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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, JUNE 23, 1888.

[No. 13

## THE PICNIC.

OUR young readers will all understand what this picture means and will not need any explanation. We hope that all our Sunday-school scholars will enjoy their picnic on the green grass, and under the green trees.

Give the children holidays!  
Let them be jolly days!  
Better men hereafter  
Shall we have, for laughter  
Freely shouted in the woods till the  
echoes ring again.

## A FARMER'S KITCHEN.

"THE chief peculiarity of our house," said a lady the other day, "is that our books are all, or nearly all, in the kitchen."

As the home with this "peculiarity" is a fair type in many respects of the average well-to-do farmer's household in the country, it may not be unprofitable to sketch the daily life that has gone on there during the years past. The father was in his early manhood a teacher, and when he settled with his wife on a farm, took with him habits of reading and intelligent observation. As children grew up around the table, he shared with them the results of his acquaintance with literature, science, and nature, and while they worked with him in the field, they were instructed in the formation of the soil, in the natural history of the plants and animals of the locality, and taught to call the birds and insects by their names. The days were given to work, and in the evenings, after the children began to attend school, the father went with them over their lessons for the following day. "He would sit up sometimes till ten o'clock," said his daughter, "drilling me in arithmetic and algebra, insisting that I should thoroughly understand every point, and this when we had been hard at work all day on the farm." The mother, with her mending, knitting, sewing, intelligently listened and helped the children with their lessons also. As the girls grew up, after attendance at the neigh-

bouring academy, they taught school. When the "Chautauqua idea" dawned upon the world, they were among the first to embrace it, and the kitchen library grew steadily, enriched with the various issues of the Chautauqua press.

her medical tutors, and to lay a broad and enduring foundation for success in her chosen profession.

Books in the kitchen invite the weary house-mother, when resting from her work, to forget her fatigue in their interesting pages; and when

entice the children to "see the pictures," and then to hear the stories connected with the pictures. Children thus introduced to the world of literature, and as they grow older carefully formed in their tastes so that they love the best authors and reject impure and vicious writers, will not be likely in maturer years to associate with the low and profligate. "No man having drunk old wine, straight way despoth new, for he saith, the old is better."

## HUNTING THE TIGER.

You must know, first of all, that the tiger as seen cooped up in a cage at some circus, or in a zoological garden, is very different from the animal as he appears in his native jungle. In the circus he is so "caged, cribbed, confined" that he is never able properly to stretch his muscles, and the roar with which he greets his keeper who is bringing his food resembles the roar with which he awakens the echoes of the forest, as the piping of a tin trumpet resembles the screech of a steam whistle. It is difficult to describe the roar of a tiger when he is angry. It is not like the lion's, which is more nearly a "bellow," but perhaps you can realize it when I say it is as if a thousand tom cats gave one wild and prolonged "meow." Tigers are generally hunted in two ways. One is, shooting from the *hardak* of a "pad" elephant, which is a comparatively safe method, and the other is to shoot them from a *meecham*, or platform of boughs fixed in a tree. When the latter method is adopted a bait, in the form of a bullock, either alive or dead, is generally used to attract the tiger; or else the *meecham* is built within range of the place to which the animal is accustomed to come for his morning drink. The latter is perhaps the commoner way, as shooting tigers from the back of an elephant is rather expensive work and only within reach of those who have long purses.—From "An Adventure with a Man-eater," by Walter Campbell.



THE PICNIC.

It is not surprising that with such antecedents as these, one of the daughters, coming to the city to study medicine, should easily take highest rank in her class, and win eulogy from her teachers. The careful cultivation of her mind by her father had prepared it to receive and assimilate the various and elaborate instruction of

she resumes her tasks her mind is refreshed and fed with what she has read. Books in the kitchen tempt the hired man or the hired maid to see what is inside their covers, and may lead them to further search into the wonders of this divine creation all about us, to which so many of us are deaf and blind. Books in the kitchen

## In the Dakota Blizzard.

The sun shone far in the clear, crisp air -  
Dakota at her best,  
In winter days is cold, they say, if tried by  
an Eastern test -

But Chambers was a Western man, on the  
frontier used to roam,  
And his boys went along with a laugh and  
song, to help drive the cattle home.

The old man's eyes caught the gleam on high  
of a sudden yellow cloud,  
And lo, the light faded out from the sky,  
and far on the prairie a loud,

Fierce roar was heard, and with never a  
word save, "Home while the storm  
allows!"

He sped one boy back, while he kept the  
track with the other lad and the cows.

The air filled up like a frozen cup, each  
drop had the point of a thorn,  
Each gasp for breath seemed certain death;  
it grew black, though the hour was  
morn!

They staggered on with faces wan and cour-  
age grown almost cold:

"Lie down, my son, my darling son, and  
this coat about you fold,"

But the man in anguish walked up and down,  
and tumbled at last to his knees—  
For the coat that wrapped the boy so warm  
left the father bare to freeze—

And he felt the cold hand at his heart, "Up,  
up, my boy, I say:

Kneel for a moment by my side and let me  
hear you pray."

Their prayers went straight to heaven's gate  
and at dawn the faithful hound  
Bayed for the rescue till the boy by tender  
hands was found.

His father low in the drifted snow lay stiff,  
and yet he smiled,  
As though in death he seemed to know he  
had died to save his child.

## A POOR BARGAIN.

"Will you go down town and get  
some Berlin wool for me, Roy?" asked  
grandmother, coming into the room.

"Yes, ma'am," said Roy.

"Two ounces like sample," said the  
man at the store. "Yes, that's right,"  
as Roy laid down the money. "It's  
twenty-five cents an ounce."

The man put the wool in a paper-  
bag, which he shoved toward Roy,  
and then turned to wait on another  
customer.

Roy began looking at the marbles  
which stood in the little round,  
wooden boxes on the counter. He  
had never seen so many in his life  
before. There were chinies and pot-  
teries and brandies and crystals and  
agates, and if there is any other kind  
of marble, it was there too. They  
were all colours of the rainbow, plain  
and streaked and spotted. He felt  
almost like buying some of them.  
But he had been for weeks saving up  
his half-dollar to buy a fishing-rod,  
which he could not do without; for  
he was going home with grandmother,  
and they always fished there. He  
began to think it very unfair that Mr.  
Pike, the storekeeper, should have so  
many marbles and he so few. He  
took one out to look at. What a  
beauty it was with its red and white  
stripes, with a delicate twist of blue

inside! His paper-bag of wool lay  
near as he gave the marble a soft,  
little roll on the counter. The paper  
had become unfolded and the marble  
rolled toward it. With another little  
touch it actually rolled in—all of  
itself! Roy was sure it was not of  
his doing. He glanced quickly up to  
see if Mr. Pike was looking; but no,  
he was still busy with somebody else.  
There were such lots of marbles, Roy  
said to himself: "What harm could it  
do to let it stay in the bag, as it would  
roll there? Just one, when Mr. Pike  
had so many." He had never taken  
anything from a store before, and his  
fingers—the fingers, alas! which his  
mother thought good for so much  
better work—trembled as he began  
folding up the open bag.

"Let me see," said Mr. Pike, turn-  
ing suddenly toward him. I wonder  
if I got the right weight on that wool.  
It was two ounces, wasn't it?"

"Ye-es, sir," stammered Roy. His  
faced turned red, and he felt hot down  
to his feet, as Mr. Pike took the bag  
from his hand.

"Why, I have made a mistake!"  
said Mr. Pike putting it on the scale.

"Sure as the world, I've given you  
four ounces, I must take some out."

"Oh, no!" said Roy, in great  
fright, taking hold of the bag.

How could he bear to see that  
marble found there? In a moment it  
flashed upon him that, by paying for  
the extra two ounces, he could pre-  
vent it.

"I—I believe grandmother would  
just as lief have four ounces," he said.  
He took his own half-dollar and offered  
it to Mr. Pike.

"That'll be all right," said Mr.  
Pike, dropping Roy's half-dollar in his  
change drawer. The poor naughty  
little boy set his lips tightly together  
as he went out of the store, carrying  
his paper-bag. His half-dollar was  
gone, and with it his fishing-rod—the  
beautiful bamboo rod with which he  
had expected to astonish all the little  
country boys, who had nothing but  
saplings cut in the woods. He took  
out the marble and looked at it as he  
walked home. It was a finer one than  
any of Johnny Pringle's, there was no  
mistake about that; but he had paid  
a half-dollar for it, and he knew it  
was worth just about five cents. He  
could not bear to look at it. He  
carried the wool to grandmother, and  
then went and hid the crystal in an  
old box of rubbish standing in the  
farthest corner of the tool-house.

"Hi, there!" called out a voice to  
Roy a few days afterward. Roy was  
walking along the street, having just  
taken a sorrowful look at the window  
inside of which were the fishing-rods,  
and settled upon the one he would  
have bought, if he would have bought  
any. It was Mr. Pike who called;  
and Roy went toward him, cheeks  
again turning red, and wondering, as  
he had wondered for the hundredth  
time, if Mr. Pike knew.

"Here's your half-dollar," said Mr.  
Pike. "Did you think I meant to  
make you pay it for one marble?"

Roy hung his head, and held back  
his hands.

"Take it," insisted Mr. Pike, grasp-  
ing the small hand and putting the  
coin into it. "But let me tell you,  
my little man," he added, in a more  
serious tone, "you'd better face right  
about in this matter of being sneaky  
and deceitful. You've got a long life  
ahead of you, and if you go through it  
paying away truth and honour and  
manliness for every trifle you want, it  
will be a much worse bargain than  
paying fifty cents for a marble."—Sel.

THE SCIENCE OF BRIDGE-  
BUILDING.

It is sometimes a very nice problem  
to plan a bridge so that the weight of  
the stones will make it stronger, and  
not weaker. In order to be strong,  
an arch must have something immov-  
able to brace its feet against, and  
its crown must be so heavy that it  
will not be pushed up into the air by  
the pressure of the sides.

Suppose two boys stand back to back,  
and spread out their feet, so that to-  
gether they make a sort of letter A, or  
arch. Suppose they are near the side  
of a large room, where the first boy can  
brace his feet against the wall. He will  
now find it very easy to maintain his  
position so long as the second boy can  
maintain his. But the second boy,  
with nothing to brace his feet against,  
will find it very tiresome; no matter  
how hard he digs them into the carpet,  
they will be in constant danger of slip-  
ping away. But now we will put two  
more boys in a similar position, and  
place them so that the feet of the  
second and the feet of the third  
will come together and brace against  
each other. This makes all the boys  
comfortable except the fourth. We will  
add another arch to our bridge by put-  
ting in two more boys, and now they  
are all smiling except the sixth, who  
bites his lips and digs his heels into the  
carpet, and wishes we would hurry  
up with the next arch. So we put in  
two more boys, and then two more,  
till we have extended our bridge en-  
tirely across the room, and the last  
boy can brace his feet against the wall.  
This makes everything secure.

But suppose one of these arches is  
made of two small, light boys, and on  
each side of it is an arch of large,  
heavy boys. What will happen?  
Why, pretty soon the feet of the small  
boys will begin to give way and be  
pushed back by the feet of the large  
boys pressed against them, till the  
small boys are brought up standing,  
with their heels together as well as  
their backs, and the two arches of  
large boys will have settled down in the  
same proportion.

This will enable you to understand a  
difficulty that is sometimes met in  
building a stone bridge of several  
arches. Of course the two end arches

will each brace one foot against the  
bank, which we may consider immov-  
able. The piers may be so thick and  
heavy that of themselves they will sus-  
tain the pressure or "thrust," as it is  
called, of the other sides of the arches.  
But sometimes it is necessary to make  
the piers so high and narrow that they  
cannot do this; and if one arch were  
built at a time, its pressure would push  
over the pier. If the arches are all of  
the same size and form, and we build  
them all at once, they can brace their  
feet against each other and be just  
balanced. But sometimes the forma-  
tion of the bed of the stream is such  
that the piers cannot be placed at  
equal distances apart, and so the arches  
cannot be all alike. Sometimes the bal-  
ance is maintained by making the short  
spans lower arches than the long spans.  
In a low arch the pressure is more out-  
ward than downward; in a high arch  
it is more downward than outward.  
In our bridge of boys you will find  
that if two large boys forming an arch  
stand nearly straight, spreading their  
feet apart only a little way, while the  
small boys forming the next arch have  
spread their feet far apart and brought  
their bodies nearer to the floor, the two  
arches will balance just as well as two  
would equal arches of equal-sized boys.  
You see every one of these boys is  
sustained by two things: the floor,  
and whatever he braces his feet against.  
The straighter he stands, the more he  
is sustained by the floor and the less  
by the wall or the feet of the next boy;  
the lower he gets the less he is sus-  
tained by the floor and the more by  
the wall or the feet of the next boy.  
In other words the straighter he stands  
(and consequently the higher arch he  
makes), the more the thrust of that  
arch is downward; while the lower he  
gets, the more its thrust is outward.—  
Rossiter Johnson.

## OUR MILLY.

SHE isn't cross; she is "finking."  
She has studied and studied, and she  
can't "fink" of her verse. It is a  
hard verse for little Milly to remember.  
Yet she always has her lessons, and is  
dressed about it. "Seest thou a man  
diligent in business, he shall  
stand before kings." That is the  
verse, all full of Ss, and try as she  
will, Milly's tongue trips. At last  
papa explained the meaning of each  
word, and Milly's face brightened;  
she believed she could remember it.

Sunday came, and Milly went to  
church; the teacher was passing down  
the aisle; very soon she would be at  
Milly's seat. The older sister waited  
in anxiety to see how her little darling  
would fare, and grew redder-cheeked  
than ever as Milly, half turning away  
her face to hide her embarrassment,  
hurriedly said, "If you see a man  
tending to his work, he shall stand  
wiv kings."

It was a great relief when Milly  
was said by the teacher to have a very  
good lesson. She had not only recited  
it, but explained it.—The Pansy.

**"The Heathen Chinese."**

BY PROF. CHARLES W. FRANKS.

ONLY a "Heathen Chinese,"  
With a pig-tail bush behind,  
With tawny cheeks and almond eyes—  
But yet of human kin!

Merrily sailed the ship  
Over the broad still sea;  
The passengers lounged on the quarter deck,  
On a calm, clear day there's no fear of wreck,  
And they gazed on the queer "Chinese."

There for and by hundreds they lay,  
Patient, and peaceful, and clean;  
And what they were thinking of who can  
say,  
As hour by hour bore them further away  
From the land where for aye their fathers  
had been,  
From their hearths and their altars, their  
rice and their tea,  
To the new land of plenty across the broad  
sea.

But why is the steward so pale  
As he comes up from below?  
His frightened lips will not tell the tale:  
In the hold he has heard, 'mid box and bale,  
(Through the thick air that told of a thing  
amiss),  
The fiery serpents crackle and hiss,  
And has seen the ruddy glow.

He scarce has passed through the open door  
When the wind stirred up the ambuklering  
heat,  
And the fire beneath began to roar,  
And the flame shot forth in a lurid sheet,  
And from out the faded vessel's hold  
C'ould after cloud of the dense smoke folled.

Hark to the frightened cry!  
Men think their hour has come!  
See the selfish struggle for the boats!  
Who knows how much she longer floats!  
Who checks the impulses of fear!  
The ocean is wide and no help is near,  
For all there is not room.

But where is the Yankee mate?  
And where is the Chinese crew?  
Tis not for him to yield to fate;  
He knows his men, and, at any rate,  
If he must give up the ship for lost  
He'll die like a brave man at his post  
While there's any work to do.

And the Chinese crew!  
No bravest fellows but wild the life.  
What is to them the panic of fear?  
'Tis only the word of command they hear;  
They stretch the heads on the steamer's deck,  
And the strong stream serves the dished to  
check;

But who is so bold as through the steaming,  
stiffing air,  
To go below into the hold  
And amid the charred boxes that thickly lay,  
To thread his labyrinthine way  
To the fire's last retreat?  
Where, like a wild beast in his lair,  
Ready to spring upon his prey,  
Fiercer that it is brought to bay,  
The embers hiss with heat?

The brave deed of a Chinaman!  
Such a deed as only the bravest can!  
He took the hose and he went below,  
And he turned the stream with a steady  
hand

Wherever he found a burning brand,  
Though the skin peels off with the furnace  
heat,  
Though the bones in hands and feet,  
He writhes for every hidden glow,  
He quenches each and similes spark,  
And not turns every spot is dark  
Does he turn again to go.

If it is, as the steward thinks and men  
Saw the bright flames, smoking thick,  
And a smile that a moment crossed his face,  
Ere he died and went to the great man's  
place.

That they suddenly lost the pride of race  
And felt a new respect  
For every man in that alien swarm;  
The thought of the tawny hero checked  
Forever the stifle at the foreign dress,  
The sneer at the platted hair!  
"For who," said they to themselves, "may  
gives  
What clothes a true, brave soul may wear:  
And let others do as they will, for me,  
I've no more contempt for the poor Chinese."

**A FEW WORDS ABOUT MUSIC.**

THE love of music is inherent in the human soul. The first impulses of the musical instinct find expression in song. In this inheritance of nature the birds are our sharers; and though their notes do not rise to the dignity of articulate expression, it is marvelous how rich the songs of many of them become. And they sing, too, under what we should consider great disadvantages. Our human singers and songstresses want the solid walls and ceilings of halls or churches or forests to support their voices, so as to secure the proper resonance. But think of the birds singing up in the free air, up in the lofty trees, in the open spaces of "all out-of-doors," and yet how wonderfully resonant and rich many of their voices are.

Of the creatures of humbler form there are others that seem to have a love for a crude and imperfect kind of song. The cricket, for instance, chirps so cheerily that it is hard to believe it does not regard itself as claiming a place in the world of song. The katydid persists so unremittingly with its really harsh notes that it surely must believe itself a singer, while the common locust really has a better title to the name, and the grasshopper plays his crude fiddle to keep step with the rest. But all these do not, like the bird and the human vocalist, bring up their music from the throat. It is rather a kind of manufactured music, produced by rubbing the lathy, transparent wings against the long hind legs, or jumpers. These together constitute a kind of genuine musical instrument, a sort of fiddle or violin in fact.

But here is another great race of musicians, in the insect world. Here are the mosquitoes and gnats by myriads—their time will come when the days become hot and the nights sultry. They blow their tiny horns with the skill of Highlanders, and with something more than Scotch persistence. And here are the bees and the bumblebees, all of them songsters after their kind. What country boy has not felt an inexpressible delight as he mounted guard over a nest of bumblebees when he had the door securely closed up, and bent down to listen to the music of his imprisoned orchestra! And how carefully he watches the entrance lest he should lose some of the notes while one of the performers escaped to interview the audience. The music of all these creatures, bees, bumblebees, mosquitoes, gnats, and many more, is pro-

duced by the rapid motion of their wings. The deep notes are produced by slow vibrations, and the high or delicate notes by rapid vibrations.

And here are the frogs, a great family of croakers. It is not quite certain whether they claim to be singers or no; but they go at it with apparently such an amount of satisfaction with their performances that it seems just to think they at least believe themselves to be musicians, and their claim does not seem to be so badly founded.

But above and beyond all these are the endowments with which God has gifted men. Not only are they singers with a skill surpassing all other creatures, but they are able also to produce by art a great variety of musical instruments by which to amplify their power and express doubly the sentiment and feeling of their souls. In the early days of the race, long before the flood, they began to make musical instruments, and ever since they have been inventing and making devices for this purpose, ranging from the simple willow pipe which a boy constructs with his pocket-knife, to the magnificent organ with hundreds of pipes and complicated keyboards and stops, and upon which the greatest musicians display their skill. Music is a wonderful gift that God has given us, designed to express every feeling of the soul, to cheer us in loneliness, to enliven us in the social circle, to brighten the joys and happiness of our homes, and to aid us in lifting the spirit of praise and worship of God.

**THE COUNTRY BOY.**

THE country lad who is trained to simple ways and homely virtues, and who learns what a dollar is worth by actually earning it under the laws of imperative necessity, has a tremendous advantage over the town boy. The country schools are far inferior to the town or city schools, but this is counterbalanced by the fact that the country boy is trained to work from the time he can pick up corn cobs to run the kitchen stove, until he goes out to his own home. The country boy has a mile or so of walk to and from school which gives him vigorous appetite and health. The country boy or girl is face to face with practical realities. He sees how slowly money is made on the farm; he is taught from youth up the need of economy. He has the nature of saving first explained to him every day in the week; he is not exposed to the temptation of the saloon, or the ball-room; he is not tempted so much to be a lady's man before he has occasion to use a razor on his downy cheeks. He may be a trifle rude, he may not feel easy in company, but in the long, closely contested race of life, it is the chap that trudges to school bare-footed in summer and in stoggs in winter, whose mother cuts his hair with the sheep shears, that leads the chap that goes to the city school, with

the starched shirt front and fancy slippers and whose head is shaved with the lawn mower in the barber shops. Such has been our observation, and we think we know what we are talking about. Speaking from experience, we never read any books with such avidity as those we devoured while the horses were resting at the end of the plow land. The boys we envied forty years ago because they wore cassimere and laughed at our jeans, have dropped so far back in the race that we have almost forgotten them. The chaps who had plenty of money at college and the city-bred fellows have not been, as a rule, heard from much since; while the country boys who wore plain clothes and kept close to their books in the old college are leading the thought in Iowa and other States to-day.—*Iowa Homestead.*

**GIVING THE POOR A CHANCE**

Give the poor man a chance! My son, the poor man takes about all the chances without waiting to have one given him. If you give him any more chances than he takes, he will soon own everything and run the Texas man out of the country. The fact is, we must curtail the poor man's chances a little. We must sit down on him and hold him down, and give the rich man a chance. The poor man has had things his own way too long. He has crowded the rich man out. But for the poor man, this old world would have cast anchor six thousand years ago, and be covered with moss and lichens to-day, like a United States man-of-war. Edgar Allan Poe was the son of a struggling player; George Peabody was a boy in a small grocery; Benjamin Franklin, the printer, was the son of a tallow chandler; John Adams was the son of a poor farmer; Gillson, the first editor of the *Quarterly Review*, was a common sailor; Ben Jonson—a town or city school, but this is counterbalanced by the fact that the country father of Shakespeare couldn't spell and couldn't write his own name—neither can you; even his illustrious son couldn't spell it twice alike. Robert Burns was a child of poverty, the eldest of seven children, the family of a poor bankrupt; John Milton was the son of a scrivener; Andrew Jackson was the son of a poor Irishman; Andrew Johnson was a tailor; Garfield was a boy of all work, too poor even to have a regular trade; Grant was a tanner; Lincoln a wheelbarrow man and common farm hand. Be thankful, my son, that you weren't born a prince; be glad that you didn't strike twelve the first time. If there is a patch on your knee and your elbows are glossy, there is some hope for you, but never again let me hear you say that the poor man has no chance. True, a poor lawyer, a poor doctor, a poor printer, a poor workman of any kind has no chance, he deserves to have none, but the poor man monopolizes about all the chances there are.

**Missions.**

Go, ye messengers of God ;  
Like the beams of morning, fly ;  
Take the wonder-working rod .  
Wave the banner-cross on high

Where the lofty summit  
Gleams along the morning skies,  
Wave it till the crescent set,  
And the "Star of Jacob" rise.

Go to many a tropic isle  
In the bosom of the deep,  
Where the skies forever smile,  
And the oppressed forever weep.

O'er the pagan's night of eate,  
Pour the living light of heaven ;  
Chase away his dark despair,  
Bid him hope to be forgiven

Where the golden gates of day  
Open on the hazy East,  
High the bleeding cross display ;  
Spread the Gospel's richest feast.

Bear the tidings round the ball ;  
Visit every soul and sea ;  
Preach the cross of Christ to all,  
Christ, whose love hath made us free.

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**Pleasant Hours:**

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JUNE 23, 1888.

**FACING TOWARD HEAVEN.**

IN building a house it is always desirable to have a good exposure to the sun. The house will be better lighted and more healthful. The inhabitants of sunny rooms will be more cheerful and happy, and better fitted for whatever duties life requires. The plants in the windows in winter will be more thrifty and present better and brighter blooms. All the conditions of life will be better in a house facing well toward the sun than in one facing the shady side.

And so must you build the house of your character and life. The man who builds facing heaven will have incomparably the best of it. So build that the light of God's throne may pour full into your windows. Of Lot the brief record is made that he "pitched his tent toward Sodom." You know how by and by destruction

came. He fled from Sodom leaving all his wealth behind to be devoured by the fiery tempest. There are thousands of people now, both of men and women, who pitch their tents toward the city of destruction. Instead of the pure, sweet light of heaven streaming in at their windows, there is the lurid glare of perdition's flames. In a future day the folly of their building will be manifest.

**PRAYER ANSWERED.**

ONE morning in the winter of 187—, a Christian lady, who had often distributed to the necessities of saints, sat alone in the room where advanced age, and the beginning of what proved to be her last illness, confined her.

Roused from her meditation by the entrance of her daughter, she said: "My dear, old Mr. and Mrs. W— have been on my mind all night. I hear that they were not at church on Sunday. I know that they are poor: they may be sick and in want. I wish you would take a basket, call a cab, go to the market, buy a goodly supply of provisions, and take it to them." Here she gave the address; and as her daughter was leaving the room, she added handing her a thick flannel skirt, "Perhaps you would do well to take this too. The weather is cold, and Mrs. W— may need it."

The younger lady went. The provisions were bought, and at the head of the third flight of stairs, in the tenement house to which she had been directed, she stopped short. Through the thin door she could hear the voice of Mr. W— asking a blessing upon the food before him.

At the conclusion of the grace, and smiling at what she now believed to be her mother's unnecessary anxiety, she knocked and entered. Sure enough there they were at dinner—the wife at foot of table, waiting to be helped; the husband at head, carving—*one large apple, all the food they had!*

With tears in her eyes, the lady drew forth her kindly stores, and while a comfortable meal was prepared, she listened to their grateful thanks, and heard from uncomplaining lips their pitiful story. How they earned a precarious living as clear starchers; how the husband had been attacked by rheumatism, and the wife by a felon; how, though utterly destitute, they had poured out before God all their troubles, and how they had surely believed that he would send some one to help them.

When dinner was ready, and the visitor about to leave, Mrs. W— accompanied her to the door, and, with an expectant look, said: "My dear, did you bring the flannel petticoat?"

In the excitement of the entrance, the lady had quite forgotten the skirt, which still lay in the bottom of the basket. Astonished at the question, she answered: "Yes, I brought you a skirt; but why do you think so?"



DAVID AND THE LION.

"Because, dear," said the old saint, "when I told the Lord there was only an apple left, I told him I needed a warm, flannel petticoat, and I was only wondering whether you had it, or would he send it by some one else." —*Words and Weapons.*

**DAVID AND THE LION.**

THIS old-fashioned German picture shows an episode in the life of David. (1 Sam. xvii. 32-37.) And David said to Saul, Let no man's heart fail because of him; thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine. And Saul said to David, Thou art not able to go against this Philistine, to fight with him: for thou art but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth. And David said unto Saul, Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion, and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock: And I went after him and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth: and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard, and smote him, and slew him. Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear: and this uncircumcised Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he hath defied the armies of the living God. David said moreover, The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine. And Saul said unto David, Go, and the Lord be with thee.

**LAPP BABIES AT CHURCH.**

I WANT to tell you, says a writer in *Wide Awake*, how the nannies away up in Lapland keep their babies from disturbing the minister on Sunday.

Poor babies! I suppose it is growing bad style everywhere to take them out to church. And I suppose, too, that the ministers are privately as thankful as can be. But the Lapp nannies don't stay at home with theirs. The

Lapps are a very religious people. They go immense distances to hear their pastors. Every missionary is sure of a large audience and an attentive one. He can hear a pin drop—the congregation would not make so much noise as that under any consideration. All the babies are outside, buried in the snow. As soon as the family arrives at the little wooden church, and the reindeer is secured, the papa Lapp shovels a snug little bed in the snow, and mamma Lapp wraps baby snugly in skins and deposits it therein. The papa piles the snow around it, and the parents then go decorously into the church. Over twenty or thirty babies lie out there in the snow around the church, and I never heard of one that suffocated or froze.

**THE SAME OLD GUIDE.**

THE same old Guide we ask for, to whom we have looked so many years—*Jesus.*

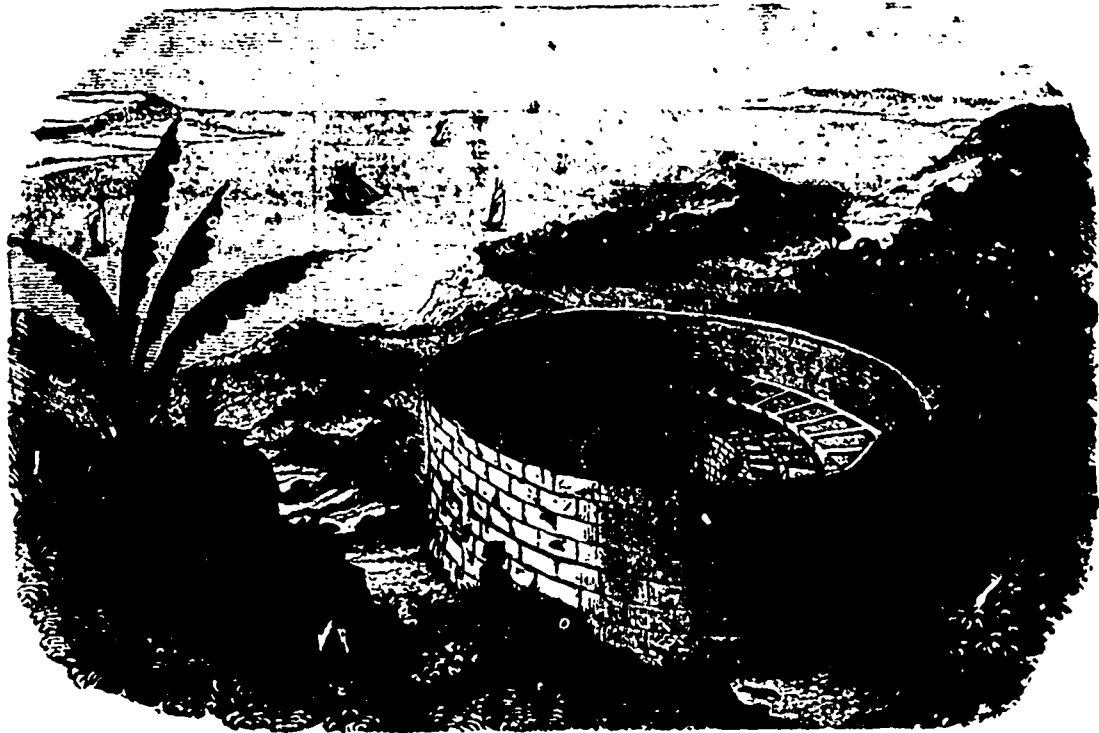
He is a wise Guide. He knows the way over which he leads us. We may be led into rocky places, hard to climb, where hands and feet are torn, but we shall come out in safe uplands.

He is a strong Guide. He can lift as well as lead. He is stronger than the swiftest stream we must ford. more enduring than the most tiresome way.

He is a loving Guide. No hand so tender as his in its upholding. No arms so gentle as his in their embrace. If his crook ever rest on us with seeming harshness, it is on account of our waywardness. He especially loves to guide those who try to guide others. The great Shepherd in special sympathy comes near to the under-shepherds. He feels for the teachers in the Sunday-school who feel for the younger and the weaker.

To that wise, strong, loving, sympathetic Shepherd, ever look in prayer and trust.





A PARSEE CEMETERY.

**How to be Happy.**

Are you almost disgusted  
With life, little man?  
I will tell you a wonderful trick  
That will bring you contentment  
If anything can—  
Do something for somebody, quick;  
Do something for somebody, quick!

Are you awfully tired  
With play, little girl?  
Weary, discouraged and sick?  
I'll tell you the loveliest  
Game in the world—  
Do something for somebody, quick;  
Do something for somebody, quick!

Though it rains, like the rain  
Of the flood, little man,  
And the clouds are forbidding and thick,  
You can make the sun shine  
In your soul, little man—  
Do something for somebody, quick;  
Do something for somebody, quick!

Though the skies are like brass  
Overhead, little girl,  
And the walk like a well-heated brick;  
And are earthly affairs  
In a terrible whirl?  
Do something for somebody, quick;  
Do something for somebody, quick!

**A PARSEE CEMETERY.**

A GREAT many of the wealthier inhabitants of Bombay, India, are Parsees or fire-worshippers. A good Parsee prays, at least, sixteen times a day. His prayers are all learned by rote and are not in the language he speaks. He turns his face while he worships to the sacred fire, which is always kept burning by the priests.

A Parsee cemetery is a very curious place. Within it is an immense "Tower of Silence," containing three rings of grooved places on which the dead are placed. Thus they lie like spokes in a wheel. The bodies are divested of clothing and left for the vultures and crows to eat. A very unpleasant way to dispose of the dead, you will think, but, strange to say, the Parsees consider it very beautiful, and say many things in praise of it.

**THE FIRST GLASS.**

IN one of our colleges, several years ago, was a young man possessed of fine mind, excellent attainments, and pleasing manners, the life of the social circle, and the favourite of all. He was not only a pleasant but a safe companion, for he was free from the vices with which some of the young men who frequent college halls are familiar. The inebriating cup had never passed his lips.

But there came a time when the snare of the tempter was thrown around him, and he had not the power to break away.

At an evening party, wine formed part of the entertainment, and the sparkling cup was offered him by a gay young lady. Surely he would not refuse to drink just one glass with her! There could be no harm in that.

Thus the young lady pleaded, and thus the young man reasoned. He had never tasted wine; but when once the cup had passed his lips, a thirst was created which clamored for indulgence. That first glass—pressed to his lips by a young and thoughtless lady—and accepted through fear of appearing singular, was the beginning of a downward course. His studious habits were abandoned. He sought the company of revellers. Rapidly, madly, he rushed to ruin, and in a few short months was laid in a drunkard's grave.

So young—so gifted! Another victim laid on the altar of intemperance! By his fall many fond hopes were blighted and hearts almost crushed.

His companions in college laid to heart the lessons taught by his fearful fall. Standing around his grave, they made a solemn pledge never to taste the deadly poison—never to deal in it—never to offer it to others, or in any way to encourage its use.

Some of this number still live, zeal-

ous advocates of the cause of temperance.

And the young lady, through whose enticing words the first glass passed his lips, can she meet at the judgment the soul of her victim? She knew not what she did, or hand and tongue would have palsied as she held before him the sparkling cup. But it is never safe to trifle with a deadly poison.

Young lady! As you value the souls of those whom you may influence, shun the social glass. Let no one be influenced by your example to take the first step in the downward way.

**TAKE THE CHILDREN TO CHURCH.**

BUT "do they not have the Sunday-schools?" Yes; and a well-equipped and Christ-presenting Sunday school is the right arm of a church. But a right arm is not the main body, and an arm dis severed from the body is a bloodless and impotent thing. All honour to the zealous, devoted Sunday school teacher. He or she is often an actual pastor or shepherd to guide to Jesus those who have no spiritual guidance at home. But the Sunday school never was ordained to be, and never can be, a substitute for the regular services of the sanctuary.

Bring your children with you to church, dear friends. It is their nestling place as well as yours. Are you quite certain as to what your young swallows and sparrows may be about while you are sitting in your pews?

How do they spend the Lord's-day at home? If you commit the sin of beginning the day with your Sunday newspaper, you may be quite sure that the boys and girls will be deep in the police reports and fashion and gossip and wretched scandals of those Sabbath-breakers while you are listening to the sermon.

Then keep the secular decorators of holy time out of your doors, and take all of your "batus" with you to the place where their young hearts may be led heavenward. Expect their conversion to Christ. *Rev. Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*

**The King's Messenger;**

Lawrence Temple's Probation.

A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.

BY THE EDITOR

**CHAPTER IV**

THE OXFORD SCHOLAR

A Clarke ther was of Oxenforde also,  
That unto logike hadde long ygo,  
As lene was his hors as is a rake,  
And he was not right fat I undertake;  
But loked holwe, and thereto soberly  
Ful thredbare was his overest courttepy,  
But all be that he was a philosophre,  
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre.  
*CHAUCER—Canterbury Tales.*

THAT evening Lawrence sat reading his Greek Testament by the light of a tallow dip fixed in a tin sconce on the wall so as better to illumine the room. Except to those in its immediate proximity it seemed indeed

"No light but rather darkness visible."

Laying down his book for a moment, he rose to give a drink of water to his friend—for such he now was—Dennis O'Neal.

When he returned he found that one of a group of men who had been shuffling a pack of greasy cards was looking over his book. He was a tall, dark, morose, sinister-looking man, with iron-grey hair and an unkempt grisly beard, and was smoking a short black pipe.

"Do you tell me you can read that?" he asked abruptly.

"Not much, I am sorry to say," replied Lawrence, reaching for his book, for he began to fear that he was about to be made the victim of another stupid "practical joke" which is generally only as much of a joke to its victim as stoning was to the poor frogs in the fable.

Matt Evans, for by that name the man was known, returned the book and soon, throwing down his cards, came and sat down on the edge of the bunk beside Lawrence.

"Where did you get that book?" he asked.

"It was my father's," said Lawrence, feeling a little anxious about his treasure. "It was almost his last gift."

"Was he a clergyman?" asked Evans.

"He was a Methodist minister," was the reply.

"A Methodist minister! Do they read Greek?" exclaimed Evans in a tone of surprise. "I thought they were a set of illiterate nomads, prowling around the country."

"Many of them do," said Lawrence.

with quiet dignity, "and some of them read Hebrew also. My father taught himself."

"It's many a year since I read any. Let's see if I have forgotten it all," said Evans.

"Where did you learn it?" asked Lawrence, handing him the Testament.

"Where they know how to teach it, my boy, at Oxford. I don't look like it, I suppose, but I once studied at old Brasenose. One of my class-mates became a bishop and sits in his lawn in the House of Lords, and another of them is a lord of the Admiralty and lives in Belgrave. Curse him! when I asked him to give me a berth in the dockyard he had the impertinence to tell me that his duty to his country wouldn't allow him, and he turned me off with a guinea, the beggarly fellow, he did."

Lawrence said nothing, but he thought that very probably the Admiralty lord had good reasons for his conduct, and that he had been very generous as well.

"The more fool I. I've nobody to blame but myself for being here," went on the remorseful man. "But drink and dice and bad company would drag a bishop down to a beast—to say nothing of a reckless wretch like me. I have a brother who owns as fine an estate as any in Dorset. Oh! he's a highly respectable man"—this was uttered with a bitter ironical emphasis—"only drinks the very best port and sherry while I had to put up with London gin or vile whiskey. I couldn't abide his everlasting homilies, so I took ship to Quebec and shook off the dust of my feet against them."

"Do your friends know you are in this country?" asked Lawrence, not seeing the relevancy of the quotation with which this speech closed.

"No, indeed, and I'll take good care that they shan't. They think I am dead. Best so; and I am dead to them. No one would recognize in the seedy Matt Evans the fashionable man-about-town who used to lounge in the windows of the Pall Mall Club."

"Is that not your name?" asked, a little timidly, the innocent boy who had slight knowledge of the wickedness and woe of the great world, and who looked with an infinite pity on this man so highly favoured with fortune and culture, almost as a sinless soul might look upon a ruined archangel, mighty, though fallen.

"No, my boy, no one shall know that; my secret shall die with me. But I rather like you. You are different from this herd around me here. Can I help you any in your Greek? I find I haven't forgotten it all yet."

Lawrence wondered to hear him speak thus of the men with whom he associated in all their coarse pleasures, and who, at least, had not fallen from the same height as he had; but hoping to interest him in some intellectual employment that might recall his better days he said,

"I can't find the root of *ἵζω*."

"Oh! that's irregular. Look for *ἵζωμι*. That used to be quite a catch, that. Lots of these things in Greek. Did you ever hear of the bishop who devoted his whole life to verbs in *μ*, and on his death-bed wished he had confined himself exclusively to the middle voice? Our old don at Brasenose wrote a big book on only the dative case. Those accents, too, are perplexing till you get the hang of them. If I had spent as much time learning English and common sense, as I have over the accents and Greek mythology, I would have been a wiser and a better man."

From this time he took quite an interest in Lawrence and gave him a good deal of help in his difficulties with his Greek text. It was the first practical use, said this Oxford scholar, that his Greek had ever been to him.

#### WAYSIDE SOWING.

Sow in the morn thy seed,  
At eve hold not thy hand;  
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,  
Broadcast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow;  
The highway furrows stock;  
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow;  
Scatter it on the rock.

Thou know'st which may thrive,  
The late or early sown;  
Grace keeps the precious germs alive  
When and wherever strewn.

Thou canst not toil in vain;  
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,  
Shall foster and mature the grain,  
For gamers in the sky.

—James Montgomery.

"Say, Lawrence, have ye any other name?" asked Dennis one day as he lay in his berth.

"Of course I have," said Lawrence. "Why do you ask?"

"Because I niver heard ye called anythin' else." The shanty men do not often bestow on each other more than one appellation.

"What is it, any way?" he continued.

"Temple," was the reply.

"Temple? Temple Lawrence. Well, that's a quare name, now."

"No, Lawrence Temple," said his friend, smiling at the national propensity to put the cart before the horse.

"Oh! I thought Lawrence was the other name. And what for did they call you such an outlandish name as that?"

"I was born on the shores of the St. Lawrence. So they called me after the grand old river, and after a good old saint."

"Are ye named after a saint, and ye a Protestant? Well, now, isn't that quare? An' how did ye get your other name?"

"My father's name was Temple. How else would I get it?"

"Av course, I didn't think o' that," said the slow-witted Dennis. After a pause he went on.

"Did ye iver know a praicher o' the name o' Temple?"

"My father was a preacher," said Lawrence, wondering if here was another link with that father's memory.

"Where did your father praich?" asked Dennis.

"Oh! he preached all over—from the Ottawa to the Bay of Quinte," was the rather indefinite reply.

"Did he now?" exclaimed Dennis, in open-mouthed amazement. "Why, he must have been a bishop, or a canon, or some big gun or other in the Church. Wasn't he?"

"No," said Lawrence, "he was a plain Methodist minister."

"Why, the man I know'd was a Methodist too," continued the somewhat bewildered Irishman. "An' he used to praich at the Locks, near Kingston, ye know. There wuz a lot of men workin' at the canal—the Rideau canal, d'ye mind? And this praicher used to come there ivery two weeks. An' I worked wid Squire Holton, an Englishman. Och, an' the good farmer he wuz! Ony to see the prathies and the oats he raised. An' this praicher allus comed to this house, d'ye mind? An' I used to take care av his horse, for he allus rode on horseback, exceptin' when he walked; an' then he didn't, av coorse. An' he was the dacint gentleman, if he wore a Protestant. An' I mind he allus comed to the stable, no matter how cowl'd or wet he wuz—an' sometimes he wuz powerful wet, ridin' through the bud roads,—an' the roads wuz bad, shure enough, in the spring and fall."

"Well, as I wuz sayin', he allus comed to the stable to see his horse rubbed down and fed—an' its himself knew how to curry a horse be-yutiful, for all he wuz a rale gentleman. 'The marcifal man is marcifal to his baste, Dennis,' he'd say. An' though he niver gave me saxpence to drink his honour's health, though it's meself often gave him the hint that it wouldn't come amiss, yet many's the time he gave what's betther; he gave me hapes o' good advice. 'Deed if I had followed it I'd be a betther man the day. An' one day he says, says he, in his pleasant way, ye mind, 'Dinnis,' says he, 'my health's all right, an' the best dhrink for ye're health is jist cowl'd water.' It was his little joke, ye know."

"But I thought I'd be even wid him, an' I up and towld him what Father O'Brady, the praste, said to the tavern-kaper, 'that I just tuk a wee drap for my stomach sake, like Timothy,' ye mind. But didn't he get the joke on me? 'Ye're name's not Timothy,' says he, 'an' there's nuthin' the matter wid ye're stomach, by the way ye made the prathies disappear at dinner.' An' well he knew, for he sat right forinst me at the table, ye see. More by token it 'ud be a long time in the ould coontry afore I'd sit down at the table wid a parson all in black—only he wasn't in black but in butternut, but he had the white choker anyway: an' a rale clergyman he was too, as much as

Father O'Brady or any o' thim, if he wuz a Protestant.

"When I was a poor dhrunken body, an' no man cared for my soul, he talked to me like a father, he did, though he worn't as ould as meself. An' he tuk me one day into the hay mow—'twas jist as he was lavin' the sareuit, as they called it—an' he made me knale down wid him on a truss o' hay. An' he knaled down beside me, an' he prayed for me—for me that never prayed for meself, an' he cried over me, an' he made me promise to quit the dhrink. An' I did for a whole year, I did. Ohone! I wisht I had quit it forever! I think I see him yet, wid the tears a rinnin' down his cheeks, and him a-talkin' to the Almighty as if he saw him face to face. Blessed Vargin! it's himself I see forinst me!"

The illusion was not unnatural, for Lawrence was very like his father. He had let Dennis run on in his garrulous way, knowing by experience that to interrupt him or to try to bring him to the point was, like trying to guide an Irish pig to market by a cord fastened to its leg, only to make his wanderings still more erratic. He had listened with deep interest, and his sympathies were so aroused by the progress of the story that the tears stood in his eyes.

"It was my own dear father, Dennis," he said solemnly.

"Ye're fayther," exclaimed Dennis, the conviction of the fact bursting upon his mind like a flash. "An' so it was, bleasin's on him, an' on ye too. I might have know'd it, ef it worn't for my born stupidity. Shure the saints haven't forgot me intirely to give me two such friends. They've got their hooks into me shure. An' to think that I trated the son of his riverence, Parson Timple, as I trated ye! I'm shure the devil must have his hooks into me, too, an' atween em both I don't know which way they'll drag me, to heaven or hell. O wretched man that I am, who shall save me from meself!" And he threw himself in a paroxysm of impassioned grief on his bed, unconscious that he had echoed the cry of the great Apostle of the Gentiles which has been the cry of awakened souls, struggling with their heart of unbelief, through the ages, and shall be to the end of time.

Lawrence kindly pointed him to the only refuge of sinners, trusting in whom the Apostle Paul was able to change his cry of anguish into the doxology of joy, "I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

A few days after, Dennis said to his friend,

"What wuz the name of that tint ye wor called afther, Mr. Lawrence, dear?"

"Why, Saint Lawrence, of coorse, who else should it be?" was the reply.

"Wuz it now? But av coorse it wuz, if I had only thought. Wuz he an Irish saint, now?"

"No, he was a Roman. You never heard his story, I suppose."

"No, nor his name, nayther."

"Well, he was one of the seven archdeacons of the Church at Rome when it was a pagan city, sixteen hundred years ago. The Christians were bitterly persecuted by a heathen Emperor whose name was Valerian. And Lawrence, who had charge of the property of the Church, its silver vessels and the like, thought it no harm to sell them to feed the poor starving persecuted Christians."

"Nayther it was, I'm shure!" interjected Dennis.

"One day," continued the narrator of the ancient legend, "the Emperor sent a soldier to Lawrence to command him to give up the treasures of the Church. And he took the soldier to a room where were a lot of the old, and sick and poor people whom he had rescued, and he said, 'These are the treasures of the Church.' And the soldier wouldn't believe but that he had gold hidden somewhere, and dragged him before the Emperor, and he was cruelly scourged, and they say, broiled to death upon a gridiron."

"Och! murther, now, wasn't that the cruel thing to do!" exclaimed the sympathetic listener; "and was he a Catholic?"

"He was a Catholic, as all good Christians are Catholics," said the namesake of the saint, who would not relinquish to any section of the Church that grand old title of the Church Universal.

"But ye said he was a Roman," exclaimed Dennis, triumphantly, "so he must have been a Roman Catholic, and that is the best sort I'm thinkin'. Shure ye read me yerself the other night, Saint Paul's 'pistle to Romans. Did he iver write one to the Methodists now?"

Lawrence was compelled to admit that he had not; but he explained that the Methodist Church had only been in existence for about a hundred years.

"And how long since Paul wrote his 'pistle to the Romans?" asked Dennis eagerly, full of controversial zeal for the honour of his Church.

"Nearly eighteen hundred years," replied Lawrence.

"An' is the Catholic Church seven-teen hundred years older than the Methodis'?" Well, I'm thinkin' I'll jist wait till yours catches up to mine afore I'll jine it."

Lawrence more anxious to have the man become a Christian than to have him become a Methodist, waived further argument, knowing that the breath of controversy often withers the tender flowers of religious feeling in the soul.

(To be continued.)

The first Christian church in the Congo Free State was organized less than a year ago. There are to-day 1,062 converts in the Congo Mission.

THE BOY WHO TRIED.

MANY years ago a boy lived in the west of England. He was poor. One day during the playhour he did not go forth with the other lads to sport, but sat down under a tree by a little brook. He put his head upon his hand and began thinking. What about? He said to himself, "How strange it all is! All this land used to belong to our family. Yonder fields, and that house, and all the houses round, were once ours. Now we don't own any of this land, and the houses are not ours any longer. O, if I could but get this property back!" He then whispered two words—"I'll try."

He went back to school that afternoon to begin to try. He was soon removed to a superior school, where he did the same. By and by he entered the army, and eventually went to India as an officer. His abilities, but still more his energy and determination, secured promotion. He became a man of mark. At length he rose to the highest post which a person could occupy in that land—he was made Governor-General. In twenty years he returned to England and bought all the property that once belonged to his family. The poor West-of-England boy had become the renowned Warren Hastings.

A TRUE STORY.

ABOUT seventy years ago there lived in the eastern part of Pennsylvania a little boy named Abram H. Like boys now-a-days, Abram liked to see all the sights; and so, one beautiful autumn day, his father took him to a neighbouring village to see the soldiers drill, as it was the annual "training-day."

Nearly everybody in those days drank whiskey—even the children being taught to drink it; and in almost every cellar a big barrel of the awful stuff was kept. On these "training-days" there was a good deal of drinking—many of the men going home drunk. Little Abram saw these drunken men the day he went to the training, and when he got home in the evening he said to his mother, after telling her of the things he had seen: "Ma, I am never going to drink a single drop of whiskey, nor use a bit of tobacco, as long as I live."

His mother said: "I am glad to hear you say that. You shall be my little temperance boy."

This was the first temperance speech he made. Don't you think it was a good one!

About ten years after this, Abram, now a boy of seventeen, left his home, and went on foot over the mountains to Pittsburg—a journey of two hundred miles. Here he hired out to a sign-painter, and began to learn the business.

It was the custom in the shop for the workmen to send one of their apprentice boys every day for a quart of

whiskey, which they brought in an old stone jug. On course, when Abram began working in the shop as an apprentice boy, the men sent him after whiskey. He went two or three times, and then made up his mind that he would not go again, as he felt that it was not right.

Next day, while Mr Jones, the owner of the shop, was at dinner, one of the men handed a shilling to Abram, and ordered him to go for the whiskey, which he refused to do, saying that it was not right, and he would bring no more whiskey for them to drink. This made the man angry; and while he was talking very loud, and threatening to whip Abram unless he would go, Mr Jones, the proprietor, came in, and asked what the trouble was. Abram said: "Mr. Jones, I came into your shop to learn to paint signs, and not to help make men drunkards. I am willing to do all the honourable work I can, but I will not carry whiskey for these men to drink. If I can't stay here unless I do this, why, then, I will leave."

Mr. Jones said nothing for a moment; then, seizing the whiskey jug, he smashed it to pieces on the hard floor, and exclaimed: "The last drop of liquor has come into this shop that ever shall, with my consent. This boy has preached me a temperance sermon that I shall never forget; and I will never touch another drop of liquor."—*St. Louis Observer.*

STRONG-MINDED ESQUIMAUX WOMEN.

A YOUNG woman, Dr. Dall tells us, really quite fine-looking, and of remarkably good physique and mental capacity, was observed to hold herself aloof from the young men of the tribe in an unusual manner. Inquiry, first of others, afterward of herself, brought out the following reasons for the eccentricity. In effect she said she was as strong as any of the young men; not one of them had ever been able to conquer her in wrestling or other athletic exercises, though it had more than once been tried, sometimes by surprise, and with odds against her. She could shoot and hunt deer as well as any of them, and make and set snares and nets. She had her own gun, bought from the proceeds of her trapping. She despised marriage, and did not desire to do the work of a wife, but preferred the work which custom among the Esquimaux allots to the men. In short, she was a "woman's rights" female of the most advanced type. When winter came, having made a convert of a smaller and less athletic daniel, the two set to work with walrus-tusk picks, and dug the excavation in which they erected their own house, which was of the usual type of Esquimaux houses—walled and roofed with driftwood covered with turf. It was, however, as an additional defence against unwished-for prowling males, divided into two rooms, with a very

small and narrow door between them, next which lay some handy billets of wood, to crack the scones of a possible intruder. Here our two amazons lived, traded, and carried on their affairs in defiance of communal bonds and public sentiment. The latter seemed to be composed half of disapprobation and half of envious admiration, while all the young fellows in the village bustled themselves in concocting plans against the enterprising pair. These were too fully on the alert to be surprised, and all efforts against their peace were fruitless. When the deer-hunting season came the two set off to the mountains, and no sooner had they departed than disappointed lovers and "outraged public sentiment" exemplified in a mob, reduced their winter quarters to a shapeless ruin. So far as Dr Dall's information goes, the following year the ladies returned to the ordinary ways of the world, and gave up the unequal contest against a tyrannical public opinion.—*Chambers' Journal.*

The A B C of Drink.

BY EDWARD K. KIDDER.

- A is the Alcohol—deathlike its grip,
- B the Beginner who "just takes a sip."
- C the Companion who urges him on,
- D for the Demon of Drink which is born.
- E the Endeavour he makes to resist,
- F for the friends (?) who so loudly insist.
- G for the Guilt which he afterwards feels,
- H for the Horrors that hang at his heels.
- I his Intention to drink not at all,
- J for Jeering that follows his fall.
- K is his Knowledge that he is a slave,
- L for the liquors his appetites crave.
- M the convivial Meetings so gay.
- N is the "No" which he tries hard to say.
- O for the Orgies which then come to pass,
- P for the Pride which he drowns in his glass.
- Q for the Quarrels that nightly abound,
- R for the Ruin that hovers around.
- S for the Sights which his vision bedims,
- T for the Trembling that seizes his limbs.
- U for the Usefulness, killed in the slums,
- V is the V. rant he swiftly becomes.
- W the Waning of life nearly done,
- X his Extinction, regretted by none.
- YOUTH of the nation, such weakness is crime:
- Zealously turn from the tempter in time.

[This can be used as an exercise for twenty-six little boys or girls, each reciting a line.]

GO HOME, BOYS.

Boys, don't hang around the corners of the streets. If you have anything to do, do it promptly, right off, then go home. Home is the place for boys. About the street-corners, and at the stables, they learn to talk slang, and they learn to swear, to smoke tobacco, and to do many other things which they ought not to do.

Do your business and then go home. If your business is play, play and make a business of it. I like to see boys play good, earnest, healthy games. If I were the town, I would give the boys a good, spacious play-ground. It should have plenty of soft green grass and fountains, and broad spaces to run and jump and to play suitable games. I would make it as pleasant, as lovely as it could be, and I would give it to the boys to play in; and when the game was ended I would tell them to go home.



## The Years Pass On.

"WHEN I'm a woman you'll see what I'll do—  
I'll be great, and good, and noble, and true;  
I'll visit the sick, and relieve the poor—  
No one shall ever be turned from my door;  
But I'm only a little girl now,"  
And so the years passed on.

"When I'm a woman," a gay maiden said,  
"I'll try to do right and not be afraid;  
I'll be a Christian, and give up the joys  
Of the world, with all its dazzling toys;  
But I'm only a young girl now,"  
And so the years passed on.

"Ah, me!" sighed a woman gray with years,  
Her heart full of cares, and doubts, and fears,  
"I've been putting off the time to be good  
Instead of beginning to do as I should;  
And I'm an old woman now,"  
And so the years passed on.

Now is the time to begin to do right;  
To-day, whether skies be dark or bright,  
Make others happy by good deeds of love,  
Looking to Jesus for help from above;  
And then you'll be happy now,  
And as the years pass on.

—Selected.

## LESSON NOTES.

## THIRD QUARTER.

## STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1491] LESSON I. [JULY 1

## GOD'S COVENANT WITH ISRAEL.

Exod. 24. 1-12. Memory verses, 7, 8

## GOLDEN TEXT.

I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people. Heb. 8. 10.

## OUTLINE.

1. The Covenant of Israel.
2. The God of Israel.

## TIME.—1491 B.C.

PLACE.—In the wilderness, occupying the peninsula between the two northern gulfs of the Red Sea, and at its southern part before Mount Sinai.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Come up unto the Lord*—That is, come up into Mount Sinai, or upon the mountain whose summit was capped with the darkness which indicated God's presence. *Moses wrote all the words*—Notice the assertion that the record of the law is the work of Moses. *Twelve pillars*—Heaps of stones, or pillars built to represent the people, as the altar represented God. *Young men*—Consecrated for this purpose, and probably the priests meant in Exod. 19. 22. *Oxen*—A general word to represent animals. The author of Hebrews says Moses offered calves and goats. *Book of the covenant*—That is, the writing described above. *They saw God*—That is, some symbol of his glory: in Dent. 4. 15, Moses says they did not see any form. *Paved work of a sapphire stone*—Rather a pavement made of sapphire stones, which are very brilliant gems. *Bodies of heaven in clearness*—That is, transparent and clear as the broad, open heavens. *Tables of stone*—Better, tablets of stone, or flat, hewn stones, engraven on both sides. The law was to be put in imperishable form.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. The duty of obeying God?
2. The duty of worshipping God?
3. The duty of teaching God's law?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was the first thing Moses did after receiving the law? He came and told the people. 2. What did the people respond? "All that the Lord hath said will we do." 3. How was this covenant publicly sealed? By a solemn service and a covenant feast. 4. What represented the people and their pledge in the service? Twelve pillars sprinkled with blood. 5. What promise did God make to his people as the divine part in this covenant? "I will be to them a God," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The nearness of God.

## CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

1. How did all these things come into being?  
By the will of God; who created all things and brought all into their present order.  
Genesis 1. 1. In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.  
Psalm xxxiii. 9. He spake, and it was done; He commanded, and it stood fast.  
Hebrews xi. 3. By faith we understand that the worlds have been framed by the word of God, so that what is seen hath not been made out of things which do appear.

B.C. 1491] LESSON II. [JULY 8

## THE GOLDEN CALF.

Exod. 32. 15-20. Memory verses, 19-21

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Little children, keep yourselves from idols. 1 John 5. 21.

## OUTLINE.

1. The Tables of Stone.
2. The Calf of Gold.

TIME AND PLACE.—The same as in the last lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Tables of the testimony*—The two tablets of stone. *The work of God*—That God could make such tables by his own power is not to be wondered at. He made the earth and all things that are. *Noise of them that sing*—Moses had been an Egyptian priest. He recognized the peculiar noise which accompanied the worship of the sacred bull in Egypt, and before he saw knew what must be in progress. *He saw the calf and the dawing*—This abomination which roused his wrath was the common form of idol worship at that day in Egypt. *Waxed hot*—Grew fiercely angry. *Burnt . . . ground . . . to powder*—See Dent. 9. 21. By some means he utterly destroyed it. This must have taken many days, or at least it was not done in a brief time. *We wot not*—Know not. *There came out this calf*—A very unsatisfactory account of the building of a furnace, the making of a mold, the melting of the gold, and the casting of the image.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. That we ought to revere God's law?
2. That it is right to hate evil?
3. That sin brings sure punishment?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. When Moses went down the mountain what did he carry with him? Two tables of stone. 2. What was peculiar about these two tables? They were the work of God. 3. While God was making tables for the people, what had the people done? They had made a molten image. 4. What did Moses call this act of the people? A great sin. 5. What has been the great sin of the whole world? "Covetousness, which is idolatry." 6. What is the warning which our GOLDEN TEXT utters? "Little children," etc.

## DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Idolatry.

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

2. Why did God create all things?  
For his own pleasure: to show forth his glory, and to give happiness to his creatures.  
Revelation iv. 11. Worthy art thou, our Lord and our God, to receive the glory and the honour and the power: for thou didst create all things, and because of thy will they were, and were created.

The best way to guide the reading of children is to leave useful and interesting books in their way. A rigorous supervision makes that a task which ought to be recreation. Boys and girls will often read with interest what they find of themselves, which they would dislike from the start if they were told that it is good for them. Healthy works of fiction are by no means to be forbidden to those who spend a large part of the day in studying text-books. They need the rest of mind which is afforded by stories of manly tone and spirit.

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