Death, the mighty, often makes
Light give place to grief and gloom;
Oh, let then our actions show
All the tenderness we know!

Soon, ah, soon will memory bring
Every harsh and hasty tone
To the heart with better stings,
That will bid us weep and moan.
Ere you're sunned far apart,
Clasp the dear ones to your heart.

Now, let these, our very own,
Know, indeed, how much we love;
Let us see, by act and tone,
All our words in action prove.
Oh, let us be true to lay,
Ere we weep o'er lifeless clay!

PILGRIM STREET:

A STORY OF MANCHESTER LIFE.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER XII.

AN UNWELCOME RE-APPEARANCE.

It was a new life that Tom had entered upon. All the old, dark, dreary, solitary life, in which he had neither friend nor father, was ended forever; and now, when he lay down upon his hard flock bed at night, or opened his eyes to the dim light of the corner in the morning, there was a calm, peaceful satisfaction in his heart as he thought of God. What did it matter that he was poor and weakly, stricken into the profound depths of poverty and sickness, when he had the assurance in his own spirit that, feeble and cast down as he was with many old sins in the past, and many temptations in the present, he was still one of God's sons, and the Lord Jesus Christ was as truly his Elder Brother as he was brother to little Phil?

Tom knew very little more than this of the good news which the Saviour of the world came to bring. He knew next to nothing of the many parables and teachings of the Lord, nor of his miracles, and the mighty works which he did; and he had never read of the Epistles, written by the disciples of Christ after his death, for the instruction of those who believed on him through their words. He was a unlearned and simple in the gospel of Christ as the little child who can only totter to his father's knee, and look up into his face, and try to lip the word "Father." This was all the boy could do, but he did it trustfully, and with all his heart. He looked up into the face of God, and his stammering tongue cried: "My Father, which art in heaven!"

What a change it made in him, and in all about him! He loved the Pendleburys with a new affection, and their home was yet more the pleasantest place in the world for him. But he was well enough now to begin to work for his own living again, for he must no longer be burdensome to Nat and Alice, though they put him off for a day or two when he first spoke of leaving them, and returning to his old den of a sleeping-place. But he knew what it would be his duty to do. He asked Banner to bring him his Savings Bank book out of the box of which he had taken the charge, and the first time he was able to leave Pilgrim

Street alone he crawled feebly along the crowded pavement, with his wan and trembling limbs—a very skeleton of famine—as far as the Post Office, where he gave in his book, and a warrant which had been sent to him from the office in London, to enable him to take out all his savings. He thought he should need them all, for he must pay Banner the money he had given out of his own pocket to the servant girl, to make up the sovereign he had stolen; and there was the bad half-crown to be made good to the greengrocer in Shude Hill market; and there was the doctor who had attended him so frequently; and he ought to pay Nat and Alice well for their care and kindness towards him. If there should be anything to spare after all these claims were settled, he must use it to start in business again.

The clerk gave him what seemed almost a handful of glittering coins—seven golden sovereigns and five silver shillings; and there was a clink and tingle in the sound as he gathered them into his hand which would have sounded as sweet as music in his ears only six months ago. But just then came the whisper, whether in his heart or not he scarcely knew, saying, "Our Father!" and the smile that shone upon his poor, pale face had nothing at all to do with the money. The love of money was swallowed up in the love of God.

Tom was retracing his steps slowly and wearily to Pilgrim Street, when he heard Alice's voice, calling behind him, and turning round, he saw her hurrying along to overtake him. She wanted him to lean upon her strong arm homewards, but Tom hesitated. She looked so trim and tidy in her clean print gown, and her black straw bonnet, and her dark shawl; and he was so ragged and tattered—still wearing the clothes in which he had returned to Manchester—that he felt it would be an unsightly thing for him to be seen leaning upon her. But before he could speak, Alice had drawn his hand through her arm, and was walking with slow and steady steps at his side.

"Why, Tom," she asked, cheerfully, "whatever has thee got wrapped up so tight in thy hand? A bank-note, maybe, by the way thee grips it!"

"Aye, Alice," answered Tom, "and more than a bank-note. It's seven pound five shillings—all my savings afore I went to Liverpool. Mr. Banner knows all about it."

"Seven pound!" repeated Alice, in a tone of wonder; "why, it's a fortune, Tom! Seven pound five shillings! However, in all the world, did thee save all that money?"

There was time enough to tell Alice all about it, and what he intended to do with it, before they came in sight of the corner of Pilgrim Street. At this corner there stood a strong-limbed but elderly man, with grizzled hair, a face well marked with many lines and wrinkles, and with cunning eyes, which were looking keenly and eagerly about him. He was dressed in a coarse but decent suit of clothes, and over his shoulders hung a carpenter's satchel. But neither Alice nor Tom noticed him, so engrossed were they in their own conversation, until he seized Tom by the shoulder, and spoke in a voice which was loud and rough.

"Tom Haslam!" he said. "Thou'rt Tom Haslam!"

Tom started, as if awakened from a pleasant dream by some sudden shock, and, with a feeling of terror, he raised his eyes to the stranger's face. His remembrance of it was dim, but still he could recollect it, with a shivering dread creeping through all his frame. He gripped Alice's arm, and leaned heavily upon it—for the little strength he had was forsaking him—and his feeble fingers loosed their hold of the little packet of money in

his hand, and it fell to the pavement, while white lips muttered the word "Father!"

"Aye, lad, father, sure enough," said the man stooping to pick up the packet. "But, lad, what's this? Money, Tom! See thee, now, money, and plenty of it! Is it thine, lad?"

Haslam turned the coins about, and clinked them together, while Tom was struggling to regain his breath and his voice; for at first the hoarse seemed to whirl before his eyes, and the sun spun round in the misty sky. Alice was holding him up, or he felt as he should sink down upon the ground at his father's feet. But at last he was strong enough to loose his grasp of her, and to press his hand beseechingly upon his father's arm.

"It's my savings; but it's not mine," he gasped. "I owe it all. Part to Mr. Banner, the policeman."

At the word policeman, the man looked somewhat frightened, and Tom went on more readily.

"He made up a sovereign for me out of his pocket," he said, "and I must pay it back; and there's a bad half-crown to be made good; and I must pay Mr. Pendlebury for being ill at home. You must give the money back to my father."

"Not I," said Haslam, putting it into his pocket. "Not till thou's made a better tale out, my lad. I don't pick up money like dirt to do that promise thee. But who's this lass with thee? A decent lass, too!"

"I'm Alice Pendlebury," she answered, "our house is close by, if thee likes to step in to talk to Tom. All the neighbours will be coming out if we stand talking here. This way, please."

Tom followed Alice with tottering steps, and sank down exhausted into a chair as soon as he entered the house, while his father stood in the doorway turning over the money, and gazing at it with delight. Alice was a little afraid of her father, for she knew he had been in gaol for many years; but she invited him civilly to come in, and set a chair for him near to Tom.

"Well, my lad," said Haslam, "art glad to see thy father again, eh? How thou's grown, but thin as a whipping post. Thou has been well dealt with than me. Better follow in my steps, Tom. It's not such a bad do, after all's said and done, to get eight year's board and lodging for nothing."

But though Haslam laughed loudly, his face was dark and wrathful, and his mirth was flat and spiritless. Tom's eyes were fastened upon him, and he could not turn them away. He had so dreaded the release of his father, that now that calamity had suddenly befallen him he had no power either to think or to speak. Alice was very quiet; and at length Haslam, growing uneasy under Tom's fascinating gaze, broke in with an oath—

"I'm thy father, as what else I am," he said, "and thou'lt have to own me, and obey me, or see which is the strongest. Speak out, lad, glad I'm let loose!"

"No," murmured Tom, almost in spite of himself; and Haslam laughed again, more loudly and harshly than before.

"A good son," he cried; "a very good son! A lesson or two to teach thee. And where's the other boy, little Phil?"

Alice was about to answer, for Tom's quivering lips seemed speechless, when, with a great effort, she sprang from her seat, and laid her hand upon her father's arm, and as soon as she could command her voice he met his father's angry frown with a bold and steady gaze.

"Phil's safe and well, with good friends,

ed; "but I'll not tell you where he is. Never! If thee beat me to death. Leave little Phil! He's being cured for. Oh, father, father, and alone, for God's sake!"

"Well, well," said Haslam, "there's no hurry. Leave him alone for a day or two; but I must see my boys—both of them. Come, Tom, let's be off—thou and me. This is a sorry welcome to thy father, after eight years. I mean to do by thee. I'm a changed man, Tom—so the man says, and he ought to know; it's his business to know. I'm all right now, my lad; and going to be decent folks now, I reckon—thou and me."

There was a smile on Haslam's face which was pleasant to see—but neither Tom nor Alice noticed it. They only heard his words, and a feeble sprang up in their hearts that there might be truth in them. He said very soon afterwards he must go and seek out a lodging, and if he found any that would do he would return to fetch for he was not going to be parted from his gain; and by-and-by they would have little at home with them. So saying, he took his purse, carrying away Tom's money with him.

Not daring to speak a word, Tom and Alice followed him stride down Pilgrim Street, with his head well up, as if he was as honest a man as any he could meet in the crowded city. Tom went back into his chair again, and bent his face to his hands.

"Hush!" he cried, "I wish I might never see his gain. I wish one of us was dead!"

"Hush, hush!" said Alice, in a soothing voice, "thy father, Tom; and maybe he is changed, says. The Lord Jesus didn't cast out the devils, and thou and me mustn't, Tom—must we not remember, thou hast another Father, Tom."

But he had another Father; but in the sharp and suddenness of the trouble, he felt himself called upon God by the same name which he had called to Haslam.

The word "Father" had two sounds for Tom: one so full of conscious comfort, and of peace passing all understanding, that an hour ago he could not refrain from whispering it to himself over and over again. The other sound was one of shame, and misery, and grief, and his lips trembled when he had to utter it aloud. Only an hour since his heart had been full of music and singing, as he looked up at the narrow strip of sky lying above the streets, and he had said, "Father!" But now the word that had been like a tone out of an angel's song had become a low and jarring sound.

Tom sat still until he was rested a little, and then he strolled out again, in a fever of disquietude and dismay, into the bustling streets, where no quiet corner could be found in which he could sit alone and think. He longed for some peaceful place; but there was not any for a boy like him. The police would not let him sit upon a doorstep; and when he presented himself at the cathedral door, the verger bade him go for a ragamuffin.

At last he crept under the scaffolding reared round the tower of the cathedral, which was being repaired, and sat down on one of the great stones which was to be placed in the massive masonry. It was noon-time, and the masons were gone to dinner; and though a constant stream of people were passing to and fro before his eyes, yet he was alone in the cathedral enclosure. The sun shone down upon him with a mild warmth, and the air overhead, where it was not clouded by mist or rain, there was a patch of pale blue wintry sky. Tom scarcely knew why the sight quieted him; but he grew calmer and calmer in spirit, and at

length—not joyously and buoyantly as before, but with a deeper and stronger feeling that it was true—he said in his heart, "I have another Father, my Father in heaven!"

(To be continued.)

The Union Jack.

YONDER waves Old England's banner
Still recalling bygone years,
As it waved at famous Crey
And the battle of Poitiers.
Since the days of Royal Alfred
It hath humbled haughty foes;
Faced a thousand threatening dangers,
Dealt a thousand mortal blows.
Still the ship that has it hoisted
Can through any ocean tack.
Give a shout for British freedom,
Raise aloft the Union Jack!

Mark its course upon the ocean,
Trace its path from land to land,
Ever guided in its mission
By a Providential hand;
Over stormy oceans waded,
Where huge icebergs rock and roll,
And the briny waves, in fury,
Dash around each dreary pole;
And away in tropic climates
Where our heroes bivouac,
Whilst above them floats sublimely
England's ancient Union Jack.

Raise aloft the royal standard,
Let it greet the passing breeze,
Still it braves the ocean's billow,
Stands secure on stormy seas,
As it waved above our Nelson,
England's gallant, matchless tar,
At the Nile's terrific combat
And immortal Trafalgar;
To the mast he nailed his colours,
Signalled them for close attack;
'Midst a peal of "British thunder"
He displayed the Union Jack.

Wolfe displayed Old England's colours
On the Plains of Abraham,
Where in war's impassioned combat
He encountered brave Montcalm;
Ere the din of battle ended
Both the gallant heroes fell—
Loud above the roar of battle
Rose the Highland soldiers' yell.
By a charge of British bayonets
Then the foe was driven back,
And the day was one of glory
To Old England's Union Jack.

Gallant Brock its folds expanded
On the field of Queenston Heights;
Well the hero did his duty
Pitting Britain's foes to flight;
But ere he reached the frowning summit
Did the gallant hero fall,
For his bright career was ended
By a marksman's rifle ball.
But his comrades, roused to vengeance,
Like a tempest swept the track,
And the day was one of glory
For the ancient Union Jack.

Should the war-cry then be sounded
O'er Canadian soil again,
We will guard the hallowed precincts
Where our Wolfe and Brock were slain,
Where our Empire's flag's insulted
Or a British hero leads,
There Canadians dare to follow
And will emulate their deeds:
Dare to fight for British freedom—
We're no coward, craven pack,
To disgrace Old England's standard,
Or desert the Union Jack.

And brave Scotia's sons are ready,
For their place is in the van,
To repel the fierce invasion
As they did at Inkerman.
And the loyal men of Erin,
Round the cross of red and blue,

Round the battle flag will rally
As of yore at Waterloo,
England, Scotland, and brave Erin
Have in warfare ne'er been slack;
And now Canada is with them
To defend the Union Jack.

Lives there still one British subject
Who'd refuse his life—his all—
In defence of British freedom,
Who'd rejoice at Britain's fall?
If there be, then curse the traitor,
Pass him by in dark disdain,
Let him bear while life is left him
On his brow the mark of Cain,
Let him die, a hated coward;
Bury him by midnight black;
He deserves no home nor country
Who'd desert the Union Jack.

THAT LITTLE FABLE.

BY MRS. J. M'NAIR WRIGHT.

"I SAW a disgusting sight just now," said Mr. Lucas, as he entered the house. "I saw little Terry Smith marching along, cigar in mouth; and young Phil Tomkins, with his cheek stuck out with a quid. Don't let me see one of my boys at such work. Tobacco is ruinous to boys!"

"Oo 'mokes!" quoth little Nell, laying down her dolly.

"Oh!—why—I'm a man, pet. It's different."

Mrs. Lucas smiled to herself over her work. Fred was so busy studying, of course he had not heard a word. He looked up presently.

"Father, I'm coming on fine in Latin. I got this fable in ten minutes. Let me read it: *Cancer dicitur a filio*—a crab said to his son: *Mi fili, ne sic*—my son, do not always walk with crooked steps, but walk straight. *Cui illi, My pater respondit*—to whom he replied: My father, right gladly will I follow thy commands—*si te prius idem facientem videro*—if first I shall see you doing the same thing—"

"I know the rest," interrupted Mr. Lucas. "This fable teaches that youth is instructed by nothing so much as by example. Harriet give me that pipe and tobacco-box, and we will have a little bonfire. Henceforth I say to my boys not 'go,' but 'come.' I hope I know my duty as a father—and want to do it."

THE LEGEND OF THE BEAUTIFUL HAND.

"TELL me a story, sister, please."

"A story, dear? Let us see what it shall be. Oh, I will tell you of three young ladies who disputed as to which had the most beautiful hand. One held up fingers tapering, delicate, and white as a lily. The hand of the second was beautiful in form, and tinged with the pink of a shell. The hand of the third seemed to combine all the beauties of the first and second. Just then came an old woman, homely and stooping with age, and held up her wrinkled hand. 'Give me a gift,' she said; 'for I am poor.' The three ladies all declined. A fourth, with hands bearing the marks of homely toil, gave the old woman what she desired. 'This one,' said she, 'has the beautiful hand. It is not the perfection of form, the grace of dimple, or delicate tint, but loving ministry to the wants of the needy that constitutes the truest beauty!' As she spoke these words the staff on which she leaned disappeared, the wrinkles of age were exchanged for dazzling beauty, the bent form arose majestically erect, and there stood in the presence of the ladies an angel from heaven. She had full authority to settle their dispute, and there is none to this day who dares reverse her judgment. Let us both think on this story, dear. We may profit much by its teachings."

Over Against the Treasury.

Over against the treasury this day
The Master silent sits; while, unaware,
Of that celestial presence still and fair,
The people pass or pause upon their way.
And some go laden with his treasures sweet,
And dressed in costly robes of his device,
To cover hearts of stone and souls of ice,
Which bear no token to the Master's feet.
And some pass, gayly singing, to and fro,
And cast a careless gift before his face
Amongst the treasures of the holy place,
But kneel to crave no blessing ere they go.
And some are travel-worn, their eyes are dim;
They touch his shining vesture as they pass,
But see not even darkly through a glass.
How sweet might be their trembling gifts to him.
And still the hours roll on; serene and fair
The Master keeps his watch, but who can tell
The thoughts that in his tender spirit swell,
As one by one we pass him unaware?
For this is he who, on an awful day,
Cast down for us a precious vest and drest,
That he was left for our sakes bare and dead.
Having given himself our mighty debt to pay!
O, shall unworthy gifts once more be thrown
Into his treasury—by whose death we live?
Or shall we now embrace his cross, and give
Ourselves, and all we have, to him alone?

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1141] LESSON II. [July 14
THE SORROWFUL DEATH OF ELI.
1 Sam. 1-18. Memory verses 17, 18
GOLDEN TEXT.
His sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not. 1 Sam. 3: 13.

OUTLINE.

- 1. The Ark Smitten, v. 1, 2.
2. The Ark Taken, v. 3-11.
3. The Priest Dead, v. 12-18.

TIME.—1141 B.C.

PLACES.—Ephraim. Aphek. Shiloh.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Let us rich the ark*—The ark of the covenant had been carried at the head of the army around Beth-el, and so they now send for it with hope that it will help against these foes. *Every man into his tent*—That is, into his own home, not to his tent or camp. It was an utter rout. *His clothes rent*—These were the Oriental signs of grief the rending of the garment by tearing down in front toward the border was common.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

What is there in this lesson from which we can learn?
1. That sin brings weakness?
2. That sin brings punishment?
3. That sin brings death?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What disaster to Israel does our lesson record? Defeat by the Philistines. 2. How did the Israelites think to recover lost ground? By bringing the ark of God. 3. What was the effect of this action? The ark of God was taken. 4. Why did God allow these troubles? Because of Israel's sin. 5. What was the last effect of this calamity? The sorrowful death of Eli. 6. Why did such sorrow come upon him? "His sons made themselves vile," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Retribution.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

30. How many Persons are there in the Godhead?

In the Godhead there are three Persons, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one God. Matt. 28: 19.

B.C. 1141] LESSON III. [July 21
SAMUEL THE REFORMER.

1 Sam. 7: 1-12. Memory verses, 3, 4
GOLDEN TEXT.

Cease to do evil; learn to do well. Isa. 1: 16, 17.

OUTLINE.

- 1. Repentance, v. 1-6.
2. Victory, v. 7-12.

TIME.—1141-1120 B.C.

PLACE.—Gibeah, in the house of Abinadab; or, as also called, Kirjath-jearim. Mizpeh. Shen.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Sanctified*—Set him apart by special consecration. *Lamented upon the Lord*—That is, longed for him to appear once more in glory. *Dear water and poured*—Probably an act of high symbolic character, indicating self-surrender and humiliation. *Went up against*—That is, to attack and destroy them. *Thundered with a great thounder*—A storm at the opportune moment, doubtless in answer to Samuel's prayer, drove back the Philistines.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

From what facts in this lesson may we learn—
1. That we ought to forsake sin?
2. That we ought to serve God?
3. That we ought to remember his mercies?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How long a time passed before God once more showed mercy to his people? "The time was long; twenty years." 2. How did the people prove that their lamenting was sincere? "They put away Balaam and Ashteroth." 3. For what did Samuel gather the people to Mizpeh? For a service of confession. 4. What was the great lesson which in substance Samuel here taught them? "Cease to do evil; learn to do well." 5. What was the result of this new consecration? A victory for Israel. 6. In what words did Samuel recognize this divine help? "Hitherto hath the Lord," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Contrition for sin.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

31. What do you call this mystery? The mystery of the Holy Trinity.
32. What do you mean by mystery? A truth which man's reason could not discover, and which God by degrees makes known.

A SAD MOTHER.

Mrs. Lewis was a widow. Tom was her only boy, and he was twelve years old—a manly little fellow. How his mother loved him! And how she planned and worked, hoping all the time that in the future Tom would be her comfort and stay!

But now Tom was growing bad very fast. Some bad boys had gained an influence over him, and his mother talked and reasoned with him in vain.

What did he do? Oh, he was learning to smoke, to break the Sabbath, to hang around street corners, and to disobey his mother!

Every one of them downward steps, you see. Poor Mrs. Lewis, how troubled she felt! One night she sat late over the fire, thinking and praying about it all. Tom was asleep upstairs. But he had had dreams, and woke in a fright.

"Mother! Mother!" he called.

But his mother did not hear. Then Tom hurried downstairs. But his mother was not in the room. Now he was frightened in earnest. Where

could she be? And suddenly the thought came, "What if I should lose my mother!"

He pushed open the door of the sitting-room, and looked in. There she sat, her Bible in her lap, tears upon her white face.

"Mother! What is it!" cried Tom, in real distress. "What has happened?"

"Oh, it is my boy!" cried the sad woman. "It is my dear boy. I am losing him, and it breaks my heart!"

Tom never forgot that night. For the first time in his life he caught a glimpse of his mother's deep love, and kneeling by her side, he promised God and his mother that he would be a good son from that hour.

And he was! That was the turning point in his young life. He saw that mother's love was better than fun, he it ever so funny, and he vowed that mother's wishes should be his law from that time.

Tom is a man now, and, boys, we wish you to know what a grand man he is! And his mother—what a happy woman she is!—*Selected.*

ROCKS FROM THE SKIES.

METEORIC stones, in single masses and in showers, have fallen from the atmosphere at various—and in many cases uncertain periods throughout the world.

The largest of these meteoric bodies known until the past few years is in the Province of Tucuman, in South America, in the midst of an extensive plain. It weighs 30,000 pounds.

A mass in the Imperial Cabinet, in Vienna, was brought from Agram, in Civatin, where it fell, in 1751. It was seen by the inhabitants while falling from the air, and is said to have appeared like a globe of fire.

Prof. Pallas, in his travels in Siberia, found a mass in the mountains of Kemir, weighing 1,650 pounds, which the inhabitants told him fell from the sky.

About 150 miles from Bahia, in Brazil, is a mass of crystalline texture weighing 14,000 pounds.

There is a specimen in a cabinet at New Haven, Conn., weighing 3,000 pounds, which was brought from the Red River valley, in Louisiana.

The largest meteor now known descended on a farm in the township of Claysville, Pennsylvania, last summer. It required three men several days to unearth the monster. It had penetrated the earth until it came in contact with a stratum of limestone, when this sudden check of its fearful velocity caused it to break into many of all sizes and shapes; yet when the earth was removed from around it, it still preserved its original shape. Its weight was estimated at 200 tons.

I NEVER saw a dying Christian who had not dying grace; and certainly he who can help us to die can also help us to live.

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