

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

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

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

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

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

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

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

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

Showthrough/
Transparence

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

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

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

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

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

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.

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

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

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

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

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IV.

TORONTO, APRIL 19, 1884.

No. 8.

PROVINCE OF MANITOBA.*

I.

THE Province of Manitoba is situated in the very centre of the continent, being midway between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans on the East and West, and the Arctic Ocean and Gulf of Mexico on the North and South.

sources, in the sinews of her material might, is peer of any power on the earth."

The summer mean temperature of Manitoba is 67° to 76°, which is about the same as the State of New York. But in winter the thermometer sinks to 30° and 40° and sometimes 50° below zero. The atmosphere, however, is very bright and dry, and the sensa-

The climate drawbacks are occasional storms and "blizzards," and there are sometimes summer frosts. But the liability to these is not greater than in many parts of Canada or the United States as far south as New York.

Very little snow falls on the prairies, the average depth being about eighteen inches, and buffaloes and the native horses graze out of doors all winter.

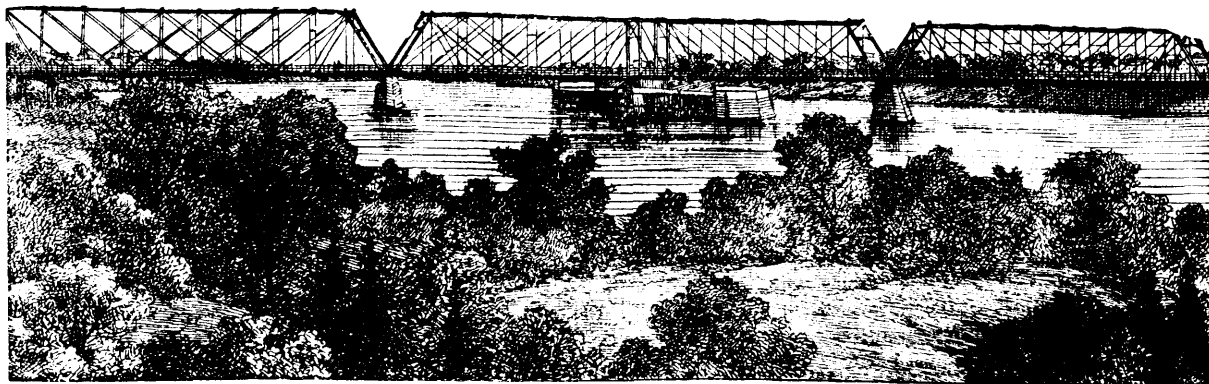
rich that it does not require the addition of manure for years after the first breaking of the prairie, and in particular places where the black loam is very deep, it is practically inexhaustible.

All the cereals grow and ripen in great abundance. Wheat is especially adapted both to the soil and climate. The wheat grown is very heavy, being



WINNIPEG IN 1882.

The southern frontier of Manitoba is a little to the south of Paris, and the line being continued would pass through the south of Germany. Manitoba has the same summer suns as that favoured portion of Europe. To use the eloquent words of Lord Dufferin: "Manitoba may be regarded as the keystone of that mighty arch of sister provinces which spans the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Canada, the owner of half a continent, in the magnitude of her possessions, in the wealth of her re-



LOUISE BRIDGE, ACROSS RED RIVER, WINNIPEG.

tion of cold is not so unpleasant as that of a temperature at the freezing point in a humid atmosphere.

Manitoba and the North-West Territory of Canada are among the absolutely healthiest countries on the globe, and most pleasant to live in. There is no malaria, and there are no diseases arising out of, or peculiar to, either the province or the climate.

The snow goes away and ploughing begins from the 1st to the latter end of April, a fortnight earlier than in the Ottawa region.

The soil is a rich, deep, black mould or loam, resting on a deep and very tenacious clay subsoil. It is among the richest, if not the richest, soil in the world, and especially adapted to the growth of wheat. The soil is so

from 62 to 66 lbs. per bushel; the average yield, with fair farming, being 25 bushels to the acre. There are much larger yields reported, but there are also smaller, the latter being due to defective farming.

Potatoes and all kinds of field and garden roots grow to large size and in great abundance. Tomatoes and melons ripen in the open air. Hops and

flax are at home on the prairies. All the small fruits, such as currants, strawberries, raspberries, etc., are found in abundance. But it is not yet established that the country is adapted for the apple or pear. These fruits, however, do grow at St. Paul; and many think they will in Manitoba.

For grazing and cattle raising the facilities are unbounded. The prairie

* In consequence of the deep interest felt in this subject, we reprint a small part of an extensive series of articles on the North-West which appeared last year in the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*.—ED. PLEASANT HOURS.

grasses are nutritious and of illimitable abundance. Hay is cheaply and easily made. Trees are found along the rivers and streams, and they will grow anywhere very rapidly, if protected from prairie fires. Wood for fuel has not been very expensive, and preparations are now being made for bringing coal into market; of which important mineral there are vast beds further west, which will immediately be brought into use. The whole of the vast territory from the boundary to the Peace River, about 200 miles wide from the Rocky Mountains, is a coal field.

Water is found by digging wells of moderate depth on the prairie. The rivers and "coolies" are also available for water supply. Rain generally falls freely during the spring, while the summer and autumn are generally dry.

The drawbacks to production are occasional visitations of grasshoppers. This evil is not much feared; but still it might come.

Manitoba has already communication by railway with the Atlantic seaboard and all parts of the continent; that is to say, a railway train may start from Halifax or Quebec, after connection with the ocean steamship, and run continuously on to Winnipeg. It can do the same from New York, Boston, or Portland, and further, the Canadian Pacific Railway, as elsewhere stated, is now completed to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. The branch from Thunder Bay, on Lake Superior to Winnipeg, a distance of over 400 miles, is already completed. Other railways are chartered, and it is believed will soon be constructed.

The section of the Pacific Railway now opened to Thunder Bay will place the cereals and other produce of Manitoba in connection with Lake Superior, whence it can be cheaply floated down the great water system of the St. Lawrence and lakes to the ocean steamships in the ports of Montreal and Quebec, while the railway system affords connection as well with the markets of the other provinces as with those of the United States.

The Canadian Pacific Railway will be immediately and continuously pushed to rapid completion to the Pacific Ocean. It will be by far the shortest line, with the easiest gradients, and the fewest and easiest curves, between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and will constitute the shortest and best line for travel and commerce between Great Britain and China and Japan. This line of railway, passing through the fertile, instead of the desert, portion of the continent of America, will constitute one of the most important of the highways of the world.

HOMELY ILLUSTRATIONS OF FAITH.

SAM JONES was talking to a man of weak faith the other day. The doubter asked if Mr. Jones could not give him a demonstration of religion. "None," was the reply. "You must get inside the fold, and the demonstration will come of itself. Humble yourself, have faith, and you shall know the truth."

"In other words, I must believe, accept it before it is proved, and believe it without proof."

"Now, hold on right here. Out West they have a place for watering cattle. The cattle have to mount a

platform to reach the troughs. As they step on a platform their weight presses a lever, and this throws the water into the troughs. They have to get on the platform through faith, and this act provides the water and loads them to it. You are like a smart steer that slips around to the barnyard and peeps into the trough without getting on the platform. He finds the trough dry, of course, for it needs his weight on the platform to force the water up. He turns away disgusted, and tells everybody there is no water in the trough. Another steer, not so smart, but with more faith, steps on the platform. The water springs into the trough, and he marches up and drinks. That's the way with religion. You've got to get on to the platform. You can't even examine it intelligently until you are on to the platform. If you slide around the back way, you'll find the trough dry. But step on the platform, and the water and the faith come together without any trouble—certain and sure and abundant."—*Detroit Free Press.*

24 O'CLOCK.

WIFE, wife, while down in town to-day,
I heard by chance the strangest thing:
'Twill come to pass, the people say,
Tho' trouble it is sure to bring.
Our timepiece there upon the wall
Must go (it gives me quite a shock);
You see 'tis of no use at all—
'Twill soon be 24 o'clock.

We'll breakfast then at 18 sharp,
At 19 I must take the train.
What oddities! I can't help harp
On what is sure to turn the brain.
But Labour's wheels will still go round,
On wages there will be no lack,
Tho' this old world at last has found
It has a 24 o'clock.

Tho' some folks learnedly may speak
Of Greenwell time, and this and that,
It is our century's strangest freak—
A queer, diurnal tit for tat.
We'er told the world improves with age,
Our ship at last has reached a dock
Where change in all things is the gauge;
'Twill soon be 24 o'clock.

—*Norristown Herald.*

TOM'S GOLD-DUST.

THAT boy knows how to take care of his gold-dust," said Tom's uncle often to himself, and sometimes aloud.

Tom went to college, and every account they heard of him he was going ahead, laying a solid foundation for the future.

"Certainly," said his uncle, "certainly; that boy, I tell you, knows how to take care of his gold-dust."

"Gold-dust!" Where did Tom get his gold-dust? He was a poor boy. He had not been to California. He never was a miner. When did he get his gold-dust? Ah! he has seconds and minutes, and these are the gold-dust of time—specks and particles of time, which boys and girls and grown-up people are apt to waste and throw away. Tom knew their value. His father, our minister, had taught him that every speck and particle of time was worth its weight in gold, and his son took care of them as if they were. Take care of your gold-dust!—*Temperance Record.*

A YOUNG and illiterate doctor, on being told that a certain patient was convalescent, said: "Why, that is nothing; I can cure convalescence in three hours."

FIGHTING FIRE—A TRUE STORY.

COME here, Johnny, and let me brush your hair. Why, your father wouldn't know his little boy if he was to see you now. Oh, I do hope James will come back soon. My heart aches as I think of him and all my kindred so far away. It

is so lonesome here. Only these two little boys," and she gazed down fondly, though sadly, at her four-year-old Frank, taking his after-dinner nap in her lap, and master Johnny standing at her knee, "and no grown person to speak to. How I wish Mr. Matthews lived nearer."

Saying which, she sighed, and laying down her baby boy, went about her household labours. It was a strange place for Mary Sherwood to be in, gentle, sensitive as she was. It was on the border of civilization, where everything was rough and now. Here, in a half-finished farmhouse, on the bank of a pretty stream, with a background of heavy timber and a foreground of unending prairie, she sat alone with her babes.

Why was she here? A woman's devotion to a husband's health. One year ago his physician had said to Mr. S. that he must seek some absolutely quiet place or die. It did not take the wife long to decide. In a few months they were here, living in a log cabin, which had just given way to this unpretentious house. Here, free from all thoughts of literary labours, the husband and father was slowly gaining health. It was now fall, and business engagements had imperatively called him east.

No wonder, then, that she sighed. The days dragged heavily. Her husband and her father's home were 1,200 miles away. This was thirty years ago, when to travel from New York State to Iowa was more than a journey to Rome is now. It was hard, slow, weary work.

It was a pretty picture Mary Sherwood made that bright October afternoon standing in her doorway and straining her eyes across the prairie to catch sight of a human form at Henry Matthews' place a mile away. A delicate form, a sweet, refined face, and a weary, far-away look in her eyes. All about her tall black oaks stood like sentinels on guard. Only a moment, and she was gone to her work.

Woman on the frontier has little time for indulging in grief or reverie. Hers is a life of action. Only for a moment may you see this sad, wistful look. In hard work many a fair daughter of eastern parents has outgrown the bitter heartache and the fear of a lone frontier life.

Who could tell what an hour might bring forth! Surely Mrs. Sherwood had little idea of what was in store for her that same Indian summer day.

"Mother, I'm afraid," was the hurried exclamation of six-year-old Johnny, as he came rushing into the kitchen a few moments later.

"What's the matter, my dear little boy? Did you see a snake?"

"No, no-o-o, I heard a great noise like ten thunders, rumble, rumble, rumble; and a rabbit ran by me just as fast as he could go, and a flock of pheasants came and lit right over there, and they're all in a flutter. There, I can hear it now. Don't you hear

it now, mother? Rumble, rumble, rumble. What is it, mother? Don't you know?"

Yes! she knew—knew with a sickening sense of her weakness, danger and loss. It was the steady march of fire. It was rolling right on, up through the dark woods to the south. It was nearing her home; and unless she could do something it would soon lay in ashes all for which she and Mr. Sherwood had toiled all summer. But what could she do? No neighbour was in sight; no mortal ear could hear. Her babes were but a hindrance. Only God above and her right arm.

Mrs. Sherwood was a resolute woman. She had proved that when she decided to come west; she had proved it in a deadly sickness. She was now about to prove it again.

"Johnnie, wake up Frankie and bring him along, and keep close to me."

And the little six-year-old boy, with a sense of his responsibility, obeyed implicitly. At the same time she seized a water pail in one hand and a mop in the other, and keeping a watchful eye on the children, went out to fight the fire.

It is hard work to fight fire. Men seldom perform such exhaustive labour as while the excitement of a fire is upon them. Such work is harder for women than for men; and Mary Sherwood was a delicate woman, and bearing burdens only mothers know of. Nor was she used to severe labour. Her arm was not strong; she had been tenderly reared; nor did she weigh one hundred pounds. But if she had not the strength of some, she had what was better—nerve and pluck and quick wit.

The fire was making such headway, feeding on dry autumn leaves, that many a woman or man would not have dared to go near it. But she felt that it must be done, and so did it. Filling her pail at the creek, she rapidly dipped her mop into it, and then began to put out the fire. The fire ran rapidly along the ground, licking up the leaves, fallow trees and other debris. But the brave woman attacked it unflinchingly, and as fast as her mop touched it a little of the fire went out; and on the scorched and burnt ground the little boys stood, following her as she heroically met that line of fire, and stopped it.

Mrs. Partington could not wipe out the Atlantic Ocean with her mop. But there are times when a mop will quench a prairie fire. The fire of which we speak came from the prairie, swept up into the woods, and was now passing on the prairie beyond.

Here was a scene fit for a painter. That long line of forked flames, laughing, crackling, devouring, surmounting every obstacle, and hurrying forward faster and faster as the breath of the distant mountains began to be felt. And in their lurid glare a solitary woman battling that long, hot line of fire, alone, and conquering.

The minutes sped away into hours. The sun sank down and lingered at the horizon. Over and over again had she travelled the ever-lengthening distance to the creek to replenish her pail of water. The fire in the woods was all out. The house was all safe unless the flames should be turned by the rising western wind, and sweep down from the north-west.

But a new danger arose. For as it swept out to the prairie, Mr. Sherwood's

cornfield and haystack stood right in its path, and towards those the bright flames were steadily moving. Must they be destroyed? The little family could ill afford to lose corn and hay this fall. And so this brave woman toiled on; fighting the fire across the prairie; fighting it ostentimes at the very border line; mopping it off the burning rails which fenced in the corn and hay. But never giving up, never ceasing, over winning, inch by inch, in the terrible struggle.

Hour after hour the little feet dragged after her. Often she heard their complaints:

"Mamma, I'm so tired. Mamma, Frankie's so cold."

But she had only time to give the little fellow a hasty caress and the word:

"Hold on a little longer, baby boy; mamma's most through."

"Pretty soon: mother, I'm awful hungry. Can't I have something to eat?"

"Not yet, Johnny. We must put out this big fire and save the hay and the corn and the house."

But words could not long pacify them.

"Mamma, I'm so tired. I want to go home; I want to go home."

"Yes, yes, baby boy; mamma knows you are tired. Mamma's tired, too; oh, so tired. But be a good little boy, and we'll soon be going home."

"I am a good little boy, and I want to go home. Come, mamma, I want to go home."

"Mother, I've hurt my foot. Oh, oh. And I'm hungrier than an owl. Can't we go home?"

"No! Johnny, not just yet. There, there, Johnny, be a brave boy and I guess it won't hurt long. Remember, papa wants his little boy to be brave."

"I can't be brave. I'm so hungry."

And then, cold, tired, hungry and hurt, the poor little fellows lay down together, weeping as if their hearts would break.

But the mop never stops, though the mother's heart bleeds for her suffering babes. Stroke follows stroke, and the baffled flames die sullenly away, leaving acres and acres in its track covered with smouldering debris. The sun has gone down. The chills of night have settled around her. Two little boys, all grime and dust, are heavily sleeping. But the mother keeps on. Her task must be done—all done. The stars come out, and the earth grows black. At last the fire is all out. It is a dark, cold night. The woods look gloomy and forbidding, as the lone woman, tired as few women ever are tired, wakes up her sleeping boys, gathers the younger to her bosom, and slowly drags her homeward way.

Yes! her home is still there. The fire has come and gone, and left only blackness and ashes in its wake. Another cannot follow. She has conquered. Her little home and crops are safe.

This tale is true. I knew her long and well who fought that fire. I know and love her still. *I was one of those boys.—Golden Rule.*

"Still alive, Uncle Reuben, I see."

"Yes, sah; yes sah; and I'so gwine to to lib anudder yeah, aiah." "How do you know that?" "Why, sah, I'so nos' allui notias dat when I lib fru do monf of March, I lib fru do whole yeah."

"A picture of the Jesus child Held on his mother's arm. If you will bring your lovely twins, They shall be safe from harm."

And so, ere many days had passed, The mother brought her boys To where the handsome painter lived, Who gave them sweets and toys.

And played with them and fondled them, And so acquaintance made, Till they to come there every day No longer were afraid.

And then each day he painted them As first he saw them stand, One chin up on the folded arms, One resting on the hand.

And made of each an angel-child With wings like little bird: And placed them at the feet of Him Whose story they had heard.

And still though centuries have passed, The glorious picture stands Just as it left, so long ago, The painter Raphael's hands.

And still the fair Italian twins With earnest eyes you see Just as they stood that summer's day Beside their mother's knee.

THE TWINS OF ITALY.

BY MRS. WILLIAM S. CARTER.

TWO years ago, across the sea, Two lovely baby boys Filled a small home with merry glee, With laughter, fun, and noise.

Their young Italian mother sat Beside her door and spun, While by her side her lovely twins Rolled laughing in the sun.

Till, tired at last, they'd leave their play, And by her side recline, While she of little Jesus told, The babe of Palestine.

One day a handsome stranger passed The humble cottage door, And standing at their mother's knee The pretty pair he saw.

Not laughing now, but rapt and still, With calm uplifted eyes, Hearing the oft-repeated tale, With over-fresh surprise.

The stranger heard the story too, And to the mother said: "And will you bring your boys to see A picture I have made?"

"A picture of the Jesus child Held on his mother's arm. If you will bring your lovely twins, They shall be safe from harm."

And so, ere many days had passed, The mother brought her boys To where the handsome painter lived, Who gave them sweets and toys.

And played with them and fondled them, And so acquaintance made, Till they to come there every day No longer were afraid.

And then each day he painted them As first he saw them stand, One chin up on the folded arms, One resting on the hand.

And made of each an angel-child With wings like little bird: And placed them at the feet of Him Whose story they had heard.

And still though centuries have passed, The glorious picture stands Just as it left, so long ago, The painter Raphael's hands.

And still the fair Italian twins With earnest eyes you see Just as they stood that summer's day Beside their mother's knee.

BE BRAVE, BOYS.

HENRY MAAG was a factory boy in Cincinnati. The factory caught fire. Instead of running out to save himself

he ran upstairs to tell the girls on the fourth floor. The stairways were already filled with smoke, and in going down, after giving the alarm to the girls, he lost his way. Instead of leaving by the main floor he went down into the cellar. Thence there was no escape. There his dead body was found the following day. It was in a kneeling posture, and his hands were clasped. He was a brave boy.

A train on the Cincinnati railroad was running thirty or forty miles an hour. The fireman threw open the door of the furnace to throw in coal, and the flames burst out with a tremendous roar. They caught in the woodwork and enveloped the engineer. He could have jumped from the engine and saved his life. But if he had the train would have rushed on, and the flames would have rushed back and burned the passengers. He would not desert his post. He seized the lever, reversed the engine, and stood still among the flames until the train was stopped. The lives of all the passengers were saved, but he was so badly

burned that he died in a few hours. He was a martyr to his duty. He was a brave man.

One night a fire broke out in a tenement house in New York city. A family who lived in the fourth storey escaped to the street, but in the terror of the moment left the baby behind. The baby's older brother, a little boy of twelve, bravely mounted, through smoke and flame, the three flights of stairs, not knowing whether he should be able to get back or not. He found the baby, caught it up in his arms, and brought it in safety down. He saved the baby and was saved himself, but he was so badly burned that he had to be carried to the hospital to be nursed and taken care of. He was a brave boy. He was willing to suffer for the sake of his baby sister.

A little boy and girl were playing by a bonfire. The girl was sitting before the fire when somehow her apron of cotton caught fire and began to blaze upon her. She screamed with terror. The little brother did not scream or run for help; he caught hold of the blazing apron and tore it off her, and threw it upon the ground and trampled the flames out. He carried the scar of the burns on his hands for many days. It took a brave boy to do that; a boy who was willing to suffer to save his sister.

At the time of the gold fever in California a man went from England to the diggings, and after a while sent money for his wife and child to follow him. While on the voyage a fire broke out on the ship. With their utmost efforts the sailors could not extinguish it. The boats were got out; the strong pushed into them, and the weak were left to their fate. As the last boat was pushing off this mother pleaded for her boy. The sailors said there was not room for both; they would take one. The mother kissed her son, handed him over the side of the vessel, and gave him this message to his father: "Tell him," she said, "if you live to see him, that I died to save you." He escaped; she died. She was willing to die to save another. She was a brave woman.

This was the very spirit of Jesus Christ, who suffered that he might make others happy, and died that he might make others live. Be brave, boys! You cannot be like Christ unless you are brave; unless you are willing to suffer for the sake of others.

"In the world's broad field of battle In the bivouac of life, Be not like dumb, driven cattle; Be a hero in the strife."

PHYSICAL TRAINING.

M. R. J. L. HUGHES, Inspector of Public Schools, Toronto, in a lecture on "Physical Training" before the Central Circle of the Chatauqua Literary Society at Shaftesbury Hall, said parents should avoid giving the little folks too much work to do, for while they were young their bones were soft and easily bent. For the same reason they should not let them keep in any position that would be apt to bend their spinal column, for no one could be strong unless that part of their body was perfectly straight. Ladies should not allow their children to wear tight clothes when they were young and growing, and they should make their boys hold up their heads. He thought

that every time they could get a boy to hold up his head better they made him a better boy morally. They should never work or exercise too soon after eating, and they should not exercise immediately before eating nor too soon after rising in the mornings. They should exercise in the open air, and light exercise continued for some length of time was better than violent exercise. Work when done at night was more exhausting than work done in the daytime. He thought girls should exercise just as much as boys, and they should be trained just as boys were until they were fourteen.

AT THE PAWN-SHOP DOOR.

IN the Winter morning early, when only a few were astir, And the shutters were up at the windows, and the snow lay white in the streets, As the wheels of travel and traffic were beginning to whiz and whirl, And the sunshine drove the shadows like ghosts from their dark retreats, From out the tenement-houses, from cellars so cold and damp That the humid blossoms of death gleam whitely on wall and floor, The watchful sentinels stole away from the waking camp. And shivering with cold, and hunger, appeared at the pawn-shop door.

There was one in her widow's weeds who had striven from day to day To keep her children in comfort, with plenty of food to eat, But the rent would be due to-morrow, she'd not the money to pay, And oh, the disgrace and horror of being turned into the street! She looked about in her anguish for something that she could spare From her tenderly hoarded treasures—a scanty yet precious store— And bearing away the jewel that proudly she used to wear, In the dust of a winter morning she stood at the pawn-shop door There were others who gathered round her, whose faces too well betrayed The shrine at which they had worshipped, the vice that had bitten in Through the fibre of all their being, till unblushingly they displayed The tokens of their enslavement, the taints and traces of sin. There are the regular comers, by the demon of drunk accursed, The lazy and tattering "bummers," albeit of breadth and brawn, Who are driven at early morning by the scourge of a terrible thirst— Ah! little have they to hope for, whose souls are already in pawn!

But there outside of the group, with fingers aching and red, A little boy with a bundle slips into a vacant place; There are no shoes on his feet, not much of a cap on his head, And the great big tears run over the shrunken and careworn face. He is hungry and cold and wretched; there is no fire on the hearth, Not a bit of bread in the cupboard, nor even a scrap of meat; And the little brothers and sisters are strangers to joy and mirth, When they're pinched by the cold of Winter, and haven't enough to eat. Ah! sad enough is the picture, and little we dream or know Of the arctic storms encountered, the anguish and sore distress Of many we daily meet in our journeying to and fro, Whom we never have thought to pity, and never have cared to bless. And driven before the wind of a merciless cruel fate, Like vessels shorn of their sails, and urged to a rocky shore, Bereft of their early hopes, and swept from their high estate, Pitiful wrecks! they're stranded close to the pawn-shop door.

—Harper's Weekly.

JOSEPH BILLINGS has made his success by throwing a peculiar spell over the public.

SUNNY THOUGHTS.

IN the good that is wrought
With a sunny thought
Comes home to the hearts of all.
'Tis like that given
To earth from heaven
When the sun-kissed raindrops fall.

The happiness wrought
By a sunny thought
Is beyond all earthly ken,
Thoughts gloomy and wise
Fill the mind with surprise,
But they touch not the hearts of men.

The gems that shine
In the distant mine
May be far more precious than gold,
But the blossoms sweet
That bloom at your feet
Have a wealth that is unold.

In the heaven afar
Gleams many a star,
And for these you may strive in vain,
But the daisies grow
In the grass below
All along life's winding lane

When the roses gay
Turn to sombre gray
And the lilies grow black as night,
It is time to weep
O'er the gems that sleep
Or the gleaming stars so bright

Like the sun that glows
In the heart of a rose
When kissed by a drop of dew,
Is the glory wrought
In the soul by a thought
If sunny, and pure, and true.

Do not stop to sigh
For the stars on high,
But gather the blossoms rare.
Each little flower,
Though it live but an hour,
Has made the world more fair.

OUR PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 46 pp. monthly, illustrated	1 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	2 50
The Wesleyan Halifax Weekly	2 00
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly	0 80
Under 6 copies, 66c.; over 6 copies	0 80
Canadian Scholar's Quarterly, 20 pp. 8vo.	0 08
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 34c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a doz.; 50c. per 100.	
Home and School, 8 pp. 4to., semi-monthly, single copies	0 20
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp. 4to., semi-monthly, single copies	0 20
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Berean Leaves, monthly, 100 copies per month	6 80
Sunbeams—Semi-monthly—when less than 20 copies	0 18
20 copies and upwards	0 19

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
78 and 80 King Street East, Toronto.

O. W. Coates, 8 Hooty Street, Montreal.
S. F. Huettli, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N. S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, APRIL 19, 1884.

THE FATHERLAND SERIES.

EXCESSIVE pressure of other duties has prevented an earlier notice of these excellent Sunday libraries issued by the Lutheran Publication Society, Philadelphia. They are all translations from the German, and have the remarkable German characteristic of being adapted to give much valuable information in a form specially suited for the tastes and capabilities of young people.

Robert of Marcellus; or, The Crusade of the Children (pp. 213, price \$1), gives an account of that extraordinary movement, when many thousands of children marched to rescue from the



WINNIPEG IN 1872.

1123

Moslem the tomb of Christ—most of them to perish miserably by the way. *Light in the Darkness* (pp. 219, price 90 cents) is a story of the late Franco-Prussian war, showing how, amid storm and stress, the religion of Jesus can transform and beautify the life.

The Gold-Seeker (pp. 186, price 80 cents), a tale of life in Germany and California, shows the nothingness of gold compared with Christian contentment and brotherly love.

Jewish Artisan Life in the Time of Jesus (pp. 116, price 40 cents) is the most valuable book in the entire series. Probably no modern author was so well qualified to give a correct picture of the times of Christ as the great theological professor of Leipzig, DR. FRANZ DELITZSCH. By his aid we can walk through the streets of Jerusalem, witness the temple service, observe the handicraft and daily life of the people, and enter into their ideas and feelings, hopes and fears. This book should be in every Sunday-school library, and should be studied by every teacher.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AID AND EXTENSION FUND.

HOW IT HELPS POOR SCHOOLS.

DURING the past eighteen months over three hundred grants have been made from this fund to help poor schools.

The following letters will show the way in which these grants are received by the schools to which they are given.

We do not give the names of the writers, because we have not received their permission to do so, but the extracts are printed from their autograph letters. The first is from a minister of our Church in Nova Scotia.

Enclosed please find P.O. order \$1.25, the collection of the school. Please do what you can for these people. They have an interesting school. Would do more, but they have been very unfortunate this year, having lost nearly all their summer's wages by the failure of a Railway Co., and the prospect of winter, and but little to get through it.

A brother in the Parry Sound District writes:

Accept of our thanks for the parcel of books and the S. S. papers sent to us, and I would just say that they are the most suitable papers for the purpose I have ever seen. Enclosed please find the sum of \$1.05 taken up at S. S. collection as part payment of the same, as we are endeavouring to help pay part ourselves.

The next is from the "far-famed Muskoka region."

Mr. — has exerted himself to visit this poor people every Sabbath, in order to do them all the good in his power. The said brother is a class-leader among us and a devoted man. If you could be impressed with the necessity of sending an old library in the mean time, it would do good. You have done a good work already, and the fruit is seen even now. I have seen the dear child treasuring the little sheets, and saying she was going to make hers into a book.

It will be seen that many schools contribute liberally to the grants asked for. Since January 1883 nearly \$400 have been thus contributed, showing the earnest efforts of even poor schools to help themselves.

This note is from a school in New Brunswick:

I write to thank you for the *Sunbeams* which you so kindly sent me for my Sunday-school. I wish you could have seen the happy faces of the little ones when they saw me coming with the roll of papers.

The following appeal comes from a Methodist missionary in British Columbia:

I find on coming to this field that about half the people I visit never come to church, or read any religious literature from one year to another. There are logging camps, for they cut saw-logs here, all the year round, where some good reading matter would be very gladly received. The people are so scattered that we cannot have many Sunday-schools, but some old S. S. papers would do a great deal of good.

Will you not, if possible, send us some papers or small books, and I will see that they are placed where I feel that they will do much good. I am constantly distributing tracts which I have purchased at my own expense.

If any one will help us in this line I shall be very grateful.

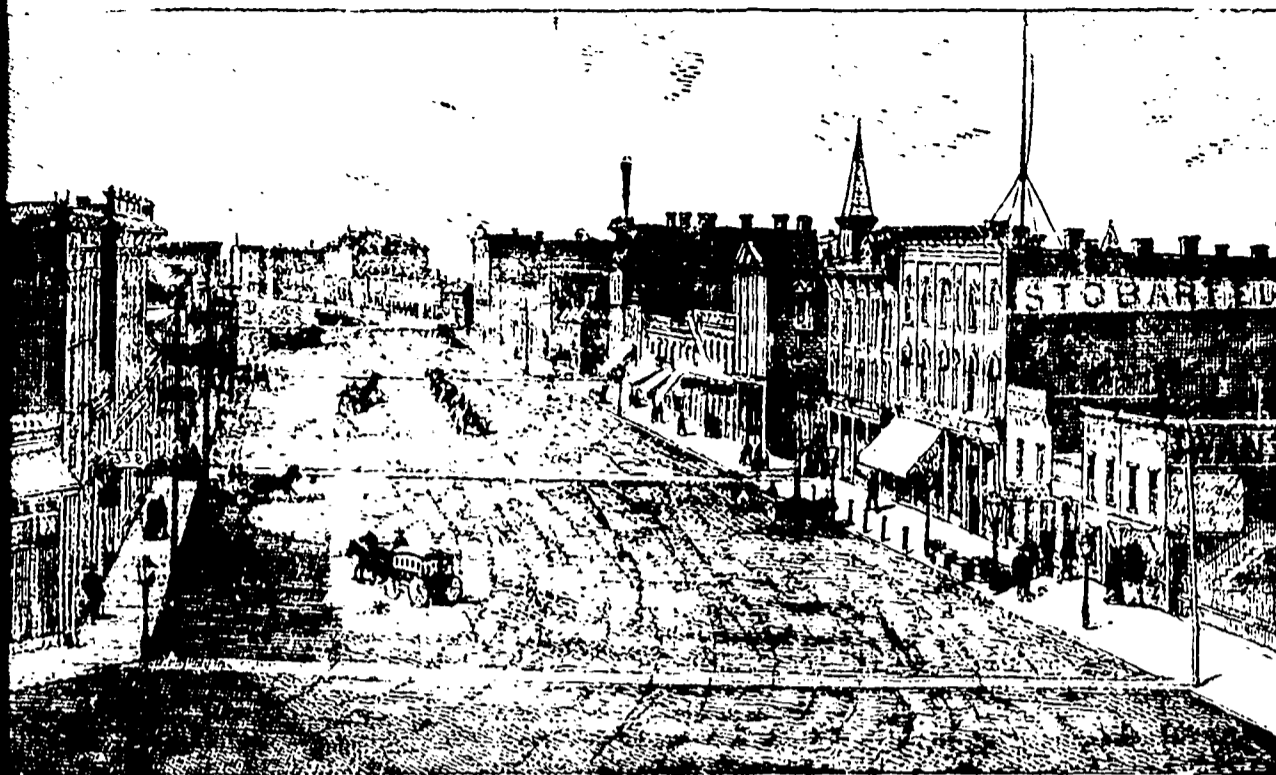
From St. Joseph's Island, Algoma, comes the following:—Under very adverse circumstances we have started a Sabbath-school, but it is very hard work to keep up the interest without papers, etc.; could you not manage to get a donation for us for one year, and I think I am safe in saying that in another year we will be self-supporting.

THE S. S. AID AND EXTENSION FUND COLLECTION.

THE Discipline of our Church requires that "an annual collection in aid of Sunday-school work shall be taken up in all our schools, to be called the Sunday-school Aid and Extension Fund Collection" (*Journals of General Conference of 1883, page 144*, which is but a re-enactment of clause 301 of the Discipline of 1882). Superintendents of Circuits are required by the Discipline to see that such collections are taken up. As the spring District Meetings at which all financial returns must be made will shortly be held, it is urgently requested that no school fail to have this collection taken up in time to report to the District Meeting. In the next number of *PLEASANT HOURS* a full report of the work of the S. S. Aid and Extension Fund will be given, supplementary to reports already given in this paper. Let every Superintendent see that his school complies with the requirement of the Discipline.

DO NOT FORGET
TO TAKE THE
S. S. AID AND EXTENSION
FUND COLLECTION
IN TIME FOR MAY DISTRICT MEETINGS.

MAXIM for mankind in general: Mind your own business; or, if you have no business, then make it your business to leave the business of others alone.



MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG, IN 1882.

685

IT PAYS.

BY ANNA E. TREAT.

It pays to wear a smiling face,
And laugh our troubles down,
For all our little trials wait
Our laughter or our frown.
Beneath the magic of a smile,
Our doubts will fade away,
As melts the frost in early spring,
Beneath the sunny ray.

It pays to make a worthy cause,
By helping it, our own;
To give the current of our lives
A true and noble tone.
It pays to comfort heavy hearts,
Oppressed with dull despair,
And leave, in sorrow-darkened lives,
One gleam of brightness there.

It pays to give a helping hand
To eager, earnest youth,
To note, with all their waywardness,
Their courage and their truth;
To strive, with sympathy and love,
Their confidence to win;
It pays to open wide the heart
And "let the sunshine in."
—Good Cheer.

BOOKS FOR EVERYBODY.

THIS is emphatically an age of cheap books. But of the many series before the world we know of none which for cheapness and excellence will compare with Ward & Lock's "Penny Books for the People," which the Book Steward has extensively advertised and which many of our readers have purchased. Each book consists of sixteen closely printed pages, with illustrated cover and choice illustrations. Price in England, one penny; in Canada, three cents each. Every boy can have his own library.

The great events of history, especially in English history, are treated in so concise and interesting a manner, that every one may gain a sufficiently full, and accurate knowledge of them. The series consists of narrative sketches setting forth those important events in the history of nations, by which the various periods are defined and characterised, or which are important links connecting one period with another. The range of subjects necessarily extends to all ages and countries. Each book is fully illustrated.

The following is a list of the books of the admirable Historical Series:

1. Free Trade and Protection: The Story of the Anti-Corn Law League.
2. From Alma to Sebastopol: The Story of the Crimean War.
3. Plague and Fire: The Story of the Pestilence, and the Fire of London.
4. The Temperance Movement: Its Origin and Development.
5. The Vengeance of '89: The Story of the Fall of the Bastille.
6. Caesarism in Rome: The Story of the Fall of the Republic.
7. Wilkes and Liberty: The Story of a Popular Victory.
8. The Great Reform Bill of 1832: The Story of a National Victory.
9. The Knights Templars: The Story of the Red Cross Knights.
10. Methodism: The Story of a Great Revival.
11. The South Sea Bubble: The Story of a Speculative Mania.
12. What Came of a No-Popery Cry: The Story of the Gordon Riots.
13. From Elba to Waterloo: The Story of the Hundred Days.
14. Strongbow and King Dermot: The Story of the Conquest of Ireland.
15. The Elizabethan Age: The Story of a Great Time.
16. The Mutinies at Spithead and the Nore.
17. Guy Fawkes: A Story of the Gunpowder Plot.
18. The Reign of Terror: The Story of the French Revolution.
19. Dost Mahomet and Akbar Khan: The Story of the First Afghan War.
20. What came of the Beggars' Revolt: The Story of the Freedom of the Netherlands.
21. Hand in Hand for England: The Story of the Spanish Armada.
22. Magellan's Great Voyage: The First Journey Round the World.
23. Out in the Forty-five: The Story of the Young Pretender.
24. Federals and Confederates: A Story of Secession.
25. Scotland's Sorrow: The Story of Flodden Field.
26. India's Agony: The Story of the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857.
27. British Charters of Liberty: From King John to Queen Victoria.

28. Gallant King Harry: The Story of the Battle of Agincourt.
 29. The Sicilian Vespers: The Story of a Nation's Vengeance.
 30. Hampden and Ship Money: The Story of a Struggle for English Liberty.
 31. From the Blackhole to Plassey: The Story of England's Supremacy in Bengal.
 32. Through Slaughter to a Throne: The Story of the Coup d'Etat of December 2, 1851.
 33. The Reformation in England: The Story of English Protestantism.
 34. From Torbay to St. James': The Story of the Revolution of 1688.
 35. A Dark Deed of Cruelty: The Story of the Massacre of Glencoe.
 36. The Men of the "Mayflower": The Story of the Pilgrim Fathers.
 37. The Massacre of Scio: The Story of a Revolt against Turkey.
 38. The Fight at Fontenoy, and what Led to it.
 39. The 9th of Thermidor: The Story of the End of the French Revolution.
 40. The Arrest of the Five Members: The Story of King Charles' Folly.
 41. The Penny Newspaper: The Story of the Cheap Press.
 42. Scotland's Great Victory: The Story of Bannockburn.
 43. The Penny Post: The Story of a Great Reform.
 44. "Long Live the Beggars": The Story of the Revolt of the Netherlands.
 45. Bible and Sword: The Story of Claverhouse and the Covenanters.
 46. John of Leyden and the Anabaptists: The Story of a Great Delusion.
 47. Rizzio and Darnley: The Story of a Dark Revenge.
 48. Wyatt's Rebellion: The Story of Mary Tudor's Marriage.
- It is in a certain sense a liberal education to read these attractive books, and they will prove far more interesting than the trashy fiction on which so many spend their time. For those who prefer these forty-eight books all bound in one, the publishers have put them in a large and handsome volume of 768 pages, on good paper, elegantly bound in gilt cloth, with 200 engravings, price \$5. Mr. Briggs, the publisher of PLEASANT HOURS, will send these forty-eight numbers, each by itself in a paper

cover for \$1.60 post free, or any twelve for forty cents, or any single number, post free, for four cents. They may also be procured at the same rate from the Methodist Book Rooms at Montreal and Halifax.

BOOKS: THEIR USE AND THEIR ABUSE.

WHEN the sixth of March, the fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of Toronto as a city, a free Public Library was opened by Lieutenant-Governor Robinson. On that occasion several gentlemen spoke of the advantages of good reading. From their remarks we make the following extracts:

DR. DANIEL WILSON ON THE ADVANTAGES OF PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

The learned president of University College, Toronto, speaking on books on art, etc., said: The refinement begot by a familiarity with art of the highest class is an invaluable educational training. To the skilled mechanic it is of high practical value; nor is there any reason why Toronto may not by such means evoke the slumbering genius of some new Flaxman or Thorwaldsen, or with the free access that is now to be given to the highest literature, give voice to some "mute inglorious Milton" of our own. For genius is limited by no geographical boundaries, and as to race we speak the same tongue that Shakespeare spoke. Here as the years come and go the treasured stores of letters accumulate in this free civic library, as the fitting adjunct to our free Public Schools. It will no longer be possible to say of the poorest,

"But knowledge to their eyes their ample Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll."

And if, from among the rarely gifted few, it shall be the high privilege of Toronto to have some world-wide name associated with her schools and colleges, her honour will be the greater, in that she has accorded to mind no less fostering care than to the sources of material wealth. But not for the few and gifted, but for all, is this free Public Library founded and endowed. If by its means the nascent spark of genius shall be kindled into flame and Toronto shine with a halo akin to that which plays around the memories of Athens and Florence, of Stratford-on-Avon, of the Edinburgh of Scott, or the Ayr of Burns, it is well, and the world will be the richer for it. But our truer and surer reward must be found in the pure unalloyed pleasure conferred on thousands; in the homes made attractive, bright, and happy, with the evening readings of the fireside circle, and in the fructifying results superadded to our Public School system, as a taste for reading is engendered and the working man learns "how charming is divine philosophy," and how infinitely surpassing all the deceitful allurements of the tavern or saloon are the shallowest draughts of true knowledge. If the result be to beguile even a few from the tempting haunts of dissipation and to rekindle the hearth in some desolated homes—as we are assured has already been the experience elsewhere—the return even in a pecuniary point of view will amply repay all the outlay.

But knowledge is power. In any case true knowledge must be preferable

to ignorance, but if wisely directed it is power of self-control; it is power over material nature; it is power over mind and will. It is the avenue to truth, to all truths; and if rightly followed out it is the rendering of an obedience to the maxim of divine wisdom, by which alone its realization can be hoped for. "Get wisdom, with all thy getting get understanding."

THE HON. MINISTER OF EDUCATION ON THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

The people of Ontario were proud of their school system, and himself was exceedingly pleased to see the free libraries that were being instituted all over the country, supplementary to the Public Schools, and affording to all the opportunity of following out their desire for knowledge. And now having obtained the library, the question arose—what should be read? He had not seen the catalogue of the books contained or to be contained in the library, but in his idea a very important department should be that of history. And in studying history it was all-important that Canadians should make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the history of England and of Great Britain as a whole. If philosophy was anywhere to be learned from history surely it was from the history of the greatest Empire of ancient or modern times. Above all things was it necessary that Canadians should study thoroughly the history of their own country. If there was one thing more than another that was studiously avoided in the educational system of this country it was the study of its history. Even in the Public Schools, the history of their own country—this fair Canada of ours—which it behoved them all to know and understand, was almost totally neglected. But besides the history of their own country Canadians should read the biographies of great men of all times, of men foremost in art, in arms, and in song, giving inspiration from one to another till a race was reared worthy of the race from which we sprang. The speaker instanced the biography of Hugh Miller as one that deserved being studied carefully and thoughtfully. His life was an example of what perseverance and plodding would accomplish. His was an example that would serve to fire youthful ambition and to stimulate youthful energy.

THE REV. DR. WITHROW ON THE USE AND ABUSE OF BOOKS.

The Rev. Dr. Withrow said: I regard this library as in a very important sense the complement of our Public School system. Only a few of our young people can pass from the Public Schools to the colleges or universities of the country. But these free libraries, which I hope to see multiplied throughout the land, are the people's colleges, where the poorest lad or the toiling artisan shall enjoy the best teaching in the world. "The true university of these days," says Carlyle, "is a collection of books." All education that is worth anything must be largely self-education. I am sure that the learned president of University College will agree with the opinion that many a self-taught man—who has never seen the inside of a college—self-taught like John Bright, by the help of good books, is in the best sense of the word well educated. On these shelves are the silent teachers

who shall take by the hand the enquiring student, denied the advantages of university training, and shall guide his steps through the wonder-world of science, and through the lofty realms of intellectual and moral truth.

"Reading," says Addison, "is to the mind what exercise is to the body; as by the one is health preserved, strengthened, and invigorated, by the other virtue—which is the health of the mind—is kept alive, cherished, and confirmed." I prefer to consider reading as something more than mere mental exercise; as the very food of the mind, the very condition of intellectual life and thought and study, as the assimilation of that aliment which alone can satisfy the hunger and thirst of the soul. As well starve the body, which is but the servant of the mind, as suffer the nobler, the truly regnant part of man, to pine and perish for lack of mental, of spiritual food.

"God be thanked for books," says Channing. "They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of all past ages." By means of this free library the poorest man among us, the friendless, and the solitary, may find spiritual friendships and perpetual solace and succour and delight. He may hold converse with the mighty dead, and range throughout the wide realms of creative thought, of poetic fancy, of scientific exploration. Though he dwell in the humblest cottage the "myriad-minded Shakespeare," the majestic muse of Milton, the great poets and philosophers, and sages and seers will come beneath his roof and give him companionship with the noblest spirits of all the ages. Their high thoughts or sweet fancies or curious lore will lighten the burdens of toil and brighten dark days and gladden sad hours, and lift his mind above the dull and sordid drudgery of life. These books, let us hope, shall in many cases prove to sorely tempted men an attraction more potent than the tavern or saloon, and give to the domestic fireside a brightness and a gladness long unknown.

THE ABUSE OF BOOKS.

It may be asked, however, the speaker continued,—Is there no obverse to this medal—no other side to the subject? There is. "Books," says Emerson, "are the best things well used; abused, they are among the worst." There is such a thing as the abuse of books. Many make their minds the conduit through which pours a flood of trashy or pernicious reading, the effect of which, besides the waste of time and enfeebling of their mental powers, is to leave an inveterate taint behind. Of distinctly pernicious books, I hope that we shall in this library, have none. Of the frothy and frivolous, the sort of which young ladies at Paris, let us say, get a volume every day, and two volumes on Saturday, I hope the patronage will be small. "But even the foolishlest book," says the genial Autocrat at the Breakfast Table "is a kind of leaky boat in a sea of wisdom, some of the wisdom will get in anyhow." It will be a poor book from which something cannot be learned. Let us hope that the reading of even poor books may lead in time—if only through the weariness and disgust that they cause—to the reading of better books, and good books will be a most effective safeguard against idleness and vice. "My early

invincible love of reading," wrote Gibbon, "I would not exchange for the treasures of India."

TRUTH UNDYING.

"A great library," continued the speaker, "has been cynically called a vast mausoleum, in which lie embalmed, each in his narrow cell, the mummied dead of bygone ages." I do not think that this is at all a good comparison. No man is ever so much alive as when speaking through a good book. Death smites at him in vain. He still lives long after his body has turned to dust. Indeed he multiplies himself a thousandfold and speaks, it may be, in many lands and in many tongues to multitudes who never could have heard his living voice. "Books are not dead things," says Milton; "they do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are. As good almost kill a man as kill a good book." I hope, therefore, that in time every "live" book, whether I might agree with it or not, will find a place on the shelves. I am not at all disturbed by the conflict of opinion that is going on around us. I have no fear of the discussion of the profoundest and most fundamental questions that agitate men's minds. I prefer to say with the great apologist for a free press 200 years ago, "Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so truth be in the field, we do injuriously to misdeed her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple; whoever knew truth put to the worst in a free and open encounter?..... For who knows not that truth is strong, next to the Almighty?" I have the most serene confidence that, through the good providence of God, as the result of all the discussions and conflicts of the ages, Truth—fair, free, immortal Truth—shall be gloriously and forever triumphant.

PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH ON THE FOUNDERS OF CANADA.

Prof. Goldwin Smith said they had entered into an heritage prepared for them by other hands who had gone before. He was of the opinion that the noblest history of the pioneers was written in unmistakable words in the great and limitless heritage they had left behind them for coming generations. The noblest and greatest pioneers of the land had never found a biographer. Their deeds were untold and unwritten. Often had he looked with reverence on the graves of those men who struggled for the early life of the country. The buried inhabitants of the city of Toronto, who took active part in the early wars, performed deeds which had never been recorded in books.

There was always some amount of anxiety on the occasion of the opening of an institution of such a character as that with which they were now concerned lest there should be any expression of an opinion in favour of limiting freedom in the choice of the books wherewith the library was to be filled. But the address of Dr. Withrow had satisfied them on this point as far as the Toronto Free Library was concerned. The learned speaker exemplified the value of freedom in this respect by an allusion to its effect upon modern theological controversies. Materialism, for instance, was now in full retreat from the very prominent position it held a few years ago, and

he contended that this retreat had been brought about almost wholly by the free circulation of the writings of its advocates. The speaker concluded by echoing the prayer of Dr. Withrow, that the library might enjoy the utmost degree of prosperity and success.

A BOTANICAL LESSON.

MRS. Professor addresses her class
"Now, mark well my lecture, each good lad and lass.
If you take this small seed and deposit it quite
Far down in the earth, away from the light,
One slight green shoot will presently show
That the germ has begun to bud, you know.

"Why does it bud?" "Because it draws
Now life from the earth, by natural laws."
"How does it draw new life, my dear?"
"Well, that indeed—does not clearly appear;
But watch it awhile, and you shall see
The small shoot grow to a young rose-tree."

"How does it grow?" "Ah! yes, the cells
Are filled with sap that steadily swells
Those delicate tissues, and then behold
The leaf and the perfect flower unfold!"
"How does the sap get into the cell?"
"So far the wise men have failed to tell."

"But oh, the wonder that gleams and glows
In the sweet white miracle of the rose,
Whose every leaf has a velvet side,
With the colour of rubies, glorified."
"How is it coloured?" "It takes its hues
From the sun-rays. Yes, each rose can choose

"The red or the gold ray, or hold them all:
Each sweet-brier that garlands the gray old
wall,
Each violet flecking the earth with blue
Draws from one palette its own glad hue."
"But who carries her flush to the cheek of
the rose,
Her blue to the violet?" "God only knows!"

And therefore wise people never will ask,
But now I have nearly finished my task,
And you, my pupils, will readily see
How the small seed changes to flower and tree;
And how fully, clearly, science can show
That the law of growth is—ahem—to grow."
Fannie R. Robinson.

The New Hand-book of Sunday-school Addresses. Edited by the Rev. Robert Tuck, B.A. Pp. 276. London: Elliott Stock. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.

This is a series of nearly three hundred brief addresses for schools, anniversaries, teachers' meetings, junior and senior classes. They are brief, pointed, pithy, and well calculated to give valuable suggestions to teachers and others whose duty it is to address young people.

A GENTLEMAN writes to us wishing to know if the smoking car is considered fit for second-class passengers, or if, when there is no smoking-car, the users of the weed are allowed to indulge themselves in the second-class car. Not only our correspondent, but a lady with children, were forced to inhale the poisonous fumes from the tobacco of several smokers who had come in from the first-class carriages, and who added to the comfort of their poorer fellow-passengers by indulging in a generous rivalry as to which of them could make the biggest and the blackest pool of expectoration on the floor. Such beastliness ought not to be permitted. If there is no smoking car attached to the train, then the practice should be rigidly prohibited. Mulish disregard of the comfort of others is a distinguishing characteristic of the average tobacco smoker, and unless compelled, he will indulge his depraved appetite even in the presence of delicate women.—*Globe*.

CURLY-HEAD.

BY H. B. BROOKS.

WHAT are yer askin', stranger, about
that lock o' har
that kep' so nice and keeful in the family
Bible thar'
Wal, then, I don't mind tellin', seein' as yer
wants ter know.
It's from the head of our baby. Yes, that's
him Stand up, Joe!

Joe is our only baby, nigh on ter six foot tall:
And he'll be one-and-twenty comin' this next
Fall.
But he can't yet beat his daddy in the hay-
field or the swales,
A pitchin' on the waggon or splittin' up the
rails.

For I was a famous chopper, jest eighteen
years ago,
When this strange thing happened that came
to me and Joe.
Curly-head we called him then, sir; his hair
is curly yet.
But them long silky ringlets I never shall
forget.

Them was tough times, stranger, when all
around was new,
And all the country forests with only "blazes"
through.
We lived in the old log house then, Sally and
me and Joe,
In the old Black River country, whar we made
our clearin' show.

Wal, one day, I was choppin' nigh to our
cabin door—
A day that I'll remember till kingdom come
and more—
And Curly-head was playin' around among
the chips—
A beauty, if I do say it, with rosy cheeks and
lips.

I don't know how it happened; but quicker'n
I can tell
Our Curly-head had stumbled and lay thar
whar he fell
On the log that I was choppin', with his
yellow curls outspread;
And the heavy ax was fallin' right on his
precious head.

The next thing I knew nothin' and all was
dark around.
When I came to I was lying stretched out
thar on the ground;
And Curly-head was callin': "O, Daddy, don't
do so!"
I caught him to my bosom, my own dear
little Joe.

All safe, sir. Not a sliver had touched his
little head;
But one of his curls was lyin' thar on the log
outspread.
It lay whar the ax was strikin', cut close by
its sharpened edge;
And what then was my feelin's, per'aps sir,
you can judge.

I took the little ringlet and pressed it to my
lips;
Then I knecled down and prayed sir, right
thar, on the chips.
We put it in the Bible, whar I often read to
Joe
"The hairs of your head are numbered;"
and, sir, I believe it's so.

THE RISING TIDE.

EVERYTHING goes to show
how strongly the tide of pub-
lic opinion all over the world
is rising on the subject of in-
toxicating liquors, and of the ruinous
consequences of the drinking habits of
society. The friends of the liquor
interest may protest as they like; the
lovers of a "good glass of spirits" may
sneer, and try even to be funny;
"Society" may call temperance peo-
ple "vulgar;" and the holders by good
old use and wont may drivel out the
long ago disouted talk about *fanatics*
and *fanaticism*, but it does not matter.
In the meantime an ever-growing
number are becoming convinced that
if intoxicating liquors are not to kill
Christianity and civilization, Christi-
anity and civilization will have to kill

them. The fact is becoming clear that
these drinks and these drinking habits
are the fruitful parents of three-fourths
and more of all the misery, pauperism,
disease, and crime that are going, and
that it is more than time that some-
thing effectual were done to abate the
nuisance and kill the killer.

Slowly but steadily for the last fifty
years this tide of opinion has been
rising, and ever with an accelerated
flow. And it will continue to do so,
as all whom it may concern had just
as well mark and reckon on. A few
small jokes or sneers will not turn
back the tide any more than did Mrs.
Partington the Atlantic with her mop
and pail.—*Globe*.

The Chicago *Interior* puts the mat-
ter very fairly as far as the States are
concerned, and as it is quite as appli-
cable in its way to Canada, we quote
the passage and adopt it as our own:—
"There will never be another great
distillery built in the United States.
Those now in existence have 'pooled'
their interests, so that over one-half of
them are idle. Many of them will
never blacken heaven from their sooty
stacks again—and no capitalist is so
foolish as to invest his money in a
dying business. The attempt of the
dram-shops to rule the country arises
out of their stupid blindness to their
own inevitable and imminent doom."

WORK THAT PAYS.

IT costs something to be a good
mother. There is no more ex-
acting and exhausting work in
the world than a true mother's
work. But there is no work in all the
world that pays better. No reward
in God's service is surer, richer, grander
than the reward to a faithful and faith-
filled mother. And as to the idea that
a mother can neglect this work in the
earlier years of her children's life, and
take it up to better advantage in their
later years, that is as baseless in fact
as it is in philosophy. No mother on
earth ever yet won her child's freest,
truest confidence, in its maturer years,
if she had failed of securing it before
that period. No mother would deserve
such confidence, if she deliberately
postponed their seeking until then.
It may be—it often is—a wise moth-
er's duty to be measurably separated
from her children in their later train-
ing, when they must be at school or at
labour, or in the enjoyment of well
chosen companionship outside of their
home; but this should never be
accepted as a necessity until the moth-
er's hold on the children's confidence
is so strong through the experiences of
the years that are gone, that only the
close of life can diminish, can change
the conscience power of that hold.

As a rule, a child's taste, and char-
acter, and trend in life, and even its
permanent destiny, are practically
shaped before the child is seven years
of age. A mother's failure of motherly
devotedness in those first seven years
can never be made good by seven times
seven years of devotedness thereafter.
—*S. S. Times*.

MR. SPURKON asked a young girl,
who served as a domestic in one of his
families, when she presented herself for
membership in his church, what evi-
dence she could give of having become
a Christian, and she meekly answered,
"I now sweep under the mats."

THE "PRENTICE PILLAR."

ON visiting the city of Edinburgh
on one occasion, a party of
friends engaged seats in the
stage which runs from the city to
Roslin. Having arrived at the end of
the short journey we visited the cele-
brated Roslin Chapel.

Amongst other objects of interest in
that beautiful structure we saw, was
the "Prentice Pillar," enwreathed from
floor to ceiling with a garland of flowers
in stone, of superb workmanship.

The master had received orders to
execute such a piece of work after a
pattern to be seen on the Continent.
While the master was away studying
the original, his apprentice boy took
the work in hand and finished it before
the return of his master, who, when
he saw it, was so enraged against the
boy, that he smote him with a mallet
and killed him.

That pillar stands a monument to
the genius and skill of the lad, and the
anger and uncontrolled temper of the
man.

"From envy, hatred, and malice,
good Lord deliver us"

GEO. C. POYSER.

"CHINESE" GORDON ON
PRAYER.

THE Rev. Canon Wilberforce,
speaking at a temperance meet-
ing in Canterbury, said that
just before General Gordon started, as
he believed, for the Congo, he sent to
a religious gathering over which the
Canon was presiding, asking for the
prayers of those assembled. He said
in his letter, "I would rather have
the prayer of that little company
gathered in your house to-day than I
would have the wealth of the Soudan
placed at my disposal. Pray for me
that I may have humility and the
guidance of God, and that all spirit of
murmuring may be rebuked in me."
When he reached London on his return
from Brussels, and his destination was
changed, the General sent the Canon
another message: "Offer thanks at
your next prayer-meeting. When I
was upborne on the hearts of those
Christians I received from God the
spiritual blessing that I wanted,
and am now camly resting in the
current of His will."

BETTER THAN WINE.

ACCORDING to Sir William
Gull, Queen Victoria's phy-
sician, and of course eminent
in his profession, it is better
in case of fatigue from overwork to
eat raisins than to resort to alcohol.
In his testimony before the Lords'
Commission in London, a few months
ago, he affirmed that "instead of fly-
ing to alcohol, as many people do when
exhausted, they might very well drink
water, or they might very well take
food; and they would be very much
better without the alcohol." He
added, as to the form of food he him-
self resorts to, "in case of fatigue from
overwork, I would say that if I am
thus fatigued my food is very simple—
I eat the raisins instead of taking the
wine. For thirty years I have had
large experience in this practice. I
have recommended it to my personal
friends. It is a limited experience,
but I believe it is very good and true
experience." This is valuable testi-

mony; we know of none better from
medical sources; and we commend it
to the thoughtful consideration of all
those who are in the habit of resort-
ing to "a little wine for thy stomach's
sake."—*The Continent*.

THE BICYCLER.

SEE that unsuspecting boy,
With his manner sweet and coy,
As he rides.
See his lovely bright machine;
See his trousers nice and clean;
See him on the handle lean
As he glides.

Gaze upon that little pool,
With its waters calm and cool,
In the road.
Watch the tiny little atick,
Which yon little boy doth kick;
Bicycle approaches quick
With its load.

Goodness, gracious! What a fall!
Watched with joy by children small,
See the chap!
See the mud upon his knees;
Hear the small boys how they tease;
As the water he doth squeeze
From his cap.

"THE WORLD OWES ME A
LIVING."

THE world owes you a living,
does it? Then I will tell you
what I would do. I would go
to work and collect the debt as soon as
possible, before it gets outlawed. I
have noticed that it makes very little
difference how much men owe me, if I
do not attend closely to the business of
collecting. There are men who owe
me enough to make me richer than I
have any prospect of being, but the
trouble is they do not seem likely to
pay; and I am of the opinion that the
world is very much like them in this
respect.

I will tell you what I would do, if
I thought the world owed me a living.
I would get me a hoe, and go out some-
where, where I could get a good chance
at the world, and commence to dig,
and drop in a few seeds here and there,
as I had opportunity; and I think if
the world really owed me a living, by
sticking close to it with my hoe, I
could collect the debt in the course of
the season. This seems the readiest
way I can think of, to collect what the
world owes. The fact is, there are so
many creditors of this kind who claim
that the world owes them a living,
that some of them will lose their debts
as sure as fate, if they do not begin
early and work hard to collect their
claims. The world is no doubt able to
pay, provided it can have time. It
generally takes the world about six
months to get around, after the claims
are presented and vigorously hoed in;
but the man who delays and dallies
about the matter, will find that, while
the world may owe him a living, other
people will have collected their claims
before him, and there will be nothing
left when he comes.

"The sluggard will not plough by
reason of the cold; therefore shall he
beg in harvest and have nothing."

Two million children in the Japanese
Public Schools are being taught on the
American and English systems. Ah!
yes; learning to use revolvers and
steal land. Well, this may be of great
benefit to them by the time they are
men and women, if England leaves
them any land to steal.—*Burlington
Hawkeye*.

"IT IS MORE BLESSED."

GIVE! as the morning that flows out of heaven;
Give! as the waves when their channel is given;

Give! as the free air and sunshine are given;
Lavishly, utterly, ceaselessly give.
Not the waste-drops of thy cup overflowing,
Not the faint sparks of thy heart ever glowing,
Not a pale bud from the June rose's blowing,
Give as he gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love like the rush of a river
Wasting its waters, for ever and ever,
Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver;

Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea,
Scatter thy life as the summer shower's pouring;

What if no bud through the pearl-rain is
scouting?

What if no blossom looks upward adorning?
Look to the life that was lavished for thee!

Give, though thy heart may be wasted and
weary,

Though from its pulses a faint misere
Beats to thy soul the sad passage of fate,
Bind it with cords of unshrinking devotion;
Smile at the song of its restless emotion;
'Tis the stern hymn of eternity's ocean;
Hear! and in silence thy future await.

So the wild wind strows its perfumed carresses,
Lil and thankless the desert it blesses,
Bitter the wave that its soft pinions presses,
Never it ceaseth to whisper and sing,
What if the hard heart give thorns for thy
roses?

What if on rocks thy tired bosom reposes?
Sweetest is music with minor-keys'd closes,
Faintest the vines that on ruin will cling.

Almost the day of thy giving is over;
Free from the grass dies the bee-haunted clover,
Thou wilt have vanished from friend and from
lover,

What shall thy longing avail in the grave?
Give as the heart gives whose fetters are
breaking,

Life, love, and hope, all thy dreams and thy
waking
So, in heaven's river thy soul-fever slaking,
Thou shalt know God and the gift that He
gave.

—Rose Terry Cooke.

VARIETIES

Nor that men do worthily, but
what they do successfully, is what
history makes haste to record.

Act well at the moment, and you
have performed a good action to all
eternity.

"No, sir, my daughter can never be
yours." "I don't want her to be my
daughter," broke in the young ardent,
"I want her to be my wife."

TACITURN people always inspire re-
spect. It is difficult to believe that
one has no secret to keep but that of
his own insignificance.

SERGEANT MASON cannot spell. It is
not known which he will do—go to
writing for the press or take to proof-
reading.

A ST. LOUIS man declined to pur-
chase of an agent a copy of Appleton's
Cyclopedia, with the remark, "I
know I could never learn to ride one."

TRUTH comes to us from the past,
as gold is washed down from the moun-
tains of Sierra Nevada, in minute but
precious particles, and intermixed with
indefinite alloy, the debris of centuries.

THE consciousness of wrong-doing is
to the soul what a forgotten peg in a
boot is to the foot. You can't be
happy unless you do something about
it.

Mrs. HOMESFUN, who has a terrible
time every morning to get her young
brood out of their beds, says she cannot
understand why children are called the
rising generation.

IN the far West a man advertises
for a woman "to wash, iron, and milk
one or two cows." What does he
want his cows washed and ironed for?

I WILL tell you my rule: Talk about
those subjects you have had long in
your mind, and listen to what others
say about subjects you have studied
but recently. Knowledge and timber
shouldn't be much used till they are
seasoned—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

WHAT about those mince pies? Can't
you make mother think that they will
do with fresh lemons? They are a
splendid substitute for brandy, and the
pies we had last year without a flavor
of anything of brandy nature in them
were good enough for us, and we think
that should be good enough oven for
our boys and girls.

A SMALL boy was sent to the country
to board a short time ago. He
promised his mother he would write a
good long letter, describing his trip,
boarding place, etc. A week went by,
and his poor mother was nearly dis-
tracted, when she got the following
interesting letter from him:—"I am
here and swapped my watch for a pup,
and he is the boss pup; and I went in
swimming fourteen times yesterday and
a feller stole my pocket-book, and I
want some more money and I'll bring
the pup home."

THE politest man in Boston has been
discovered. He was hurrying along a
street the other night, when another
man, also in a violent haste, rushed out
of an alley-way, and the two collided
with great force. The second man look-
ed mad, when the polite man, taking
off his hat, said: "My dear sir, I don't
know which of us is to blame for the
violent encounter, but I am in too
great a hurry to investigate. If I ran
into you I beg your pardon; if you
ran into me, don't mention it." And
he tore away at redoubled speed.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

A. D. 57.] LESSON IV. [April 27.

ABSTINENCE FOR THE SAKE OF OTHERS.

1 Cor. 8. 1-13. Commit to memory vs. 10-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If meat makes my brother to offend, I will
eat no flesh while the world standeth. 1 Cor.
8. 13.

OUTLINE.

1. The True Knowledge, v. 1-6.
2. The Weak Conscience, v. 7-12.
3. The Total Abstinence, v. 13.

TIME.—A. D. 57.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Things offered unto idols*
—At every offering to idols a part of the slain
sacrifice was offered, a part given to the
worshipper to be eaten in a feast. Some
Christians thought that it was wrong to eat
such meat, as it might appear to favour idol-
worship. Others said "an idol is nothing,"
and ate it. Paul was asked to decide which
was right. He said that if our eating would
lead another person to do wrong, we should
not do it, even though we may have a right.
Knowledge—We have knowledge on this
subject, yet our knowledge may only puff up,
or make us proud. *An idol is nothing*—This
is what the gospel came to teach. *Called gods*
—Idols, which are no gods. *Conscience of the
idol*—People who when they eat the meat
cannot help a feeling of worshipping the idol.
Meat commendeth us not—There is no differ-
ence between eating and not eating, before
God. *Stumbling-block*—One man who is not
harmful by eating idol-meat, may harm
another by it. *Weak brother*—The one who
fears to eat idol-meat or eating feels that he
sins. *I will eat no flesh*—He would rather
eat something else than harm another by

eating meat of the idols. So we should avoid
all acts which might by their example lead
others astray.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we learn—
1. The vanity of self-confidence!
2. That we owe the duty of a right example
to others!
3. That we dishonour Christ in causing
his children to offend!

THE LESSON CATECHISM

1. What is said of knowledge and charity?
2. Knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth.
3. What is said of idols? "An idol is nothing."
4. If we sin against our brother what else do we also do? Sin against Christ.
5. What text in the Bible is illustrated by this lesson? "Avoid the appearance of evil."
6. What does this lesson teach? Regard for others.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The unity and
spirituality of God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What do you call this mystery?
The mystery of the Holy Trinity.
What do you mean by mystery?
A truth which man's reason could not dis-
cover, and which God by degrees makes
known.
What do you mean by the attributes of
God?
All the perfections of His nature.

A. D. 57. LESSON V. [May. 4.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

1 Cor 13. 1-13. Commit to memory vs. 11-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Love is the fulfilling of the law. Rom. 13 10

OUTLINE.

1. The Worth of Love, v. 1-3.
2. The Work of Love, v. 4-7.
3. The Greatness of Love, v. 8-13.

TIME.—A. D. 57.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Tongues*—A power which
was in the early Church to speak in other
languages. *Charity*—This means love and is
so translated in the Revised Version. *Mis-
teries*—Truths which none can know except
as revealed by God. *I am nothing*—Faith
without love has no power to renew or save.
Bestow all my goods—One may give much, yet
not have true charity or love in the heart.
Puffeth not—Does not boast. *Puffed up*
With pride. *Rejoiceth not in iniquity*—Is
never glad at an evil act. *Never faileth*—
Always abides in the Church. *Prophecies and
tongues* have passed away and are no more on
earth, but love remains always. *Know edge*
—The knowledge of earth ceases in the light
of heaven. *Know in part*—Our knowledge is
only partial. *I was a child*—This means, in
the earlier stage of the life in Christ. *Put
away childish things*—The thoughts of this
life will seem childish in the life to come.
Through a glass—Meaning, "in a mirror,"
or looking-glass, which was of metal, and
gave only a dim and faint reflection. *But
then*—In heaven. *And now abideth*—Here
and hereafter. *The greatest*—Because the one
on which the others depend.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. That love gives life to dead gifts?
2. That a right heart makes right living?
3. That living for self is living in vain?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. When is one said to be nothing? When
he is without charity. 2. To what is our
condition on earth likened? To that of a
child. 3. To what is our condition hereafter
likened? To that of a man. 4. What are
the three great Christian virtues? Faith,
hope, and charity. 5. Which is the greatest
of these? Charity.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The future
knowledge.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What do the Scriptures teach concerning
God's attributes?
That He is omnipresent and almighty, that
He is omniscient and all-wise.
What more do we learn concerning God?
That He is holy and righteous, faithful and
true, gracious and merciful.
What do you mean by the omnipresence
of God?
That God is everywhere. Jeremiah
xxiii. 24.
[Psalm cxxxix. 7-12.]

TEMPERANCE LITERATURE.

PRICES NET.

Continued List from Last Number.

These pamphlets will be found very helpful
to speakers and others, now that the tem-
perance campaign is being vigorously agitated
in many parts of the Dominion.

Liberty and Union. By G. T. Stewart.
Paper, 5 cents.

Liberty and Love. By Henry Ward Beecher.
Paper, 10 cents.

The Living Issue, a Series of Addresses. By
A. M. Collins, M. D. Paper, 25 cents.

The Liberty of the Subject. By Canon Farrar,
D. D., F. R. S. Paper, 5 cents.

The Moral Duty of Total Abstinence. By
Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler. Paper, 10 cents.

Methods of Church Temperance Work. By
Rev. A. G. Lawson. Paper, 10 cents.

Moral and Legal Force. By G. L. Taylor,
D. D. Paper, 10 cents.

Mischief by Law. By Rev. Louis Meredith.
Paper, 5 cents.

Medicinal Drinking. By Rev. John Kirk.
Paper, 5 cents.

Moderate Drinking. By Benj. W. Richard-
son, M. D., F. R. S. Paper, 10 cents.

Manual of Evangelistic Temperance Work,
for Woman's Temperance Union. By Mrs.
S. M. L. Henry. Paper, 10 cents.

The Medical Profession and Alcohol. By
Benj. W. Richardson, M. D., F. R. S. Paper,
10 cents.

Moral Suasion with Moral Action, the Bible
Plan of Prohibition, from an address, by
J. T. Stewart. Paper, 5 cents.

A Man-trap and the Fatal Inheritance. By
Mrs. H. Skelton. Paper, 25 cents.

My Name is Legion. By Stephen H. Tyng,
D. D. Paper, 10 cents.

Moderation, vs. Total Abstinence; or, Dr.
Grosby and his Reviewers. Paper, 25 cents.

Ten Lectures on Alcohol. By Benj. W.
Richardson, M. A., M. D., F. R. S. Paper,
50 cents.

Our Wasted Resources, the Missing Link in
the Temperance Problem. By W. Haugave,
M. D. Paper, 50 cents.

Our National Resources, and How They are
Wasted. By W. Hoyle. Paper, 25 cents.

Our National Government and the Liquor
Traffic. By A. M. Powell. Paper, 10 cents.

The New House and its Attainment. By
Rev. Jos. Cook. Paper, 10 cents.

The Pledge and the Cross. Paper, 50 cents.

Put on the Brake, Jim. Paper, 10 cents.

Physiological Action of Alcohol. By H.
Munroe, M. D., F. R. S. Paper, 5 cents.

Prescribing Alcohols. By John Blackmer,
M. D. Paper, 5 cents.

The Plagues—Alcoholic and Narcotic. By T.
DeWitt Talmage, D. D. Paper, 10 cents.

The Prohibitionists' Text-Book. Paper, 50
cents.

The Physiology of Alcoholics. By Wm. B.
Carpenter, M. D., LL. D., F. R. S. Paper,
10 cents.

Prohibition in Kansas. Paper, 5 cents.

Twelve Addresses on the Physiological Action
of Alcohol. By J. James Ridge. Paper,
10 cents.

Rescue the Children. By Canon Farrar,
D. D., F. R. S. Paper, 5 cents.

How to Suppress Intemperance. By Geo.
Brooks, Esq. Paper, 10 cents.

Scriptural Claims of Total Abstinence. By
Newman Hall, LL. B. Paper, 10 cents.

The Run Fiend and Other Poems. By Wm.
H. Burleigh. Paper, 20 cents.

The Red Dragon. By T. DeWitt Talmage,
D. D. Paper, 5 cents.

The Serpent and the Tiger. By Rev. Canon
Farrar, D. D., F. R. S. Paper, 10 cents.

An Appeal for the Scott Act. By Rev. W.
C. McKay, B. A. Paper, 10 cents.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, 78 & 80 King St. East,
TORONTO.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HUESTIS,
Montreal, Que. Halifax, N. S.