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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. III.

TORONTO, APRIL 21, 1883.

No. 8

## THE PLOUGHBOY'S SONG.

**F**OLLOW the plough in its furrows deep,  
I bury the grass and the weeds,  
I turn the soil that long in its sleep  
Has waited its turn for the seeds.

I'll plough the broad field, and the germs I'll sow,  
While the sun giveth warmth and life;  
I have faith in my work, for well I know  
It is laden with blessings rife.

My face is aglow with the breath of morn,  
And my limbs move nimbly along;  
I follow the plow; the sluggard I scorn,  
And I sing the farmer's glad song.

In the grove near by is my little cot,  
Where my wee ones—Bessie and Ben—  
When at work or at play, forget me not,  
But they long for me home again.

The seed time has come, and I in the field  
With pleasure will follow the plough,  
For Harvest will come, with plentiful yield,  
And place her green wreath on my brow.  
—Young Folks' Rural.

## CHAMOIS HUNTING.

**T**HE picture on this page gives a very vivid idea of the perils of chamois hunting. The chamois is the most agile and daring of all mountain goats. Its sense of smell is so keen that it can detect the hunter at a great distance. When alarmed it bounds fearlessly from rock to rock, and takes refuge among inaccessible crags. We have seen at Lucerne a chamois hunter's outfit, consisting of boots or shoes with great spikes an inch long in the soles, a game bag, a gun, and ropes, the latter to fasten the hunters together when passing over ice slopes. It requires a cool head and calm nerve to pursue the chamois to his mountain home; but it is even more perilous to return laden with his dead body. When we wear our warm chamois-lined mits and vests we are apt to forget the peril attending the capture of their first wearer.

These beautiful animals may be tamed and become very affectionate pets. We saw several thus domesticated in Switzerland; and once with a strong glass we saw one far up on the slopes of Mont Blanc, his delicate head and curving horns sharply outlined against the background.

There is one famous path in the vale of Chamounix, renowned as the *Mauvais Pas*, the Perilous Way, which is a good deal like that in the picture, only there are iron rods bolted against the cliffs to hang on by, and steps cut for the feet. It is one of the grandest adventures of a lifetime to pass over it, with the vast mountain towering above, and a deep abyss yawning below.

## A NEW PLAN.

**T**HE papers have told us lately of a new mode of administering family discipline, which has, at least, the merit of originality. It seems that a certain distinguished man, the father of a large family, has been much perplexed by the injustice which it seemed necessary

conduct of his brothers and sisters, and all of whose reasonable orders they must obey. At the table he is helped first, the next younger than himself, we judge, taking second rank, and so on. It is alleged that this plan has been in operation in the afore-mentioned family for many years, and it has worked beautifully.

"Does the captain of the day never

faithfully to imbue them all with the idea that when subordinate, they must be perfectly obedient, but any interference is rarely necessary. It takes some executive and organizing capacity to get the scheme running, but when once fairly started it goes by its own momentum."

It is refreshing to see that the world does move, and that even in the once apparently hopeless matter of the tyranny of elder children over younger ones, a tyranny under which many of us have groaned impotently, there is justice to be done at last.

The advantages of the new system multiply as one ponders upon it. Besides the one sufficient thing, the doing of justice, there is sure to be engendered in each child a sense of responsibility which must be of benefit. In the looking after such matters as the hanging up of outer garments, the picking up of play-things, the putting to rights of rooms; in the endeavours to get at the merits of cases of disagreement; in efforts to inculcate propriety of manner at the table and elsewhere; and a thousand other things which must tax a child somewhat, however ready he may be to pass them up to the "supreme tribunal" of father and mother, he learns that honour has its burdens, and that positions of trust involve weariness and care. But the system sounds well in theory, and we wait with interest to learn the results of its adoption in other homes.—Mrs. Kate Upson Clark.

## DON'T SELL IT TO THEM!

**O**NE day a young man entered the bar-room of a village tavern and called for a drink.

"No," said the landlord, "you have had the *delirium tremens* once, and I cannot sell you any more."

He stepped aside to make room for a couple of young men who had just entered, and the landlord waited on them very politely. The other stood by silent and sullen, and when they had finished he walked up to the landlord and addressed him as follows:

"Six years ago, at their age, I stood where those young men are now. I was a man of fair prospects. Now, at the age of twenty-eight I am a wreck, body and mind. You led me to drink. In this room I formed the habit that has been my ruin. Now sell me a few more glasses and your work will be done. I shall soon be out of the way; there is no hope for me. But they can be saved. Do not sell it to them. Sell it to me and let me die, and let the world be rid of me, but for heaven's sake sell no more to them!"



CHAMOIS HUNTING.

to do the younger children in making them subservient in everything to their elder brothers and sisters, and has devised a method of relief for the oppressed. The children are allowed to "take turns" in being "captain," the supremacy of each one to last one day at a time. The captain of the day is a sort of monitor, who must oversee the

get into disputes or other difficulties?" asked a lady of a gentleman who was personally acquainted with the family in question.

"Almost never," he replied, "the idea of his responsibility is so fully impressed upon him that he is, for the time being, a veritable captain, and his father and mother have laboured so

## THE CHORISTER'S LAST SONG

"What a fragile little thing he looked, lying there in the evening twilight, so pale and thin, with his golden curls pushed away from his temples, and his large eyes gazing out of the window! Everybody knew Claude Davenel was dying, he knew it himself, and his mother knew it as she sat there watching him. All the villagers knew it, and many an eye was wet as the name of little Claude was whispered among them.

He was everybody's favourite. He was the pet of the schoolmaster, and of the boys too; he was the clergyman's favourite, and not one boy in the choir envied him his sweet voice.

Claude had taken his illness on a chilly autumn evening, when the choir was practising in church. One of his companions, Willie Dalton, complained of a sore throat, so that he could not sing, and he sat down cold and sick in his own place. Claude took off his comforter and wrapped it around his friend's neck, and when the practising was over he ran home with him, and then put on his comforter again as he went back to his own home.

Willie was sickening for the scarlet fever, and poor Claude caught it too. Willie recovered; but Claude had taken the disease in its worst form, and though the fever had left him, he had never been able to recover his strength, and had grown weaker and weaker, and wasted away.

And so it was that on this calm Sunday evening, he had been drawn up close to the window, to listen to the church bells slowly ringing out and calling people in.

Claude could from his window plainly see the church he loved so well, there in the centre of the village, and towering over the cottages as if it would protect them from every evil. He could see the steeple rising up to the deep blue sky, topped by the lazy weather-cock. He could see the ivy-clad belfry, with its tiny window peeping out of the green.

The bell stopped, and Claude's eyes grew more wistful as the sound of the organ fell on his ear. That stopped too, and then all was still. He closed his eyes until he heard it again; and then he opened them, listening intently.

"You are sure you are not tired, Claude?"

"Oh, quite sure, mother."

"They will be coming out of church in a few minutes, and then you must go to bed. I think the doctor would scold me if he saw you here."

He put out his wasted little hand to take her, and gently stroked it.

"They are coming out now, mother," he said after a minute's pause. "Lift me up a little, mother dear. I want to see them. I can hear the boy's footsteps on the gravel—lift me a little higher, mother—they are coming this

way. I can't see them, but I can hear them—they are coming down the street. Mother, put your hand out and wave my handkerchief to them."

She did as he desired her, and waved the handkerchief once or twice and then drew her hand in.

The trampling of feet had stopped under his window, and there was a low murmur of voices.

Another moment and there was a gentle tap at the door, and Willie Dalton slipped in.

"Mrs. Davenel, we want to sing to Claude."

The question had been whispered, but Claude heard and caught at it eagerly.

"Oh, do! do! Mother, let me hear them—just once more."

The poor mother nodded her head sadly.

"It can't hurt him, Willie, and he likes it."

The boy cast a loving glance upon his friend, and then went quietly out of the room.

There were a few minutes of silence below, and then the choir-boys sang Claude's favourite hymn—

My God, my Father, while I stray  
Far from my home in life's rough way,  
O teach me from my heart to say  
"Thy will be done."

He listened intently when it came to the fourth verse,

If thou should'st call me to resign  
What I most prize, it ne'er was mine,  
I only hold Thee what is Thine:  
"Thy will be done."

He clasped his hands together and gently began to join in. When the hymn was ended his mother bent down over her son. His head had fallen back upon the pillow; and the colour had fled from his cheeks.

"Mother," he said, "write 'Thy will be done!' over my grave when I am dead."

So the little chorister died. He is buried in a spot near the path to the choir vestry; and till those choir-boys had given place to others, they used to sing each year the same hymn, at Claude Davenel's grave on the evening of the day on which he died.—*Children's Prize.*

## DR. BEECHER AND THE WOOD-SAWYER.

THIS wood-saw was a constant companion. When his own wood was sawed he would go out on the street for work. One day he took his saw, shouldered his buck, and went out in search of a job. Soon he met with a man at work on a large pile. "Halloo!" said the Doctor, "you have a large job on hand. I guess I'll give you a lift, as I have nothing else to do." And at it he went with a will. His saw was always keen, and it was always worked as if by steam power. "Why! what a jolly saw you have," said the wood-sawyer. "Yes," replied his unknown helper, "I always keep my tools sharp for quick work."

The conversation was soon turned to the one great topic of the day, namely, the new preacher. "Have you ever heard old Dr. Beecher preach?" said the wood-sawyer. "Oh, yes, frequently," replied the stranger, putting still more vigour into his work. "Well, what do you think of him?" "Oh, I don't think so much of him as some do," was the reply. The conversation at length came so close home,

Dr. Beecher stopped work and said, "I guess I must be going." "But where did you get that saw?" inquired the old man; "I wish I had one like it." "Well, if you wish, I'll swap with you." And so they swapped saws, and the Doctor shouldering his buck started back on a trot through the alley behind his own house. The old sawyer began to cogitate. A new idea loomed up before him. He followed at a safe distance, noted the back gate at which he entered, went round to the front and noted the number, and soon learned that it was no other than Dr. Beecher himself with whom he had been sawing and chatting. From that time that old wood-sawyer was one of the pastor's attendants and adherents. I knew him well, and have often seen him at church, sitting in the front row of the gallery, on the right hand side near the pulpit.—*White's Reminiscences.*

## KING WINTER.

NOW in his crystal palace  
Far in the frozen north,  
King Winter blows his bugle,  
And sends his couriers forth!

They rush, a mighty army,  
In fleecy garments dressed,—  
And every hill and valley  
They claim from east to west.

They hang their icy pennons  
On shrub and bush and tree;  
They spread a snowy carpet  
Far as the eye can see.

And under this soft carpet  
The flowers will sleep till Spring;  
So let us warmly welcome  
The snow-flakes and their king!  
—*Youth's Companion.*

## THE GREAT LONE LAND.

LETTER FROM THE REV. J. McLEAN, DATED  
FORT MACLEOD, DEC. 28, 1882.

THE camp fire is burning and the stars shining, as I sit by the bank of the river on the Reserve. Chopping and hauling logs is my occupation for the present; and though tired are my arms and heavy my eyelids, I still find a little time to study Cicero for my final examination paper in the Arts' Course. My comrade, an excellent wood-chopper, is sitting beside me, reading Dr. Wren's "Recreations in Astronomy" which I have lent him. From sunrise to sunset our axes ply, while merrily and lightly our hearts beat time.

A short distance from us Bro. Bettes and his family are snugly ensconced in their prairie home, encouraging their hearts with the ultimate success of the mission in the salvation of many of the Blood Indians. Next Tuesday three men start to the Porcupine Hills to get out logs for my main building. These logs have to be drawn on waggons over forty miles. Difficulties of various kinds press upon us, still we go on determined, by the help of God, to surmount them. The mission premises are being erected in Sun Medicine's Camp, but I am also erecting a school in Blackfoot Old Woman's Camp. There are about four hundred Indians in the latter camp, and a good opening for a school. Could you not give us a lady teacher at once for the school in our main camp, and let the male teacher take this other school which is four miles distant from the mission premises? Our main camp numbers 800 Indians. There is abundance of work, and whoever gains the Indians first will ever

after retain them. A man is needed for the white work, a female teacher for the Indians, a bell for our school, and one thousand dollars for our buildings. Should the necessary help be sent me, I can then devote my time to the spiritual interests of my Bloods, and to the fencing and improving of the mission property, together with the erection of all the necessary buildings. You may think the amount I have stated to be large, but I assure you that three times that sum will not cover the expenses of the necessary buildings and appurtenances of the mission. We are laboring, having faith in God that the money now being expended will be refunded and our mission be fully and nobly sustained. Can you send me the educational help I desire? Speak a word for us, that financial assistance may be sent us by the many friends of missions. Help us, and that right speedily.—*Outlook.*

## A PLEASING INCIDENT.

IN a very elegant palace car entered a weary-faced, poorly dressed woman with three little children—one a babe in her arms. A look of joy crept into her face as she settled down into one of the luxurious chairs, but it was quickly dispelled as she was asked rudely to "start her boot." A smile of amusement was seen on several faces as the frightened group hurried out to enter one of the common cars. Upon one young face, however, there was a look which shamed the countenance of the others. "Auntie," said the boy to lady beside him, "I am going to carry my basket of fruit and this box of sandwiches to the poor woman in the next car. You are willing, of course?" He spoke eagerly, but she answered: "Don't be foolish, dear, you may need them yourself, and perhaps the woman is an impostor." "No I'll not need them," he answered decidedly, but in a very low tone. "You know I had a hearty breakfast, and don't need a lunch. The woman looked hungry, aunty, and so tired, too, with those three little babies clinging to her. I'll be back in a minute, auntie; I know mother wouldn't like it if I didn't speak a kind word to the least of these when I meet them." The worldly aunt brushed a tear from her eye after the boy left her, and said audibly: "Just like his dear mother." About five minutes later, as the lady passed the mother and the three children, she saw a pretty sight—the family feasting as perhaps they had never done before; the dainty sandwiches were eagerly eaten, the fruit basket stood open. The eldest child, with her mouth filled with bread and butter, said: "Was the pretty boy an angel, mother?" "No," answered the mother, and a grateful look brightened her faded eyes: "but he is doing angels' work, bless his dear heart!"

A COMBINATION of circumstances have conspired to make the last issue of the *S. S. Banner* late. The month of April begins on Sunday which made it necessary to mail a week earlier than usual. Then Good Friday made us lose a day; and after they were mailed the roads were so obstructed by storms and snow-drifts that a further delay was caused. We have taken measures to prevent delay in the receipt of any of our periodicals in the future.

THE TWO GLASSES.

HERE sat two glasses, filled to the brim,  
On a rich man's table, rim to rim;  
One was ruddy and red as blood,  
And one was clear as the crystal flood,  
Said the glass of wine to his paler brother,  
"Let us tell the tales of the past to each other.  
I can tell of banquet, and revel, and mirth;  
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth  
Fell under my touch as though struck by  
blight,  
Where I was king, for I ruled in might.  
From the heads of kings I have torn the  
crown,  
From the heights of fame I have hurled men  
down;  
I have blasted many an honored name;  
I have taken virtue and given shame;  
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste,  
That has made his future a barren waste.  
Far greater than any king am I,  
Or than any army beneath the sky.  
I have made the arm of the driver fail,  
And sent the train from the iron rail;  
I have made good ships go down at sea,  
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me,  
For they said, 'Behold, how great you be'  
Fame, strength, wealth, genius before you  
fall,  
And your might and power are over all."  
"Ho! ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,  
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"  
Said the water glass: "I cannot boast  
Of a king dethroned, or a murdered host:  
But I can tell of hearts once sad,  
By my crystal drops made light and glad;  
Of thirsts I've quenched, and brows I've  
laved;  
Of haunts I have cooled, and souls I've saved.  
I've slept in the sunshine and dropped from  
the sky,  
I've brightened the landscape and pleased  
the eye;  
I have eased the hot forehead of fever and  
pain;  
I have made the parched meadow grow fertile  
with grain;  
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill,  
That ground out the flour and turned at my  
will;  
I can tell of manhood debased by you,  
That I have lifted and crowned anew.  
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid,  
I gladden the heart of man and maid;  
I set the chained wine-captive free,  
And all are better for knowing me."  
These are the tales they told each other,  
The glass of wine and its paler brother,  
As they sat together, filled to the brim,  
On the rich man's table, rim to rim.

KATE'S BROTHER JACK.

YOU seem to think a great deal of your sister," said one of Jack's chums to him the other day, as if the fact was rather surprising.  
"Why, yes, I do," responded Jack, heartily. "Kit and I are great friends."  
"You always," continued the other, "seem to have such a good time when you are out together."  
"Well," laughed Jack. "the fact is, that when I have Kit out, I keep all the while forgetting that she isn't some other fellow's sister."  
I pondered somewhat over this conversation, wishing that all the brothers and sisters in the world were as good friends as Jack and Kate Hazell, and wondering why they were not. It struck me that the answer to my query was contained in Jack's last sentence. Boys don't usually treat their sisters as they would if they were "some other fellow's sisters." Jack is a shining exception. He kneels to put on Kate's skates as gallantly as if she were Bessie Dare, and Bessie Dare is at present Jack's ideal of all that is loveliest in girlhood. He keeps his engagements with Kate punctiliously, for instance, when Jack has Kate at a company, he takes her to supper, and cares for her in all ways as an escort should; and Kate knows what to expect of him, and what to do herself, and is not in dread of desertion, or of

being left to the tender mercies of any one who notices her forlorn condition. And I don't wonder, when I see how nicely he treats her, that Kate declares that she would rather have her brother Jack for an escort than almost any one else in the world.

At home, too, Jack is a pattern. Though there is a constant merry war between brother and sister, and jokes and repartees fly thick and fast, yet it is always fair cut and thrust between them, all for sport, and no fight for malice, the wit never degenerates into rudeness. Then, too, if Kate does anything for him, her kindness is always acknowledged. Does she take the trouble to make for him his favourite rice griddle-cakes, and then stay in the kitchen to bake them herself, that they may acquire that delicate golden brown which is so dear to the taste of all who love them truly, Jack never fails to assure her that her efforts are appreciated.

Does she paint him a tea cup, and saucer, or embroider him a hat-band, he is as delighted as possible. He does not take all these things as a matter of course. On Saturday nights he is apt to remember her by a box of candy, a bunch of flowers, or a bottle of her favourite violet perfume. Best of all, he talks to her. He tells her his thoughts, his hopes and fears, his disappointments, and his plans for the future. In short, they are, as he said, "great friends."

Some of Jack's comrades rather envy him his good fortune in possessing so devoted a sister as Kate, and they have been heard to say frankly, that they wish their sisters were as nice as Kate Hazell. If those boys would pursue the same course of action toward their sisters that Jack does toward his, they might, perhaps, be rewarded with as delightful a result; for it is by little acts of kindness, and courtsey, and consideration, that Jack has made of his sister a friend whose love will never grow cold, whose devotion will never falter, and whose loyalty will never fail while life shall last.—*Christian at Work.*

THE WASTE OF THE DRINK TRAFFIC.

THE immense waste of food caused by the manufacture of alcoholic beverages is perfectly appalling. According to a statement of the United Kingdom Alliance, in a single year there were destroyed in the manufacture of beer and spirits, in the United Kingdom 52,659,000 bushels of grain. This would, as food, supply nearly six millions of people with bread.

"In consequence of this great destruction of grain," says the Report, "we have to buy every year from other countries from 20 to 30 millions of pounds' worth of food, which drains this country of capital that might be spent on our own manufactures, and thereby greatly improve our trade and commerce."

On careful computation of the comparative expenditure on liquor and on bread, it is estimated that fully as much is thrown away on those injurious beverages as is expended in the purchase of the staff of life by the entire population. Nearly a hundred years ago John Wesley, in a pamphlet on "The Present Scarcity of Provisions," inquires, "Why is food so dear?" and asserts the grand cause to

have been the immense consumption of grain in distilling. "Have we not reason to believe," he says, "that little less than half the corn produced in the kingdom is every year consumed, not by so harmless a way as throwing it into the sea, but by converting it into deadly poison, poison that not only destroys the life, but the morals of our countrymen! Tell it not in Constantinople," he exclaims in patriotic shame, "that the English raise the royal revenue by selling the flesh and blood of their countrymen!"

The immense disproportion between the consumption of wholesome food and baneful liquor, is shown by the following statistics of the London provision supply. To 3,000 grocers, 2,500 bakers, 1,700 butchers, and 3,500 other provision dealers, making an aggregate of 10,700 engaged in the supply of food, there were no less than 11,000 public-houses dealing out disease and death, both bodily and spiritual, to the people.

In Scotland the statistics of forty towns—a good sample of the whole country—show a still more deplorable state of things. While it requires 981 of the population to support a baker, 1,067 to keep a butcher, and 2,281 to sustain a bookseller, every 149 support a dram-shop. This reminds one of Falstaff's "ha'penny worth of bread and intolerable deal of sack," and is a sad comment on the social condition of one of the most Christian and enlightened countries on the face of the earth.

Even in the Dominion of Canada, with its population of a little over 4,000,000, there were destroyed in a single year over 2,000,000 bushels of grain in the manufacture of liquor, besides 380,787 lbs. of sugar and syrup. From this was manufactured 11,513,732 gallons of intoxicating liquor, or nearly four gallons each for every man, woman, and child in the Dominion. This fact is indeed an augury of ill omen for its future prosperity. A worm—the worm of the still—is already gnawing at its heart and destroying its very vitals.

In the United States, in a single year, there were consumed 540,000,000 gallons of intoxicating liquor, or the enormous quantity of thirteen and a-half gallons to every living soul in the nation, or two and a-half gallons of proof spirit. In the manufacture of this deluge of strong drink there were destroyed 62,000,000 bushels of grain and fruit, or nearly two bushels to each individual in the land.—*Withrow's Temperance Tracts.*

TOBACCO AND HARD TIMES.

A correspondent in the Toronto Advertiser writes,—"I asked a gentleman some few weeks since, how many cigars do you smoke in a day? Without any hesitation, he answered ten or twelve. I suppose the wholesale price of a good cigar will be at least five cents. That is fifty cents a day for tobacco—that is \$3.50 per week, or \$182 per year. The simple interest at 8 per cent. (which comes to \$14.56), added to the principal, makes just \$196.56. That would buy a nice house, with seven or eight rooms, suitable for a clerk or a mechanic, where you could sit down free of rent, or, if you liked better, you could secure a life insurance for \$3,500. Think of that. And the indulgence in tobacco costs all that money, and sacri-

fices health along with it. Suppose that you possessed that money, and a burglar attempted to rob you of it, how hard you would fight for it. But for the sake of a temporary indulgence you part with it, and health also, and never grumble."

After fully forming the habit, a person will chew about two inches of night plug per day. For convenience we will say one foot per week, or fifty-two feet in a year, which will amount in fifty years to two thousand six hundred feet, or nearly half a mile. At present prices this is worth two cents per inch, which gives the neat little sum of six hundred and twenty-four dollars, which if deposited in the savings-bank instead of the totacconist's till, would have given the chewer a fine farm, instead of eighteen or twenty bushels of useless quids!

But suppose the man is a smoker, and indulges in cigars—very moderately, we will say only three per day, each four inches long, and costing two cents apiece. Each day he will consume a foot of tobacco, at an expense of six cents, or seven feet in a week, thirty per month, and three hundred and sixty five feet per year—costing twenty-one dollars and ninety cents. In fifty years he will burn eighteen thousand two hundred and fifty feet, which would make a cigar three and a half miles long, costing one thousand and ninety-five dollars. Set upon end it would be higher than Mont Blanc.

HOW JAMIE WORKED.

"I'm going to have the nicest kind of a garden," said Jamie one morning. "I'm going to make it in that pretty little spot just over the bank. Papa said I might have that for my own. I mean to have some flowers in pots and some in beds, just like the gardener, and then you can have fresh ones every day, mamma. I'm going right over there now." Jamie started off bravely with his spade on his shoulder. But when, after an hour, mamma went to see how he was getting on, she found him lying on the grass with the ground untouched. "Why, Jamie, where is your garden?" "I was just lying here and thinking how nice it will look when it is all done," said Jamie. Mamma shook her head. "But that will not dig ground nor make the flowers grow, little boy. No good deed in all the world was ever done by only lying still and thinking about it."

On the day before the reception tendered her at St. George's, Bermuda, the Princess Louise went on a sketching expedition along the shore, all alone, and, after a time becoming thirsty, went for a drink to the cottage of a fisherman. No one was there but "auntie," and she was as busy as could be ironing a shirt for her "ole man" to wear at the reception. The Princess asked for a drink. "I've no time to bodder getting water fo' you," was the reply; "I've fearful busy, for I've bound to see the Queen's child tomorrow." "But if you'll get me a drink I'll iron while you do so," said the thirsty Princess. The offer was accepted, the Princess finished the shirt and got her drink, and then revealed her identity. "Why, honey," exclaimed "auntie," when she recovered from her surprise, "ole man no' no one else'll ever wear dat shirt again, no how!"

## THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

☞ HAVE met her many mornings  
With her basket on her arm,  
And a certain subtle charm,  
Coming not from her adornings,  
But the modest light that lies  
Deep within her shaded eyes.

And she carries nought but blessing,  
As she journeys up and down  
Through the never-heeding town,  
With her looks the ground caressing,  
Yet I know her steps are bent  
On some task of good intent

Maiden, though you do not ask it,  
And your modest eyes may wink,  
I will tell you what I think:  
Queens might gladly bear your basket,  
If they could appear as true  
And as good and sweet as you.

—St. Nicholas.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:  
Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, APRIL 21, 1883

## RECENT TEMPERANCE LITERATURE.

THE most vigorous Temperance Publishing House on this continent is the National Temperance Society, 58 Rensselaer Street, New York. In a recent number of this paper we give a list of its principal publications. We now make special mention of a few of the more note-worthy recent issues. One of these is "The Temperance Telescope," by S. Conant Foster. The most striking feature of this book is the fourteen full-page cartoons, illustrating the drunkard's progress from the first glass to the last step, and the drunkard's grave. The "telescope" is the black bottle. It is a conspicuous object in each picture. The graphic designs speak a loud warning—more striking than the printed page—to those who are entering on the drunkard's career.

"Temperance Physiology," by John Guthrie, M.A., D.D., Glasgow, 12mo., pp. 203, price, paper, 35 cents, is one of the best books on the subject we have seen. It discusses the chemical constitution and physiological effects of alcoholic drinks, gives the results of a large number of crucial experiments on their use, and proves that alcohol is in no sense food, but a deadly poison. The book is full of arguments and illustrations which condemn its use "teetotally."

"The Physiology of Alcohol" is an address given by request by Dr. Car-

penter, one of the ablest physiologists living, before the Governor and Secretary of the State of Massachusetts, the Mayor of Boston, and many distinguished clergy. It is simply an unanswerable demonstration of the deadly character of all intoxicating liquors.

"The Sunday-school Concert" is a collection of twenty-five concert exercises and dialogues for the use of Sunday-schools, Bands of Hope, and other temperance organizations. They are admirably adapted to inculcate and enforce temperance lessons, especially on the young. We wish for the book a wide circulation. We shall endeavour to reproduce one or two of the dialogues for school use.

These books may all be ordered through our publishing house.

## ABOUT MISSIONS.

WE purpose to give in both PLEASANT Hours and Home and School special prominence to the subject of foreign missions. We have, therefore, arranged with the publisher of "The Gospel in All Lands," the best missionary paper in the world, for a supply of missionary engravings, and will prepare carefully written descriptions of them, and will give choice missionary selections. Sunday-schools and Women's Missionary Societies will find those papers a great help in arranging for readings and concert exercises for their meetings. In many places such meetings are awakening a great interest, and giving much information in connexion with this grandest of causes.

THE Rev. H. Lawson, missionary of the Methodist Church of Canada, in a letter to the Rev. Geo. Young, D.D., Superintendent of Missions in the North-West, writes that, "At Verdun (N. W. T.) the work is progressing nicely. We are about building a new church. We have recently found out a large settlement of Methodists, about ten miles north of Griswold, a station on the Canada Pacific Railroad. For the past two years they have engaged the services of two zealous local preachers, who have regularly ministered to them. They are about to erect a place of worship, and earnestly desire to be visited by a missionary of our Church. Talk about a 'surplus of men' in case of Union! Why, we will need every man that can be spared in keeping up with the work in this country."

Our Young Folks in Africa, by JAMES D. McCABE, 4to, pp. 312 Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The scene of these sketches of travel is less familiar than that of most others of the season. A party of young Americans, in company with a learned professor, visit Algeria, and then cross the continent from Benguela on the Atlantic to Durban, the capital of the British province of Natal. The route is through what is to most readers almost a "terra incognita," and much useful information about the strange countries and people and customs is given. The resources of the great publishing house amply illustrate the book with handsome engravings made from nature or from life.

Home and School for April 14, is a special TEMPERANCE NUMBER with a large engraving showing the progress of intemperance, and numerous strong temperance articles. Price \$1 per 100.

Flotsam and Jetsam, by THOMAS GIBSON BOWLES. Standard Library No. 85 (New Series, 1883). Price, 25 cents. Funk & Wagnalls, 10 & 12 Day Street, New York. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

This master mariner evidently launched his yacht with his eyes in his head—just where they ought to be. He has used them well, and succeeded in gathering much valuable flotsam, and in fishing up from the deep strange specimens of jetsam. The book literally abounds with new and sometimes startling thoughts, put in a style which proves the striking originality of the author's mind. While sailing from place to place in his yacht he meets with varied experiences, and notes down in graphic pen-pictures facts, and the lessons he gathers from them. His strongest characteristic is his deep knowledge of human nature, and sometimes he gives us such pictures of it as must make the reader wince; and yet there is such a fascination in its pages that, however we may sometimes differ from his opinions and conclusions, and smart under his portrayal of human weaknesses, we cannot lay the book down until it is all read, and even then intelligent readers will not be satisfied, but will return to it and read it again.

## A LOCOMOTIVE.

FIRST let us have a look at the engine. It has a decidedly business-like appearance. Steam is up to full pressure and is blowing off through the safety-valve with a fierce hissing sound. The engine is one of the most powerful that are made, and its driving-wheel is of immense proportions. It is with no idle purpose that the driver and stoker examine the working parts, and pour oil upon all points of friction. There is the strength of a thousand horses embodied in this machine, and it is capable of conveying a load of two hundred tons at a speed of fifty miles per hour. Its energy is generated in the boiler, which occupies the cylindrical part extending from the funnel to the screen which shelters its driver and stoker. The boiler virtually consists of a large tube having numerous small tubes traversing it from end to end. The ends of the small tubes are brought out through the ends of the boiler, and the use of the tubes is to carry heated air and flame through the water which surrounds them, and thus cause it to be rapidly converted into steam. As the steam is generated it collects at a very high pressure in the large copper dome that surmounts the boiler, and from that point it is conducted to the cylinders through pipes. The cylinders lie on either side under the fore end of the boiler. When the steam is turned on it enters the cylinder, and causes a piston to move to and fro. The piston has a stout rod of iron attached to it which is connected with a crank on the axle of the great driving-wheels. As the pistons move from end to end of the cylinders they exert pressure on the crank and cause the wheels to revolve, and so the train is drawn forward.—Little Folks.

WE beg to acknowledge receipt of \$1 from M. A. B., Meadowvale, and \$1 from "Sunbeam," St. Joseph's Island, Algoma, for the Children's Hospital referred to in Mrs. Harvies' letter on another page.



## THE JUG OF WHISKEY.

The following verses were written by Philip Freeman, "the Poet of the Revolution," who was born in New York City in 1752, and died in Monmouth City, N.J., in 1832. The poem is supposed to have been written about the end of the last century.

WITHIN these earthen walls confined  
The ruin lurks of human kind;  
More mischiefs here united dwell,  
And more diseases haunt this cell.  
Than ever plagued the Egyptian flocks,  
Or ever curaed Pandora's box.

Within these prison walls repose  
The seeds of many a bloody nose,  
The chattering tongue, the horrid oath,  
The fiat for fighting nothing loath,  
The nose with diamonds glowing red,  
The bloated eye, the broken head!

For ever fastened by this door  
Confined within a thousand more  
Destructive fiends, of hateful shape,  
Even now are planning an escape.

Here, only by a cork controlled,  
And slender walls of earthen mould,  
In all their pomp of death reside  
Revenge, that ne'er was satisfied,  
The tree that bears the deadly fruit  
Of maiming, murder, and dispute,  
Assault, that innocence assails,  
The images of gloomy jails.  
The giddy thought, on mischief bent,  
The evening hour in folly spent—  
All these within this jug appear,  
And—Jack the hangman in the rear.

Thrice happy he who, early taught  
By nature, ne'er this poison sought;  
He, with the purling stream content,  
The beverage quaffs that nature meant.  
In reason's scale his actions weighed,  
His spirits want no foreign aid;  
Long life is his, in vigor passed,  
Existence welcome to the last—  
A spring that never yet grew stale;  
Such virtues lie in Adam's Ale.

The subjoined verse is added by E. M. Morphy.

The Temperance cause requires our aid,  
To crush the accursed liquor trade;  
The widow's tears, and orphan's cry  
Appeals to us, and is heard on high,  
Then shun the wrong and do the right,  
Gird on the armour, chase the fight;  
Our legion foe cannot withstand  
The chosen few of "Daniel's band."  
Bold Cyrus, Havelock, Wolzeley too,  
With Temperance men, brave, firm, and true,  
Have conquered foes, and so may you.

## THE COURTESIES OF LIFE.

WILLIAM WIET'S letter to his daughter on the "small sweet courtesies of life" contains a passage from which a deal of happiness might be learned:

I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show them that you care for them. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, "who cared for nobody—no, not he—because nobody cared for him." And the whole world would care for you so if you gave them the same cause. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them by showing them what Sterne so happily calls the small courtesies, in which there is no parade, whose voice is too still to tease, and which manifests them by tender and affectionate looks, and little kind acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, or standing.



REYNARD, THE FOX —(See next page.)

## REYNARD, THE FOX.

THE fox is not a vagabond like the wolf, and other beasts of prey, wandering in the desert without any certain place of rest; he lives in a settled domestic state, and knows well where to choose the situation of his dwelling, and to make it safe and commodious. He digs his abode at the entrance of a wood, and, if possible, within hearing of the hamlet, where the game is plenty, at the bottom of a rock, or among the roots of the trees, where he cannot be uncovered. But he does not always submit to the labour of digging his own habitation. When he lights upon the hole of a badger, in a proper situation, he places himself at the entrance and keeps out the rightful owner, or, if the badger be within, and cannot be dislodged by force, he compels him to retire by the offensive smell of his odor, with which, in this case, he takes care to pollute the mouth of the den. When the badger is expelled he takes possession, and fits it up for his own accommodation. Here he is more comfortably lodged than was the Saviour of sinners when he dwelt with men. "The foxes," said the Man of sorrows, "have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head." To save his people from their sins, He was not content with submitting to be despised and rejected of men, to make himself of no reputation, and move in the humblest walks of life; so great was his love and condescension, that he denied himself many comforts, which, as the Creator and preserver of all things, he bestows on the beasts of the field and the fowls of heaven.

## THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.



STRONG interest has been directed for two hundred years towards a man with an unknown name, who lived in the reign of the magnificent, but dissolute monarch,

Louis XIV of France.

About 1662, a State prisoner, tall and well proportioned, of noble bearing, was secretly conveyed to Pignerol, and consigned to the guardianship of Saint Mars, governor of the castle. Six years later he was transferred to the Isle of Marguerite, in the Mediterranean. Saint Mars accompanied him and watched him with unceasing vigilance. He ate and slept in his room, and allowed him no chance for escape, or communication with any one. It is evident the prisoner's birth and rank were high, for the attendants treated him with the utmost deference. His accomplishments were many and varied, and he enjoyed books and music; but the extraordinary doom of this illustrious personage was, that he was never seen without a black velvet mask worn over his face which completely concealed every feature. At a little distance it resembled a mask of iron, and was so constructed with steel springs at the back of the head that it could not be removed, while it left him at perfect liberty to eat and drink. Shut out from his fellowmen, it is not surprising he should seek to invent some way of conveying to his friends knowledge of his dreadful existence. Food was carried to him in dishes of silver, and once he contrived to scratch on a

silver plate a short account of his imprisonment. This he threw into the water, hoping it would attract the eyes of some men in a boat who were pulling for the shore. They saw it and picked it up, but were unable to read what was written upon it and took the plate to Saint Mars. The result was, the unfortunate man was held in severer confinement than ever.

In 1690 Saint Mars was appointed governor of the Bastille. Secretly his prisoner was conveyed on a litter to this place, and a well-furnished room was provided for him. Again he attempted to make the discovery of his name, which he wrote on a strip of linen and gave to one of his attendants, not in possession of the secret, but this person died suddenly, it was supposed by poison.

At one time, some prisoners confined over him, made him long to enjoy a little social pleasure which had been so many years denied him. By stealth he conversed with them, and they found him to be a man of extended learning, but he told them the revelation of his name and rank would be the means of death to both him and them.

Saint Mars was always provided with weapons with which to end his life should he attempt to escape, or succeed in disclosing his secret. No wonder he was vigilantly guarded, for the penalty of discovery would have cost Saint Mars his life. When this masked man attended mass, a detachment of soldiers followed him, and he would have been instantly shot had he uncovered his face or told any one his name.

Thirteen years went drearily by during which time the illustrious unknown man of the Bastille still lived, yet was dead to the outside world. Books and music were his only pleasure. Once in a while a glimpse was gained of him, and curiosity was excited towards him, and whisperings as to who he was went from circle to circle, but availed nothing. No one could tell.

In 1703 death came mercifully to release him. His medical attendant never saw his face, but believed him to be about sixty years old. He was buried at midnight near the cemetery of Saint Paul.

When the Bastille was destroyed, the room he had occupied was eagerly searched; but the furniture had been burned, the ceiling and casements destroyed, and also everything on which he could have made any record of his life. Neither did the prison books reveal any item of importance. Every means had been taken to keep his identity in the dark forever.

Who could this distinguished personage have been, styled in history "the Man of the Iron Mask."

By many, he is supposed to be a son of Arne of Austria and the Duke of Buckingham, and consequently a half brother of Louis XIV. Some writers think him of less importance.

There are also reasons for supposing the Iron Mask to have been a twin brother of the king. An old prophecy had foretold misfortune to the Bourbon family in the event of a double birth, and to escape this it is possible Louis XIII. concealed the existence of the lastborn of the twins, by consigning him to a dungeon, and hiding his features which may have closely resembled Louis XIV., his brother.

It is certain, every one in possession

of the secret died without disclosing it; and who the Man of the Iron Mask was will ever remain a mystery.—  
*Sarah F. Brigham.*

## "THE WATER DRINKERS."

Oh! water for me, bright water for me,  
A deadly draught in the wine cup's glow I see,  
Water cooleth the brow and cooleth the brain,  
And maketh the faint one strong again.  
It comes o'er the sense like a breeze from the sea.  
All freshness, like infant purity;  
Fill to the brim! fill, fill to the brim!  
Let the flowing crystal kiss the rim;  
For my hand is steady, my eye is true,  
For I, like the flowers, drink nothing but dew.  
Oh! water, bright water's a mine of wealth,  
And the ores which it yieldeth are vigor and health,  
So water, pure water, for me, for me!  
A deadly draught in the wine cup's glow I see.

## HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN.



It is many months now since we had an opportunity of telling the readers of PLEASANT HOURS anything about the Hospital for Sick Children, and during this period much that is pleasing and interesting, as well as some

sorrowful things, have happened in that institution.

Some of you will perhaps remember the lad "Johnny," we mentioned when writing previously. Visitors see his pale face and wasted figure no more, now lying in the south ward, for he has gone to live in the heavenly home. Day by day he grew weaker, until quite suddenly, but very peacefully, one bright Sunday morning he died. But "Johnny" was not afraid of death. He had many quiet talks with the ladies who visited him, and we are quite sure that he went to be with Jesus.

Little "Janey" still lives, and may be seen any day in the larger girls' ward, after the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, sitting in her rocking chair. You can hardly imagine, however, what a sufferer "Janey" is. The kind nurse spends two hours daily in bathing and dressing her wounds, but "Janey" bears it all very patiently, not unfrequently holding with her own small fingers the rubber tube from which the water falls upon her ulcerated body. The physician says that "Janey" can never be entirely well.

A few days ago a tiny boy about three years of age was brought to the hospital from one of the poverty-stricken homes of which there are so many in Toronto, very badly burned. He had pulled over a basin of boiling water upon his head, neck, and chest, and when the matron and physician received him at the hospital, twenty-four hours after the accident, the wounds had not been dressed, and not even covered from the air with anything soft. His screams would have made your hearts ache, but after the first dressing he fell into a comfortable sleep, and is now doing well, though, in all probability, he could not have survived long without treatment.

As we walked through the wards on Friday, after the prayer service, we noticed that the children, especially the convalescents, looked unusually happy, and upon inquiry discovered that the cause of the commotion was a prospective sleigh ride. A kind lady in the

city had sent a large double sleigh, with beautiful warm robes, and a steady man to drive, and all the convalescent children were to go for an hour's drive in the sunshine.

Some of the children are looking forward with bright anticipations, even counting the days to the month of June, and we are sure you will wish to know why these little invalids are watching so anxiously for the warm fine days. In the bay just opposite Toronto there is an island; true, it is not so pretty or romantic as many, still it is an island, with the blue waves of old Ontario dancing on the sandy beach, and the pure, bracing air, blowing in every direction.

About three months ago it occurred to some of the ladies connected with the hospital that it would be a grand thing to build at the island a Convalescent Home, not only for the patients in the hospital, but for other poor sick ones who could never, by any chance, get a breath of fresh air. No sooner did the plan suggest itself than direction was sought, for you must remember that there was no money in the treasury for this home, and the ladies did not even know whether God wished them to undertake the work or not. Accordingly, one Friday morning at the prayer-meeting, one of those present in a simple childlike way, asked God to send means for a new home for convalescent children at the island if the plan was in accordance with His will. The prayer had not been offered a week when one thousand dollars had been received for this purpose, and at date more than seventeen hundred are in hand. The Sabbath schools of Toronto have contributed no inconsiderable sum of this amount, and as a thousand dollars more will be required, others who desire to do so, may have an opportunity of sharing in this good work.

Before closing I desire to extend an invitation to all the readers of PLEASANT HOURS to visit the hospital, at 245 Elizabeth Street, or the island home, when they come to Toronto, and also to ask them to pray for our sick children who are stretched in their cots, bearing days and nights of pain, with, in some instances, but little hope of recovery.

And now before you are wearied, we must close with the promise that, at some future time, we will tell you more about the hospital for sick children.

Contributions either for the Hospital for Sick Children, or for the Convalescent Home at the island, may be sent to the Editor of PLEASANT HOURS, who will duly acknowledge their receipt and forward to the Managers of the Hospital.  
L. J. H.

THE death of John Brown, the faithful servitor of the Queen, is announced. The Queen is said to have formed a great attachment for this Highland gillie and always treated him with marked distinction. The reason was that she felt that he was a faithful protector, and that he would at any time willingly have sacrificed his own life to save hers. He was always at hand ready to execute her commands, and was more like a faithful watch-dog than a courtier. Her Majesty will be sure to miss him, as he has been her personal attendant for ever twenty years.

A SEEDY coat may cover a heart in full bloom.

WHEN WE ALL LIVED TOGETHER

HOW often memory dwells upon  
The days that are departed,  
When we in love together met,  
So free and simple hearted;  
O, happy, happy summer-time!  
O, blissful, golden weather!  
How bright and beautiful was earth  
When we all lived together!

I see the very corner where  
Dear grandmother is sitting  
In kerchief, cap and spectacles,  
So busy with her knitting;  
I ever seem to hear her voice  
Our merry tumult chiding,  
As from behind her chair we caught  
The urchin who was hiding.

And when, at meal-time, eagerly  
We hurried to the table,  
'Twas hard the laughter to suppress,  
Or hush the merry Babel;  
And if one pulled a sober face,  
A better impulse shown,  
Why, even that was quite enough  
To keep the others going.

And mother, dear, though dignified,  
Was never melancholy  
And father was so much a boy  
Himself, so kind and jolly.  
That 'twas no wonder we broke loose  
From every gloomy tether,  
And had a right good jovial time  
When we were all together.

The wintry days were full of sport,  
The evenings bright and charming!  
The books we read, the games we played,  
Had in them nothing harmful;  
A healthy spirit filled the house,  
And Peace, with folded pinion,  
Made her abide within the walls  
Where Love had true dominion.

But o'er the threshold strangers trod,  
Despite our protestations;  
And then, ah me! what changes came!  
What fatal separations!  
New ties were formed, new homes were made,  
By those to whom was given  
A taste of blissful joy on earth,  
Or perfect bliss in heaven.

This is the self-same sky that stretched  
Above those haunts elysian,  
The dear old home that now is but  
A memory and a vision;  
Yet as our hearts recall the past,  
We sigh, and wonder whether  
The world is quite so far as 'twas  
When we all lived together.

CHILDREN AND MISSIONS.

LAST Sunday I wandered slowly  
down the street. I was so  
oppressed with some scenes of  
sin and misery which had  
been brought to my notice  
that I could not stay in doors.  
"So much to be done! and I so  
weak! was it worth while try-  
ing to help?" Over and over again the  
question rang in my mind, and, dispirited,  
I could neither check nor answer the oft-  
repeated inquiry. As I walked sadly  
along, the sound of children's voices  
came sweetly to my ears. Soothed by  
the melody, I drew nearer, when, these  
words sung forth startled me:

"Go work in my vineyard;  
There's plenty to do."

I entered the bright Sabbath-school  
room, alive with the little faces. Did  
they know what they were saying,  
singing so gladly? It is God's work,  
said the Spirit, and I sat down to listen  
to the whole message.

Six little ones seemed to step forth  
from the song and stand before us.  
"Surely the isles shall wait for me,"  
said the little golden hair, and its ful-  
fillment in Madagascar, Sandwich Is-  
lands, and Japan, was noticed by the  
next little girl; and then from the  
third came the thanks, "Praise ye the  
Lord," "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

Slowly the fourth child stepped forward,  
and glancing at her comrades in front,  
said, "Go ye into all the world, and  
preach the gospel to every creature."  
How great sounded the request of those  
before her, even of the parents assem-  
bled. Often had I read and heard the  
verse, and it seemed overwhelming in  
its demands. But I had forgotten the  
next child, who was now saying, "Lo,  
I am with you alway, even unto the  
end of the world." Ah, there was the  
key to it. It is with Christ that I am  
to battle in this world. Again were  
His praises lisped by the last child.

The reports that followed I scarcely  
heard, but was roused by the song,  
"Give, said the little stream," as class  
by class they march up with their mis-  
sionary offerings. "All has been earned  
by the children's own efforts," said the  
superintendent, and their emphatic  
little nods confirmed his words.

China seemed the subject, and a  
bright boy stepped to the map, and with  
his long pointer and engaging voice  
carried us there, and through the broad  
land, among the multitudes of people.  
He showed us the great wall, the mar-  
vellously high mountains, canals, cities,  
etc., lingering at the few mission  
stations, as though by his love he would  
enlarge and multiply them, and comfort  
and strengthen the few brave souls  
there.

A little girl with proud, happy eyes,  
read her letter from a little heathen  
child whom they were supporting. It  
was her answer, and full of a strange  
wonder that so much love had come to  
her from way across the water. Love!  
poor little one, she seemed not to have  
known what it meant before, and to be  
almost overcome by its tenderness now.  
Here the infant class, "Jesus loves me,  
this I know." The letter had been  
prefaced by a few cheery words from  
her missionary teacher. How they ask  
for our prayers, and yet how much  
stronger they seem than we. Truly  
they seem to exemplify those lines—

"Go bury thy sorrows,  
Let others be blessed;  
Go, give them the sunshine,  
Te! Jesus the rest."

Now a young girl read an essay tell-  
ing of their customs in heathendom,  
their religion and the work Christians  
are accomplishing among them. She  
hardly read it, but told it, and her ear-  
nest eyes enforced the appeal that we  
would be God's workers in this grand  
and fruitful vineyard.

A teacher and her class came before  
us, each child bearing some curiosity  
from China land, which she displayed  
and explained at the close of her teacher's  
question.

What have the Chinese invented?  
They invented the mariner's compass,  
gunpowder, printing, and the manufac-  
ture of porcelain, paper, silk and clocks.

"Jennie, can you tell us anything  
which we eat, drink, wear or use, that  
comes from China?"

"We get tea, rice, coconuts, silk  
fans, pottery and carvings from China."

"Ethel, would you like to be a little  
Chinese girl?"

"No, because they have to let their  
finger-nails grow so long that they can  
hardly use their hands, and they have  
to wear their shoes so small that they  
cannot use their feet."

"Do the Chinese children keep the  
fifth commandment?"

"They reverence their parents while  
living, and honour them when dead."

"Are there many people in China?"

"If all the persons in the world were  
placed in a row, every third one would  
be Chinese."

"Do all these people live on land in  
China?"

"Nearly three millions of them live  
on boats, or in houses on rafts, or float-  
ing gardens in the canals or rivers."

"Annie, do they love little girls in  
China?"

"They do not love girls as much as  
boys, and when the parents get poor  
they sell their daughters for money."

"Carrie, are there many missionaries  
in China?"

"We have in Chicago over two hun-  
dred ministers and more than six thou-  
sand Sabbath-school teachers to tell us  
about Jesus, but we send them only  
one missionary for twice as many people  
as live in our city."

As they took their seats all eyes were  
turned towards an ante-room, from  
which a miniature Chinese was advan-  
cing, led by a blue eyed American.  
The little Chinese sang that appeal from  
all heathen, "Tell me the old, old story"  
and then clearly and sweetly sang the  
fair one beside her, "I love to tell the  
story." A gentleman addressed the  
children. His cordial, hearty ways in-  
terested them, but I know not what he  
said. I left, but no longer to walk  
listlessly about. Were those little  
hands and feet busy with the Master's  
work, and should I stand idle? Were  
they satisfied with the fruits? I must  
have more of their child faith. Were  
they entrusting more to God's help than  
I? Ah! it is God's work. If He can  
wait for the result, surely I might wait  
with Him, and I'll leave with Him the  
responsibility. — *Woman's Work for  
Woman.*

COURAGE.

BY WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON, D.D.

SOLDIERS twain stood facing danger,  
Side by side, alone and still;  
Bold was one, to fear a stranger,  
Light of thought and stout of will.

But the other, grave and serious,  
Deeply pondered, where he stood,  
Felt the spell of the mysterious  
Overshadowing neighborhood.

Of the mortal menace hidden  
In that moment's sudden chance;  
Till the throng of thoughts unbidden  
Trampled white his countenance.

Then his comrade marked his pallor,  
And a rallying charge he made,  
Out of his light-hearted valor,  
Lightly spoken, "You're afraid!"

"True, my friend," with blanched lips said  
he,  
"I have fear as you have none,  
But I stand here, staunch and steady,—  
You, with half my fear, would run!"

RESULT OF A GOOD RESOLU-  
TION.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT, the  
great United States naval  
commander, said to a minister  
with whom he was talking one  
day:

"Would you like to know how I  
was enabled to serve my country? It  
was all owing to a resolution I formed  
when I was ten years of age. My  
father was sent to New Orleans with  
the little navy we then had. I accom-  
panied him as cabin boy. I had some  
qualities that I thought made a man  
of me. I could swear like an old salt,  
could drink a stiff glass of grog, and  
could smoke like a locomotive. I was  
great at cards, and fond of gaming in

every shape. At the close of dinner,  
one day, my father turned everybody  
out of the cabin, locked the door, and  
said to me—

"David, what do you mean to be!  
"I mean to follow the sea," I re-  
plied.

"Follow the sea! Yes, be a poor,  
miserable, drunken sailor before the  
mast, kicked and cuffed about the  
world, and die in some fever hospital  
in a foreign clime."

"No," I said, "I'll tread the quarter-  
deck and command as you do."

"No, David, no boy ever trod the  
quarter-deck with such principles as  
you have, and such habits as you ex-  
hibit. You'll have to change your  
whole course of life, if you ever be-  
come a man."

"My father left me and went on  
deck. I was stunned by the rebuke,  
and overwhelmed with mortification.  
'A poor, miserable, drunken sailor  
before the mast, kicked and cuffed  
about the world, and to die in some  
fever hospital: That's my fate is it!  
I'll change my life, and change it at  
once. I will never utter another oath,  
I will never drink another drop of  
intoxicating liquor, I will never gam-  
ble again. And as God is my witness,  
I have kept those three vows to this  
hour. Shortly after I became a Chris-  
tian. That act settled my temporal,  
as it settled my eternal destiny." —  
*Seymour.*

BABY SEALS.

DURING the first half of March,  
on these great floating fields  
of ice, are born thousands of  
baby seals—all in soft woolly  
dress, white, or white with a beautiful  
golden lustre. The Newfoundlanders  
call them "white-coats." In a few  
weeks, however, they lose this soft  
covering, and a gray, coarse fur takes  
its place. In this uniform they bear  
the name of "ragged-jackets," and it  
is not until two or three years later  
that the full colours of the adult are  
gained, with the black crescentic or  
harp-like marks on the back, which  
give them the name of "harps." The  
squealing and barking at one of these  
immense nurseries can be heard for a  
very long distance. When the babies  
are very young, the mothers leave  
them on the ice and go off in search  
of food, coming back frequently to look  
after the little ones, and although  
there are thousands of the small,  
white, squealing creatures, which to  
you and me would seem to be precisely  
alike, and all are moving about more  
or less, the mother never makes a mis-  
take, nor feeds any bleating baby  
until she has found her own. If the ice  
happens to pack around them, so that  
they cannot open holes, nor get into  
the water, the whole army will labor-  
iously travel by floundering leaps to  
the edge of the field; and they show  
an astonishing sagacity in discerning  
the right direction.

Dr. Theodore Cuyler says in a recent  
article: "Conversion in the morning  
of life commonly means a whole day's  
work for the Lord; but conversion  
late in its afternoon saves only the—  
sundown. The earliest trees in  
God's field were planted there when  
they were sapplings. Those who thus  
are planted in the house of the Lord  
flourish in the courts of our God."



## DORCAS.

The following verses by George Macdonald may help to point one moral of our Dorcas Lesson. Let the teacher read them to her girls, or to the young ladies in her Bible class:

ONE day a woman gently bowed,  
As with his easy yoke,  
Stood on the borders of the crowd  
Listening as Jesus spoke.

She saw the garment knit throughout,  
Forgot the words he spake,  
Thought only, "Happy hands that wrought  
The honored robe to make."

Her eyes with longing tears grow dim,  
She never can come nigh  
To do one service for or for him,  
For whom she glad would die.

Across the crowd, borne on the breeze,  
Comes "Inasmuch as ye  
Did it unto the least of these,  
Ye did it unto me."

Home, home she went, and plied the loom,  
And God's dear poor arrayed.  
She died—they wept about the room,  
And showed the coat she made.  
S. S. Magazine.

## THINGS NOT TO SAY.

**D**ON'T say "He has drank," but "He has drunk," etc. Don't say, "The ice is froze," for "The ice is frozen," and above all, don't say "frozed," as I once heard a young lady speak of snow. Be careful how you use, "see," "saw," "seen." These are correct: "I have seen him," "I saw her yesterday," "Where did you see him?" Don't ask indirect questions. Have you heard of the man who asked, "What might your name be?" and received the reply, "It might be Jones, but it isn't." Don't say, "The scissors is dull," but "are dull," always the plural verb for scissors, snuffers, trousers, and words of that kind. Never say, "It is me." A professor in a college once rapped at a student's door at night, suspecting a forbidden supper was going on. "Who's there?" asked some within. "It's me. Professor," was the answer. "Oh, no," was returned; "Professor R. never says 'It's me.'"

Don't say, "There's the book," which means, "There is the book." Don't say "pants" or "gents." There are no such words. Dr. Holland says:

"The things called 'pants,' in certain documents, were never made for gentlemen but 'gents.'"

Don't say, "He learns me," but "He teaches me."

## WHAT THE YOUNG PEOPLE ARE READING.

**A** correspondent of the Buffalo Express has ascertained that there is a new ambition to read for the sake of knowing all about things which young belles and beaux find are constantly growing more indispensable to a good position and reputation in society. He says: "A leading bookseller lately told me that he had in no previous winter sold so many books requiring study and application to young people. Of course one topic leads to another, and countless scores of people who formerly never looked at anything more serious than a novel are now finding the positive pleasure obtained in reading bright, intelligent books on solid subjects. It may be said, too, that strong, thoughtful questions and investigations have never previously been presented

to the average public in such clear, happy, and attractive style as during the past five years. Matthew Arnold's plea for sweetness and light has brought forth good fruit; for our present writers on scientific and theological questions, especially, have had to give over the Dr. Dryasdust style, take nothing for granted, and dig to the very foundation of their subjects or else go to the wall."

"WILLIAM, my son," says an economical mother to her son, "for mercy's sake don't keep on tramping up and down the floor in that manner—you'll wear out your new boots." He sits down. "There you go—sitting down! Now you'll wear out your new trousers! I declare I never saw such a boy!"



Search the Scriptures.

## LESSON NOTES.

## SECOND QUARTER.

A. D. 39 ] LESSON V. [April 29.

PETER WORKING MIRACLES.

Acts 9. 32-43 Commit to memory vs. 32-35.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus Christ maketh thee whole. Acts 9.34.

## OUTLINE.

1. Peter at Lydda. v. 32-35.
2. Peter at Joppa. v. 36-43.

TIME.—A. D. 39, at the close of the last lesson.

PLACES.—Lydda and Joppa, on the maritime plain of Palestine.

EXPLANATIONS.—Peter passed—He visited the Churches through Palestine to look after and direct them. To the saints—"The holy ones," the common name for Christians in the New Testament. A certain man—Nothing is known about him. Palsy—The paralysis, a disease making one entirely helpless. Jesus Christ maketh thee—Peter was careful to show that the power came from Jesus, and not from himself. Make thy bed—A mattress, spread on the floor. All turned to the Lord—Meaning that very many became disciples of Jesus. Joppa—On the sea-shore, nine miles from Lydda. Tabitha—Dorcas—One is the Hebrew, the other the Greek word for "gazelle." Full of good works—One whose life was spent in doing good. And alms-deeds—Gifts to the poor. Laid in an upper chamber—The large room of the house, best fitted for the funeral. They sent—Not sure that he could bring her to life, but with a hope that perhaps he might. The widows—The poor women whom Dorcas had helped. Showing the coats—Clothing in general, whether for men or women, is meant. Put them all forth—That he might pray alone. Opened her eyes—Her spirit came back to her body. Saw Peter—Perhaps she had never seen him before. Presented her—Showed her.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

How does this lesson teach—

1. That there is power in the name of Jesus!
2. That there is power in prayer!
3. That there is power in faith!

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Whom did Peter find at Lydda? A man sick of the palsy. 2. What did he say to him? "Jesus Christ maketh thee whole." 3. What followed Peter's words? He became well at once. 4. What Christian had died at Joppa? A woman named Dorcas. 5. What is said of her? She was full of good works. 6. How was she restored to life? By the prayer of Peter.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Good works.

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

19. Wherein did he show a pattern of goodness toward men?

Christ showed a pattern of goodness toward men by going about doing good to the bodies and souls of men; by being full of compassion to the miserable, and by taking children in his arms and blessing them.

A. D. 40.] LESSON VI. [May 6.

PETER PREACHING TO THE GENTILES.

Acts 10. 30-44. Commit to memory vs. 42-44.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

On the Gentiles also was poured out the gift of the Holy Ghost. Acts 10. 45.

## OUTLINE.

1. The story v. 30-33.
2. The Sermon v. 34-43
3. The Spirit v. 44.

TIME.—A. D. 40.

PLACE.—Cesarea Stratonis, on the coast of Palestine.

EXPLANATIONS.—Fasting until this hour—Until the same hour on that day. Ninth hour—About three o'clock. A man stood before me—An angel, in the form of a man. Thy prayer is heard—His prayer to know the truth about God and his duty. Thine alms—Gifts to the poor. Call hither—About thirty-five miles. Speak unto thee—To show the way of salvation. We are all here—Cornelius and his friends. Commanded thee—Cornelius looked upon Peter as the messenger of God. God is no respecter—Peter had always supposed that the Gospel was meant for Jews only. He now saw that God desired to give the Gospel to all men. Feareth him—Looking up to God with love and reverence, and obeying him. Worketh righteousness—Does right as far as he knows how to do it. Accepted—Looked upon with favor by God. Peace by Jesus Christ—Peace with God and in the heart. Lord of all—Peter wished all to know that Jesus is the Son of God, and over all. Began from Galilee—Where Jesus commenced preaching. God anointed Jesus—God made Jesus the Christ and Saviour of men. Went about doing good—Setting his followers an example in so doing. We are witnesses—Peter and the rest of the apostles. Hanged on a tree—The cross. Showed him openly—As living after death. Unto witnesses—Those who could speak from knowledge. Eat and drink—Thus showing that he was surely living. Quick and dead—The living and dead. Remission—Forgiveness. The Holy Ghost fell—The same spirit as at Pentecost. All them which heard—The Gentiles as well as the Jews.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson may we find—

1. That God's mercies are for all men!
2. That Christ brings forgiveness to all men!
3. That the Spirit may be given to all men!

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who was the first Christian among the Gentiles? Cornelius, a Roman centurion.
2. Who preached the Gospel to him? Peter the apostle.
3. How did Peter say that all men could receive remission of sins? By believing in Jesus.
4. What came upon those who heard while Peter was speaking? The Holy Ghost.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The conditions of salvation.

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

20. What were the chief subjects of Christ's preaching to the people?

The chief subjects of Christ's preaching to the people were these six things:

1. He explained the law of God to the people, and showed them that it required holiness in their thoughts, as well as in their words and actions.
2. He reproved and condemned many for their sinful and foolish traditions, and taught them that God did not regard ceremonies, so much as the great duties of love to God and love to men.
3. He preached the Gospel of pardon of sin, and eternal life in heaven, to them that repent and believe in him.
4. He threatened the eternal punishment of hell to all wilful and obstinate sinners, particularly to hypocrites and unbelievers.
5. He sometimes declared and maintained his own commission, that he was sent from God to be the Saviour of men.
6. He foretold the destruction of Jerusalem, the dispersion of the Jews, and his own second coming in glory to raise the dead, and to judge the world.

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