



# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.— Vol. IV.

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## QUEEN VICTORIA.

[For these beautiful portraits we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs Eaton, Gibson, & Co., Education Publishers, 9 Toronto Street, Toronto. The portraits, as well as the relief map on our fifth page, are taken from their *School Supplement*—a handsome, well printed, and beautifully illustrated paper, issued monthly at \$1 per year or 10 cents per number. A special double holiday number for July and August, with numerous fine engravings, will be sent to any address for 10 cents. It will be found very attractive to both teachers and scholars.]

WE have great pleasure in presenting in this number of PLEASANT HOURS the accompanying fine portraits of her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, who sways the sceptre over wider realms than ever monarch did before. Not Semiramis or Zenobia kept equal state, nor Caesar or Alexander ruled over such vast domains. The morning drum-beat of her garrisons keeps pace with the rising sun around the world, and their sun-set gun accompanies the closing day. Forty colonies, many of them many times vaster than the mother land, pay her allegiance. Never was monarch so universally beloved, and never "in the fierce light that beats upon the throne, and blackens every spot" did any live so pure, so blameless, so noble a life. Not for her pomp, her power, her crown and sceptre is she so beloved; but for the gentle womanly virtues which as maiden Queen, as wife, as mother, and as sorrowing widow she has shown. Well might Tennyson dedicate his poems in the following beautiful lines:—

### TO THE QUEEN.

Revered, beloved! O you that hold  
A nobler office upon earth  
Than arms, or power of brain, or birth  
Could give the warrior kings of old,  
Victoria, since your Royal grace  
To one of less desert allows  
This laurel greener from the brows  
Of him that uttered nothing base;

And should your greatness, and the care  
That yokes with empire, yield you time  
To make demand of modern rhyme  
If aught of ancient worth be there;

Take, madam, this poor book of song;  
For tho' the faults were thick as dust  
In vacant chamber, I could trust  
Your kindness. May you rule us long,

And leave us rulers of your blood  
As noble till the latest day!  
May children of our children say,  
She wrought her people lasting good;



Her court was pure, her life serene,  
God gave her peace; her land reposed;  
A thousand claims to reverence closed  
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen;

And statesmen at her council met  
Who knew the seasons when to take  
Occasion by the hand, and make  
The bounds of freedom wider yet.

By shaping some august decree,  
Which kept her throne unshaken still,  
Broad based upon her people's will,  
And compassed by the inviolate sea.

In the lower picture we have the portrait of the maiden monarch as at the tender age of eighteen there rested on her youthful brow the crown of the mightiest empire on earth. We have all heard the story how, when the Archbishop of Canterbury came to announce her accession to the throne, her first act was one of prayer to God for grace and wisdom to bear the burdens thus laid upon her. This has been the secret of her beautiful life. Soon after the youthful Queen was crowned with royal state in Westminster Abbey, and soon after that the same venerable fane witnessed the pageant of her marriage to "Albert the Good."

These events are thus beautifully referred to in Mrs. Browning's fine poem entitled

### CROWNED AND WEDDED.

When last before her people's face her  
own fair face she bent,  
Within the meek projection of that shade  
she was content

To erase the child-smile from her lips,  
which seemed as if it might

Be still kept holy from the world  
to childhood still in sight—

To erase it with a solemn  
vow,—a princely vow—  
to rule;

A priestly vow—to  
rule by grace of  
God the pitiful;

A very godlike  
vow—to rule in  
right and right-  
eousness,

And with the  
law and for  
the land!—  
so God the  
vower bless!

The minster  
was alight that  
day, but not  
with fire, I  
ween,

And long-drawn  
glitterings swept  
adown that mighty  
aisled scene.

The priests stood  
stolid in their pomp,  
the sworded chiefs in  
theirs,

And so, the collared knights,  
and so, the civil ministers,

And so, the waiting lords and  
dames—and little pages best

At holding trains—and legates so,  
from countries east and west.

So, alien princes, native peers, and high-born ladies bright,  
 Along whose brows the Queen's, new-crowned,  
 flashed coronets to light.  
 And so, the people at the gates, with priestly hands on high,  
 Which bring the first anointing to all legal majesty.  
 And so the dead—who lie in rows beneath the minster floor,  
 There, verily an awful state maintaining evermore;  
 The statesman whose clean palm will kiss no bribe whate'er it be.  
 The courtier who, for no fair queen, will rise up to his knee.  
 The court-dame who, for no court-tire, will leave her shroud behind.  
 The laureate who no courtlier rhyme than "dust to dust" can find.  
 The kings and queens who having made that vow and worn that crown,  
 Descended unto lower thrones and darker, deep adown!  
*Dieu et mon droit*—what is't to them?—what meaning can it have?  
 The King of kings, the right of death—God's judgment and the grave.  
 And when betwixt the quick and dead, the young fair Queen had vowed,  
 The living shouted "May she live! Victoria, live!" aloud.  
 And as the loyal shouts went up, true spirits prayed between,  
 "The blessings happy monarchs have, be thine, O crowned queen!"

But now before her people's face she bendeth hers anew,  
 And calls them, while she vows, to be her witness thereunto.  
 She vowed to rule, and, in that oath, her childhood put away.  
 She doth maintain her womanhood, in vowing love to-day.  
 O, lovely lady!—let her vow!—such lips become such vows,  
 And fairer goeth bridal wreath than crown with vernal brows.  
 O, lovely lady!—let her vow! yea, let her vow to love!  
 And though she be no less a Queen—with purples hung above,  
 The pageant of a court behind, the royal kin around,  
 And woven gold to catch her looks turned maidenly to ground,  
 Yet may the bride veil hide from her a little of that state,  
 While loving hopes, for retinues, about her sweetness wait.  
 She vows to love who vowed to rule—(the chosen at her side)  
 Let none say, God preserve the Queen!—but rather bless the bride!  
 None blow the trump, none bend the knee, none violate the dream  
 Wherein no monarch but a wife, she to herself may seem.  
 Or if ye say, Preserve the Queen!—oh, breathe it inward low—  
 She is a woman, and beloved!—and 'tis enough but so.  
 Count it enough, thou noble prince, who tak'st her by the hand,  
 And claimest for thy lady-love, our lady of the land!  
 And since, Prince Albert, men have called thy spirit high and rare,  
 And true to truth, and brave for truth, as some at Augsburg were,—  
 We charge thee by thy lofty thoughts, and by thy poet-mind  
 Which not by glory and degree takes measure of mankind,  
 Esteem that wedded hand less dear for sceptre than for ring,  
 And hold her uncrowned womanhood to be the royal thing.

And now upon our Queen's last vow, what blessings shall we pray?  
 None, straightened to a shallow crown, will suit our lips to-day.  
 Behold, they must be free as love—they must be broad as free,  
 Even to the borders of heaven's light and earth's humanity.  
 Long live she!—send up loyal shouts—and true hearts pray between,—  
 "The blessings happy peasants have, be thine, O crowned Queen!"

In the upper picture we have a portrait of her Majesty after her great life-sorrow had darkened all her days. To this bereavement Tennyson refers in the following touching lines:—

"Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure;  
 Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure,

Remembering all the beauty of that star  
 Which shone so close beside thee, that ye made  
 One light together, but has past and left  
 The crown a lonely splendour."

"May all love,  
 His love, unseen, but felt, o'ershadow thee,  
 The love of all thy sons encompass thee,  
 The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,  
 The love of all thy people comfort thee  
 Till God's love set thee at his side again."

Mrs. Oliphant, the latest biographer of the Queen, pays the following tribute to her character:—

"Her Majesty has been to multitudes the most eminent type of feminine character in this vast world; she has been the wife *par excellence*, and emblem of the most entire devotion; her fame in this respect has penetrated more deeply than the fame of the poet or of general; she has helped to give lustre to those virtues on which the happiness of the universe depends, but which wit and fashion have often held lightly.

"Wherever the Queen has stood there has been the standard of goodness, the headquarters of honour and purity. It is this, above all the peculiar attractions of her position, which has given her the hold she has always retained upon the interest—we might almost say the affections—of the world.

"Queen Victoria is indeed the ideal of the constitutional monarch. No one before her has fulfilled the duties of this exalted and difficult post with the same devotion, with so much self-denial, and so little self-assertion. She has made the machine of State work easily when it was in her power to create a hundred embarrassments, and has suppressed her own prepossessions and dislikes in a manner which has been little less than heroic. She is the first of English sovereigns who has never been identified with any political party, nor even hesitated to accept the man whom the popular will or the exigencies of public affairs have brought to the front."

And not only in Great Britain, but in all English-speaking nay, in all civilized lands is the name of Britain's Queen honoured and revered. Of this we have an illustration in the following lines written by Mr. George B. Perry, of the *Boston Herald*, and read on the occasion of the annual celebration of the British Society of Boston:—

"The Queen! Our Queen! Long may she reign!"

Let heart and voice the toast repeat,  
 Who lingers o'er the loyal strain  
 But seems some old-time friend to greet?  
 "Long live the Queen!" from their grey sires  
 Our fathers heard the loyal toast,  
 Which we, the children, now repeat—  
 Our fathers' loyalty our boast.

As one who scales a sunlit height,  
 Which holds the gloaming on its breast,  
 And lingers in the reddening light  
 Awhile for retrospect and rest;  
 So, from the vantage ground of years,  
 We may recall the scenes long past,  
 And see how old-time loyal hopes  
 To full fruition grew at last.

Our fathers in the Maiden Queen  
 Saw promise of the nation's youth;  
 The herald of a nobler age  
 Which strives for righteousness and truth;  
 O'er the wide earth peace reigned serene,  
 The cruel scars of war had healed.  
 And Science, Commerce, Art, and Law,  
 Unhampered, saw a glorious field.

And whose the pen can fitly trace  
 The record of these fifty years?  
 The triumphs Liberty achieved,  
 Beyond our fathers' hopes and fears.  
 Mercy and Justice met with Law,  
 And shaped its course towards the light;  
 Our fathers saw the dawning, we  
 Are nearing to the noontide bright.

Fair Science took the field, and made  
 Steam captive of her potent will;  
 She spanned the ocean's farthest bound  
 With triumphs of her subtle skill.  
 She linked each nation's pulsing life,  
 And penned each throb of grief or mirth,  
 And gave her sister Commerce power  
 To gather tribute from all earth.

Who names our Queen the title gives  
 To Art and Letters' brightest age,  
 Transcending all in wealth of lore  
 Of singer, savant, saint, or sage.  
 Brightest of all, this age has seized  
 The storied wealth of ages past,  
 The wisdom of the centuries fled  
 Is our rich heritage at last.

Yet he who marks the flying years  
 Rich in its victories of Peace,  
 Might fear the sturdier manhood gone,  
 Were war's rude discipline to cease.  
 Mid Crimean snows, on Indian plains,  
 The sons their fathers' deeds repeat.  
 And steel-clad ships bear tars as bold  
 As hearts of oak of Nelson's fleet.

O sceptred Isle, set in the silver sea,  
 An empire's throne, between whose jewelled feet  
 The current of the teeming world divides,  
 And the tumultuous seas in triumph meet!  
 Mother of empires! whose brave children bear  
 The regal marks that test their stately birth;  
 Reaching out stalwart arms to either pole,  
 To cultivate, subdue, or win the earth!

The centre to the empire's utmost bound  
 Repeats our loyal benison to-day:  
 "Long may she reign," our Britain's Mother Queen,  
 Ruling o'er subject hearts with gentle sway.  
 Who with white flowers of purity and peace,  
 And stainless life, has garlanded the throne;  
 Linking the grace and pomp of stately courts  
 With loftier, purer virtues of the home.

"Long may she reign," and in the tide of years,  
 When comes the time to change the earthly crown,  
 When, at the summons of the King of Kings,  
 The wearied hand shall lay the sceptre down,  
 May God wipe from her eyes the mist of tears  
 A husband, son, and daughter hides from sight,  
 And lead her gently through the gate of life,  
 To wear a fadeless crown in realms of light.

#### VICTORIA, QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

The following is the outline of a lecture delivered by the Hon. George Makepeace Towle, Boston, Mass., in the Chautauqua Amphitheatre, July 23rd, 1884:

The present Queen of England is the granddaughter of George III. Her mother was a German princess, the daughter of Francis, Duke of Saxe-Cobourg, and sister of the late King of the Belgians. Her father, Edward, Duke of Kent, was poor, and repaired to Germany, and Victoria was born in really humble circumstances.

When only eight months old her father died. Her mother, the Duchess of Kent, was a woman of sense, of character and culture, and after her husband's death her life-work was the care and education of her daughter. As she grew up, the princess was taught to care for her health by temperate living and outdoor exercises. Horseback riding, rowing, and sailing were among her recreations. The family was compelled to practise economy, and yet the princess was taught lessons in practical charity. The Duchess of Northumberland became a member of the family, and took a lively interest in the education of the child. Victoria saw her fourteenth birthday without knowing anything of her relation to the reigning dynasty. Mr. Towle gives us a picture of the device resorted to by her teacher to convey this information in the most impressive manner. Extending back some generations she placed

the family record in a book the princess was studying. As she saw the record she scanned it closely and noted that there was but one name between her own and the crown. Her teacher was intensely delighted, as she saw an expression of surprise flit across her pupil's face. Turning her honest German eyes full upon the duchess she said, "I did not know that I was so near the throne." "It is so; it is so," she replied, "and I thought you should know it." A pause ensued, and the girl was lost in thought. Finally she said: "Well, I will be good." From this moment the current of her life somewhat changed. She was more thoughtful and more studious. She became accomplished in music, drawing, and the continental languages. Attention was given to some of the sciences, especially botany. To Viscount Melbourne belongs the credit of educating her in the principles of the British constitution, and this work was thoroughly done.

Thus time passed on; she had often heard of her cousin Prince Albert, prince of Saxe-Cobourg and Gotha, second son of the then reigning duke but had never seen him. Her uncle Leopold, king of the Belgians, an old match-maker, had an idea in his head, and Prince Albert was sent to London on some matter of business not requiring haste in his return. Of course it would be politic in him to call upon his cousin Victoria, and possibly spend some days in the family of her mother, his aunt. The project worked to perfection, the parties met, were pleased with each other, were much in each other's company, and parted as lovers. One night in June, 1837, a little after midnight, Victoria was awakened by loud, rapid thumps upon the door of her bed-chamber, and she was told that her presence was needed in the drawing-room with the latest delay. Throwing on a loose dress, and with her luxuriant hair flowing over her shoulders, she entered the room and found in waiting the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Melbourne, and other state officials. Being seated the bishop made the following address: "We make no apology for disturbing your ladyship at this early hour, as our business is urgent. We bring you sad news; it is but a few minutes since the King of England expired, and you are now our royal Queen, and we your loyal subjects." He then advanced a few steps, knelt before her and kissed her hand. Lord Melbourne did the same; an old duke, an uncle, worn out and decrepit by crime, advanced, hobbling along, to do the same homage, but the gracious young Queen met him and said: "Do not kneel, uncle; I am still your niece, Victoria." These ceremonies ended, the magnates retired, and so did the young Queen, though perhaps not to sleep. June 20th, 1837, was the day set for her coronation. The ceremonies were elaborate, old customs were sacredly observed, and the lord archbishop placed the crown of the British Empire upon her head with, not only his prayers and benedictions, but with the best wishes and highest hopes of the people.

Still the question was pondered by all thoughtful minds: "What kind of a queen has England now; we don't know her; will she be ambitious, arbitrary, and severe like Elizabeth, or will she be an easy, careless, good-soul like Queen Anne? As yet she is

but a pretty, cultured young lady, and she is yet to grow into the Queen. We will wait and pray."

Victoria was pleased, not to say a little intoxicated, with this sudden change in her situation. She wrote Prince Albert that she could not think of marrying in less than four years, and that subject must not be mentioned. The coldness of her letter to him indicated that without knowing it, perhaps, she had really married her crown. He was disappointed and angered, and at the earliest moment these facts were communicated to her royal highness. The old uncle, Leopold, became acquainted with the facts in the case, but felt himself to be equal to the emergency. When he thought the time had come for the parties to become engaged, Prince Albert was sent to London to convey his congratulations to the newly-crowned Queen. Elaborate arrangements were made for the interview, and as he ascended the stairs to her reception room at Windsor, she met him on the landing, and her greeting was so cordial that all wounds were healed and the two were royal lovers once more. She studied with delight the changes which two years had made in his appearance. Tall, broad-shouldered, symmetrical in form, with clear, mild eyes, dignified in his bearing, she could without reserve confess to herself that he was not only a prince, but what was better, he was a splendid man. According to law and royal custom, if they should ever wed the proposal must come from the lady; and after a few days the Prince received a card inviting him to the drawing-room of the Queen. He found her alone, standing, waiting to receive him, and with blushes, but no embarrassment. She proposed to become his wife, and February 10th, 1840, at St. James' Palace, they were married. It was a love match all round, for everybody was pleased with it.

Queen Victoria's reign has been characterized by many great events, resulting in the spread and advancement of civilization. She has been closely associated with the great men of her own realm, and with all the courts of Europe. The Queen is not the cipher or figure-head in the British government. Personally she is truly loyal to the laws of England. She is cautious in no case to interfere with the rights and prerogatives of even the meanest of her subjects. She does not rule, she governs. In all important matters she is consulted, and her advice receives the most respectful consideration of her ministers and of Parliament. It was her friendly counsel, aided by the clear judgment of her noble consort, that did much to help us out of the Trent affair and arrest threatened war.

The time must be near when her eldest daughter will be Empress of an empire which in power is second only to her own.

"In Queen Victoria," says an English writer, "her subjects have found a wiser, gentler, happier, Elizabeth. No former monarch so thoroughly comprehended the great truth that the powers of the crown are held in trust for the people, and are the means, and not the end, of government. This enlightened policy has entitled her to the glorious distinction of having been the most constitutional monarch England has ever seen. Not less important and beneficial has been the example

set by her Majesty and her late consort in the practice of every domestic virtue. Their stainless lives, their unobtrusive piety, and their careful education of the royal children, have borne rich fruit in the stability of the throne, and have obtained for the royal family of England the respect and admiration of the civilized world. Whilst on all sides of the British Isles the nations have been as a sea lashed with storms and tempests, the throne of England has stood unshaken, and its stability is the result of the virtues of the reigning Queen."

ABOUT BEING CAPTAIN.

I HEARD a droll story the other day about a company of little fellows who were formed into a club by their teacher. She had planned a great many delightful things for the club to do. They were to go on excursion, to play base-ball, to have regular military drills, and I don't know what else which boys take pride and pleasure in.

But all the fine plans came to nothing. Can you imagine why? When they met to organize the club every boy wanted to be captain. Nobody would consent to be in the ranks, and as all could not command, the little teacher gave up in despair.

It is very well to be captain, boys, but Aunt Marjorie wants you to remember that before one can lead one must always learn to obey orders. The great armies which have conquered in the battles of the world have had splendid soldiers to command them, but they have also had columns of splendid men, who were glad to do just as they were told without the least delay, and without any shirking of duty.

A person who wishes to be captain must learn, in the first place, to control himself. You know what the Bible says about this, do you not? "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city." "He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down and without walls."

A captain who flies into a rage or gets into a fright whenever there are difficulties in the way will never be able to manage his forces. Control yourself, and then you may hope to govern others.

You see that though it is quite simple, yet the office of leader has its grave cares. Before you can guide you must know how to follow, and before you rule others you must have yourself in hand.

Then, too, you must learn a great deal, and be quick to see what ought to be done and prompt in ordering it. "King" means the man who "can" do a thing, and when a boy is Rex or King on the play-ground, or at the picnic, or in the school-room, you may make up your mind that he is a lad who can do some things better than his comrades, and of whom the other boys are proud.—*Harper's Young People.*

MINISTER: "Well, John, I've nae doot frae your long experience ye cood occupy the poopit for an afternune yersel', should an emergency occur." BEADLE: "Hoots, ay, sir; there's nae difficulty in that; but then, where in the hael parish wad ye get onybody qualified to act as beadle?"

THE CROOKED TREE.

SUCH a cross old woman as Mrs. Barnes is! I never would send her jelly or anything else again," said Molly Clapp, setting her basket hard down on the table, "She never even said, 'Thank you,' but 'Set the cup on the table, child, and don't knock over the bottles.' Why don't your mother come herself instead of sending you? I'll be dead one of these days, and then she'll wish she had been more neighbourly." I never want to go there again, and I shouldn't think you would."

"Molly! Molly! come quick and see Mr. Daws straighten the old cherry tree!" called Tom through the window; and old Mrs. Barnes was forgotten as Molly flew over the green to the next yard.

Her mother watched with a good deal of interest the efforts of two stout men as, with ropes, they strove to pull the crooked tree this way and that, but it was of no use.

"It's as crooked as the letter S and has been for twenty years. You're just twenty years too late, Mr. Daws," said Joe as he dropped the rope and wiped the sweat from his face.

"Are you sure you haven't begun twenty years too late on tobacco and rum, Joe?" asked Mr. Daws.

"That a true word, master, and it's as hard to break off with them as it is to make this old tree straight. But I signed the pledge last night, and with God's help I mean to keep it."

"With God's help you may hope to keep it, Joe," responded the master. "Our religion gives every man a chance to reform. No one need despair so long as we have such promises of grace to help."

"That's my comfort, sir," said the man, humbly, "but I shall tell the boys to try and not grow crooked at the beginning."

"Mother," said Molly as she stood by the window again at her mother's side, "I know now what is the matter with old Mrs. Barnes. She needn't try to be pleasant and kind now, for she's like the old tree; it's twenty years too late."

"It's never too late, with God's help, to try to do better, but my little girl must begin now to keep back harsh words and unkind thoughts; then she will never have to say, as Joe said about the tree, 'it is twenty years too late.'"—*Child's World.*

SIZE OF SUN-SPOTS.

A SINGLE spot has measured from 40,000 to 50,000 miles in diameter, in which, as will be readily seen, we could put our earth for a standing-point of observation, and note how the vast facular waves roll and leap about the edge of the spot, and also how the metallic rain is formed from the warmer portions of the sun. In June, 1843, a solar spot remained a week visible to the naked eye, having a diameter of 77,000 miles; and in 1837 a cluster of spots covered an area of nearly 4,000,000,000 square miles. When we call to mind that the smallest spot which can be seen with the most powerful telescope must have an area of about 50,000 miles, we can readily see how large a spot must be in order to be visible to the unaided eye. Pasteroff, in 1828, measured a spot whose umbra

had an extent four times greater than the earth's surface. In August, 1858, a spot was measured by Newall, and it had a diameter of 58,000 miles—more, as you will see, than seven times the diameter of the earth. The largest spot that has ever been known to astronomy was no less in diameter than 153,500 miles, so that across this you could have placed side by side eighteen globes as large as the earth.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

SHE WAS "SOMEBODY'S MOTHER."

THE woman was old and ragged and gray, And bent with the chill of winter's day;

The street was wet with the winter's snow, And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long, Alone, uncared for amid a throng

Of human beings who passed her by Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street, with laughter and shout, Glad in the freedom of school let out,

Came the boys, like a flock of sheep, Hailing the snow, piled white and deep.

Past the woman, so old and gray, Hastened the children on their way,

Nor offered a helping hand to her, So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,

Lest the carriage wheels or horse's feet Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop, The gayest laddie of all the group.

He paused beside her, and whispered low: "I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm She placed, and without hurt or harm

He guided the trembling feet along, Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went, His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know, For she's old and poor and slow;

"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand To help my mother, you understand,

"If ever she's old and poor and gray, When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head In her house that night, and the prayer she said

Was "God be kind to the noble boy Who is somebody's son and pride and joy."

AN ENGLISH GENERAL.

A GENERAL in the English army, the army having halted for the night, having lost his baggage, lay down tired and sick without any blanket. An officer came up and said, "Why, you have no blanket! I'll go and get you a blanket." He departed for a few moments and then came back and covered the general up with a very warm blanket. The general said: "Whose blanket is this?" The officer replied: "I got that from a private soldier in the Scotch regiment, Ralph McDonald." "Now," said the general, "you take this blanket right back to that soldier. He can no more do without it than I can do without it. Never bring to me the blanket of a private soldier." How many men like that general would it take to warm the world up? The vast majority of us are anxious to get more blankets whether anybody else is blanketed or not.—*Talmage.*

DO YOUR BEST.

**H**AVE you failed to-day, good heart ?  
 'Tis no cause for sorrow ;  
 Try again ; the clouds may part —  
 Perhaps may part to-morrow.  
 If you are a brave, strong man,  
 You will do the best you can.  
 Do your best, and leave the rest,  
 Better may come to-morrow.

Have you lost your land or gold ?  
 That's no cause for sighing ;  
 One bright hour doth oft unfold  
 Many a year's denying.  
 Be not weary or downcast,  
 "Patience holds the gate at last."  
 Do your best, and leave the rest,  
 And never give up your trying.

Rich or poor, be all a man ;  
 Wear no golden fetter,  
 Do the very best you can,  
 And you'll soon do better.  
 Every day you do your best  
 Is a vantage for the rest.  
 Don't complain ; every gain  
 Is making your best still better.

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Pleasant Hours :

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 6, 1884.

WHAT TO READ.

**A**N intelligent Christian father writes to the *Guardian* as follows:

"A few days ago I found on my table a letter written by my son, aged twenty, to my youngest son, aged seventeen, in which he is giving him directions as to his reading. (I might here say he has more influence over him than all the professors in the college; they are both undergraduates of Victoria College). After naming a great many standard books of history, poetry and fiction, he makes a clean sweep of all Sunday-school books. He says: 'I have read 1,000 Sunday-school books, and it is all time and labour lost. They give no useful information. They supply no food for thought. If my reading had been properly directed I should be a well-read man.'

"Literature is the cry, is the great want of the present; but books that supply no useful information and no food for thought can scarcely be called literature."

It must be admitted that now there are a great many "books that are not books" both in the libraries and out of them. Many libraries, it is to be feared, consist of little but wishy-

washly stories, reading a thousand of which will have no effect but to weaken the powers of the mind, and create a distaste for any solid reading. But this does not result from the lack of good solid instructive Sunday school books. If library committees would only take the trouble to select instructive books they have ample material to choose from. We would not altogether interdict fiction. Much of it, especially well written and carefully studied historical tales, give a much better picture of the past than formal histories—such, for instance, the books by the author of the Schonberg-Cotta Family. In the Beginner's Library, for very little folk, especially, an interesting story will induce the child to read, and cultivate a love of reading, and instil holy lessons, where a didactic book or a history would only repel and create a distaste for books. But as children grow up they should put away these "milky" books and read the "meaty" ones—those which will nourish and strengthen heart and brain. Of these we have said there is no lack. We have just been looking over the catalogue of the Methodist book and Publishing House at Toronto, a pamphlet of 256 pages, and are surprised at the wealth of instructive and interesting reading it announces. Books of science, books of history, of travel, of missionary adventure, of historical tales, etc.

At the same time we do not see why there should not be in the libraries of our large schools copies of the great standard books, such as all intelligent people ought to read. They may not be exactly "Sunday books," but the Sunday-school has to provide often for the week-day as well as Sunday reading of the scholars, and should make the best provision possible. We would suggest, therefore, the purchase of such books for advanced scholars as Dean Stanley's Jewish Church, and Eastern Churches, and Sinai and Palestine; Dean Milman's Histories of the Jews, of Christianity, and of Latin Christianity; Pressense's, Noander's, Schaff's, or other histories of Christianity; Conybeare, and Howson's, and Farrar's St. Paul; Geike's, Farrar's, Hanna's, and other Lives of Christ; and Geike's, and Kitto's Hours with the Bible; books of religious missionary biography; D'Aubigne's, Fisher's, McCrie's, Wylie's, and other Histories of the Reformation; History of Methodism, and even such secular books as the great histories of Gibbon, Macaulay, Froude, Green, Motley, Prescott, Irving, and others. With such books as these our young student need not say that he had read 1,000 Sunday-school books, and it was all time and labour lost.

We give below the names of a few of the instructive books in the catalogue of the Methodist Book Houses at Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax:—  
 Church History Stories. By Emma Leslie. Illustrated. 12mo. Each, \$1.25.  
 Glancia. A Story of Athens in the First Century.  
 Flavia; or, Loyal unto the End. A Tale of the Church in the Second Century.  
 Quadratus. A Tale of the World in the Church.  
 Ayesha. A Tale of the Times of Mohammed.  
 Leofwine. The Saxon Story of Hopes and Struggles.  
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THE HARVEST MOON.—(See next page.)

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- William Carey. By the Rev. James Culross, D.D.
- Robert Hall. By the Rev. E. Paxton Hood.
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- John Wycliffe. By the Rev. James Fleming, B.D.
- Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D. By the Rev. Donald Fraser, D.D.
- Jonathan Edwards. By the Rev. H. Sinclair Paterson, M.D.
- Against the Stream, by the author of the Schonberg-Cotta Family.
- Ancient Egypt, with over forty illustrations. Builders of the Sea, with over forty illustrations.
- Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family. Conquering and to Conquer, by the author of the Schonberg-Cotta Family.
- Count Raymond, by Charlotte Elizabeth.
- The Faire Gospeller, by the author of Mary Powell Fuller.
- Heroes of Puritan Times by Joel Stoughton.
- India, with over forty illustrations.
- Jacques Bonneval, by the author of Mary Powell.
- Judea Capta, by Charlotte Elizabeth.
- Judah's Lion, by Charlotte Elizabeth.
- Marcella of Rome, by Frances Eastwood.
- Miracles of Faith. A Sketch of the Life of Beate Pauls.
- Oriental and Sacred Scenes, by Fisher Howe.
- Occupations of a Retired Life, by Edward Garrett.
- The Ocean, with forty illustrations.
- Pastor of the Desert, by Eugene Pelletan.
- Spanish Barber, by the author of Mary Powell.
- Winter in Spitzbergen. From the German of C. Hildebrandt.
- Draytons and the Davenants. A story of the Civil Wars in England. By the author of the Schonberg-Cotta Family.
- Early Dawn; or, Sketches of Christian Life in England in the Olden Times. By the author of the Schonberg-Cotta Family.
- The Faire Gospeller; Mistress Anne Askev. By the author of Mary Powell.
- Household of Sir Thomas Moore. By the author of Mary Powell.
- Half-Hours in the Tiny World. Wonders of Insect Life. With 100 illustrations.
- On Both Sides of the Sea. A story of the Commonwealth and the Restoration. By the author of the Schonberg-Cotta Family.
- Syrian Home Life. By Rev. H. H. Jessup, D.D.
- Alaska, and Missions on the North Pacific Coast. By Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D.
- Triumphs of Industry. Illustrated by the Life of Adam Clarke, LL.D.
- Six Days' Wonder; or, the World as it Was and Is.
- The People of China; or, A Summary of Chinese History.
- Over the Sea; or, Letters from an Officer in India to his Children at Home.



RELIEF MAP OF NORTH AMERICA.

Carl, the Young Emigrant. A memoir of schools and schoolmasters, written by the late James W. Alexander, D.D.  
 Two Hundred Years Ago; or, Life in New Sweden.  
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 Life and Writings of Mrs. Harriet Newell.  
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 Conyng Castle; or, a Knight of the Old Days. By Agnes Walton.  
 The Cripple of Antioch. By the author of the Schonberg-Cotta Family.  
 The Highland Parish. By Norman Macleod, D.D.  
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 Weaver Boy. A Life of Dr. Livingstone.  
 The Wycliffites. By Mrs. Mackay.  
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 Knights of Industry—Selections from "Self-Help." By Samuel Smiles.  
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 David Livingstone, Missionary and Discoverer.

THE HARVEST MOON.

HOW large and yellow looms the harvest moon in the eastern sky! It seems specially adapted to aid by its mellow light the reapers and gleaners, for toiling late in the field. How musical are these lines of Tennyson's:

Only reapers reaping early  
 In among the bearded barley,  
 Hear a song that echoes cheerly  
 From the river winding clearly  
 Down to towered Camelot;  
 And by the moon the reaper weary,  
 Piling sheaves in uplands airy,  
 Listening, whispers, "Tis the fairy  
 Lady of Shalott."

The picture shows a characteristic English scene. The village church, the rustic stile, the rural gleaners. In our favoured land where most of the wheat is cut and bound by machinery there is very little gleaning done. Yet what sweet associations are called up over the harvest-field of Joseph and his brother, of Boaz and the reapers, of Ruth and the gleaners, of our Saviour among the fields of corn.

RELIEF MAP OF NORTH AMERICA.

THESE relief maps give a much better idea of the surface of the country than the ordinary kind. They indicate the mountain ranges, rivers valleys, plains, etc., in a very interesting manner. In the Educational Museum at the Toronto Normal School buildings are several of these maps in high relief. They are still more clear than the picture given herewith. I once saw at Geneva in Switzerland a very large relief map, or model of the Alps, showing every stream and lake and mountain. A short study of it gave one a very distinct idea of the entire "lay of the land."

The following is a literal transcript of a sign on a Pennsylvania village store: "Tea and Taters, Sugar and Shingles, Brickdust and Lassas, Whiskey, Tar and other Drugs."

A HARVEST SONG.

COME, Mary, blow the horn! For the men are all a-field,  
 It was an hour and more ago, I saw them in the corn.  
 Josie has the table spread and the harvest apples peeled.  
 Come, Mary, come and blow the horn!

Come, Mary, blow the horn! For the moon is in the skies.  
 With sweeter, lustre voice than yours was never woman born;  
 But your call will not reach to the field beyond the rise,  
 So come, Mary, come and blow the horn!  
 Come, Mary, blow the horn! For the harvest is begun:  
 Half the rye is in the sheaf, the field is lying shorn;  
 The men must take a breath and be out into the sun,  
 So come, Mary, come and blow the horn!

Come, Mary, blow the horn! For the heat is very sore;  
 I know it by the blinking sun, the twisting of the corn.  
 The pail will be dry and the men will thirst for more.  
 Come, Mary, come and blow the horn!

Go, Mary, blow the horn! The wind is in the south;  
 Go out upon the hill where the echo will be borne,  
 Then blow a ringing blast from a full red mouth!  
 Go, Mary, go and blow the horn!

Go, Mary, blow the horn! For the men are still a-field:  
 There's Peter in the yellow rye and Dennis in the corn:  
 Josie has the table spread and the harvest apples peeled.  
 Ah, go, Mary, go and blow the horn!

THE C. L. S. O.

THE Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle is a school at home, a school after school, a college for one's own house, by which he may become acquainted in a general way with the college world into which so many of our young people go, about which their parents know so little, and the benefits of which college people themselves need to recall in their later years.

It is for busy people who left school years ago, and who desire to pursue some systematic course of instruction.

It is for high-school and college graduates, for people who never entered either high-school or college, for merchants, mechanics, apprentices, mothers, busy housekeepers, farmer boys, shop-girls, and for people of leisure and wealth who do not know what to do with their time. College graduates, ministers, lawyers, physicians, accomplished ladies, are taking the course. They find the required books entertaining and useful, giving them a pleasant review of studies long ago laid aside. Several of our members are over eighty years of age. Very few are under eighteen.

The C. L. S. O. Course requires about forty minutes' time a day for the term of four years. It need not be done every day, although this is a desirable way to carry on the work. The readings are comprehensive, clear, simple, and entertaining. They vary, of course, in interest according to the taste of the reader.

More than sixty thousand names are enrolled in this so-called "People's University." Although not a university at all, it has put educational influence, atmosphere, and ambition into the homes of the people which will lead many thousands of youth to seek the education which colleges and universities supply.

It is an easy thing to join the C. L. S. C.; no preliminary examination is required; indeed, no examination is required at any time. Members are expected to fill all out certain simple memoranda year after year, and forward them to the central office of the C. L. S. C. at Plainfield, N. J. But this is no task at all.

Persons may join the C. L. S. C. for one year. A full course requires four years, and even after graduation one may continue to read on and add seals for years to the diploma which he receives at the end of the first four years.

The course embraces simple, entertaining, and instructive reading in ancient and modern history and literature, in physical, mental, and moral science, and in all matters that pertain to a true life, physical, intellectual, industrial, domestic, social, political, and religious. It is unsectarian and unsectional, promoting good fellowship and fraternity, inspiring help to the home, the Church, and the State. All are alike welcome to its fellowship.

The C. L. S. C. has the spirit of delightful fellowship that belongs to the college; its "mottoes," "songs," "memorial days," "vesper services," "diplomas," "commencement days," public "recognitions," "seals," "badges," "class gatherings," "alumni reunions," etc., etc., give to it a peculiar charm and kindle enthusiasm among its members.

The course of study for 1884-85 is as follows:

"Beginner's Hand-book of Chemistry," Prof. Appleton.

Scientific readings in the *Chautauquan*: "The Circle of the Sciences;" "Huxley on Science;" "Home Studies in Chemistry," by Prof. J. T. Edwards; "Easy Lessons in Animal Biology," Dr. J. H. Wythe; "The Temperance Teachings of Science;" and "Studies in Kitchen Science and Art." (The *Chautauquan* is published by Dr. T. L. Flood, Meadville, Pa. Price \$1.50 per annum.)

"Barnes's Brief History of Greece."

"Preparatory Greek Course in English," Wilkinson.

"College Greek Course in English," Wilkinson.

"Chautauqua Text-book, No. 5. Greek History," Vincent.

"Cyrus and Alexander," Abbott.

"The Art of Speech," Dr. L. T. Townsend.

General readings in the *Chautauquan*: "Talks About Good English," etc.

"The Character of Jesus," Horace Bushnell.

"How to Help the Poor," Mrs. James T. Fields.

"History of the Reformation," Bishop J. F. Hurst.

"Sunday Readings" in the *Chautauquan*.

Readings in *Our Alma Mater*:\* "Lessons in Every-day Speech," Prof. W. D. MacClintock; "Lessons in Household Decoration," Miss Susan Hayes Ward; "Lessons in Self-Discipline: Thinking, Memory, Selection of Book," etc., "Official Communications to Members."†

For information concerning the

\* The *Alma Mater* is sent free to all members of the C. L. S. C. who are recorded at Plainfield, N. J., and whose annual fee is paid.

† To recorded members several other valuable documents are forwarded free without additional expense.

C. L. S. C. address Dr. J. H. Vincent, Plainfield, N. J.; or I. C. Peake, Methodist Mission Rooms, Toronto.

### HERE THEY COME!

**H**ERE they come, tramping from the sea, tramping from the mountains, tramping from the lakes! Can't you hear it, the music of young feet pattering home to be on hand for school when September opens? No music in the world like the tripping of young feet, so full of the life that keeps the rest of the world young, laughs down its groans, smiles away its scowls, puts push into its lagging, rheumatic limbs, makes it hopeful, and under bright fluttering banners leads it forward to new victories. Here comes a quantity of this young life into the Sunday-school the first Sunday in September, so earnest, bright-eyed, wide awake. How will you meet it? In a half-hearted, listless way? Be on a level with your opportunities. Meet life with life. Meet smiles with smiles. Be that wise, skilful potter who knows when his material is plastic, and molds these souls with loving hands, with consecrated hands, with hands back of which are divine hands of strength, hands that can work, and hands that can—wait!—S. S. Journal.

### BE THOROUGH.

**N**EVER do a thing thoroughly," Mary said to me the other day. She had just been competing for a prize in composition. "I only read my composition once after I wrote it, and I never practised it in the chapel at all."

She was naturally far more gifted than Alice, who was her principal competitor. Alice wrote and re-wrote her essay, and practised it again and again.

The day came. Alice read her composition in a clear, distinct voice, without hesitation or lack of expression. It was condensed and well written. Mary's could not be heard beyond the fifth row of seats, and was long and uninteresting. Alice won the prize. One remembered and the other forgot that truth so trite, but so aptly put by Carlyle, "Genius is an immense capacity for taking trouble."

One by patient, persistent effort, obtained what the other relied upon her natural talent to win for her.

Whatever you do, whether you sweep a room, or make a cake, or write an essay, or trim a hat, or read a book, do it thoroughly. Have a high standard for everything. Not alone because only thus can you win honour and distinction, but because this is the only honest, right, Christian way to use the gifts God has bestowed upon you. To be honest before him we must be thorough.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: With pleasure I acknowledge the receipt of your valuable S. S. Papers, which are veritable "Sunbeams" and "Pleasant Hours" in both "Home and School." They are eagerly sought for. I hope you may long be spared to bless the Homes and Schools of this land with such pure and good reading.

THE burden of many a song is the song itself.

### A GIRL'S A GIRL FOR A' THAT.

**I**S there a lady in the land  
That boasts her rank and a' that?  
With scornful eye we pass her by,  
And little care for a' that;  
For nature's charms shall bear the palm—  
A girl's a girl for a' that.

What though her neck with gems she deck  
With folly's gear and a' that,  
And gaily ride in pomp and pride,  
We can dispense with a' that.  
An honest heart acts no such part—  
A girl's a girl for a' that.

The nobly born may proudly scorn  
A lowly girl and a' that,  
A pretty face has far more grace  
Than haughty looks and a' that;  
A bonny maid needs no such aid—  
A girl's a girl for a' that.

And let us trust that come it must,  
And sure it will for a' that:  
When faith and love, all arts above,  
Shall reign supreme and a' that,  
And every youth confess the truth—  
A girl's a girl for a' that.

### A RACE FOR AN EDUCATION.



#### THE Hoosier

School Boy," is the title of one of Eggleston's latest books. It gives, in a very attractive and interesting manner, an account of "school-keeping," forty or fifty years ago. A boy named John or "Jack" Dudley is the leading character. Many

very interesting sketches of his school life, at Greenback, are given. He was always on the side of right. He got into many quarrels with larger boys in his defence of those younger than himself. Besides he was one of the best-behaved and most industrious boys in the school.

Jack's father, before his death, had been persuaded to release a mortgage in order to relieve Francis Gray from financial distress. Gray had promised to give other security, but his promises had proven worthless. Since that time he had made lucky speculations, and was now a man rather well off, but he kept all his property in his wife's name. All that Jack and his poor mother had to show for the one thousand dollars, with four years' interest, due them was a judgment against Gray, with the sheriff's return of "No effects" on the back of the writ.

After the breaking up of Mr. Ball's school at Greenback, on account of some severe punishment which he inflicted, Jack Dudley with two friends attended for a short term at Mr. Niles' school at Port William, a small village a few miles down the river. They rented an old house from Judge Kane, a wealthy farmer, and boarded themselves. The Judge took a great interest in the boys, and his wife added much to their comfort and support. Judge Kane drew from Jack a full account of his affairs, and particularly of the debt due from Gray.

"If you could get a few hundred dollars, so as to make your mother feel easy for a while, living as she does in her own house, you could go to school next winter."

"Yes, and then I could get on after that somehow, by myself, I suppose," said Jack. "But the few hundred dollars is as much out of my reach as

a million would be, and my father used to say that it was a bad thing to get into the way of figuring on things that we could never reach."

The Judge sat still, and looked at Jack out of his half-closed gray eyes for a minute in silence.

"Come up to the house with me," he said, rising.

Jack followed him to the house, where the Judge opened his desk and took out a red-backed memorandum book, and dictated while Jack copied in his own handwriting the description of a piece of land on a slip of paper.

"If you go over to school to-morrow an hour earlier than usual," he said, "call at the county clerk's office; show him your memorandum, and find out in whose name that land stands. It is a timber land five miles back, and worth five hundred dollars. When you get the name of the owner you will know what to do; if not you can ask me, but you'd better not mention my name to anybody in this matter." Jack thanked Mr. Kane, but left him feeling puzzled. In fact, the farmer judge seemed to like to puzzle people, or at least he never told anything more than was necessary.

The next morning the boys were off early. Jack wondered if the land might belong to his father, but then he was sure his father never had any land in Kentucky. Or, was it the property of some dead uncle or cousin, and was he to find a fortune, like the hero of a cheap story? But when the county clerk, whose office it is to register deeds in that county, took the little piece of paper, and after scanning it, took down some great deed-books and mortgage-books, and turned the pages awhile, and then wrote: "Francis Gray, owner, no encumbrance," on the same slip with the description, Jack had the key to Mr. Kane's puzzle.

About the same time, Mr. Tinkham, Gray's agent, called on Mrs. Dudley, at Greenback, and offered her one hundred and fifty dollars for her claim against Gray. This she refused. Mr. Beal, her lawyer, upon learning Jack's news about the land in Kentucky, advised her to record the judgment immediately.

"They've got wind of something," said Mr. Tinkham to Mr. Gray, "or else they are waiting for you to resume payment—or else the widow's got money from somewhere for her present necessities."

"I don't know what hope they can have of getting money out of me," said Gray with a laugh. "I've tangled everything up, so that Beal can't find a thing to levy on. I have but one piece of property exposed, and that's not in this State."

"Where is it?" asked Tinkham. "It's in Kentucky, miles back of Port William. I took it last week in a trade, and haven't yet made up my mind what to do with it."

"That's the very thing," said Tinkham, with his little face drawn to a point—"the very thing. Mrs. Dudley's son came home from Port William yesterday, where he has been at school. They've heard of that land, I'm afraid; for Mrs. Dudley is very positive that she will not sell the claim at any price."

"I'll make a mortgage to my brother on that land and send it off from the mail boat, as I go down to-morrow," said Gray.

"That'll be too late," said Tinkham. "Beal will have his judgment recorded

as soon as the packet gets there. You'd better go by the packet, get off and see the mortgage recorded yourself, and then take the mail boat."

To this Gray agreed, and the next day, when Jack went on board the packet *Swiftsure*, he found Mr. Francis Gray going aboard also. Mr. Beal had warned Jack that he must not let anybody from the packet get to the clerk's office ahead of him—that the first paper deposited for record would take the land. Jack wondered why Mr. Francis Gray was aboard the packet, which went no further than Madison, while Mr. Gray's home was in Louisville. He soon guessed, however, that Gray meant to land at Port William, and so determined to head him off. Jack looked at Mr. Gray's form, made plump by good feeding, and felt safe. He couldn't be very dangerous in a foot-race. Jack reflected with much hopefulness that no boy in school could catch him in a straight-away run when he was fox. He would certainly leave the somewhat puffy Mr. Francis Gray behind.

But in an hour's run down the river, including two landings at Minuit's and Craig's, Jack had time to remember that Francis Gray was a cunning man, and might lead him off by some trick or other. A vague fear took possession of him, and he resolved to be first off the boat before any pretext could be invented to stop him.

Meanwhile, Francis Gray had looked at Jack's lithe legs with apprehension. "I can never beat that boy," he had reflected. "My running days are over." Finding among the deck passengers a young fellow who looked as though he needed money, Gray approached him with this question:

"Do you belong in Port William, young man?"

"I don't belong nowhere else, I reckon," answered the seedy fellow, with shuffling impudence.

"Do you know where the county clerk's office is?" asked Mr. Gray.

"Yes, and the market house. I can show you the way to the gaol, too, if you want to know; but I s'pose you've been there many a time," laughed the wharf-rat.

Gray was irritated at this rudeness, but he swallowed his anger.

"Would you like to make five dollars?"

"Now you're talkin' interestin'. Why didn't you begin at that end of the subjick? I'd like to make five dollars as well as the next feller, provided it isn't to be made by too much awful hard work."

"Can you run well?"

"If there's money at t'other end of the race, I can run like sixty for a spell. 'Tain't my common gait, howsumever."

"If you'll take this paper," said Gray, "and get it to the county clerk's office before anybody else gets there from this boat, I'll give you five dollars."

"Honour bright?" asked the chap, taking the paper, drawing a long breath, and looking as though he had discovered a gold mine.

"Honour bright!" answered Gray. "You must jump off first of all, for there's a boy aboard that will beat you if he can. No pay if you don't win."

"Which is the one that'll run ag'n me?" asked the long-legged fellow.

Gray described Jack, and told the young man to go out forward and he

would see him. Gray was not willing to be seen with the "wharf-rat," lest suspicions should be awakened in Jack Dudley's mind. But after the shabby young man had gone forward and looked at Jack, he came back with a doubtful air.

"That's Hoosier Jack, as we used to call him," said the shabby young man. "He an'two more used to row a boat across the river every day to go to old Niles' school. He's a hard one to beat—they say he used to lay the whole school out on prisoners' base, and that he could leave 'em all behind on fox."

"You think you can't do it, then?" asked Gray.

"Gimmie a little start and I reckon I'll fetch it. It's up-hill part of the way and he may lose his wind, for it's a good half mile. You must make a row with him at the gang-plank, or do somethin' to kinder hold him back. The win's down stream to-day and the boat's sure to swing in a little aft. I'll jump for it and you keep him back."

To this Gray assented.

As the shabby young fellow had predicted the boat did swing around in the wind, and had some trouble in bringing her bow to the wharf boat. The captain stood on the hurricane deck, calling to the pilot to "back her," "stop her," "go ahead on her," "go ahead on her labberd," and "back on her stabberd." Now, just as the captain was backing the starboard wheel, and going ahead on his larboard, so as to bring the boat around right, Mr. Gray turned on Jack.

"What are you treading on my toes for, you impudent young rascal!" he broke out.

Jack coloured and was about to reply sharply, when he caught sight of the shabby young fellow, who just then jumped from the gunwale of the boat amidst hips and barely reached the wharf. Jack guessed why Gray had tried to irritate him—he saw that the well-known "wharf-rat" was to be his competitor. But what could he do? The wind had held the bow of the boat out, the gang-plank which had been pushed out ready to reach the wharf boat was still firmly grasped by the deck hands, and the farther end of it was about six feet from the wharf, and much above it. It would be some minutes before anyone could leave the boat in the regular way. There was only one chance to defeat the rascally Gray. Jack concluded to take it.

He ran out upon the plank amidst the harsh cries of the deck hands who tried to stop him, and the oaths of the mate who thundered at him, with the stern order of the captain from the upper deck, who called out to him to go back.

But luckily, the steady pulling ahead of the larboard engine, and the backing of the starboard, began just then to bring the boat around. The plank sank down a little under Jack's weight, and Jack made the leap to the wharf, hearing the confused cries, orders, oaths and shouts from behind him as he pushed through the crowd.

"Stop that thief!" cried Francis Gray to the people on the wharf boat, but in vain. Jack glided swiftly through the people, and got on shore before anybody could check him. He charged up the hill after the shabby young fellow, who had a decided lead, while some of the men on the

wharf boat pursued them both, uncertain which was the thief. Such another pell-mell race Port William had never seen. Windows flew open and heads went out. Small boys joined the pursuing crowd, and dogs barked indiscriminately and uncertainly at the heels of everybody. There were cries of "Hurrah for long Ben!" and "Hurrah for Hoosier Jack!" Some of Jack's old school mates essayed to stop him to find out what it was all about, but he would not relax a muscle, and he had no time to answer any questions. He saw the faces of the people dimly; he heard the crowd crying after him: "Stop thief!" He caught a glimpse of his old teacher, Mr. Niles, regarding him with curiosity as he darted by; he saw an anxious look on Judge Kane's face, as he passed him on a street corner. But Jack held his eyes on long Ben, whom he pursued as a dog does a fox. He had steadily gained on the fellow, but Ben had too much the start, and unless he should give out, there would be little chance for Jack to overtake him. One thinks quickly in such moments. Jack remembered that there were two ways to reach the county clerk's office. To keep the street was the natural way—to take an alley through the square was neither longer nor shorter. But by running down the alley he would deprive long Ben of the spur of seeing his pursuer, and he might even make him think that Jack had given out. Jack had played this trick when playing hound and fox, and at any rate he would by this turn shake off the crowd. So into the alley he darted, and the bewildered pursuers kept on crying "Stop thief!" after long Ben, whose reputation was none of the best. Somebody ahead tried to catch the shabby young fellow, and this forced Ben to make a slight curve, which gave Jack the advantage, so that just as Ben neared the office, Jack rounded a corner out of an alley, and entered ahead, dashing up to the clerk's desk and deposited the judgment.

"For record," he gasped.

The next instant the shabby young fellow pushed forward the mortgage.

"Mine first," said long Ben.

"I'll take yours when I get this entered," said the clerk quietly, as became a public officer.

"I got here first," said long Ben.

But the clerk looked at the clock, and entered the date on the back of Jack's paper, putting, "one o'clock and eighteen minutes" after the date. Then he wrote one o'clock and nineteen minutes on the paper which long Ben handed him.

The office was soon crowded with people discussing the result of the race, and a part of them were in favor of seizing one or the other of the runners for a theft, which some said had been committed on the wharf boat. Francis Gray came in, and could not conceal his chagrin.

"I meant to do the fair thing by you," he said to Jack severely, "but now you'll never get a cent out of me."

"I'd rather have the law on men like you than a thousand of your sort of fair promises," said Jack.

"I've a mind to strike you," said Mr. Gray.

"The Kentucky law is hard on a man who strikes a minor," said Judge Kane, who had entered at that moment.

Mr. Niles came in to learn what was the matter, and Judge Kane, after listening quietly to the talk of the people, until the excitement subsided, took Jack over to his house, whence the boy trudged home in the late afternoon full of hopefulness.

Gray's land realized as much as Mr. Beal expected, and Jack studied hard all summer, so as to be as far ahead as possible by the time school should begin in the autumn.

THE HOMELINESS OF THE QUEEN.

**T**HE *Spectator* concludes a notice of the Queen's book by saying that her Majesty, Queen though she be, is in everything a woman of homely impressions and homely affections. She thinks no domestics to be compared with her most devoted domestic, no girls cleverer and sweeter than her daughters, no courage more admirable than her son's. She was as pleased with getting Dr. Norman McLeod's authority for being as much at Balmoral as she desired, as if Dr. Norman McLeod had been her constitutional adviser instead of one of her spiritual advisers. She is far from feeling too exalted to take pleasure in being advised to do what she wishes to do. She is far from feeling too exalted to be vexed by continual rain in beautiful country or by losing her luggage so that she cannot retire to rest without inconvenient special arrangements. In Church matters she is thoroughly religious, without being able to see any vital distinction between her own Church and that of the Presbyterians. In a word, she is in everything a warm-hearted, natural, simple-minded, undogmatic woman, as well as a Queen. And that is so difficult for the world in general to realize, that this book will probably give as much pleasure by convincing its readers of this, as it would have done if it had contained a great amount of new and original matter on the subject of the Queen's deepest and most carefully considered convictions—which, however, it is certain that she could never have given us without doing far more mischief than she could have done good.

A NEGRO'S PRAYER.

**A** TEACHER in one of the coloured schools in the South was about to go away for a season, and an old negro poured out for her the following fervent petitions: "I give you the words," said the writer, "but they convey no idea of the pathos and earnestness of the prayer." "Go afore her as a leadin' light and behind her as a protectin' angel. Rough-shod her feet vid de preparation of de Gospel o' peace. Nail her ears to de Gospel pole. Gib her de eye of de eagle dat she spy out sin 'far off. Wax her hand to de Gospel plow. Tie her tongue to de line of turf. Keep her feet in de narrer way and her soul in de channel ob faith. Bow her head low beneaf her knees, an' her knees way down in some lonesome valley where prayer and supplication is much wanted to be made. Hedge an' ditch 'bout her, good Lord, and keep her in de strait an' narrer way dat leads to heaven."



DARE TO SAY "NO."

**D**ARE to say "No" when you're tempted to drink, Pause for a moment, my brave boy, and think—  
 Think of the wreck upon life's ocean tossed For answering "Yes," without counting the cost;  
 Think of the mother who bore you in pain! Think of the tears that will fall like the rain;  
 Think of her heart, and how cruel the blow; Think of her love, and at once answer "No!"  
 Think of her hopes that are drowned in the bowl;  
 Think of the danger to body and soul;  
 Think of sad lives once as pure as the snow; Look at them now and at once answer "No!"  
 Think of a manhood with rum-tainted breath;  
 Think how the glass leads to sorrow and death;  
 Think of the homes that, now shadowed with woe,  
 Might have been heaven had the answer been "No!"  
 Think of lone graves both unwept and unknown,  
 Hiding fond hopes that were fair as your own;  
 Think of proud forms now for ever laid low,  
 That still might be here had they learned to say "No."  
 Think of the demon that lurks in the bowl,  
 Driving to ruin both body and soul;  
 Think of all this as life's journey you go,  
 And when you're assailed by the tempter say "No!"

—Selected.

"I WAS GOING TO."

**C**HILDREN are very fond of saying, "I was going to." The boy lets the rats catch his chickens. He was going to fill up the hole with glass, and to set traps for the rats; but he did not do it in time, and the chickens were eaten. He consoles himself for the loss, and excuses his carelessness by saying, "I was going to attend to that." A horse falls through a broken plank in the stable and breaks his leg, and is killed to put him out of his suffering. The owner was going to fix that weak plank, and so excuses himself. A boy wets his feet and sits for hours without changing his shoes, catches a severe cold, and is obliged to have the doctor for a week. His mother told him to change his wet shoes when he came in, and he was going to do it, but he did not. A girl tears her new dress so badly that all her mending cannot make it look well again. There was a little rent before, and she was going to mend it, but she forgot. And so we might go on giving instance after instance, such as happens in every home with almost every man and woman, boy and girl. "Procrastination is" not only "the thief of time," but it is the worker of vast mischiefs. If a Mr. "I-was-goin'-to" lives in your house, just give him warning to leave. He is a loungeur and a nuisance. He never did any good. He has wrought unnumbered mischiefs. The girl or boy who begins to live with him will have a very unhappy time of it, and life will not be successful. Put Mr. "I-was-goin'-to" out of your house, and keep him out. Always do things which you are going to do.—*Youth's World*.

It is claimed that out of 1,360 criminal convictions in Iowa, during 1881, 671 of the criminals convicted were saloon-keepers. It is not stated how large a proportion of the remaining number were saloon hauners.

SMILES.

THE cigarette smoking young man is referred to by the *Cleveland Leader* as "third-class male matter."

REMEMBER that your good reputation is like an icicle. If it once melts, that's the last of it.

"WHY," exclaimed a tourist, "a donkey couldn't climb that hill;" and then he added, "and I'm not going to try it."

It is easy to be philanthropic over other people's misfortunes. Any one can stand the toothache in another fellow's jaw.

An old lady in Texas says she never could imagine where all the Smiths came from until she saw in a town a large sign, "Smith Manufacturing Company."

"FATHER," says an inquisitive boy. "What is meant by close relations?" "Close relations, my son," replied the father, "are relations who never give you a cent."

"WHAT does the word 'pedigree' mean, John?" "It means 'descent.'" "Write a sentence on the board containing that word." John went up and chalked off the following: "We pedigreed down the hill."

MEN seldom die of hard work, activity is God's medicine. The highest genius is willingnes; and ability to do hard work. Any other conception of genius makes it a doubtful, if not a dangerous, possession.

FATHER: "And so papa's dear little boy is very ill. Now, is there anything I can get for him that will make him feel better?" Invalid: "I don't know, papa—but—I think I would like a gong."

A REVEREND sportsman was once boasting on his infallible skill in finding a hare. "If I were a hare," said a Quaker, who was present, "I would take my seat in a place where I should be sure of not being disturbed by thee from the first of January to the last day of December." "Why, where would you go?" asked the sportsman. "Into thy study!" replied the Quaker.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

B.C —.] LESSON XI. [Sept 14.

WAITING FOR THE LORD.

Psa. 40. 1-17. Commit to memory vs. 1-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I delight to do thy will, O my God. Psa. 40. 8.

OUTLINE.

1. Saved, v. 1-4.
2. Serving, v. 5-10.
3. Pleading, v. 11-17.

EXPLANATIONS.—I waited patiently—This psalm was written after a time of trouble, from which David had been delivered. Horrible pit—Literally, "pit of darkness;" troubles like a pit. New song—A song of praise for deliverance. Fear—The fear of God, which springs from love. The proud—Here meaning those who have no respect for God. Lies—Wrong doings. Offering thou didst not desire—God wishes obedience, rather than sacrifice. Ears hast thou opened—To hear the word of the Lord. In the volume—"In the roll;" as books were in ancient times rolls. Preached righteousness—Declared man's duty toward God. Evils have compassed me—The psalmist here speaks of enemies who were against him, and opposing the Lord. Seek after my soul—Rather, "my life." Aha—A word of contempt. Those that seek thee—By prayer and praise. Poor and needy—The psalmist, even though a king, felt the need of God's help.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we shown—  
 1. The benefit of confidence in God?  
 2. The need of willing service?  
 3. The only hope of the guilty and the needy?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who is blessed? He that makes the Lord his trust. 2. What is said of God's works and of his thoughts to us? "They are more than can be numbered." 3. What should we delight in doing? The will of the Lord. 4. Why did David's heart fail him? Because of the number of his iniquities. 5. What should they say who love the salvation of God? "The Lord be magnified." DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's answer to prayer.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

95. What lesson does this teach us? The high honour put upon human nature, and the great virtue of humility.  
 96. Was not the Redeemer still further humbled? He was "tempted of the devil" (Matthew iv. 1), though he was the Son of God who could not sin.  
 97. What do we learn from this? We learn that temptation is not itself sin, and also that our Saviour will help us when we are tempted. Hebrews iv. 15. [Hebrews ii. 18.]

B.C —.] LESSON XII. [Sept. 21.

A SONG OF PRAISE.

Psa. 103 1-22. Commit to memory vs. 1, 5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. Psa. 103. 2.

OUTLINE.

1. The benefits of the Lord, v. 1-7.
2. The mercy of the Lord, v. 8-18.
3. The praise of the Lord, v. 19-22.

EXPLANATIONS.—Healeth all thy diseases—God's mercy is shown in restoring health to the sick in answer to prayer. Youth is renewed like the eagle's—Referring to the new feathers which come to the eagle every year, making it seem young. Righteousness and judgment—Giving justice to those who are wronged by men. His ways unto Moses—Revealing to Moses his purposes. Child—Rebuke for sin. Removed our transgressions—By his forgiveness. Pitieth his children—Feeling a love for them even when they do wrong. Knoweth our frame—God knows how to make allowance for our weakness. Days are as grass—Grass in the East withers in the hot summer. Keep his covenant—Keep the promises made to fulfil God's law. Ye his angels—God's angels fulfil his commands. Ministers—Servants. His hosts—The armies of the heavens, stars and heavenly bodies. His dominion—The universe.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we see—  
 1. The abounding grace of God?  
 2. The wonderful mercy of the Lord?  
 3. The completeness of the redemption from sin?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How great is God's mercy? As the distance from earth to heaven. 2. How far does it extend? "From everlasting to everlasting." 3. How does God pity them that fear him? "As a father pitieth his children." 4. To what are the days of man likened? To the grass. 5. What is the oft-repeated strain of David's rejoicing? "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The mercies of the Lord.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

98. What was the Lord's deepest humiliation? He was "reckoned with transgressors" (Luke xxii. 37), and endured the shameful death of the cross. [Luke xii. 50, xxii. 52; Galatians iii. 13; Hebrews xii. 2.]  
 99. Was this humiliation unto death necessary? Yes; to fulfil the purpose of God, which was declared in the predictions of Scripture. [Matthew xvi. 21, xxvi. 54; Mark xiv. 49; Luke xxiv. 44.]  
 100. Do we know any further reason why it was needful? It was necessary, that our Saviour might offer a full satisfaction and atonement for the sin of man. 1 John ii. 2.

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