

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

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

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

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

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

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

Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

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

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

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

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

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

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

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

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

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VII.]

TORONTO, APRIL 30, 1887.

[No. 9.

## THROUGH SWITZERLAND AFOOT.

BY THE EDITOR.

I LEFT Lucerne in a pouring rain for a trip through the Bernese Oberland, most of which I made afoot. The clouds hung low on Mount Pilatus, and threatened a very dismal day. The lovely landscape loomed dim and blurred through a thick veil of rain. I went by boat and diligence to Meiringen. I could hardly find a dry spot for myself or knapsack on the little steamer. At Alpnach the boatload of dripping tourists pattered about in the rain and mud, till assigned their places in the diligences. The local guides stood around, under the overhanging eaves of the houses, in a very disconsolate manner, each pulling away at a big pipe, like an overgrown baby at a sucking-bottle.

A pleasant-faced Swiss fraulein climbed on the step of the diligence as we rode along, and offered sweet wild strawberries, goat's milk, cheese, and cakes for sale. Her garrulous chatter wheedled each of the party into the purchase of her simple refreshments. I was charmed with the affable manners of the Swiss. Even the little children by the wayside would respectfully salute one with "Gut Morgen," or "Gut Abend, Herr,"



SWISS VILLAGE.

"Good morning," or "Good evening, sir." If I made a trifling purchase they would say with a frank familiarity, "Dank you, goot-bye, or *Merci, Monsieur; au revoir.*" A pleasant-voiced landlady came out in the rain while we changed horses to invite me

to take a glass of wine or *cognac*, and when I declined, bade me a kind "goot-bye." They all tried to speak English, however imperfectly. "I dinks it will be wetter," said one in a pouring rain which seemed to make the prognostic impossible.

higher and higher till we reach the summit of the pass. Then it sweeps down in long curves, through sublime scenery, to the charming village of Meiringen. This quaint old village is the most picturesque that I have seen. The engraving shows very well its general character.

The rain soon ceased, however, and the ride through the Unterwald and Brünig Pass was very grand. We rattled through quaint villages with old churches crowned by bulbous spires, the houses covered with scale-work of carved shingles, often with a pious inscription or Scripture text engraved upon the timbers. The farm-houses looked comfortable, with broad eaves, outside stairs and galleries, but with very small lattice windows, and frequently with great stones on the roof to prevent the wind from blowing the shingles off. But, especially in the higher Alps, not unfrequently the lower story was occupied by the cows and goats, and the garret by the fowls.

The women wore short skirts of home-woven stuff, which made them look like girls, and the girls often had old-fashioned long dresses, which made them look like little women. The men wore jackets or short bob-tailed coats of coarse frieze.

The road winds

**That Island—Long Ago.**

Out on the steamer "Memory,"  
And sailing down the river Time;  
Come visit that enchanted clime,  
Whose shores we used to know;  
Where we as children once did roam  
On the hills beside our father's home,  
In happy long ago.

Light and glad were our young hearts then,  
Smooth and calm that wonderful stream,  
We walked its shores in happy dream  
Of joyous days to come;  
And oft while playing in the sand  
We tried to scan the distant land,  
Whose shores we longed to roam.

Now far and wide the dear ones rove,  
Who used to love that island home;  
They left it all time's sea to roam—  
To scatter and divide.  
Some we loved have gone forever,  
Some upon that rolling river  
Still wrestle with the tide.

What thronging memories fill our hearts,  
While standing on that native shore;  
That child we loved in days of yore,  
And lost amid our tears,  
We see her footprints in the sand,  
Though they trod the heavenly land  
These many weary years.

That mother, whose unselfish love  
Our every wish in childhood blest,  
Has long since found the perfect rest,  
Across the other side;  
While we upon time's changeful sea,  
Where storms blow up so suddenly,  
Still toss upon the tide.

For on this treacherous river Time,  
No pilot ever yet hath found  
The rocks that, hidden all around,  
Would strike our bark so frail;  
But at the helm an unseen hand  
Steers where we cannot understand,  
Nor do we wish to sail.

But God is standing at the helm,  
And trusting in his mighty hand,  
Through storms he guides us to the land  
That lies beyond the sky.  
No matter what the wind may be,  
That land ahead, "Eternity,"  
Will greet us by and bye.

E. K.

**IT PAYS—A MISSION-SCHOOL STORY.**

BY M. E. WINSLOW.

"WHAT'LL yer gimme ef I go there?"  
"Give you? I'll teach you how to  
be happy and good."

"Oh, I'm happy enough, an' I don't  
want ter be good. It don't pay, bein'  
good don't. There's Gabe Whistler,  
he tried bein' good, an' he stuck to it  
ever so long, but peanuts was too much  
for him, an' he giv' in; and there's  
Tim Simpson, he got a place with a  
pious chap—giv' him a old suit o'  
clothes and promised him half-a-dollar  
a-week. Tim was awful good, went to  
the boss' Sunday-school, said he liked  
it. One day the boss said: 'Tim, why  
did you tell that customer that the  
sugar was second quality?'

"Cos it was, sir."

"But you might ha' said it wasn't."

"My Sunday-school teacher said I  
musn't tell lies, sir," said Tim as pat as  
anything.

"I won't have impertinent boys in  
my service," says the pious boss, and  
turped Tim off right away, and never  
paid him no wages neither, though he'd  
been with him six weeks. So Tim

found goodness didn't pay, and he's  
giv' it up."

"The Bible says, 'Godliness is great  
gain.'"

"I never seed no Bible, but that—  
what do you call it?—some kind of  
goodness—ain't gain for us boys. It  
won't let a feller hook anything, an' it  
won't let him tell a fib, an' how else is  
he goin' to get his dinner half the  
time?"

The speakers were a district visitor  
for Jericho Mission School, and a street  
gamin of undecided age, who apparently  
feeling that he had wasted too much  
of his valuable time and attention  
already upon his interlocutor, vanished  
with little show of courtesy round the  
corner.

Three weeks had passed. Sunday  
came, bitterly cold. A driving storm  
of snow and sleet kept most people  
who were blest with such luxuries close  
by their firesides. "A thin school to-  
day," soliloquised the visitor, "at least  
at far as the teachers are concerned,"  
and he opened the door and went into  
the plain but attractive Mission build-  
ing. Within all was warm, bright,  
cheerful, and, to his glad surprise,  
every teacher was in his or her place,  
surrounded by little groups which, if  
they lacked the innocent beauty of  
ideal childhood, possessed bright, in-  
teresting faces, betokening a curiosity  
which might tax a good teacher to  
satisfy. Near the door stood a group  
of new scholars which it was his duty  
to classify, and approaching them he  
was somewhat surprised to recognise  
his street companion of three weeks  
before. "So you thought better of it,  
and came," said he pleasantly.

The boy looked confused for a  
moment, and then looking up he said,  
boldly: "I didn't come for what you  
said, but it's confounded cold in the  
street to-day. I got locked out o' the  
lodgin' house last night, and I dunno  
where to go."

"You are welcome for any reason,"  
was the answer: "let me put you into  
a class."

"I won't go unless it's with that  
pretty teacher over there," and without  
a word he was led across the room and  
given into the charge of a fair, young  
girl, who might have graced a ball-  
room, but who preferred to give to her  
Redeemer's service "the kindness of  
her youth."

Johnnie Balfour—for so he had  
given his name—was so much absorbed  
in looking at the young lady's droop-  
ing eyelashes and golden curls, and in  
studying the delicate hues of her dress  
and the thinness of her wonderful kid  
gloves, that he kept quite still for fully  
five minutes, not even listening to the  
lesson, which had already commenced,  
till he heard a boy who was reading  
stop and say,

"What's fasting, Miss Amy?"

"Going without food," said she.

"And didn't he (Jesus) have no  
dinner, nor no supper, nor no break-  
fast, for forty days? I don't see how  
he stood it! I couldn't."

The reading continued.

"Why didn't he tell the stones to be  
bread, if he could do it?" said another  
boy.

"Because it would have been  
wrong; and not to save his life, nor  
for all the world, would Jesus have done  
one thing or said one word that was  
not right."

"He was a great fool then," said  
Johnnie. "I'd like to see myself going  
forty days, or four days, or one day  
either without bread, when it was lying  
beside me. That man, teacher, must  
have been a regular spooney."

"Hush, hush," said the young  
teacher, it's the Lord Jesus Christ we  
are talking about. You musn't say  
such things about him."

"Who was he?" said Johnnie.  
"What did he go without his dinner  
for? Tell us about him."

But the superintendent's bell rung,  
and Miss Amy had only just time to  
whisper "Come again," when she was  
forced to stop.

Johnnie did not come again for a  
long, long time. The Sundays were  
pleasant, and his old pursuits alluring;  
but he never forgot the man who went  
without his dinner forty days rather  
than do wrong, and somehow the  
thought made his hand tremble so  
that he was not half so adroit in  
"hooking" apples and cakes as had  
been his wont.

At last there came a rainy, windy  
March day, when Johnnie appeared  
again before the teacher, who had  
almost forgotten him.

"I've come to hear the rest of that  
story," said he abruptly, "about the  
man who went without his dinner cos  
he wouldn't be bad."

Very lovingly the story was told: the  
wonderful old story of self-sacrifice  
and death. It was told again and  
again, for Johnnie came every Sunday  
now, and the gentle young voice made  
very plain the way by which the most  
ignorant and sinful may come to Jesus.  
One day he startled his teacher by  
saying,

"Miss Amy, would you be a Chris-  
tian if there wasn't that place—where  
—where—they sell overcoats cheap?"

"Yes," said she, answering his  
thought, and taking no notice of the  
grotesqueness of the words expressing  
it. "Yes, it pays to be a Christian  
even in this life, because the Lord  
Jesus is so good, and makes his chil-  
dren so happy."

"Well, I'd like ter be one. Do you  
think he'll listen to a feller what don't  
know nothin' 'cept to lie, and steal,  
and sich, if he's sorry? cos I'm that  
feller."

It was a boys' prayer-meeting. The  
Holy Spirit had been poured upon  
Jericho Mission, and many stood up  
to testify for Christ.

"Boys," said Johnnie Balfour, "it  
pays to be a Christian. I didn't use  
to be able to pass a store where there  
was candies or nuts or apples 'thout  
slippin' some o' them inter my pockets;  
but now I can pass by and not even think

of 'em. Jesus ain't goin' ter let me  
steal and disgrace him. You may get  
a beatin' sometimes ef yer won't tell a  
lie, but it pays not to feel inside an'  
outside, too. The Lord forgave all my  
sins, an' they was a good many, an' I  
wasn't goin' to give him the trouble of  
forgivin' any more. I could help, so  
I just asked him not to let me lie  
an' steal an' swear, an' he don't. I  
had a hard time at first. Sometimes  
I didn't have nowhere ter sleep, an'  
sometimes I didn't have no dinner, nor  
supper, but I remembered Jesus, an'  
thought ef he can stand it for forty  
days I could for one, an' he never let  
me starve. Now I've got a place with  
a man what wanted a honest boy.  
Miss Amy got it fur me. I guess the  
Lord telled her to, an' he trusts me an'  
I trust Jesus, an' I'm happy now, an'  
I'm goin' to be happy in heaven. Boys,  
it pays; let's sing 'Hallelujah, Thine  
the Glory.'"

Does it not pay to spend time and  
strength in searching out the Lord's  
hidden jewels among the slums and  
offals of our cities, to place them in the  
great lapidary that one day they may  
sparkle and glow in his crown? Will  
it not pay for all toil and anxiety when  
we stand among the white angels whose  
wings we have helped to unfold?

**A LITTLE BOYS' SERMON.**

Two little boys were playing to-  
gether.

"Eddy," says Harry, "I'll be a  
minister, and preach you a sermon."

"All right," said Eddy; "I'll be the  
people."

Harry began: "My text is a short  
and easy one—'Be kind.' There are  
some texts in the Bible on purpose for  
children, and this is one of them.  
There are a great many heads to my  
sermon.

"*First.* Be kind to papa, and don't  
make a noise when he has a headache.  
I don't believe, Eddy, you know what  
a headache is; but I do. I had one  
once, and did not want to hear any one  
speak a word, and if I heard a noise  
the pain was dreadful!

"*Second.* Be kind to mamma, and  
don't let her tell you to do a thing  
more than once. Think how tired she  
must get saying, 'It is time for you to  
go to bed,' half a dozen times over.

"*Third.* Be kind to baby, and  
lend her your red soldier when she  
wants it."

"*Fourth.* Be kind to Jane, and  
don't kick and scream when she washes  
you."

Here Eddy looked a little ashamed,  
and said, "But she pulls my hair with  
the comb."

"People musn't talk in meeting,"  
said Harry.

"*Fifth.* Be kind to kitty. Do  
what will make her purr, not what  
will make her cry."

"O Harry," cried Eddy with tears  
in his eyes, "don't preach any more;  
'cause I will always be kind now."  
*Selected.*

**Girls that are Wanted.**

The girls that are wanted are good girls—  
Good from the heart to the lips,  
Pure as the lily is white and pure,  
From its heart to its sweet leaf tips.

The girls that are wanted are home girls—  
Girls that are mother's right hand,  
That fathers and brothers can trust to,  
And the little ones understand.

Girls that are fair on the hearthstone,  
And pleasant when nobody sees;  
Kind and sweet to their own folk,  
Ready and anxious to please.

The girls that are wanted are wise girls—  
That know what to do and to say;  
That drive with a smile or a soft word  
The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are girls of sense,  
Whom fashion can never deceive;  
Who can follow whatever is pretty,  
And dare, what is silly, to leave.

The girls that are wanted are careful girls,  
Who count what a thing will cost;  
Who use with a prudent, generous hand,  
But see that nothing is lost.

The girls that are wanted are girls with hearts;  
They are wanted for mothers and wives;  
Wanted to cradle in loving arms,  
The strongest and frailest of lives.

The clever, the witty, the brilliant girls.  
They are very few, understand;  
But oh! for the wise, loving home girls  
There's a constant and heavy demand.

**THE TWO ROADS.**

"She is growing very bold and impudent; in fact I never saw a girl of her age more so."

This remark was addressed to me no long since by an acquaintance, in reference to a young girl I knew. At the same time he recounted an incident to prove his statement, and it abundantly did.

I felt sad. I had not expected this from what I had seen of her, but the example set her was not a good one, and the hand that guided her steps was weak on the side of right.

No doubt this girl thought these young men admired her forward ways, but she was mistaken. Yet they would laugh at her slangy speeches, and thus encourage her to go on the devil's road still further.

Slang in a man's mouth is bad enough, but in a girl's it is disgusting. Girls, don't pollute your lips with it; avoid using it as you would avoid poison. If you begin to make use of it you are sapping the foundation of modesty and taking your first steps on the path of evil.

A modest girl is liked by everyone whose friendship is worth having, and even the depraved will respect her; but who cares for the bold, impudent girl? Not even those who laugh at her slangy talk!

Boys and girls, beware of the tempter. He will come to you in innumerable disguises. Learn to say "No," and to say it emphatically, when asked to do what you know is wrong. Thus you will fortify yourselves against temptation.

See the youth starting on the evil road. Mark the hardened sinners as

they invite him to take his first glass, to go to the gambling den, or the variety theatre. The devil is there, you may be sure, watching anxiously for the result. A feeble "No" makes him frown, but his agents try again. Ridicule, that potent weapon with weak minds, is tried and succeeds. How Satan grins then! How he dances for joy! One more victim for the sacrifice!

Think you that his companions care for the boy as they initiate him into their evil ways, as they slap him on the back and call him "a jolly good fellow?" No! a thousand times no! They despise him from the depths of their miserable hearts. And when the end comes, as come it will, and he lies in the gutter a wretched drunkard, do you think they will feel remorse or pity? No!

Boys, girls! there are two roads waiting for you. Follow one, (and rough you will often find it,) and the angels of God will smile upon you as you go. You may fall and bruise your hands and face on the sharp stones, but they will be near to strengthen you more and more, until at last you will find unutterable joy in going on. And the end! I need not tell you of that.

Take the other road, and who will your companions be? In the flesh, the lowest and most depraved in the world; some of them fair to the eye, perhaps, but the impress of evil in all its hideousness will be there. In the spirit, the devil and his angels, lifting the rocks from your path to make the descent easy, and grinning with a horrible joy as you hurry on. Then the end, the terrible end!

Dear boys and girls, the two roads lie before you; which, which shall you take?

JAMES B. STEELE.  
Edmonton, N. W. T.

**MOTHER AND SON.**

"MAY I see my boy, sir?"

She was thin and wan, her clothes were poor, but neat, and the trouble in her eyes showed that her heart was very heavy.

"You can," said the officer, kindly.

She went into the corridor and sat where the shadow covered her face. The tired head went against the wall, and the eyes were closed. But between the lashes a drop or two forced their way, as if a misery was there that could break the bonds of pride or the courage of patient suffering.

The turnkey brought him in, and for a moment he stood before her without speaking. He was tall and fair, with blue eyes, and in age was full sixteen years. At first there was a defiant look in his eyes, but when he saw that picture of wounded love and loving suffering before him, his lips quivered, and it required all his strength to hold himself in control.

"Mother!"

The word was spoken low, and as she heard it she started as though

called back from a dream that was full of rest and comfort. She looked up, and in a moment more her arms were about his neck, and his head lay on that heart which had beat so true for him through years of wayward folly.

Three years before he had left her, and in all that time she had not seen him; and now, after fifty miles of hurried travel, she met him in the hands of the law—a thief on his own confession.

The few spectators went out and left them there alone, she with her sorrow, and he, it is hoped, with a repentance that will bear fruit of joy and comfort to her in the years to come.

**ALCOHOL AND THE BLOOD.**

SCIENCE of to-day joins with Moses of old in saying "the blood is the life." It is so in the sense that it feeds all the tissues; conveys that prime requisite of all animal life, the oxygen, from the lungs to every particle of the bodily structure; receives the dead matter perpetually being thrown off from the myriads of life-elaborating cells, and transports it to the various organs which eject it from the system; is the source of all the vital heat, through the chemical changes constantly taking place within it. So dependent is all life on this fluid that, should the blood fail for an instant to reach the brain, all consciousness would at once cease, and for a few seconds life would cease.

Now all alcohol taken into the stomach is absorbed by its veins and carried straight to the right side of the heart, thence through the lungs, and then back to the left side of the heart, whence it is borne to every organ and tissue of the system. As it reaches the liver and kidneys some of it is eliminated, but most of it continues in the circulating fluid, disturbing the organic functions and effecting various harmful structural changes and becoming itself chemically changed.

One of the constituents of the blood is fibrine—that element which causes blood when drawn from the body to coagulate or clot. Alcohol has an exceedingly strong affinity for water; hence, when in excess it may either abstract the water from the fibrine, and thus cause it to coagulate in the body, or, on the contrary, so fix the water with the fibrine, as to destroy its power to coagulate. The blood of those who have died of alcoholic excess has been in these two opposite but unnatural states.

The most important part of the blood is the red globules. The microscope has actually watched the disturbing effect of alcohol on these globules—rendering their smooth outline rough and oven star-like, sometimes wholly changing their proper shape, and causing them to run together and adhere in rolls. The effect is to impair their power to absorb gases, also their ability to pass through the arteries.

**TRUSTING A FATHER'S HAND.**

I HAPPENED to come down to my shop one day, and found my eldest boy, then about eight years of age, busily punching holes in a piece of leather with the instrument used for the purpose by shoemakers. The piece of leather was of little worth; but in order to prevent his trying the operation on something more valuable in future, he received a correction; and by the way of trying his confidence, he was asked to put out his little tongue, that it might, as it were, undergo a similar operation. As may be supposed, the request was not complied with, and the matter was likely to end there, when his sister, two years older than her brother, who had been eagerly watching the proceedings, said, "I will do it pa," which she did without hesitation when requested. Resolved to put her to the test, the punch was laid on: but not showing the least appearance of flinching, it was pressed close; yet there she stood, even smiling in her father's face, who, feeling himself overcome, withdrew the instrument. Judge of his emotion when she exclaimed, "I knew you would not do it, pa." Has the Lord taught thee to trust a father's hand?

**A SINGULAR VILLAGE.**

IN the Cevennes mountains, in central France, there is a village named La Benge, the inhabitants of which practically live underground a great part of the year. It is 4,250 feet above the sea, and in the bottom of a pass where the snow is heaped up by the winds. As soon as the snow begins to fall in large quantities, says a recent visitor, the inhabitants retire indoors, and it is not long before the low-roofed cottages are buried, the only means by which air can reach the interior being down the single chimney, which in all the cottages is built very wide and substantial.

The snow gradually mounts so high that the door will not open, and at last the windows are blocked up. The inhabitants lay in a good supply of bread, cheese, and salt pork for themselves, and of hay and straw in the outhouse for their cow and horse, and, although the men occasionally go out by way of the chimney, the women and children live in the fatid atmosphere all the winter. They spend their time making cane chairs and baskets, doing a little rude wood carving, and knitting stockings, while, if the snow does not melt in a month or so, the people burrow tunnels from house to house, and so get a little society. Should a death occur, the body is roughly confined, and laid upon the roof until a thaw makes the cemetery accessible.—Selected.

"Skepters," says Josh Billings, "aff poor property, enny how; if yow circulate them yow lose them; and if yow keep them yow lose the interest on the investment."

## Trust in God.

YEARS cannot make their strength decay,  
Who lean upon the Lord,  
Nor age sling shadows o'er the way  
That's lighted by his word:  
Their path does bright and brighter shine,  
Till perfect in the skies;  
And life's soft eve is no decline,  
For heavenward still they rise.

When winter's might hath rent the oak,  
Or summer blights its shoot,  
The streams of God can heal the stroke,  
And sprout its deathless root;  
And souls that have the fountain quaffed  
Of Christ's wound-healing side,  
Arise immortal from the draught,  
And live through him that died.

## OUR PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 36 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp., 50c., monthly	0 60
Berean Leaf Quarterly, 16 pp., 80c.	0 60
Quarterly Review Service, by the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a doz.; 50c. per 100.	
Home and School, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,  
Methodist Book & Publishing House,  
78 & 80 King St. East, Toronto.  
C. W. COATES, 8 Bloor Street, Montreal.  
S. F. HURDIS, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N. S.

## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, APRIL 30, 1887.

**\$250,000**  
**FOR MISSIONS**  
**FOR THE YEAR 1887.**

**REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY,  
TO KEEP IT HOLY.**

LET me talk to you a little about Sabbath-keeping. In the first place *Remember!* Do not forget the Sabbath day when it comes. You are very busy, I suppose, in your studies or in your sports. That is right. But when Sunday comes, remember that it is a day for sport to be laid aside, a day for Bible study. Your common duties and pleasures have no business on the Lord's day. So *remember* the Sabbath day.

It is the *Sabbath*, that is, it is a rest day. Young people do not feel the need of rest, beyond the ordinary sweet sleep of the night, so much as grown people do. But still the Sabbath rest is a blessing to children. It would not be good for them to go on the year round with study and play, week after week, with no intermission. But rest does not mean mere idleness. Sleep is good in its place, but activity of body is needed as well as sleep. Rest is most truly gained through change of occupation. Thus if you

have been studying your usual lessons diligently during the school days, it will rest your mind if on the Sabbath you study the Bible. It will make your mind much fresher on Monday than if you were simply idle all the Sunday through. So if your leisure hours during the week have been full of sport and play, it will rest your body to give over your running and pumping and all those various activities you are so fond of, and take a more sober and quiet method for one day.

Then the great thing is - to keep the Sabbath *holy*. It is God's day. It is not a holiday, as so many make it. It is a holy day. It is a day for religious worship. We ought to be religious, of course, every day. But the Sabbath is the special day for religious worship.

## WHAT ONE BOY MAY DO.

RHODE ISLAND provides by law for scientific temperance instruction in its public schools. In one of the public schools of Providence, as a pupil, is a little boy nine years old, whose father is a saloon-keeper. Taught at school concerning the harmful nature and effects of alcoholic beverages, by a teacher evidently interested to do her duty in that respect, this little boy has become also much interested in the subject, and he has tried earnestly, but hitherto unsuccessfully, to induce his father to stop liquor-selling, and to sign the pledge of total abstinence. The boy learned of the proposed prohibitory constitutional amendment before the late election, and pleaded earnestly with his father to vote for it. Finally, about a fortnight before the election, the father told him that if he would earn six dollars and pay him at the end of two weeks he would vote for the amendment. The boy promptly took the father at his word, told some of his neighbours what he wanted to do, and asked the job of cleaning their cellars, which he did thoroughly and satisfactorily, and was paid therefor. In this way he earned the six dollars, and paid within the specified time to his father. The father, as good as his word, *voted for the amendment!* That boy's future is assured. Temperance teaching in the public school will doubtless prove to him, as to many others, a life-long blessing.—*The Temperance Banner.*

THE *Methodist Magazine* seems to improve with each number. A Nova Scotia subscriber writes:—"I am delighted with the great improvement you have made in the past few years. As a Methodist I am proud of our handsome, able and interesting monthly. It is more highly valued in my home than the high-priced American magazines. The latter are so intensely American that it is a relief to get something Canadian in sentiment. I am glad that our Magazine is *Canadian* as well as *Methodist*."



CONSTANTINOPLE BUTCHER.

## CONSTANTINOPLE BUTCHER.

THE above picture shows the queer way in which the butchers of Constantinople carry on their business. Many of the streets are so narrow that there is no room for carts; so most of the traffic is by means of donkeys. You see this fellow takes his whole establishment with him. His shop and stock-in-trade are borne by his donkey, and he carries his scales in his hands and shouts his wares as he goes along. No picture of street life in Constantinople would be complete without one or more of its hungry curs. So here we have some of them prowling round in hope of getting some scraps of meat, and another is sleeping in the shade oblivious of even this boon.

## "BIBLE FIRST, PAPA."

"ABOUT forty years ago, a Christian man sat at his fireside in Philadelphia. Near by him, playing on the floor, was his only child, a beautiful little boy. It was early in the morning. The day's work had not yet begun; and waiting for his breakfast, it may be, the father took up the daily paper to read. The boy at once climbed into his lap, snatched away the paper, exclaiming: 'No, no, papa! Bible first—Bible first, papa!' That lesson, taught by a little child, was probably a turning point in the life of that man. Death soon came and tore away the sweet little preacher, but his morning sermon was never forgotten. The business man, in his loneliness and sorrow, went forth to do his work for Christ. 'Bible first, papa' was ever ringing in his ears. It became the motto of his life. He was exceedingly prosperous in business. Wealth accumulated; business increased; friends multiplied. But uppermost in that man's heart was the precious word of God. He read and studied it. As teacher and superintendent in the Sabbath-school, he taught it. He did

more than this—he practised its precepts."

The gentleman referred to was the well-known locomotive engine builder, Matthias W. Baldwin, of Philadelphia. Would not the child's cry, "Bible first!" be an excellent motto for every Sunday-school teacher in the land?—*S. S. Times.*

## JOHN BRIGHT ON SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

MR. JOHN BRIGHT, of England, speaking at a mission fair recently, said that the Sunday-schools contribute much toward the development of the moral feelings, and that the work performed by them was of more importance at the present moment than it had been at any previous period in English history. The powers of monarchs were lessening, and the influence of the aristocracy was fading away. The only power that was governing—a power that would henceforth be limited—was the power of the people. He claimed, therefore, that the most pressing need at the present time was political education, by which there could be cultivated in the minds of the people a sense of their moral responsibility. They should be taught that labour would have its just reward, and that the wealthy should be permitted to enjoy their riches in security. This is a sentiment worthy of Mr. Bright, and as suitable for this country as for Great Britain.

ELEVEN WEEKS' EXCURSION TO EUROPE FOR \$450.—In compliance with numerous requests, the Rev. Dr. Withrow proposes to organize a tourist party of not less than twenty for a summer excursion to Great Britain, Holland, Belgium, the Rhine, Germany, Switzerland, and France. It will occupy eleven weeks, and cost \$450. For particulars address him at the Methodist Book-Room, Toronto.



CANADIAN BEAVERS.

**CANADIAN BEAVERS.**

BY THE EDITOR.

EVERY Canadian boy and girl should know all about the beaver, the emblem of their country—and a very good emblem it is; and a very good motto is "Busy as Beavers" for all Canadians, old or young. Certainly the beaver is a very industrious fellow, and we need not be ashamed of him upon our country's crest. For so small an animal he accomplishes very remarkable works.

The average beaver is about two feet six inches long, and its tail is about a foot longer. It will weigh from thirty to sixty pounds. Its fore legs are small, but the hind legs are large and strong, and its feet are webbed to the very claws. It is an awkward animal on land, but just let it dive into the water, and it is as active, as graceful, and as much at home as a bird in the air or a fish in the sea.

The most remarkable part of the beaver is its broad, flat, scale-covered tail. It is used as a paddle in swimming, as a trowel and hammer for building, as a support when its owner sits up, and it can strike such a violent blow as to be heard half a mile off. In this way the old sentinel beaver, who is on guard, gives warning of the approach of an enemy, when splash! every tail disappears, and solitude reigns again. The tail is a great

favourite with Indians and hunters, and, when it can be obtained, occupies an important place in their feasts.

The most remarkable constructions of the beaver are the dams and lodges which they build. They are made in order to secure a sufficient depth of water to be secure against freezing in winter. Having selected a spot for their village, or cluster of houses, they proceed to cut down the trees with which to build their dam. They always cut down those up the stream, so that they may float down with the current. They have no cutting instruments but their broad, flat, sharp teeth; but with these they will bite off great chips, and in a very short time cut down a tree, eight or even ten inches through.

They select trees that lean over the water, and having felled them, they trim off the branches, and cut them into lengths eight or ten feet long. These are floated to the site of the proposed dam, where they are built into their place with mud and stones, till a broad and solid wall is made. Where the current is gentle, the dam is carried straight across; where it is swift, the dam is built with an angle or convex curve up the stream. The little architects exhibit as much science in their construction as could the most skilful civil engineer.

The beavers' houses are built of the same material, a chamber being left in

the middle, the only entrance to which is by an opening under the water. The roof is made very thick to resist the attacks of the wolverine, or glutton, next to man the most deadly enemy of the beaver. The food of these hard-working mechanics consists of the bark of the aspen willow, birch, poplar, and alder, of which it lays up in the summer a stack near its lodges.

The beaver once swarmed all over Canada and the northern United States, and the traces of the beaver dams and beaver meadows may still, in many places, be seen. But the implacable war of the trapper and fur trader has banished him to the remote regions of the north and north west. For over 300 years this warfare has been waged, and the trade in beaver skins was one of the great inducements to the exploration of this continent. Tadoussac, Quebec, Three Rivers, Montreal, Frenatnac, Fort Rouille (Toronto), and Detroit were the great fur-trading posts, of which Albany and New York were for many years the jealous rivals. Beaver skins were used instead of money—one skin being an equivalent for a two dollar bill—rather an inconvenient sort of currency to carry in one's purse. The pelts, as they were called—hence the word peltries,—were used for making beaver hats—those fuzzy-looking things worn by Uncle Sam in the comic pictures—which used to be the favourite head-gear of the dandies of Paris and London. With the substitution of silk for the shiny black hats now worn, the beaver's occupation was gone, and he was allowed, for a time, to live a quiet life. Their fur has, of late, been in demand in Europe for trimming dresses, coats, and gloves, and forthwith a war is renewed in the far wilds of Canada against the poor beaver. So is the world bound together by the ties of commerce.

The beavers are caught by steel spring traps, like huge rat traps, chained to a marked tree. An Indian or white trapper will visit fifty or sixty traps in a circuit of thirty or forty miles, and will catch one hundred or one hundred and fifty beavers in a season. In 1854-1856, the Hudson Bay Company sold in London 627,655 beaver skins. No wonder the beaver is getting scarce. Skins have varied from \$1 to \$8 apiece. At one time in the last century they were such a drug in the market that an immense stock was burned at Montreal to make the rest worth exportation. The beaver once flourished in Europe, but is now extinct.

A SABBATH-SCHOOL teacher once asked her class: "How did the Queen of Sheba travel when she went to see Solomon?" A little girl answered: "She went on the cars, for it says that she came with a very great train."

**To a Little Boy.**

DEAR, thoughtful, gentle, little boy,  
I'd not thy boyish dreams destroy  
By word or act, for wealth or joy  
That's not been mine;  
To make thee glad and never sad  
I'd life resign.

I'd scatter roses, night and day,  
Beneath thy feet along the way  
Till thou sleepest in thy bed of clay,  
If so I could;  
I'd bear thy load along the road,  
And thro' the wood.

And up the hill, and down again,  
And far across the lonely plain—  
By night, by day—in sun or rain  
Just thee to save  
From fortune's frown. I'd put it down  
Beside thy grave.

I'd have thee play a manly part,  
I'd have thee wear a manly heart,  
And worship beauty, truth, and art,  
Thy whole life long—  
And pity all that strive and fall  
Amid the throng.

No blinding tears should burn thine eyes,  
No thy heart harbour weary sighs—  
But 'air the winds and bright the skies  
Would be—ah, me!—  
If I could love as One above,  
Dear child, loves thee.

JOHN ERNEST McCANN.

**GOVERNING A BOY.**

GET hold of the boy's heart. Yonder locomotive with the thundering train comes like a whirlwind down the track, and a regiment of armed men might seek to arr st it in vain. It would crush them and plunge unheeding on. But there is a little lover in its mechanism that at the pressure of a man's hand, will slacken its speed, and in a moment or two bring it panting and still, like a whipped spaniel, at your feet. By the same little lever the vast steamship is guided hither and yon on the sea in spite of adverse winds or current.

That sensitive and soft spot by which a boy's life is controlled is his heart. With your grasp gentle and firm on that helm, you can pilot him whither you will. Never doubt that he has a heart. Bad and wilful boys very often have the tenderest hearts hidden away somewhere beneath incrustations of sin, or behind barricades of pride. And it is your business to get at that heart, keep hold of it by sympathy, confiding in him, manifestly working only for his good, by little indirect kindnesses to his mother or sister, or even pet dog. See him at his home, or invite him into yours. Provide him some little pleasure, set him to do some little service of trust for you; love him; love him practically. Any way rule him through his heart.

**WORKING FOR JESUS NOW.**

"If I can't teach people to be good, I can get them to come to Sunday-school, and then somebody else can teach them," said a little boy to himself.

Now is the word; do for Jesus now. Let every one of us find some work to do for Jesus now. To-morrow is not ours; it may never come.

## FOUNDING OF MONTREAL.

In the spring of 1642, the little flotilla bearing the founders of the future city of Montreal glided up the river—Montmagny, as representing the Hundred Associates, Maisonneuve, the Jesuit Vimont, Madame de la Peltrie, Mademoiselle Jeanne Mance, and about forty soldiers, artisans and labourers. As they landed they fell upon their knees and sang a hymn of thanksgiving. An altar was soon erected and decked with flowers, and, in that magnificent amphitheatre of nature, Father Vimont celebrated mass and invoked the blessing of heaven on the new colonists. "You are a grain of mustard-seed," he said, "that shall rise and grow till its branches overshadow the earth. God's smile is upon you, and your children shall fill the land." Thus religiously, in accordance with the Roman Catholic ceremonial of the French settlers, were laid the foundations of Ville Marie de Montreal, the future commercial metropolis of Canada.—*Withrow's "History of Canada."*

SLOWLY sailed the lone flotilla from St. Michel that spring-day,  
Up the fair Canadian river, flowing proudly on its way;  
Hour by hour, it plowed the current, in its course unhindered, free,  
Bearing souls that were brave-hearted to a noble destiny.

Slowly sailed the lone flotilla, day by day, until at last  
On the glad gaze of the pilgrims rose an island proud and vast,  
Whence should rise a queenly city by the airs of heaven kissed,  
Whose fair corner-stone, they reasoned, only reasoned, should be Christ.

And along its shores they anchored, left their boats and trod the land,  
In their breasts a purpose beating that was lofty, bold and grand;  
And they knelt that springtime morning there together on the sod,  
And they lifted up their voices in thanksgiving unto God.

Then they rose up stronger, better, while one said—"Now let us rear  
In this very place an altar unto him we love and fear;"  
Thus they did, and then fair women, fair and saintly, mid those hours  
From the million blooms about them decked it with a wealth of flowers.

Now before the shrine they gathered, kneeling there in loving trust,  
While the priest clad in his vestments lifted heavenward the Host;  
Silence and silence hallowed filled the place, and when was done  
This sweet rite of adoration to the high and holy One,

The good Father, smiling sweetly, turned and spake these words—"Ye are  
As a grain of mustard seed, that's wafted hither from afar,  
That shall grow until its branches overshadow all the earth,  
For the work unto you given, loved ones, is of heavenly birth."

As he ceased a wondrous chorus sounded forth on either hand  
From throats of feathered-songsters, fairest, loveliest in the land,  
While the air grew softer, sweeter, and like Eden seemed the place,

Since all life around, and in them, breathed a fair and loving grace.

Slowly waned the day so gracious, slowly came the evening hour,  
And on high the stars of splendour shed their glow with kindly power;  
While, upon the holy altar with the rarest flowers embossed,  
Burned the lights with wondrous brightness where still lay the sacred Host.

Then they pitched their tents—these pilgrims—lit their bivouac fires, and sang  
Songs of love and fond thanksgiving that out on the still air rang,  
And upon their rude beds laid them down to blissful sleep and rest,  
Only glad thoughts of the future beating in each peaceful breast.

Down the ages has this story—this fair story—come to us,  
Of the birth-hour—shall we call it?—of a mighty city! Thus  
We may see how from beginnings, very feeble though they are,  
There may grow in time a glory with the glory of a star.

They were few in numbers only, they who wrought so long ago,  
Aye! but they were Knights and Ladies full of hope and faith, we know,  
Each devoted to a calling that was holy in its aim,  
For they lived but for the Master, not for riches or for fame.

On the shores of the St. Lawrence, flowing to the ocean gray,  
Stands a city full of grandeur, full of loveliness to-day;  
And around it linger mem'ries ever glorious and sublime,  
That shall live through all the ages, never perishing with time.

Mem'ries speaking every hour, and in tenderness and love,  
Of that hero, dear to French hearts, Chomedey de Maisonneuve;  
While, in return, his brave companions lovingly they each recall,  
Who, with him for guide and leader, gave the Northland Montreal.  
GEO. NEWELL LOVEJOY.

## ONE USE OF BIRTHDAYS.

You know that birthdays are the days that our friends remember, and tell us they do by sending us presents. Now, these presents should always mean this: "I send you this, to tell you how glad I am that you were born. You have made me happier because you live in this world." I wonder if we are all trying to make our friends feel this.

There is a blue-eyed girl living not a thousand miles from New York who calls her birthdays "worth days." She is so sweet and lovable that every day she lives is a "worth day" to those about her. We can all make our days "worth days" to our friends, each day richer and more happy because we live here, if we try.

There are different ways of celebrating our birthdays, but these that are most to be desired are thanksgiving birthdays. Last winter there was such a pretty birthday celebration not far from Boston that I know you will enjoy hearing about it.

The little girl was twelve years old. She had been receiving presents and birthday letters all day. When night

came and the family were all at dinner—a dinner prepared especially to suit this little girl—she came into the dining-room carrying a tray, on which were a number of paper parcels, neatly tied. Each parcel had on it a white card, with the name of some member of the family and contained a gift. These she gave to each one, to remember her birthday by, she said, and had been purchased by saving her own pocket money. That certainly was a pretty way of keeping a birthday. Giving, you will find, makes you just as happy as receiving, and sometimes more happy. In a small Sunday-school room in New York State there is a pretty money jug standing on the desk. On the Sunday after each teacher's and scholar's birthday they put into the jug a penny for each year they have lived. Johnny, who was five years old, brings five pennies; Johnny's father, who is thirty-eight years old, brings thirty-eight pennies—one for each year.

This money goes to the missionary society of the church.

These pennies must be thank offerings. You might try it in your family. Have a money jug on the dining-room mantel, and use the pennies to buy Christmas presents for some one who would not have any Christmas if you did not remember him. Call the jug, "The birthday jug."

## PLAYING SALOON.

The *Pittsburg Dispatch* vouches for the truth of the following touching story:

"I hear that Smith has sold out his saloon," said one of a couple of middle-aged men, who sat sipping their beer and eating a bit of cheese in a Smithfield Street saloon last Friday night. "Yes," responded the other rather slowly.

"What was the reason? I thought he was just coining money there."

The other nibbled a cracker abstractedly for a moment, and then said:

"It's rather a funny story. Smith, you know, lives on Mount Washington, right near me, where he has an excellent wife, a nice home, and three as pretty children as ever played out doors. All boys, you know, the oldest not over nine, and all about the same size. Smith is a pretty respectable sort of a citizen, never drinks or gambles, and thinks the world of his family.

"Well, he went home one afternoon last week, and found his wife out shopping or something of that sort. He went on through the house into the backyard; and there, under an apple-tree, were the little fellows playing. They had a bench and some bottles and tumblers, and were playing 'keep saloon.' He noticed that they were drinking something out of a pail, and that they acted tipsy. The youngest, who was behind the bar, had a towel tied around his waist, and was setting the drinks up pretty free. Smith walked over, and looked in the pail. It was beer, and two of the boys

were so drunk that they staggered. A neighbour's boy, a couple of years older, lay asleep behind the tree.

"My God, boys, you must not drink that," he said, as he lifted the six-year-old from behind the bench.

"We's playin' s'loon, papa, an' I was a sellin' it just like you," said the little fellow. Smith poured out the beer, carried the drunken boy home, and then took his own boys in and put them to bed. When his wife came back, she found him crying like a child. He came back down town that night, and sold out his business, and says he will never sell or drink another drop of liquor. His wife told mine about it, and she broke down crying while she told it."

This is a true story, but the name was not Smith.

## FOUR LITTLE CHILDREN.

Four little children were playing together near some water, when one of them fell in, and would have been drowned, had not his brother jumped in after him and pulled him out. Another brother helped to carry him home, and their little sister followed them. A little while after their father, who had heard what had taken place, called them to his study, that he might reward them as they deserved. He then asked the first: "What did you do when you saw your brother drowning?"

"I rushed in after him and brought him out."

"You did well; here is your reward."

"And what did you do?" turning to the second.

"I helped to carry him home."

"That was right; here is your reward."

"And what did you do, when you saw your brother sinking?" speaking to the last, a little girl three years old.

"I prayed, papa."

"You did your part, too, and well; here is a book for you, too."

## A LITTLE GIRL'S SERMON.

A VERY little girl whose father is a minister had been sorely tempted to play at the water-pail, which stood upon a low bench within her reach. It was thought best not to remove it, but to make it "a tree of the knowledge of good and evil." More than once her chubby fingers had been "snapped" by way of correction. At two years old she went with grandma to church, where her deportment was very serious. On returning, some one said, "Well, so you've been to church?" "Yes." "And did you hear papa preach?" "Yes." "And what did he say?" (Thoughtfully) "O—he p'each, an' he p'each—an' he tell 'e peoples 'ey mus' be—good chillens—an'—not play in 'e water-pail." The conscientious baby is now a mature Christian, teaching a great many other children "not to play in the water-pail." —*Watchman.*

**Drink Not!**

BY LOMAX W. CHILDRESS.

Drink not the wine that's flowing,  
For the tempter lurks within;  
And once the poisoned liquid quaffed,  
Your lips may always sin.  
Drink not.

Drink not, for homes are blasted,  
And men both strong and brave  
Sink down, touched by the fiend's hand,  
Beneath perdition's wave.  
Drink not.

Drink not, for there is power  
Within the flowing bowl  
To light the fires that never die  
Around a ruined soul.  
Drink not.

Drink not, for still in memory clear  
I see a smiling boy—  
The pride of all who knew the lad,  
His father's hope and joy.  
Drink not.

I saw him in the spring of life  
Ere yet the demon, drink,  
Had caused his soul beneath a wave  
Of sin and guilt to sink.  
Drink not.

And yet again I saw him—  
O the horror of that sight!  
A soul forever passing out  
Into an endless night.  
Drink not.

His blue eyes wildly staring  
As he called for drink, more drink,  
While life was wavering to and fro  
Upon the fitful brink.  
Drink not.

The rum fiend's hand had done its work;  
A soul forever lost  
Passed up unto the judgment-bar  
To pay the fearful cost.  
Drink not.

Then, by the hopes you hold most dear,  
Touch not the poisoned wine;  
For death eternal lurks beneath  
Its tempting ruby shine.  
Drink not.

And it were better you should lie  
With sod upon your breast,  
Ere you should touch the cursed cup  
That steals both peace and rest.  
Drink not.

**THE LOST BOYS.**

A TRUE STORY.

BY ESTELLE MENDELL.

HARFIE and Percy were two little boys that lived in a large city just across the river from New York. Can you tell its name?

Though only five and three years old, they sometimes did very strange things, and once they gave their mother a great fright.

After breakfast one morning, they were playing on the wide stone walk in front of their house, but they kept getting a little further off, first to see this sight and then that, until they were many blocks away.

Their mother was so busy in the house she did not miss them until about ten o'clock, when she looked all over the large house, and called up and down the street, but she could not find them. She then went to the police station, and told the man in charge of her missing boys, their ages, and how they were dressed.

But though many of the men with

brass buttons and clabs were hunting for the little runaways—eleven, twelve, one, two, three, four and five o'clock went by, and they could learn nothing about them. The father and mother and brothers and sisters were also wild with fears. What if some gipsies had carried them off, or they had been stolen like little Charlie Ross, or they had gone to the river and were drowned! But I cannot tell you how very badly they felt, and the many fears they had during this long, sad day that seemed like weeks or even months to them, it was so awful.

About five o'clock, as the mother stopped walking the floor and went to look out of the window, who should she see coming up the steps, whistling as happy as could be, but little Harfie.

"But where is dear little brother?" asked the mother, as she clasped Harfie in her arms.

"I don't know, mamma; I haven't seen him this good while; he wouldn't come with me. But I'll find him if you don't cry so," said Harfie, for the first time thinking something very bad had been done.

The mother and Harfie started at once, and as he led the way through street after street and alley after alley, the mother felt sure she should never find her baby boy. At last they met a stout, bustling Irishwoman, who said, "Indade, ma'm, have you lost a boy? I met one not long since, crying like his heart would break, but I couldn't git him to come in, the poor little dear!"

"Here's where we played all day, mamma," said Harfie stopping in front of a long, dingy-looking feed-store, "and I left him here." But the mother learned of the clerk that he had been gone some two hours, going from there towards the river.

"Oh—h!" thought the mother as she stood looking at the blue river, "if my baby is drowned!" Just then a dirty, ragged little boy stepped up to her, and said, "Pat and Mike has just gone to the station with a boy they found, it's right down this street four blocks, ma'am."

You cannot know how happy these words made the mother feel, and how good this dirty ragged little boy looked to her, and after giving him some pennies, and thanking him, she went as fast as she could to the station. But they had just sent him home in charge of the boys who found him.

It was quite late and dark when Harfie and his mother reached home, but they could see a crowd around the steps, and hear them quarrel over the reward for a half block away.

"Here's your boy, ma'am, I found him!" came from some twenty boys at once.

But the first thing the mother did was to take little Percy in her arms and kiss him; then she gave Pat and Mike each a dollar, and all the boys went off.

You never saw such tired, dirty little fellows in your life as the mother

bathed and put to bed that night, and as they saw how pale she looked, and heard her cry as she held and kissed them, and told them how sad she had been all day, they said, "Don't cry so, mamma; we won't never do so any more."

And I am glad to tell you they never did.—*Christian at Work.*

**HOW IT BEGINS.**

"GIVE me a half-penny, and you may pitch one of these rings, and if it catches over a nail I'll give you three-pence."

That seems fair enough: so the boy handed him a half-penny and took the ring. He stepped back to the stake, tossed the ring, and it caught on one of the nails.

"Will you take six rings to pitch again, or three-pence!"

"Three-pence," was the answer; and the money was put in his hand. He stepped off, well satisfied with what he had done, and probably not having an idea that he had done wrong. A gentleman standing near him watched him, and now, before he had time to look about and rejoin his companions, laid his hand on his shoulder.

"My lad, this is your first lesson in gambling."

"Gambling, sir?"

"You staked your half-penny and won six half-pence, did you not?"

"Yes I did."

"You did not earn them, and they were not given to you; you won them just as gamblers win money. You have taken the first step in the path; that man has gone through it, and can see the end. Now, I advise you to go and give his three-pence back, and ask him for your half-penny, and then stand square with the world, an honest boy."

He had hung his head down, but raised it very quickly; and his bright, open look as he said, "I'll do it," will not soon be forgotten. He ran back, and soon emerged from the ring looking happier than ever. He touched his cap and bowed pleasantly as he ran away to join his companions. This was an honest boy, and doubtless made an honorable man.—*Morning Star.*

**A LITTLE PHILOSOPHER.**

"PAPA," said the son of Bishop Berkeley, "what is the meaning of the words cherubim and seraphim, which we meet in the Holy Scriptures?"

"Cherubim," replied the father, "is a Hebrew word signifying knowledge; seraphim is another word of the same language, and signifies flame. Whence it is supposed that the cherubim are angels who excel in knowledge, and the seraphim are angels likewise who excel in loving God."

"I hope then," said the little boy, "when I die I shall be a seraph; for I would rather love God than know all things."

**What to Do with Idols.**

'Twas a little Hindu maiden,  
With a dark and flashing eye,  
Moved to throw away her idols  
By an impulse from on high.  
"Look! this wooden image, brother,  
Never yet could see or hear!  
How the foolish thing we've mended,  
Strange such rubbish we should fear!"

BROTHER.

"We can no more fear an Idol,  
That is crumbling to decay,—  
It shall perish! See, 'tis burning,—  
Into smoke consumes away!"

SISTER.

"As for this great staring monster  
Made of stone, with frightful face,  
We will chisel off its features  
And then roll it from its place.  
Surely, as a god 'twill show it,—  
Some way try itself to save;  
If it is no god, then truly  
We are fools for it to rave."

BROTHER.

"Only stone, it has no power,—  
Cannot move itself to save,  
'Tis not fit for us to worship,  
'Tis not fit for us to have."

SISTER.

"But, my brother, I am sinful,—  
Bitterly with longing cry,  
Who is there that can forgive me?  
Is the living God on high?"

BROTHER.

"Yes, my sister, Christ forgiveth,—  
Dwells in heavenly mansions fair,  
Once came down to die and save us  
From our sins, and lead us there."

SISTER.

"Good news! good news! little brother,  
He forgives! He is the Lord;  
You have heard this from the teachers  
Who know all about his Word."

BROTHER.

"Yes, they tell me he's our Saviour,  
He can save us from our sin,  
We have only just to trust him  
And he'll lead his fold within.  
He will shelter, he will save us,  
To him always we can pray,  
For he is a King forever  
And he'll guide us every day."

SISTER, (*joyfully clapping her hands.*)

"I am happy! I will serve him!  
How my heart is full of rest,—  
Since I know that he forgives me,  
Loving, faithful Jesus blest!"

EMILY H. PEARSON.

**NOBLE ANSWER.**

"You ask," said the famous William, Prince of Orange, to Sonoy, the governor, "if I have entered into a treaty, or made a contract for assistance with any powerful king? I answer that before I ever took up the cause of the oppressed Christians in the provinces, I had entered into a close alliance with the King of kings; and I am firmly convinced that all who put their trust in him will be saved by his Almighty hand." Afterwards, when offered every personal and family favour if he would but give over his life-long endeavours to secure religious freedom to the poor Netherlanders, the brave prince replied, "He regarded the welfare and security of the public before his own, having already placed his particular interests under his foot, and was still resolved to, so long as life should endure."



**The Gospel Train.**

THE Gospel train is coming,  
I hear it just at hand!  
I hear its echoes waking,  
And sounding through the land!  
It's coming 'round the mountain,  
By the rivers and the lakes,  
The SAVIOUR is on board it!  
Controlling steam and brakes.

It's nearing now the station,  
Say! shall it come in vain?  
O come, secure your ticket,  
In time to take the train.  
The fare is low and ALL may go,  
The rich and poor are there;  
No second-class aboard the train!  
No difference in the 'ere!

The train is at the platform now,  
'Twill soon pass up the line!  
O now you have a chance to go,  
But the train must make her time.  
No red flag!—not another train  
To follow on the line!  
O sinner, you're forever LOST,  
If once you're left behind!

This train has ne'er run off the track:  
Has passed through every land!  
Millions redeemed from sin on board!  
O come and join the band.  
A FREE PASS Jesus offers  
Through to the heavenly shore!  
Now all aboard!—NOW ALL ABOARD!  
There's room for millions more.

**LESSON NOTES.****SECOND QUARTER.****STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.**B.C. 1571.] **LESSON VI.** [May 8.]**THE CHILD MOSES.***Exod. 2. 1-10. Commit to mem. vs. 7-10.***GOLDEN TEXT.**The Lord is thy keeper. *Psa. 121. 5.***OUTLINE.**

1. The Mother.
2. The Child.
3. The Princess.

TIME.—1571 B.C.

PLACE—Egypt. Zoan. (\*)

**EXPLANATIONS.**—*The house of Levi*—A descendant of Jacob's third son. The first mention of the growing tribe or clan. *Could not longer hide him*—Because he was growing rapidly, and could not, in the nature of things, be hidden. *An ark of bulrushes*—The same Hebrew word is used for Noah's ark. This was a little boat woven of papyrus, a reed three cornered in shape, as large as your finger, and ten feet long. *Slime and with pitch*—Perhaps clay, from which the bricks were made, and bitumen. *His sister*—Miriam. She and Aaron were both older than Moses. *The daughter of Pharaoh came*—Showing that the parents of Moses lived near the court of the king. *He became her son*—This refers to her formal adoption of the boy.

**TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.**

Where, in this lesson, can you find—

1. An illustration of faith?
2. An illustration of sympathy?
3. An illustration of devotion to duty?

**THE LESSON CATECHISM.**

1. What great leader of the Israelites was born in Egypt? *Moses.* 2. Where did his mother place him while an infant, in order to save his life? *In the ark of bulrushes.* 3. Who found the child Moses in the river and adopted him as her son? *The daughter of King Pharaoh.* 4. Where was Moses brought up? *In the palace.* 5. What does God's care for Moses show, as stated in the **GOLDEN TEXT**? *"The Lord,"* etc.

**DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.**—The work of faith.

**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

22. What is the misery of the state into which man fell? *All mankind, being born in sin, and following the desire of their own hearts, are liable to the miseries of this life, to bodily death and to the pains of hell hereafter.* [*Ephesians ii. 3; Galatians iii. 10; Romans vi. 23.*]

B.C. 1491.] **LESSON VII.** [May 15.]**THE CALL OF MOSES.***Exod. 3. 1-12. Commit to mem. vs. 2-5.***GOLDEN TEXT.**I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say. *Exod. 4. 12.***OUTLINE.**

1. Moses.
2. The Call.

TIME.—1491. B.C.

PLACE.—Horeb, or Mount Sinai, in the Arabian peninsula.

**EXPLANATIONS.**—*Back side of the desert*—The part of the desert farthest from the land of Goshen. Desert does not here mean a barren, sandy waste, for in such a place there would have been no pasture, but a wild, deserted place. *The mountain of God*—Horeb, not so called then, but, when this record was written, it had become so known, and Moses calls it by anticipation by its well-known name. *The Angel of the Lord*—The manifestation of God by fire in the bush. See *Psa. 104. 4.* *Jesus Christ, the eternal Son. God of thy father*—This means, as so often, the God of your forefathers. Abraham was not his father. Amram was. But the Jews called Abraham their father. *Land flowing with milk and honey*—That is a land of marvellous fertility. The expression is a common one in Oriental literatures. *Place of the Canaanites*—The particular place of the nation to be is thus again designated. In Egypt these nations were well known. *Who am I*—An expression of humility and feeling of unworthiness for so great a mission. He, doubtless, remembered his first failure.

**TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.**

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. Fidelity in every calling?
2. Reverence for God's presence?
3. Confidence in God's promises?

**THE LESSON CATECHISM.**

1. Where did Moses go, to escape from King Pharaoh? *Into the wilderness.* 2. How long did he live there? *Forty years.* 3. From what did God speak to Moses? *From a burning bush.* 4. What did he command Moses to do? *To lead the Israelites out of Egypt.* 5. What was God's promise to Moses in the **GOLDEN TEXT**? *"I will be,"* etc.

**DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.**—Divine compassion.

**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

23. But are all mankind, being born in sin, born without hope? *No; for a Saviour was provided from the beginning, and all that come into the world receive of his grace and his Spirit.* [*Genesis iii. 15; John i. 5; John i. 9, 10.*]

**GOING THE WRONG WAY.**

"You are going the wrong way," said the conductor of a train on the railroad to a passenger, on receiving his ticket. That assertion fell very unpleasantly upon the ear of him who had made the mistake. Still, it was not a very serious one. It could be corrected. He was advised to get out at the first stopping place, and to take the opposite train on its arrival.

Going the wrong way! In another sense, this is affectingly true of thousands. It is true of the child who goes not in the way of its parents' commands. It is true of the man who, with hot haste, is in pursuit of the riches, or honours, or pleasures of earth. It is true of every one whose course has not been changed—who is not running the Christian race. Says the Saviour, "Enter ye in at the straight gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat; because straight is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

Oh, how many are now hurrying on toward eternal death, while they are vainly hoping to reach, at the end of their course, the New Jerusalem above! They are going the wrong way. The language of God to them is: "Turn ye, turn ye, from your evil ways; for why will you die?" Turn to-day. Soon it will be too late; soon destruction will become inevitable.

**A PATIENT ELEPHANT.**

"TELL my grandchildren," writes the Bishop of Calcutta, "that an elephant here had a disease in his eyes. For three days he was completely blind. His owner, an English officer, asked my dear Dr. Webb if he could do anything to relieve the poor animal. The doctor said he would try the nitrate of silver, which was a remedy commonly applied to similar diseases in the human eyes. The large animal was ordered to lie down, and at first, on the application of the remedy, raised a most extraordinary roar at the acute pain which it occasioned. The effect, however, was wonderful. The eye was in a manner restored, and the animal could partially see. The next day, when he was brought and heard the doctor's voice, he lay down of himself, placed his enormous head on one side, curled up his trunk, and drew in his breath (just like a man about to endure an operation), gave a sigh of relief when it was over, and then by trunk and gesture, evidently wished to express his gratitude. What sagacity! What a lesson of patience!"

**A FAITHFUL DOG.**

A CHILD playing on Roshe's Wharf with a Newfoundland dog belonging to his father accidentally fell into the water. The dog immediately sprung after the child, who was six years old, and seizing the waist of his little frock, brought him into the dock, where there was a stage by which the child held on, but which he was unable to get on the top of. The dog, seeing he was unable to pull the little fellow out of the water, ran up to the yard adjoining, where a girl nine years of age was hanging out clothes. He seized her by the frock, and, notwithstanding her exertions to get away, succeeded in dragging her to the spot where the child was still hanging by his hands to the stage. On the girl's taking hold of the child, the dog assisted her in rescuing the little fellow from his perilous situation.

**DOY'T SMOKE.**—"It is curious, doctor, that every time I smoke after dinner I have something dazzling in my eyes. What can you do for that?" "Eh!" said the doctor with a smile; "don't smoke." The patient was nonplussed. He hadn't thought of that.

"MAMMA," said a little boy, "there's something squeaking in my ear. I hear it every little while. There, it squeaks again!"

**SUNDAY-SCHOOL****REWARD CARDS.****Extraordinary!**

We have just opened up the most elegant line of

**Sunday-School Reward Cards**

ever shown in Canada for the money. The average size of the card is 5 x 6 inches. Each package contains 10 cards, with Scripture texts and verses by Miss Havergal.

**Please order by numbers.**

- No.
251. Landscape and Floral designs.
  258. Floral designs.
  249. Landscape and Floral designs.
  281. Landscape designs.
  274. Floral designs.
  277. Floral designs.
  286. Floral designs.
  283. Floral designs.
  285. Floral and Landscape designs.
  271. Floral designs.
  12. Flora designs.
  253. Floral designs.
  298. Floral designs.
  256. Floral designs.
  303. Floral designs.
  252. Floral designs.
  300. Landscape designs.
  301. Landscape designs.
  247. Landscape and Floral designs.
  240. Landscape and Floral designs.

Send for a sample package and examine them.

Price per package—30 Cents.

Mailed post free on receipt of price.

**NEW ISSUE.  
LILY SERIES.**

Only 35 Cents Each.

Half Bound, Board Covers, suitable for Libraries.

The following volumes are now ready:—

- Queechy. By Miss Wetherell.  
Old Helmet. " "  
Daisy. " "  
Melbourne House. By Miss Wetherell.  
Wide, Wide World. " "  
Aunt Jane's Hero. By Mrs. Prentiss.  
Flower of the Family. " "  
Without a Home. By E. P. Roe.  
His Sombre Rivals. " "  
Near to Nature's Heart. By E. P. Roe.  
Little Women. By Miss Alcott.  
Good Wives. " "  
Jessamine. By Marion Harland.

Other volumes will follow.

**WILLIAM BRIGGS,**  
PUBLISHER,

78 & 80 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

C. W. COATES, Montreal, Que.

S. F. HUESTIS, Halifax, N.S.