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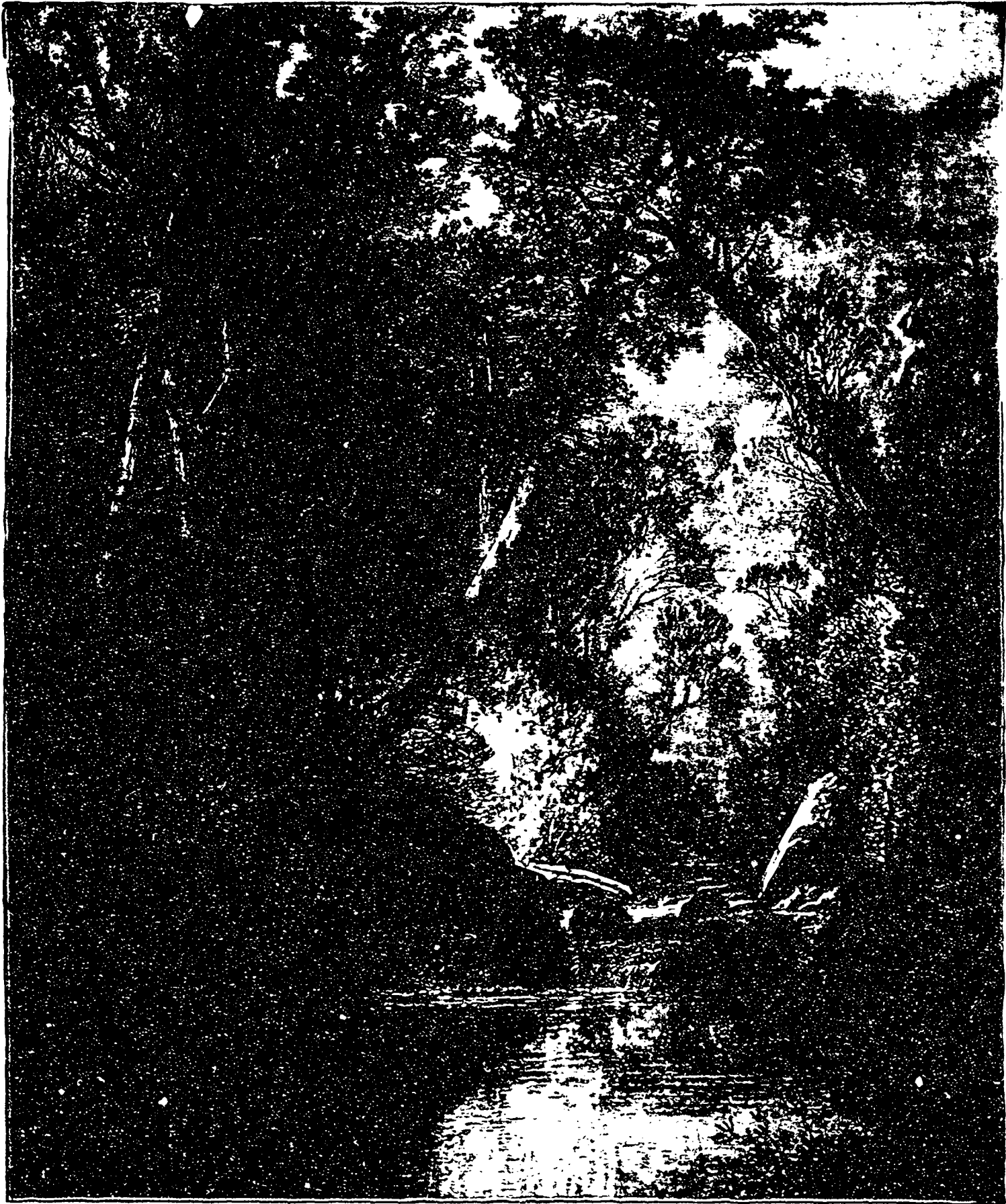
PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. V.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 3, 1885.

No. 20.



THE BROOK.—(See next page.)

THE BROOK—AN IDYL.*

BY W. M. WITHERS.

BORN high up among the mountains,
In the everlasting cloud-land,
Where the eagle soars and circles,
Round his lofty, cloud-lapped eyrie,
Ravels in the storm and tempest,
In the great heart of the mountain
Sleeps the fountain of the streamlet,
Fed by snows of hundred winters,
Numerous little springs supplying,
Which, in summer, never drying,
Water all the vibrant landscape.

Gushing from its joyous birth-place,
Like gladness from a heart o'erflowing
With a love to all around it,
Making fresh and green its pathway
Through the world with pure affection,
On its banks the mountain mosses
And the Lilliputian willows,
By its moisture, grow and flourish.

Down the mountain leaps the streamlet,
Down the hill-side leaps and thunders,
Down the precipice it dashes,
In the sunlight aways and flashes,
Ever crowned with a rain-bow,
Ever veiled with a curtain;
Down the dark ravine it plunges
'Neath the pines as black as midnight,
Still it finds its pathway downward.

Ever on the brooklet goeth,
In the moonlight and the starlight,
'Neath the sunbeam's warm caresses,
In the solemn woods' recesses.
Foaming, frothing o'er its channel,
O'er its tinkling bed of pebbles,
Past the old deserted mill-site,
Past the old, dismantled saw-mill,
Where the rusty saw remains fixed
In the stalwart pine-tree saw-log,
With its hungry teeth embedded
In the great heart of the pine-tree.

Onward still the brooklet floweth,
With its crystal waters laving
The great giants of the forest:
Now, in shady corners leaping,
Then, flashing out in the light;
Here, sluggishly and slowly creeping,
There, wheeling in swift eddies bright;
Now, in the warmer sunlight basking,
Then to the cool shade retreating,
And its tender beauty masking:
Onward! onward! ever fleeting
In its deep brown depths so mellow
The bright sun-lit sands are glowing,
Its gleaming bed of sand so yellow,
Like molten gold seems downward flowing.

Here, the stream runs deep and quiet,
There, it bubbles with loud riot;
And the lough, green, grassy sedges,
Rankly growing on its edges,
Trail upon the flowing current;
The sweet-briar in its waters
Bathes its balmy-scented branches;
And the wild flowers, stooping downward,
Kiss it as it passes by them;
But its passing onward tells it,
'Tells the secret of the flowers
By the fragrance of its waters;
And the beautiful water-lilies,
Floating on its tranquil bosom,
Revel in the golden sunlight,
Revel in the clear, glad sunlight.

Now the ruthless men of money
Bind our gentle stream with fetters,
Make it toil from morn till evening,
It, the free, light-loving streamlet,
In a hot and dusty factory.

Bursting from its hateful bondage,
Chafed and fretted with confinement,
Onward still its course it hastens,
From all sides receiving tribute,
Till so much increased its volume
As to turn the busy grist-mill.

Oh! the dear old painted grist-mill,
With its old moss-covered mill-wheel
And the clear, pellucid crystals
Slowly dripping, dripping from it:
And the hale and jolly miller,
With his face so round and ruddy,
Leaning o'er his low half-door-way:
And the cottage nestled by it
Grape-vine-covered, and embowered
By the tall elm-trees around it:
How these linger in the memory,
With the pleasant thoughts of childhood,

* These youthful rhymes, written over a score of years ago, may perhaps serve as an illustration of the foregoing beautiful picture.
—E.P.

Like the sweetest strains of music
Faintly pealing from afar-off.

Ever onward flows the river
On its mission to the ocean,
To itself, aye, plaintive singing,
Like a tired and weary Palmer
Singing songs of home and childhood,
To relieve his weary journey:
Like a band of pious pilgrims
Sweetly singing songs of Zion,
As they kindly journey onward
Soon to mingle their aspirations
With the ever-swelling anthem
Which aye thrills the vault of heaven.

So the sweet meandering streamlet
Swiftly hastes to merge its music
With the roaring of the ocean,
With its mighty voice of thunders
Ever rolling in deep numbers,
Lofty peans to its Maker.

Surely we may learn a lesson
From the history of the streamlet:
Like its journey should our life be:
As the waters which compose it
Came at first in rain from heaven,
So the souls which live within us
At the first from God descended.

As again, in form of vapor,
To heaven re-ascends the streamlet:
Like its waters may our spirits,
When our stay on earth is ended,
Be restored unto the fountain,
Whence we first derived our being,
Go again to God who gave them.

As the influence of the streamlet
All around us wees a verdure,
Giveth joy to all around it,
So our life on earth should ever
Be a blessing to our fellows,
Be a joy to all around us
By its unaffected goodness,
And our names be long remembered
In the bosoms of the people
As a sweet and pleasant savor;
That at mention of our virtues
Aye may thrill their hearts within them,
As the plaintive harp scolian,
When 'tis swept by spirit-fingers,
Giveth forth sweet strains of music.

Thus our lives will not be wasted,
And our works to Heaven will follow,
And for aye will give us pleasure
In the regions of the blessed.

THROUGH CANADA.

FROM Brock's Monument we behold
one of the most beautiful spots in
Canada, a rich and delightful farming
country, extending to the lake. As
we looked down the fertile valley, we
saw that its fields were beautiful with
the golden grain, the gift from "Our
Father's" hand, while shrub and tree
were clothed in green, and God's world
shone out grandly. About noon we
reached Niagara and went aboard the
steamer *Chicora*.

At Toronto the "Royal Mail
Stramer, *Corinthian*," was waiting to
receive passengers from the *Chicora*.
Early next morning we were at King-
ston. It is most beautifully located,
has a massive stone fort and is quite
an historic spot. The Thousand
Islands commence here and extend
down to Brockville, a distance of 50
miles. No other group of islands can
be found in the world to equal them
in number and beauty. It is said
there are about eighteen hundred of
them. We were on deck at an early
hour, and were permitted to see the
first in the group. As we ran in and
out among them, we were reminded of
the fairy stories we had read many
years ago. The placid waters, the
rocky islets, the rich foliage, all glisten-
ing and sparkling in the beautiful sun-
light, presented a most magnificent
scene. All that was lacking was the
fairies to make it complete. About
noon we entered the "Long Sault"
rapid, so called from its extent, being
a continuous rapid of nine miles,

divided in the centre by an island.
At this point the current rushes along
at the rate of twenty miles an hour.
As soon as we enter the rapids the
steam is shut off and the boat is carried
onward by the force of the stream.
Going down the "Long Sault" re-
minds one of being in a storm at sea.
The waves run high and dash against
the boat as if they would engulf it,
but those at the wheel know their
duty well, and the *Corinthian*, amidst
the tremendous roar of the mighty
surging waters, continues proudly on
her way, and soon we enter the calm
waters below. In a few moments we
find ourselves gliding over the waters
of Lake St. Francis. As we look
toward the shores of this beautiful lake
we see many of the French Canadian
settlements. Most of their houses are
small, plain, and similar in appearance;
quite a contrast to the beautiful tem-
ples of worship we saw along the shores
of the lake and river.

Soon we find ourselves nearing the
Coteau, Cedar, and Cascade rapids.
It is very exciting going through these
rapids, and at times the people seem
to hold their breath and wait in
anxious suspense, not knowing what
may come next; but the boat plunges
onward, and passing safely through,
we enter Lake St. Louis. From this
lake we could see Montpelier Mountain,
nearly thirty miles distant. And now
we near the famous Lachine Rapids.
They are considered the most danger-
ous in the series, and at this point the
celebrated and experienced Indian
Pilot "Baptiste" came aboard. All
the people were anxious to see him,
and as he took charge at the wheel all
eyes were turned toward the pilot
house.

We shall never forget going through
the Lachine Rapids. At times it
seems as if we must certainly be dashed
on the rocks, which appear to be under
the very bow of the boat, but suddenly
the boat whirls around, and once more
we are in a wider and safer channel,
and the passengers turn around in their
seats, and in audible tones commend
the Indian at the wheel.

The grand old pilot clung to the wheel
With a firm and determined grip,
And steered the boat as she planged and
whirled,
And over the waters skipped.

His eye was bright, lit up with the fire
That shines in the truly brave;
And to us he seemed almost inspired,
As he guided the boat through the wave.

He seemed not to gaze on the rapids so near,
For the rocks he seemed not to care,
His eye was fixed on some object clear,
He purposed to bring us there.

We felt secure with "Baptiste" at the helm,
And believed he would carry us through
"Lachines" fierce rapids, to a calmer realm,
At his post he was known to be true.

Soon we are permitted to pass under
the famous Victoria Bridge. It is
only as we pass under it that we are
impressed by its immensity. It is the
largest bridge in the world, being
9,144 feet long. It is constructed of
iron. In a few moments we are on
the dock at Montreal.—*Selected.*

In the midst of a stormy discussion,
at which Jerrold was present, a gentle-
man rose to settle the matter in dis-
pute. Waving his hands majestically,
he began: "Gentlemen, all I want is
common sense." "Exactly," inter-
rupted Jerrold; "that is precisely
what you do want."

DIED RICH.

THE wife of a hotel-keeper in Marys-
ville Cal., gives the following sketch:
"There came down from the moun-
tains, one day, the most comical-look-
ing old couple I ever beheld. They
were English, and had lived in Cali-
fornia two years, both working in the
mines.

"The woman had on a thin, faded
calico gown, which had come with her
from England ten years before, a calico
jacket over her shoulders, and on her
head was an apology for a sun-bonnet.
Her husband wore a mackintosh,
which reached to his heels, and on his
head an old hat—and O what a hat!
"Altogether they were the most
forlorn-looking couple one would wish
to see. They carried penury in their
very countenances.

"I pitied the old woman, so I gave
her a gentleman's dressing-gown which
had been left at the hotel. It was
rather soiled, to be sure; but it was
better than anything that she had.
They had started home to England by
the way of New York.

"When the bar-keeper requested
the man to sign his name, he made a
cross; and she was as ignorant as he.
At night she asked me if I would give
her a room with good fastenings to the
doors and windows, as they had a
good deal of gold-dust with them. I
inquired to know where it was, as
they brought no baggage with them,
except a little bag, which she carried
on her arm. She said it was in belts
around their waists. I told her if it
were much, she had better deliver it
up to the proprietor of the house for
safe-keeping. She said, 'O no, I
wouldn't lose sight of it for anything!
I have five thousand dollars in my
belt, and my husband has the same.'

"I advised her to send it by express
to New York, as they might be robbed
on the way. She said they could not
afford to pay the percentage for its
transportation, when they could carry
it and save that money. So they
started to take passage for New York
by the way of Nicaragua.

"The next news I heard of them
was that they were both drowned at
Virgin Bay while going from the shore
in a boat to get on board the steamer.
The weight of their gold sunk them at
once, while the rest of the capsized
boat's passengers floated and were
picked up by other boats.

"Thus these two old people, having
lived in poverty all their days, died
rich, weighted down by the treasure
they had earned."

"Whosoever will save his life, shall
lose it."—*Selected.*

"DID I LEAD THEM
STRAIGHT?"

It was just after the victory at
Tel-el-Kebir, in the recent Egyptian
war, that the chief of the English
army, Sir Garnet (now Lord) Wolseley,
rode up to a temporary hospital, where,
among the wounded, was young Com-
mander Rawson, leader of the High-
land Brigade, who, as he lay there
dying, turned and said, "General, did
I lead them straight?"

Are you, young Christian soldiers,
as anxious before you die to have the
approval of your Divine Commander?
If so, you must be careful in all your
fightings against sin to lead your
forces straight.

THE TOBACCO PEST.

BY JOEL SWARTZ, D.D.

I RODE to Chicago in a pullman one day—

I rode in a pullman a day and a night;
A cloud of blue vapour hung over the way,
But the stars of cigars were constantly bright.

I lapsed in a dream and rode by a stream
Of tortuous bank and terribly rank—
A filthy and oozing and streaming offence,
A loathing and horror to every sense.

It seemed to glide with an ominous sweep,
And on it I saw were many asleep;
Bedrenched and benumbed, and dressed for
their graves,
They drifted along till lost in its waves.

Though sleeping they moaned a wretched refrain;
The river was red with the blood of its slain,
For it seemed a huge serpent, and it crushed
in each fold
The bodies of those whom it overrolled.

As far up and down as my vision could reach
I saw the dense crowds press down to the beach,
And there by the flood the multitudes sat,
And in the vile stream they constantly spat.

And they spat and they puffed, and they snuffed
and they chewed,
They laughed and they cried, were civil and rude;
But the smoke still ascended, and it seemed
every whit,
Like odors exhaled from the bottomless pit.

I saw they all pressed still nearer the bank,
And they puffed, and they snuffed, and they drank,
The snuffing and chewing and puffing came first,
The drinking came next to quench the keen thirst.

With little distinction of culture or rank,
The multitudes pressed to the verge of the bank;
The rich and the great, the titled and fair,
With the low and the vulgar were visible there.

O shame! in the van of a bank-crowding crew,
When the wind swept aside the vapour of blue,
I saw a black coat and a fine silken hat,
A gold-headed cane and a parson's cravat!

And I thought of the seat where the scorners do sit,
And the wages of sin and the woes of the pit;
And I heard, as I thought, from a drink-tainted breath
A whisper: "We're nearing the portals of death!"

Affrighted, I woke, half stifled with smoke,
And, turning to glance at the person who spoke,
I saw, as I heard the shrill whistle blow,
The spires and domes of grand Chicago.

A GIRL IN BLUE.

THIS was just the way Helen looked when her cousin Carrie peeped in at her from the crack in the door that led to the dining room. And this was much the way Carrie talked to herself about it:

"There she sits in her elegant new morning dress, nothing in the world to do but amuse herself, and I must stain my hands paring potatoes and onions and I don't know what for dinner. A dress with a train, and she only sixteen! only two years and a few months older than I am! How would I look in a train! I never expect to have such an elegant dress as she has on this minute, and it is only her morning dress. To-night she will wear the lovely garnet silk trimmed with white lace. Think of me in my old blue flannel! It is all I have to wear. I don't see why there should be such a difference between cousins!

I wish Helen had stayed in New York. Why she wanted to come to see the country in the winter is more than I can understand. She isn't homesick a bit. I just think I'll stay at home to-night. Almost all the girls wear new dresses, and my old one will look older than ever beside Helen's grand one."

"Carrie," called that young lady's mother, and Carrie went to the kitchen. There she gave her hands to the potatoes and her thoughts to the discouragement around her. At last she spoke of them aloud:

"Mother, I don't believe I'll go to-night after all."

"Not go to Kate's party! Why, what has happened? Is the child sick?"

"No'm, I'm not sick; only discouraged. I don't want to go and wear that old blue dress, and that's the truth. I shall look different from any of the others, and seeing me with Helen will make everybody notice it more."

"My child, Helen's father is worth a million, and your father isn't worth a thousand dollars besides what it takes to support his family."

"I know it ma'am; I'm not finding fault, only I don't want to go and be looked at, that's all."

The mother looked very sober, and something beside the steam that puffed out of the pudding dish made her eyes moist. Carrie split a large potato savagely in two, and looked gloomy. Then the mother said, speaking low:

"Won't you disappoint a good many people to-night, daughter? Isn't Kate depending on you to help with the charades and the music?"

"I can't help it, mother. People must not depend upon me. Most every girl has a new dress for to-night, and I can't be going there just to help other people have a good time when I know I shall feel mortified all the evening."

"Can't you? Why, daughter, even Christ pleased not himself." After that, not another word was said in that kitchen for nearly an hour. Carrie finished the potatoes and ran away. Where she went or what she did, mother did not know; but when she came to set the table her face was pleasant to look at, and she stopped on her way to the pantry to kiss her mother.

"I'm going, mother, and I'll have as nice a time as I can, and not grumble a bit."

She looked very pretty in her blue dress, with its deep lace collar and bright ribbons in her hair. At least her mother thought so, though when Helen came down in all the glory of her garnet silk and gold bracelets, there was certainly a difference.

It wasn't a young people's party entirely; in fact it was a sort of a family gathering, to which all the city aunts and uncles and cousins had come; and there were some elegant dresses there, and Carrie in her old blue one, did really feel a good deal alone. Yet she went cheerfully through the evening, helping with the charades and the music—helping in a dozen quiet little ways that nobody knew about, and yet trying to keep out of notice as much as possible.

Cousin Helen played and sang, and did both very nicely, while Carrie only played accompaniments for others to sing.

Later in the evening there was a whispering between two of the city

cousins and presently it became known that Mr. Ames, who was Uncle Howard's college friend, was a wonderful singer and would entertain the company if anybody could be found who would play for him.

"I wish he would sing 'The Storm King,' for us," said Aunt Alice; "it is the most wonderful thing! I would like to hear it. Helen couldn't you play it for him?"

"I! No, indeed; his music is all awful hard, and he is awfully particular; and that piece I don't know, any way."

But Aunt Alice was determined that her mother should hear "The Storm King." She talked with Mr. Ames, and then she moved among the guests trying to find one who was willing to play the accompaniment. Not a cousin could be found. They were all afraid of the great singer and the difficult music. At last the girl in blue got ashamed of herself.

"Aunt Alice, I will play it," she said, coming out from the corner.

"You!" said Aunt Alice in surprise, for Carrie was one of the youngest of the cousins. "Do you know it?"

"No, ma'am, I don't know it; but I can play from the notes."

Then did Helen look at her young cousin in respectful astonishment.

"Can you play pieces that you do not know?" she asked her.

"Why, yes," said Carrie laughing. "I can if they are not very hard. I ought to. I have taken lessons steadily for three years."

"Well, but I have taken lessons for almost five years, and I can't do it."

And Carrie played the accompaniment, which really was difficult, and played it so well that Mr. Ames, the great singer, told her he had never had a player who pleased him better.

And don't you think she forgot all about her blue dress, until her attention was called to it in a very strange way.

"She not only plays remarkably well," said Mr. Ames to his wife, "but she is the best dressed young girl in the room."

"Yes," said Mrs. Ames, "I noticed that; all the rest of the young people are over dressed. She must have a sensible mother."

They did not know that Carrie stood behind them and heard it all. But really I think it did her good; just as honest compliments often do good. It made her realize that there were two sides to the question of fine dresses.—*The Pansy.*

BANDICOOTS.

BY A TELUGU MISSIONARY.

I WONDER how many of our young people know what a Bandicoot is? The name is a Telugu word, and means "pig-rat." Seema-bandicoot is the name Telugus give to a guinea-pig. The Bandicoot, however, is not confined to the Telugu country; but is found all over India. Although so very common, we never saw one till yesterday; and then we saw thirteen, all stretched out in a row, dead.

Bandicoots are very fond of beans, peas, corn, etc., and live in fields and gardens. The other day, I gave the gardener some peas to plant, and next morning we found the peas all dug up or eaten. I noticed several big holes in the garden like Woodchuck holes, and they told me they were Bandicoot

holes, and that it was the Bandicoots that had eaten the peas. So I sent for some men called Yannadies, who are very clever at catching rats, snakes, etc. They soon found the thieves of our peas, and brought to my study door four immense Bandicoots, five smaller ones, and four little bits of ones that hadn't opened their eyes yet. I gave the Yannadies twelve cents, and they put the Bandicoots into a basket, and carried them home to eat them. As the Bandicoots live on grain, their flesh is said to be very good—not unlike young, fresh pork. But I shouldn't like to eat pig-rats, nor other rats. Would you?

But we have worse things in the garden than Bandicoots. The other night, when the girls returned from prayer-meeting, they found a big Toddy snake on the school veranda. They screamed, of course, and the boys ran over to see what was the matter; and they soon killed the snake. The Toddy snake is very poisonous, and those bitten by it are almost sure to die within an hour or two. It is called Toddy snake because it is often found on or about the Toddy tree, or Plymira. Next to the Cobra, the Toddy snake is the most deadly snake we have—except that old "Serpent the Devil." We have him here, too, and he makes bad work among our people in India, just as he does in America. His sting is the most deadly of all, and there is but one cure for it—the blood of Jesus Christ.

I captured a big scorpion in my bathroom the other day, which measured eight inches long. He looked very ugly, but his sting is not so bad as a little yellow scorpion, not bigger than your little finger. If it had stung me—and I was very close to him—it would not have killed me, but it would have made me vomit and froth at the mouth, and caused great pain. If it were to sting a baby, it might die. Some day perhaps, I'll tell you about lizards.

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

ASHAMED of work, boys!—good, hard, honest work? Then I am ashamed of you—ashamed that you keep the feet untrammelled, ready for any emergency; second, as soon as you can find that the horse is running away, with all the power of the right arm jerk the horse's head to that side of the neck, at the same time springing to the left of the vehicle ready to jump. As soon as done immediately jerk the horse's head to the left side of the neck and change your position to the opposite side of the carriage. Repeating this with all one's strength and as quickly as possible, the horse must stop his speed. Under this treatment it is impossible for him to proceed, but it must be done quickly, so as not to allow the horse to straighten his position or to turn around. I have been runaway with several times, and have always tried Rarey's plan with success."

WHEN a clergyman remarked there would be a nave in the church the society was building, an old lady whispered that she knew the party to whom he referred.

I SHOULD like to make life beautiful—I mean everybody's life. It spoils my enjoyment of anything when I am made to think that most people are shut out from it.

AT THE GRAVE OF BARBARA HECK.

BY JAMES B. KENTON.

BELOW the whispering pines she lies,
Safe from the busy world's loud roar;
Above her bend the North's pale skies,
The broad St. Lawrence aways before.

A humble woman, pure of heart,
She knew no dream of world-wide fame;
Yet in man's love she hath her part,
And countless thousands bless her name.

She sleeps the changeful years away;
Her couch its holy quiet keeps;
And many a pilgrim, day by day,
Turns thither from the world and weeps.

O rapturous tears of grateful love,
Keep green and fresh her lowly bed!
O minstrel birds that brood above,
Sing sweetly o'er the peaceful dead!

Amid the silent sleepers round
She sleeps, nor heeds time's wintry gust;
Tread softly, this is hallowed ground,
And mouldering here lies sacred dust.

Roll on, O world, your noisy way!
Go by, O years, with wrong and wreck!
But till the dawn of God's great day
Shall live the name of Barbara Heck.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK:

REV. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 3, 1885.

GRANTS TO POOR SCHOOLS.

The following letter—one out of many such—shows what good work the Sunday-School Aid and Extension Fund is doing.

A brother in Newfoundland writes: The papers are doing a good work; being about all the reading matter that most of the scholars and parents get.

A brother in Nova Scotia writes:—I have received the catechisms and papers which you have so kindly sent us and we find that they are of great value in the school, both by increasing the attendance and helping greatly in the lessons. We now send you the amount raised and our thanks for the help you have given.

Still another zealous Nova Scotia superintendent writes:—The S. S. papers give us great satisfaction; I don't know how we could get along without them. We have no library, so that the papers are greatly appreciated.

A brother in New Brunswick writes: The library ordered by you through Halifax Book Room came to hand Saturday, the 25th inst., and our people are delighted with it. It is certainly

the best I have seen. With much pleasure I forward you P. O. O. for the \$10, the amount arranged for us to pay for it, and we tender you our best thanks for your kind and generous consideration in the matter.

NEW SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOOKS.

May's Captain. By Helen Brisbon. London: T. Woolmer, 2 Castle Street, City Road. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is a pretty story. May is a little girl whose parents died while she was young. Her mother died on board ship and consigned her to the captain, who loved her as his own child. The vessel afterwards was wrecked. May was saved by a fisherman who kept her for some time until an uncle claimed her. She was taken to her uncle's fine home, and experienced great changes. She visited Margate for the benefit of the sea breezes, where she found her former friend the captain, whose life had been miraculously preserved. May was a charming child. The teachings of her mother were like seeds sown in good ground. Parents might learn from the book the certainty of good following proper parental training, and young persons may learn the advantages of early piety. It is a charming book for girls.

Go Work. A Book for Girls. By Annie Frances Perram. New York: Phillips and Hunt. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

The authoress claims that the homes here depicted, and the girls whose careers are described, are not imaginary, but real. The Christian home in which some of the actors resided is beautifully described. The way in which all of them were brought into enjoyment of "the pearl of great price," is set forth in a style both graphic and scriptural, while the influence of their piety upon their school-mates is just what might be expected to follow, where religion is genuine. Such a book in the hands of girls blooming into womanhood cannot fail to be productive of good.

We would heartily commend to our young people, *Le Petit Moniteur* and *Le Fidele Messenger*. French S. S. papers published by our energetic French missionary, Rev. T. A. Dorion, at Danville, Que. They are very cheap. The two for fifty cents. They will help young folk learning French to become familiar with the language, and the small subscription price will help the struggling S. S. interests in our French Methodist Mission.

REV. E. E. JENKINS, M.A., in his speech before the English conference, gave an interesting account of his visit to Japan, and related an affecting account of an incident while he was at Miss Cartnell's school. It was that a dying man who was a candidate for baptism insisted that the rite should be performed immediately as he knew that death was near. The scene affected all present, and Mr. Jenkins said he would never forget it.

In the estimate of Christian life it is not the few exceptionally great things which are reckoned, but the many ordinary little things.

C. L. S. C.

It is to be regretted that no more of our young people have availed themselves of the advantages of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. Who will convince them of the satisfaction arising in later years from a well-stored mind, and of the self-disgust sure to be felt some day by those who now find pleasure only in frivolous amusements. We congratulate those who have longed for something higher than the pleasures usually offered them, upon the opportunity provided by Dr. Vincent for their benefit. In the language of Dr. Vincent, one who takes this course "must think, think, think." But what is youth or maiden fit for who will not think? As Richard Grant White has aptly said: "Many people—far too many—desire chiefly to find some short, straight road to knowledge. They like to have some man who is called an 'authority' upon a certain subject, cut his knowledge up into small parcels or 'chunks' of convenient size, and arrange them with labels, alphabetically, in an article or book, so that they may be referred to at need and followed, like a recipe for making puddings—and with as little thought." Such are mere idlers, taking all they can get, yet giving the world nothing. It is to be hoped that the proposed scheme for starting a Canadian Chautauqua at Niagara will have the effect of calling greater attention to the literary purposes of a valuable institution.—*Wesleyan*.

WHAT is the "Chautauqua idea?" We do not know—now. We doubt whether there is more than one man living who can define it, and it occasionally gets the start of him. He has been explaining it for several years, but, in each presentation of the subject, so much that is new has been introduced that it is impossible to recognize the "idea" as at all familiar. In this way he keeps his lecture on "The Chautauqua Idea" ever fresh and interesting. There is nothing old about the lecture except its title. A kaleidoscope, at each turn, does not present more brilliant or unexpected combinations. At the beginning, the Chautauqua idea was the Sunday-school idea, but now it has outgrown that. It has put forth many other blossoms. Dr. Vincent has so cleverly engrafted other things upon the original stock, that at present, metaphorically, we have an exhibition in it of the bearing of peaches, pears, apples, oranges, and bananas on the same tree. Science, theology, art, music, history, literature, as well as the Sunday-school, ripen together on contiguous branches, as though it were the natural thing to draw sustenance from the same stem. Whatever the Chautauqua idea is, or may become, we trust that it will continue to grow until it shall have the strength of a cedar of Lebanon, and be as rich in bearing as an olive-tree in the king's garden.—*Pilgrim Teacher*.

To confess your fault is the first step toward getting rid of it.



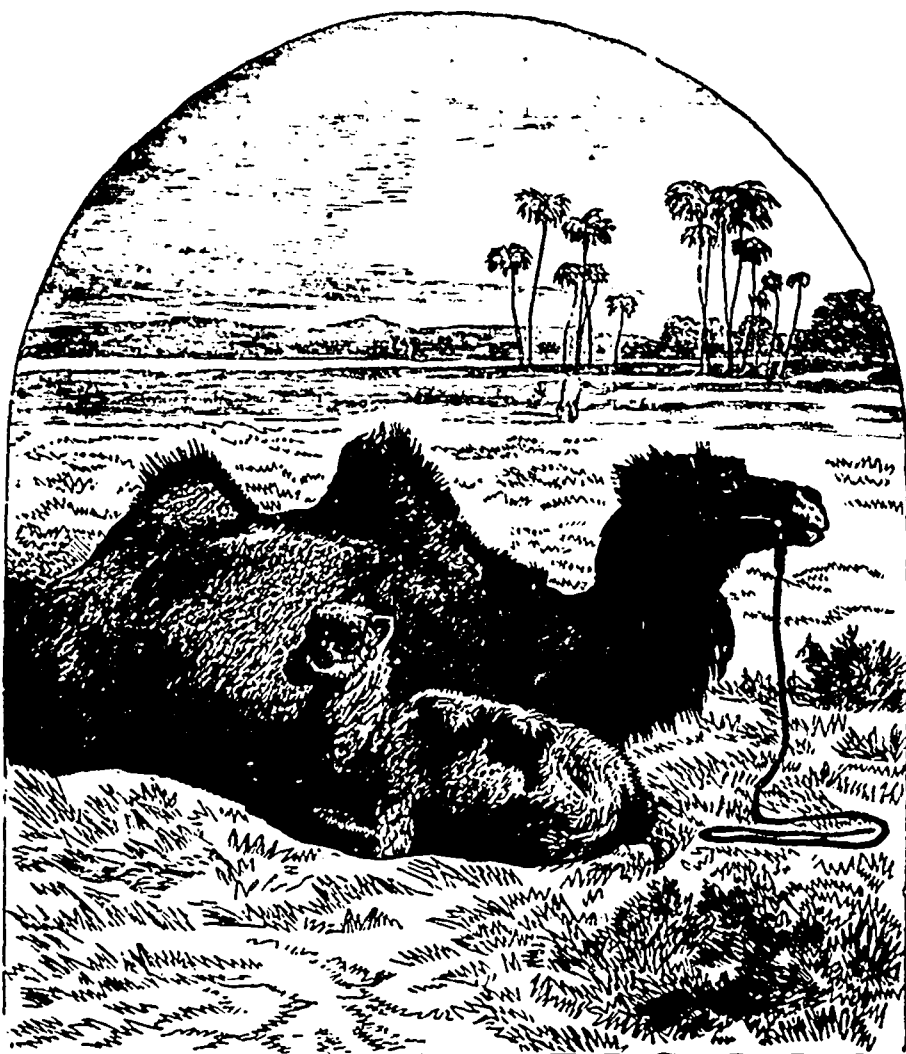
THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

THE Saviour is the Good Shepherd whose work is to take care of his flock. If one sheep strays away, the Good Shepherd leaves the ninety and nine and goes in search of the lost one. He wanders on through the darkness, out through the storm, down over the deepest precipice, up the highest mountain peak, through deep, dark valleys, around craggy heights, in search for his lost sheep; and when at last he finds it, he tenderly gathers it in his arms, places it safely into his bosom, and hastens o'er danger and through storm to take it to the fold. He would give his life for this lost sheep. So the dear Saviour gathers his own to himself and protects them. He is the Good Shepherd who says: "The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." "As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father; and I lay down my life for the sheep. And other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd. Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again."

In the dark picture of Good Friday this Shepherd is seen giving his life for the sheep. Here he lays it down. On the bright, joyful Easter morn this One is seen taking his life again, fulfilling the words of his prophecy, "I have power to take it again."

Go to God as a sinner, if you question your right to go in any other character. He always receiveth sinners.



THE CAMEL.

A BOY'S HYMN.

"JUST as I am," Thine own to be,
Friend of the young, who lovest me;
To consecrate myself to Thee,
O Jesus Christ, I come.

In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve, and no delay,
With all my heart I come.

I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve Thee with all my might,
Therefore to Thee I come.

"Just as I am," young, strong and free,
To be the best that I can be,
For truth, and righteousness, and Thee,
Lord of my life, I come.

With many dreams of fame and gold,
Success and joy to make me bold;
But dearer still my faith to hold,
For my whole life, I come.

And for Thy sake to win renown,
And then to take my victor's crown,
And at Thy feet to cast it down,
O Master, Lord, I come.

DR. POTTS ON PROHIBITION.

THERE was no party subject in this country, he would venture to say, that was equal in importance to the question of temperance, with which they were then identified. He wished to tell the party people that the party, whether it was Reform or Conservative, that gave especial prominence to the cause of temperance during the next few years would be the popular party. The Christian Church had never realized her responsibility in the cause of temperance as she was realizing it to-day. He could not put his finger upon one section of the Christian Church that was not fighting for the cause of temperance. They might have a small conception of the course

of the evil when they considered the statement of Gladstone to the effect that it was worse than war, famine, and pestilence combined. They had had moral suasion, and although they had to be thankful for what it had done for them, it was not enough. They needed prohibition. They might have prohibition in a way, even if they could not get it from the political leaders. They might have personal prohibition and domestic prohibition. He would not object to the Government giving the liquor dealers compensation if the liquor dealers would pay the widows and pay the character-wrecked men and others for the ruin that had come upon them from the liquor traffic. Why should the liquor dealers ask them to pay for their invested rights when their invested rights were wrong?

THE CAMEL.

EVERY one is interested in the camel. It is like looking at the elephant, or monkey; one never gets done. Camels are so very different from our familiar animals that they cause us to stand in awe as we study their peculiar build, and the uses to which they are put, and the adaptation to the times and places they occupy. They are specially adapted for carrying burdens, and their endurance enables them to make long journeys across the desert.

The hump on the camel's back is a wonderful provision of nature, to adapt the animal to the endurance of long abstinence from food, or subsistence on very scanty supplies, to which it is often subjected in the desert, and without a capacity for which it would be comparatively of little value to man; and the wide deserts across which he

journeys and transports his merchandise by its aid would be altogether impossible. The hump is in fact a store of fat, from which the animal draws as the wants of his system require; and the Arab is very careful to see that the hump is in good condition before the commencement of his journey. They often carry from a thousand to fifteen hundred pounds. The use of the camel for transporting passengers and merchandise has given it the name of the "ship of the desert." A caravan sometimes contains 1,000, and sometimes even 4,000.

The pace of the camel is very uniform, but slow. Its power of endurance is great, and hence, makes long journeys with comparative ease. It lives from thirty to forty years.

THE O. L. S. C.

J. H. BROWN.

OUR young people of to-day are great readers; and, to gratify their insatiable appetite for anything readable, they will, in many instances, indiscriminately select what seems to their immature judgment the most attractive reading; and as the country is flooded with all styles and grades of pernicious literature, bound in attractive covers and embellished with flashy pictures, too often the selection is made from this stock. Parents and teachers should see that the young people are provided with good, wholesome reading. It should be standard, and of a high order. Teach them to desire reading of a high order while they are learning to read, and they will never relish the inferior and pernicious forms of literature.

The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle and "Home College," offer many advantages to aid in the selection of standard literature, and to elevate the literary taste of all who follow the several courses of study. The O. L. S. C. is a school at home—a college for one's own house, by which one may become acquainted in a general way with the regular college curriculum. It is for all classes of people, but especially for those who have no means or opportunity to pursue a regular course of study at college. It is also for parents who have children at college, and wish to keep abreast with them, and thus be able to sympathize with them in their work. College graduates, professional and business men, and accomplished ladies are pursuing the course. They find it a splendid review of their past studies in college. This course is particularly adapted to the wants of hard-working people who never went to college; who have not enjoyed the advantages which even our common schools afford; but who wish to know something of college studies, pursue some systematic course of instruction and "keep up with the times."

A full course of the O. L. S. C. requires four years' study. The reading requires about forty minutes' time each day; and no one is so busily employed but he can find time for the reading, if systematically pursued. The year

begins in October and ends in June. 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."

The benefits which accrue to all who faithfully pursue this course of study are incalculable. Every true Chautauquan should thank God for Dr. Vincent and his "Chautauqua idea." There ought to be a C. L. S. C. organized in every Methodist society, to begin the course of study with the "class of 1889," next October; and it rests principally with the ministers to see that this is done.

Persons desiring to unite with the C. L. S. C., or who wish a full explanation of the design of the "Chautauqua idea," should address Dr. J. H. Vincent, Plainfield, N. J., or L. C. Peake, drawer 2559, Toronto. There are more than 60,000 students in this grand scheme, and the "College" includes members from nearly every land and clime on the face of the globe.

HOW TO STOP A RUNAWAY HORSE.

We hope none of our readers will have occasion to put the following advice into practice, but for all our wishing we would suggest that it be stored away in the memory where it can be had at a moment's notice. We copy from an exchange:

"Several years ago I attended a lecture given by Rarey, the celebrated horse-trainer, in the course of which he claimed that any runaway horse could be controlled with a knowledge of the proper treatment, and what I learned from him has served me on more than one occasion during the many years I have driven around New York. Rarey's directions were as follows: First, to know that the harness is all right, and that the bit and lines are of proper strength, never to drive with a slack rein, and always to keep the feet untrammelled, ready for any emergency; second, as soon as you can find that the horse is running away, with all the power of the right arm jerk the horse's head to that side of the neck, at the same time springing to the left of the vehicle ready to jump. As soon as done immediately jerk the horse's head to the left side of the neck and change your position to the opposite side of the carriage. Repeating this with all one's strength and as quickly as possible, the horse must stop his speed. Under this treatment it is impossible for him to proceed, but it must be done quickly, so as not to allow the horse to straighten his position or to turn around. I have been runaway with several times, and have always tried Rarey's plan with success."

When a clergyman remarked there would be a nave in the church the society was building, an old lady whispered that she knew the party to whom he referred.

I SHOULD like to make life beautiful—I mean everybody's life. It spoils my enjoyment of anything when I am made to think that most people are shut out from it.

LEGEND OF THE NORTHLAND.

WAY, away in the Northland,
Where the hours of the day are few,
And the nights so long in winter
They cannot sleep them through;—

Where they harness the swift reindeer
To the sledges where it snows;—
And the children look like bears cubs,
In their funny furry clothes;—

They tell a curious story—
I don't believe 'tis true;
And yet you may learn a lesson
If I tell the tale to you.

Once, when the good St. Peter
Lived in this world below,
And walked about it preaching—
Just as he did you know—

He came to the door of a cottage,
In travelling round the earth,
Where a little woman was making cakes,
And baking them on the hearth.

And being faint with fasting,
For the day was almost done,
He asked her from her store of cakes
To give him a single one.

So she made him a very little cake,
But, as it baking lay,
She looked at it, and thought it seemed
Too large to give away.

Therefore, she kneaded another,
And still a smaller one;
But it looked when she turned it over,
As large as the first had done.

Then she took a tiny scrap of dough
And rolled and rolled it flat,
And baked it as thin as a wafer;
But she would not part with that;

For she said "My cakes that seem too small
When I eat of them myself,
Are yet too large to give away."
So she put them on the shelf.

Then good St. Peter grew angry,
For he was hungry and faint;
And surely such a woman
Was enough to provoke a saint.

And he said, "You are far too selfish
To dwell in a human form;
To have both food and shelter,
And a fire to keep you warm.

"Now, you shall live as the birds do,
And shall get your scanty food
By boring and boring and boring,
All day in the hard, dry wood.

Then she went up through the chimney,
Never speaking a word,
And out of the top flew a woodpecker,
For she was changed to a bird.

She had a scarlet cap on her head,
And that was left the same;
But all the rest of her clothes were burned
Black as a coal in the flame.

And every country school-boy
Has seen her in the wood;
Where she lives in the trees to this very day,
Boring and boring for food.

And this is the lesson she teaches;—
Live not for yourself alone,
Lest the needs you will not pity
Shall one day be your own.

Give plenty of what is given you,
Listen to pity's call;
Don't think the little you give is great,
And the much you get is small.

Now, my little boy, remember that,
And try to be kind and good,
When you see the woodpecker's sooty dress
And see her scarlet hood.

You mayn't be changed to a bird, though you
Live
As selfish as you can;
But you will be changed to a smaller thing
A mean and selfish man.

A GENTLEMAN who had a servant
with a very thick skull used often to
call him the king of fools. "I wish,"
said the man, one day, "you could
make your words good, as I should
then be monarch of the world."

CANON FARRAR ON GENERAL GRANT.

E. H. DUTTON & Co., New York,
publish in a neat pamphlet, Canon
Farrar's noble eulogy on President
Grant—pronounced in Westminster
Abbey—from which we quote the
closing words:

We are gathered here in England to
do honour to his memory, and to show
our sympathy with the sorrow of a
great sister-nation.

Could we be gathered here in a more
fitting place? We do not lack here
memorials to recall the history of your
country. There is the grave of Andre;
there is the monument raised by grate-
ful Massachusetts to the gallant Howe;

there is the temporary resting-place of
George Peabody; there is the bust of
Longfellow; over the Dean's grave
there is the faint semblance of Boston
Harbor. We add another memory to-
day. Whatever there may have been
between the two nations to forgive and
forgive, it is forgotten and forgiven.

"I will not speak of them as two peo-
ples," said General Grant at New-
castle, in 1877, "because, in fact, we
are one people, with a common destiny,
and that destiny will be brilliant in
proportion to the friendship and co-
operation of the brethren dwelling on
each side of the Atlantic." Oh! if
the two peoples, which are one people,
be true to their duty, and true to their
God, who can doubt that in their hands
are the destinies of the world? Can
anything short of utter demerit
ever thwart a destiny so manifest?

Your founders were our sons; it was
for our past that your present grew.
The monument of Sir Walter Raleigh
is not that nameless grave in St. Mar-
garet's; it is the State of Virginia.
Yours and ours alike are the memories
of Captain John Smith and of the
Pilgrim Fathers, of General Ogle-
thorpe's strong benevolence of soul, of
the apostolic holiness of Berkeley, and
the burning zeal of Wesley and Whit-
field. Yours and ours alike are the
plays of Shakespeare and the poems of
Milton; ours and yours alike are all
that you have accomplished in liter-
ature or in history—the songs of Long-
fellow and Bryant, the genius of Haw-
thorne and of Irving, the fame of
Washington, Lee, and Grant. But
great memories imply great responsi-
bilities. It was not for nothing that
God has made England what she is;

not for nothing that the free indi-
vidualism of a busy multitude, the
humble traders of a fugitive people,
snatching the New World from feudal-
ism and bigotry—from Philip II. and
Louis XIV., from Menendez and
Montcalm, from the Jesuit in the
Inquisition, from Perquensada and from
Richelieu—to make it the land of the
Reformation and the Republic of
Christianity and of Peace.

Let America take her place side by
side with England in the very van of
freedom and of progress, united by a
common language, by common blood,
by common measures, by common in-
terests, by a common history, by com-
mon hopes; united by the common
glory of great men, of which this great
temple of silence and reconciliation is
the richest shrine. Be it the steadfast
purpose of the two peoples who are one
people to show all the world not only
the magnificent spectacle of human
happiness, but the still more magnifi-
cent spectacle of two peoples which are
one people, loving righteousness and

hating iniquity, inflexibly faithful to
the principles of eternal justice which
are the unchanging laws of God.

THE FEARFUL FOLLY OF ALE DRINKERS.

MR. GEO. HALL, the accomplished
editor of the *Orillia Packet*, one of the
most valued of our exchanges and a
"live" temperance paper, sends us a
very striking tract published by the Live-
soy's Temperance Tract Depot. It gives
an engraving of two large rolls of bread,
solid nutriment, price 6d.; and beside
it an engraving of a quart of ale with
2½ ounces of nutriment and 36 ounces of
water, with the accompanying text.

The engravings show by their striking
contrast the fearful folly of paying
sixpence for 2½ ounces of nutriment
of inferior quality, while 68 ounces of
the very best food can be got for the
same amount. And that is not the
worst of the matter, for along with the
2½ ounces of nutriment the ale drinker
swallows 2 ounces of alcohol ("spirits
of wine") or "the devil in solution,"
which very appropriate designation
was given to the intoxicating portion of
liquors by one who was not a tee-
totaler. To drink ale for the nutriment
it contains is the greatest delusion
that any sane person could labour
under. What a waste of money!

Sixpence for 2½ ounces of poor food—
could folly go farther than this? Then
in addition to the waste of money
there is the injury inflicted upon the
physical system from the effects of
taking the dose of alcohol contained in
the ale. It is amazing how long the
delusion of ale drinking has lasted.
Really, what do men drink ale for? It
cannot possibly be for the nutrition it
contains; that foolish notion is com-
pletely exploded by the fact of the
miserably small quantity of solid
matter contained in the purest ale—
that made only from malt and hops.

And it is the solids and not the liquids,
upon which labouring men have to
work. Do men drink ale to quench
thirst? No. Though such a very large
portion of ale consists of water, yet it
being mixed with a fiery liquid (alcohol)
prevents the liquor from quenching
thirst; just in proportion to its alco-
holic strength instead of diminishing it
increases thirst. Ale really excites
thirst; as a proof of this the drinking
man is always dry. If a thirst
quenching liquor was wanted, the
water, if taken alone, would serve that
wise purpose, but it can never do so
when it is mixed with the thirst-
exciting, health-destroying spirit. If
instead of spending 6d. in a quart of
ale, the drinker spent a farthing for 2½
ounces of bread and a small fraction of
a farthing for 36 ounces of water, he
would effectually quench his thirst and
escape all the evil effects of the alcohol.

But what a laughing-stock to all
sensible people would a man present
who was willing to pay 6d. for a
beggarly bit of bread weighing 2½
ounces with about three gills of water
given with it! Foolish as would be the
waste of money in such a case, yet it
would be a far better plan than paying
6d. for a quart of ale. For what then
do men drink ale? Because they are
deluded by the first effect arising from
the spirit (alcohol) contained in it;
they mistake excitement or stimulant
for strength; they are grievously de-
ceived by the false life which they
seem to get when the alcohol is
swallowed. The effect of all stimu-

lation from alcohol (whether in ale or
whiskey or brandy, for the spirit is
the same in all) is to draw upon the
constitution and in a sense to force
muscular power before it is due. Ale
deludes by seeming to lift a man
higher than his ordinary self, but then
he always falls back—yes lower than
before. This is illustrated by the
condition in which the Saturday night
drinker is found on Sunday morning.
Such is the depression which follows
the alcoholic excitement, that even a
full day's rest on the Sunday is often
insufficient to restore the drinker to the
condition of health and strength that he
possessed before he commenced drink-
ing on the Saturday. Ale is neither
food nor drink, but an alcoholic
stimulant. What infatuation it is to
spend money in shattering our nerves,
which is the effect of ale drinking.
Act wisely by abstaining from ale and
all liquors that will intoxicate.

"LITTLE BROWN HANDS."

THEY drive home the cows from the
pastures;
Up through the shady lane,
While the quail whistles loud in the wheat-
field
All yellow with ripening grain.

They find, in the thick waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-tipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snow-drops,
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toes the hay in the meadow,
They gather the elder-blooms white,
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.

They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines,
They know where the fruit is the thickest
On the long thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate sea-weeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea-shells—
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.

They wave from the tall rocking tree-tops,
Where the oriole's hammock nest swings,
And at night-time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And from those brown-handed children
May grow righteous rulers of state.

The pen of the author and statesman,
The noble and wise of our land—
Chisel, palette, and God's holy word,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

HABITS OF OBSERVING.

Who was it that said it? of whom?
—that such or such a person, had
travelled more and seen less than any
other man living? No matter. It is
true that one can go about a great
deal, and observe, hence learn, very
little. We ought all of us to cultivate
our senses more. How much more a
painter sees in a landscape than you
do, or than we. How much more a
hunter sees and hears in the woods.
How much more a sailor at sea. It
would be an excellent thing for chil-
dren once in a while to be sent out
together on a walk, and returning be
asked to give each an account of the
things observed on the way. The
comparison and contrast would be in-
teresting and stimulating. Habits of
observing should be carefully formed
by us all. It would eventually make
a vast difference in the sum of know-
ledge acquired, and in the interest of
life.

OCTOBER.

THINK the summer is dying—
Though still she is wondrous fair,
For a sense of rest and ripeness
Fills all the sweet still air.

And, yesterday, the poplars
Were dropping their gold about;
And, here and there, the asples
A flaming branch flung out.

And to-day the oaks are flushing;
The sumachs are all ablaze;
And the islands too are blushing
Velled in a dim blue haze.

Crowding the panels of fences,
The yellow golden-rod stands,
And dark blue gentians, starry-eyed,
Fill gleeful children's hands.

O'er hill and field and woodland
The autumn wonder steals;
The grove that crowns the upland,
A hundred tints reveals.

Hush for the summer is dying;
Faint and fainter her breath,
On her cheek is the flush of fever
That heralds the pallor of death.

As some full-handed princess
Facing death's mysteries,
Robes herself in her royalty,
And, proudly smiling, dies:

So dies the bounteous summer,
And the trees with faint demur
Sigh, as they yield their coronets
To the west-wind's lightest stir.
—Orilla Packet.

LITTLE ALMA.

BY THE REV. J. F. OCKLEY.

Boys and girls, I want to tell you about the life and death of a youthful Christian, because I think it may be of interest, and will help you. Your hearts have often thrilled with wonder, and your eyes been wet with tears, as you have read of the precious Saviour's presence with older people when walking the "valley of death," but you have not so often heard how those who were younger have been sustained and cheered when the end has come. Noble lives and happy deaths are by many supposed to belong only to those who have passed the meridian of life. This is a mistake, for grace (to be fruitful) like flower-seeds must be sown in spring. Some of the most fragrant, and beautiful flowers are quickly ripe and early gathered—such was the history of Alma Hicks Pearce. She was born in Campbellford, Ontario, in the month of February, 15 years ago, and on the 29th of January last, in Port Perry, her spirit took its flight to the land "where the wicked cease their troubling and the weary are at rest."

When only six or seven years of age she gave her life to Jesus, and during the remainder of her life was very happy and trustful. For several years she suffered much from weakness of the back, and also from heart disease, yet she was usually very lively and cheerful, and was scarcely, if ever, heard to murmur. As a proof of her great trust in her Heavenly Father I may mention the following little circumstance:—

When only eight years old, her grandpa was out in a pelting storm, and seeing that her grandma was weeping for his safety, she went into her room and prayed, and then came out saying, "Don't cry, grandma; grandpa will come back all right. I have asked God to take care of him." She was very fond of reading, and took great delight in clipping pieces of prose and poetry from the papers, of which she had a scrap-book full of the most

beautiful and appropriate selections. Here is part of one of her favourites:

My life is a wearisome journey;
I'm sick with the dust and the heat;
The rays of the sun beat upon me;
The briars are wounding my feet;
But the city to which I am journeying
Will more than my trials repay;
All the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

There are so many hills to climb upward;
I often am longing for rest;
But he who appoints me my pathway
Knows just what is needful and best;
I know in his word he has promised
That my strength shall be as my day;
And the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

He loves me too well to forsake me,
Or give me one trial too much;
All his people have been dearly purchased,
And Satan can never claim such.
By and by I shall see him and praise him
In the city of mending day;
And the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

But of all her books she prized her Bible best. Once when very sick she read in the book of Revelation "that the former things shall be done away," and turning to her ma with a countenance more like one leaving heaven than one just about to enter it, she said, "My sickness is one of the former things that will be done away." One day, after awaking from a refreshing sleep, she said, "Isn't that a nice verse which says 'He giveth his beloved sleep.' Do you know, I think that would be nice to put on my tombstone." Her ma quoted many other passages, but she said, "I think they are all beautiful, but not so nice as the other." Again, after singing "The Great Physician now is near," she said, "I shall soon be playing on the golden harp." Her father, who was standing by her bedside weeping, said "I shall have no Allie then," but she immediately responded, "Yes you will; I shall be your Allie then, and I shall be waiting for you."

The day of her departure her sick-chamber was the gate of heaven to those who were watching. She had particularly requested that her pa should not go to business as she felt her end was near. Requesting her parents and sister to come near while she bade them "farewell," and seeing her sister cry, she said "Libby, don't cry! don't cry! but shout! I am going home." To her ma she said, "I am not afraid to die—I know Jesus died for me. I am not afraid to die." Thus ended the earthly life of a youthful Christian heroine. Boys and girls, who of you will meet her in heaven!

PORT PERRY, Ont.

SUMMER BY THE SEA.

EVER since the days of Horace, in the fervid months of summer men have fled the sweltering cities for the sea. And certainly Rome and Naples know few hotter days than those of July and August in New York and Philadelphia, not to speak of Toronto and Montreal. And few pleasanter places of summer resort are known than this city by the sea, Ocean Grove and Asbury Park. Their growth, even in this age of rapid growth, is quite phenomenal. Fifteen years ago this place was a barren, sandy beach. Last year in three months and a half 680,000 persons arrived at the railway station, as many as 14,300 arriving or departing on a single day. No place

in the world, I think, exhibits more grandly the possibilities of a Christian civilization. We are justly proud of our Toronto Sabbath. No city in the world, I think, can parallel their Christian observance. But the constitution of the Camp-meeting Association gives it such absolute control as no municipality can attain. Not a wheel moves, not a hoof stirs, not even a milk-bell jangles on the sacred day; and of course no liquor is sold on any day of the week. The result is a Sabbath of ideal quietude and serenity, very rep:eful amid the rush of modern life.

Of course one of the great attractions is the magnificent surf bathing. It is most inspiring to hear the thunder of the "leaguc-long rollers" breaking on the shore and to feel their exhilarating impact upon one's spine. A peculiar usage is the Sunday evening's surf-meeting. The people by thousands sit upon the sands, at times as many, it is estimated, as 20,000. A printed responsive service is read and sung—the singing led by a key bugle, and the voices of the great multitude mingle with the voice of the many waters in a sublime anthem.

A RESCUE.

I witnessed what is seldom seen over here—the rescue of a ship-wrecked crew by a lifeboat. All efforts to fire the life line over the vessel failed. A heavy north-easter was blowing, and for an hour the lifeboat crew battled with the breakers, but were driven back defeated to the shore. A second time, amid the cheers of thousands of spectators, and, it must be added, amid the prayers and tears of not a few, the boat was launched. Strong arms forced her through the breakers, but it made the heart leap into the throat with a sense of sickening fear as she at times disappeared from sight. But what a cheer that was that ran along the crowded beach as the ship-wrecked crew were taken off, and again and again as, scudding before the wind and sea, the lifeboat swept to the shore!

I found a very pleasant way to reach this place—and one little travelled, I think, by Canadians—by the Delaware and Lackawanna Railway. It may be taken either at Buffalo or Utica. At Scranton I went down one of the hundreds of coal mines by which the Lackawanna Valley is honey-combed, and rode over the Pennsylvania Coal Company's gravity railroad to Hawley—a distance of thirty-six miles without a locomotive.

A GRAVITY RAILROAD.

The experience is unique. One is drawn up a series of steep inclines by stationary engines and then glides down, as on a toboggan slide, with ever-increasing velocity to the next incline, a distance in some cases of fourteen miles. As one sits at the front of the foremost car, overlooking miles of hills and valleys, and, free from dust and cinders, inhales the sweet mountain air fragrant with the breath of new-mown hay, wild berries and sweet briar, and swinging round great curves and sweeping along a mountain's side, feels the swift winds rush by, it is the veriest luxury of travel.

One should not fail either to stop over night at Delaware Water Gap, where the Delaware river forces its way through a narrow pass in the Kittatiny or Blue Mountains. Almost

perpendicular walls of rock, with strangely contorted strata, rise on either side to a height of 1,600 feet. The view of the "Gap" in the afternoon light, as the purple shadows fill the gorge, is most impressive, especially as seen from the summit of either hill. I have seen few things combining more exquisitely the beautiful and the sublime.—*Dr. Withrow in Methodist Magazine.*

DISASTER.

HOLE in the pocket's a very bad thing,
And brings a boy trouble faster
Than anything under the sun, I think,
My mother calls it disaster
For all in one day,
I lost, I may say,
Through a hole not as big as a dollar,
A number of things,
Including some rings
From the chain Fido wore as a collar,
My knife, a steel pen, a nice little note,
That my dear Cousin Annie had sent me,
The boy who found that, pinned it on to his
hat,
And tries all the time to torment me.
I'd lost a new dime
That very same time,
But it lodged in the heel of my stocking;
And one thing beside,
Which to you I confide,
Though I fear you may think it quite shock-
ing.

The doctor had made some nice little pills,
For me to take home to our baby;
But, when I reached there, I was quite in
despair.
They had slipped through my pocket, it
may be,
And Aunt Sallie, she,
As cool as could be,
Said, a hole in a boy's reputation,
Is harder to cure,
And worse to endure,
Than all pockets unsound in the nation.

Still a hole in a pocket's a very bad thing,
And I am sure a real cause of disaster.
But baby is well; so you never must tell.
Perhaps he got well all the faster.
—Independent.

DRAWN BY THE HAIR.

THERE was a young girl who worked in a factory. The day was done, and as she was getting ready to go home, she stooped to brush some lint from her dress. As she bent forward, the quick-revolving machinery caught her hair and drew her by it. She could not get away, and in a moment her head and body were crushed to a shapeless mass.

Only her hair was touched at first. We look at the fine threads and think they are so fine they would snap and break in a moment in the great machine. But no; while each hair is so very, very small and brittle, together they are stronger than a rope, and the poor victim is drawn by them to a dreadful death.

Just so it is with our evil habits, dear children—our little sins. It is but a little fault, you say; we can stop it at any moment. But to-day's fault is added to yesterday's, and to-morrow's will be added to to-day's, and by doing this wrong again and again the habit is formed that binds the soul in a strong chain of wickedness.

"Woe unto them that draw iniquity with cords of vanity, and sin as it were with a cart rope," the Bible says; and this is its meaning: Sin at first is just a thread, fine and weak as a hair; a great many twisted together make it a strong rope that will draw the soul down to death.—*Selects*

ALCOHOL is the worst thing to help preserve a live man, but the best to help keep a dead man.

ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL.

DON'T crowd and push on the march of life,
Or tread on each other's toes,
For the world at best, in its great unrest,
Is hard enough as it goes.

Oh why should the strong oppress the weak
Till the latter goes to the wall?
On this earth of ours, with its thorns and flowers,
There is room enough for all.

If a lagging brother fall behind
And drop from the the tolling band,
If fear and doubt put his soul to rout,
Then lend him a helping hand.
Cheer up his heart with words of hope,
Nor season the speech with gall,
In the great highway on the busiest day,
There is room enough for all.

If a man with the tread of a pioneer
Step out on your track ahead,
Don't grudge his start with an envious heart,
For the mightiest once were led.
But gird your loins for the coming day—
Let nothing your heart appall—
Catch up if you can with the forward man,
There is room enough for all.

And if by doing your duty well,
You should get to lead the van,
Brand not your name with a deed of shame,
But come out an honest man.
Keep a bright look-out on every side,
Till, heeding the Master's call,
Your soul should go from the world below,
Where there a room enough for all.

THE CHILDREN AT THE PALACE DOOR.

Two little children were out in the field one day, and seeing a palace in the distance went up to the door, and touching it with their fingers it opened before them. Walking in they came upon other doors, which all opened at their touch. By-and-bye they came into the presence of a king, who was seated at a table. He was very kind to the children, and showed them a great many beautiful things, and amongst them a lovely sparkling diamond, which he offered to give them. Somehow—they could not tell how—they came away without it. Twenty years afterwards they came back to the same place; they were strong young men now. They went up to the palace door and touched it with their fingers, but it would not open. It was only after much effort and application of all their strength that they succeeded in forcing the door open. They had to force every door until at last they got into the presence of the king again, and got from him the precious diamond, which they might have had so easily when they were children.

Now while you are young you can get from Jesus his great gift of a new heart so sweetly, so easily; but if you wait and delay you may have to force your way to him with much pain and many tears. The door opens at your touch now, and he is waiting to receive you and bless you.

AVOID EVIL.

A BRIGHT boy heard a vile word and an impure story. He thought them over. They became fixed in his memory, and then left a stain which could not be washed out by all the waters of this great round earth.

Do not allow yourself to think of vile stories or unclean words. There are persons who seem to take an evil delight in repeating such things. And those who willingly listen to them receive a stain upon their memory. To give ear to filthy talkers is to share their sin. Don't lend your ears to be

filled and defiled with shameful words and vile stories.

In these days of evil speech and bad books it is our duty to take care what we listen to and what we read. A bad story smirches and defiles the heart, pollutes the memory and inflames the fancy.

Shun these things as you would poisonous vipers. Draw back from hearing them as you would shrink from the "cancerous kisses" of the hoodlums seen in DeQuincey's opium dream. If by chance you have heard any obscene words or vile stories, drive them from your thoughts as you would the black-winged bats from your face at night. Ask God to help you. Think of the true things he has said, and study the pure and beautiful things he has made.

THE TEACHER'S AUTHORITY.

To many little children, the teacher's word is final authority. The primary teacher can hardly realize how completely she is enthroned in the confidence of the child. One teacher of our acquaintance one day taught her class that Jesus was born in the city of David, omitting to mention that it was Bethlehem of Judea. After Freddie came home, his father asked him what the lesson was about.

"About Jesus and where he was born," said Freddie. His father read to him about the birth of Jesus.

"One thing, papa," said Freddie, "you said wrong. Jesus wasn't born in Bethlehem."

"Why, yes, Freddie, here it is, right here in the Bible."
"I don't care," said Freddie, "my teacher said he was born in the City of David; and I guess she knows."

Next Sunday, the teacher reviewed the last lesson, and said, in passing: "Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, sometimes called the City of David." Just here, Freddie broke out: "Then the Bible was right after all."

Two Irishmen were lamenting the illness of a friend who had been much brought down of late. "It's dreadful wake he is and thin sure; he's as thin as the pair of us put together!" one of the sympathizers observed.

"MAMMA," said a little girl when she was looking for a childish treasure she had mislaid, "I think God will help us find it if we ask Him; so I'll pray while you hunt." That showed the little one to have a fitting appreciation of faith and works.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

B.C. 885.] LESSON II. [Oct. 11.

THE FAMINE IN SAMARIA.

2 Kings 7. 1-17. Commit to mem. vs. 14-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The things which are impossible with men are possible with God. Luke 18. 27.

OUTLINE.

1. Doubt, v. 1, 2.
2. Despair, v. 3, 4.
3. Discovery, v. 5-15.
4. Death, v. 16, 18.

TIME.—B.C. 885.

PLACE.—The city of Samaria, besieged by the Syrians.

EXPLANATIONS.—A measure of fine flour—The third of an ephah, equal to one peck.

Sold for a shekel—The usual price—nearly sixty cents in our money. Two measures of barley for a shekel—The price in times of plenty; barley was ordinarily very cheap. In the gate—The market-place for eastern cities. A lord on whose hand—This might be paraphrased the king's right-hand man, a courtier who had the confidence of the king. Windows in heaven—An expression indicating abundant outpouring. A window in the East simply meant an opening. At the entering in—Leprous men were excluded from the city. In the twilight—Early dawn. Uttermost part—The extremity. Hired against us—Mercenary soldiers were to be found among the neighbouring tribes. Some mischief—Punishment. Porter of the city—Keeper of the gate. Arose in the night—It was not fairly daylight. Fins of the horses that remain—Many had been eaten during the famine.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. That nothing is impossible with God?
2. That the servants of God are under divine protection?
3. That doubt robs us of blessings?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. During the famine in Samaria what did Elisha prophesy? A plenty on the morrow.
2. What did the four leprous men find when they went to the Syrian camp? "No man there."
3. What had the Lord made the Syrians to hear? "The noise of a great host."
4. What did the leprous men do? Made it known to the king.
5. When the people knew for a fact that the Syrians had fled what came to pass? The word of the Lord was fulfilled.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The omnipotence of God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

34. What peculiar provision is made for spiritual fellowship among the Methodists? They meet together in small companies for fellowship and mutual edification

B.C. 884.] LESSON III. [Oct. 18

Jehu's FALSE ZEAL.

2 Kings 10. 16-31. Commit to mem. vs. 23-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly. Psa. 1. 1.

OUTLINE.

1. Jehu's Zeal, v. 15-23.
2. Jehu's Sin, v. 29-31.

TIME.—B.C. 884.

PLACE.—Samaria, the capital of Israel.

EXPLANATIONS.—Lighted on—Found. Saved him—Literally, blessed. Gave him his hand—Joining hands was a pledge of fidelity, and a common form of entering into a contract. Into the chariot—A king's chariot was capable of holding three persons. Probably there were two occupying it when Jehonadab was invited to a seat, namely, Jehu and his charioteer. Destroyed him—A way of saying that his family were destroyed. Served Baal a little—Irony. Vestments—The gowns used in worshipping Baal. Smote them with the edge of the sword—Unsparingly, showing no quarter. Images—These were small statues of the gods. Draught house—Devoted to vile purposes. The golden calves—Jehu was probably afraid that if he abolished the calves of Jeroboam as well as Baal that Israel would go back to Jerusalem to worship. Took no heed—Was not careful.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we see—
1. Zeal in obedience to divine command?
2. Divine commendation of faithful service?
3. Zeal without heart-service?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Jehu say concerning the worship of Baal? "Jehu shall serve him much."
2. In pursuance of this what did he do? Proclaimed a great sacrifice to Baal.
3. Was Jehu's heart in this? "Jehu did it in subtilty."
4. For what reason? That he might destroy Baal's worshippers.
5. What was the result of Jehu's plan of work? "Jehu destroyed Baal out of Israel."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The wages of sin.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

35. Why do the Methodist societies use the term Connexion? Because many separate societies are connected or united into one.

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