

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

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

- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

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

THE PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 15, 1888.

[No. 19.]

ARCTIC EXPLORERS.

FOR many, many years there has been a peculiar fascination to men in the exploration of the arctic regions of North America. Sir John Franklin and others since his time have risked life and comfort for the pleasure and honour and reward of such journeys. Lieut. Frederick Schwatka, in his delightful "Nimrod of the North," describes the life and clothing of the dwellers of those regions, while giving accounts of many interesting adventures.

The winter's clothing and bedding, he says, are made from reindeer-skin, taken, when possible, in October, for these are "superior to those taken later in the year, the hair being less liable to come out, and not so heavy as to render the clothing unpliant. About the middle of August the short summer-coat is in its prime. From this is made all the native underclothing, or that which is worn with the hair toward the body. After this the skins are valuable for outside clothing and for bedding.

"When the white man has become entirely at home in this furry clothing, and accustomed to life in the native igloos (snow huts), the question of temperature alone, however low it may be, becomes of inferior importance.

"A word in regard to the Inuit reindeer-clothing. The native has two suits of it—an outer one with the hair turned outward, and an inner one with the hair turned toward the body. This is true of the coat, trousers, and stockings.

"One day I made a journey of twenty-five miles, and at no time did I feel at all uncomfortable from the cold, the highest the thermometer reached during the day being minus 50°. I really enjoyed the trip, and I attribute this almost wholly to the Inuit reindeer-clothing I wore, and constant living in an igloo, like the natives, when the temperature is never above the freezing point, and generally ten to fifteen degrees below it.

"Only once did I learn the lesson of caution. I took off my right mitten to get a shot at a passing reindeer, with the wind blowing stiffly in my face, and the thermometer at minus 37°; and the persistent refusal of the



ARCTIC EXPLORERS.

frozen gun-lock to work perfectly kept my hand exposed so much longer than I intended, that when I attempted to use it again it seemed paralyzed, and looking at it I noticed that the skin was white as marble. Toolooh, who was beside me, noticed it, and with an Inuit exclamation of surprise, hastily dropped both his mittens, grasped it between his warm hands, and then held it against his warmer body, under his *coo-le-tah*, or Inuit coat. It soon

resumed its functions, and although I felt for some time as if I were holding a hornet's-nest, I experienced no more serious results than a couple of ugly looking blisters, where the iron of the gun had come in contact with the bare hand."

A TEACHER'S prayer: "Lord, take my lips, and speak through them. Take my mind, and think through it. Take my heart, and set it on fire."

NUMBER ONE.

"I ALWAYS take care of Number One," said one of a troop of boys at the end of a bridge, some wanting to go one way and some another.

"That's you, out and out," cried one of his companions. "You don't think or care about any one but yourself, you ought to be called 'Number One.'"

"If I did not take care of Number One, who would, I should like to know?" cried he.

True. Number One was right. He ought to take care of himself—good care.

"But does not that smack a little of selfishness?" the boys ask. "Number One thinks of nobody but himself."

Nobody but himself, that certainly is selfish, and therefore wrong. But Number One is committed to our own care. "What sort of care?" is the all-important question.

The care of his soul. Number One has a soul to be saved from sin and from hell, Number One has a soul to be won to Christ, to holiness and to heaven. Here is a great work to do.

Take care of his habits. Make Number One industrious, persevering, self-denying, and frugal. Give him plenty of good healthy work to do. Teach him how best to do it, and keep him from lounging and all idle company.

Take care of the lips of Number One. Let truth dwell on them. Put a bridle in his mouth, that no angry, back biting tale shall come from it. Let no profane or impure words escape. Let the law of kindness rule his tongue, and all his conversation be such as becomes a child of God.

Take care of the affections and feelings of Number One. Teach him to love God with all his heart, and his neighbour as himself, to care for others and share with others, to be lowly in mind, forgiving, gentle, sympathizing, willing to bear and forbear, easily entreated, doing good to all as he has opportunity.

This is the care to take of Number One, and a rich blessing will he prove to his home and neighbourhood and to himself. Boys, you all have Number One to take care of, and a responsible charge it is.

Where There's Drink There's Danger.

Write it on the liquor store;
Write it on the prison door;
Write it on the gin shop hue;
Write, say, write the truthful line—
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it on the workshop gate;
Write it on the school boy's slate;
Write it in the copybook,
That the young may at it look,—
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it on the slutty yard mound,
Where the drunk slum dead are found;
Write it on the gallow's high,
Write it on all passers by,—
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it underneath your feet,
Up and down the busy street;
Write it for the great and small,
In the mansion, cot and hall,—
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it on our ships which sail,
Home along by steam and gale;
Write it in the gallow's plain,
O'er our land and o'er the main,—
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it in the Christian home,
Sixty thousand drunkards a year
Yea, by year, from God and man;
Poking with restless might
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it deep on history's page;
Write it patriot, scholar, sage;
Write it in the Sunday school;
Write, ah, write the truthful rule,
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it in the house of God;
Write it on the teeming sod;
Write it on hill top and glen;
Write it with a blood-tipped pen,—
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it for our rising youth;
Write it for the cause of truth;
Write it for our fatherland;
Write, 'tis duty's stern command,—
Where there's drink there's danger.

Write it for bright heaven above;
Write it for the God of love;
Write it near the dear fireside;
Write it, too, for Christ who died,
Where there's drink there's danger.
—*The Young Templar.*

MAY'S CONVERSION.

BY FLORA B. HYDE.

LITTLE May went with mamma to meeting one evening, and when the good old silver-haired pastor asked if there were any unaved ones present who desired to be Christians, and were willing to manifest their desire by standing up, the people of God would pray for them, May, who had seemed very sober during the meeting, whispered to mamma to know if she might stand up, but her mother said, "No."

The tears trickled down the little one's cheeks, but she said no more, and seemed to be striving hard to keep from crying.

When services were over, May's Sunday-school teacher walked in company with them from the church.

After talking awhile about the meeting, Miss Campbell turned to May, saying, "I was in hopes my little scholar would take a step toward Jesus this evening by rising for prayers, for I thought she looked as if she wanted to be one of Jesus' little lambs."

Poor May, with a sob, answered, "Oh Miss Campbell, I do, but mamma said, 'No,' when I asked her if I might stand up."

"Why, Mrs. Robinson," exclaimed Miss Campbell, "you surely would not keep May from standing up for prayers if she felt her need of a Saviour?"

"No, not if she really felt her need, but I fear she is too young to know much about religion. Why, Miss Campbell, she is only eight years old."

"I know it, Mrs. Robinson; but I was only six when I was converted, and I remember how glad I was that Jesus said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me,' for I felt that meant me, and I wanted forgiveness for all my sins, and to be ready for heaven when I died. I understood what I was about. I shall never forget the night I knelt in our little prayer-meeting, praying with all my heart for Christ to make me his own little girl. He did bless me right there. I felt all at once as if I belonged to him, and that he was tight by my side. The singing sounded so sweet to me that I jumped up from my knees, and with a glad heart joined the rest in singing:

'I belong to this band, hallelujah!'

I've never forgotten that hour, and Jesus has kept me to the present. I think I've loved him better every day since. And, Mrs. Robinson, I long to see all my seven little scholars lambs of Jesus."

May had been very quiet while her mamma and teacher were talking, but as they were both now walking in silence, May said: "Oh, mamma, I do understand. I cannot tell you how I feel like grown-up people could, but I know Jesus died to save me, and I know I am naughty very often. I do not always obey you, and I am sometimes cross to little brother, and often get angry at my playmates, and I know it is wrong. I feel sorry, and want Jesus to forgive me, and help me to be a good girl."

Mrs. Robinson, who was really trying to be a Christian, now felt she was making a great mistake in keeping May from coming to Jesus. So she said:

"May, dear, I believe you are in earnest, and you shall go with me to meeting to-morrow night, and stand up for Jesus if you desire. We will also have a little prayer-meeting together at home."

Here Miss Campbell left them to go another way, saying, as she bid them good night, "I go home with a glad heart, for I expect soon to see my little May happy in Jesus' love."

Her expectations were realized the next afternoon, for May called to see her to tell her the Lord had blessed her in the morning at home, while she and mamma were praying. "And now," she added, "I feel so light and happy, everything looks so pretty, and I love everyone so dearly."

The change in May was noticed by all her friends. A few weeks after her conversion one lady remarked to

another, "What a sweet child May Robinson is." One of May's playmates, overhearing her, said, "Oh, that is because she is a Christian now; she didn't use to be so nice and kind."

"What!" said one, "that little girl profess to be a Christian! She looks too young to know what Christianity means."

"You wouldn't think so," answered the child, "if you'd hear her talk to us at school, and beg us to love her blessed Jesus."

Thus was May letting her light shine, and showing by her example that she was truly converted, and trying each day to live right.

KITTY'S BAD BEHAVIOUR.

Dodo sat down on a green velvet sofa made of moss, and her friend took off her shoes and stockings; then she led Dodo to a noisy little brook, and both children bathed their feet in its clear water. Dodo wanted to wash Kitty's feet, too, but Kitty mewled so pitifully that Dodo was vexed and wouldn't hold him any longer. "He's a foolish Kitty, and don't know what is good for him," she said.

While the little girls were splashing about in the bright water, Kitty sat on the shore and watched them. He didn't mean to get his feet wet; but then he didn't wear shoes that grew tight as he walked, and his feet didn't ache like poor little Dodo's. Pretty soon Dodo took her feet out of the water and looked to see what Kitty was doing, and just as she looked Kitty made a great leap and caught a birdie. Dodo was on the spot in an instant. She took the poor birdie from Kitty's cruel claws, and held it against her neck, and cuddled it in her neck. Then she looked very sorrowfully at Kitty, and said: "I am astonished! Don't you know God made the dear little birdie, and loves it the same as he loves you? But maybe kittens don't know all. Anyway, it's very hard to have you act so."

ABOUT MOTHERS.

In reading the biographies of great men we are often struck by the love they had for their mothers, to whom they attributed all their greatness.

George Washington was only eleven years of age—the eldest of five children—when his father died. The widowed mother had her children to educate and bring up, a large household to govern, and extensive estates to manage, all of which she accomplished with complete success. Her good sense, tenderness, industry, and vigilance, enabled her to overcome every obstacle; and, as the richest reward of her solicitude and toil, she had the happiness to see all her children come forward with a fair promise into life, filling the places allotted to them in a manner equally honourable to themselves, and to the parent who had been the only guide of their principles, conduct, and habits. Mrs. Washington

used daily to gather her little flock around her to read to them lessons of Christian religion and morality, and her little manual in which she wrote the maxims which guided her, was preserved by her son, and consulted by him as among his most precious treasures.

A mother's love is always a sacred instinct, but for it to become the strength and blessing it may be to the children, the mother herself must have a strong, holy, and well-disciplined character, like that of the mother of the Weasleys. She was very beautiful, and was married at nineteen to a country clergyman. She bore him nineteen children. To the end of her long life her sons, especially John, looked up to her and consulted her as the best friend and wisest counsellor they could have. The home over which Mrs. Wesley ruled was free and happy, and full of healthful play as any home in the holidays, and yet orderly and full of healthful work as any school. The "odious noise" of the crying of children was not suffered, but there was no restraint on their gleeful laughter. She had many wise rules, which she kept to steadily. One of these was to converse alone with one of her little ones every evening, listening to their childish confessions, and giving counsel in their childish perplexities. She was the patient teacher as well as the cheerful companion of her children. When someone said to her, "Why do you tell that blockhead the same thing twenty times over?" She replied, "Because if I had told him only nineteen times I should have lost all my labour." So deep was the hold this mother had on the hearts of her sons, that in his early manhood she had tenderly to rebuke John for that "fond wish of his, to die before she died." It was through the bias given by her to her sons' minds in religious matters that they acquired the tendency which, even in early years, drew to them the name of Methodists. In a letter to her son Samuel, when a scholar at Westminster, she said: "I would advise you as much as possible to throw your business into a certain method, by which means you will learn to improve every precious moment, and find an unspeakable felicity in the performance of your respective duties." This "method" she went on to describe, exhorting her son "in all things to act upon principle;" and the society which the brothers John and Charles afterwards founded at Oxford is supposed to have been in a great measure the result of her exhortations.—*The Quiver for January.*

Write six ciphers in a line, and they amount to nothing. Put the figure 1 before them, and they amount to a million. All human talents and possessions are but ciphers until you put the name of Jesus at the head of them. Then they never fail to make their owner a millionaire of heaven.

Eventide Rest in Christ.

MRS. E. CRAFT COBURN.

DEAR Lord, the parting light descends;
My tired feet
Are dusty with the travel of the day,
And throb with heat
Of sun-parched roads: it is not meet
That I should enter in with thee to stay
So stained to sit among thy friends.

"Come in, my child, I know the road
Thy feet have pressed;
Come, in a table I have spread for thee,
Thou art my guest,
And thou shalt lean upon my breast,
For thou hast patient borne my cross for me!
I know it was a heavy load."

"I bore no cross for thee, O Lord;
I turn aside
In shame to meet the day so worthless spent,
And trembling hide
My face with guilt's sad crimson dyed.
To one weak soul thy timid aid was lent;
'Twas just a whisper from my word.

"A silent prayer, but now afar
I see him come;
And thou' through by-ways, through the shades
darks stark
He get will roam,
To-morrow brings my lost one home;
And child, along the way so drear and dark,
Thy words have been his guiding star."

No more the weariness of toil,
My glad heart rings
With hallelu, sweeter than the wondrous song
That Jubal sings,
And rest from love's contentment springs;
I leave the day to him, the good, the wrong,
Nor from the morrow's task recoil.

O, rest in God, O labour crowned!
My life is thine,
And thou can't make the homeliest deed
A thing divine.
Work, Lord in me thine own design,
For thine ideal 'e'en my dreams exceed,
And in thy will may mine be found.

TWO MONTHS.

"I WAS once," said a judge, "in the waiting-room of a great physician, with other patients, waiting my turn. One of them—a stout, genial, middle-aged man—began to talk to me. 'It is ridiculous my coming here,' he said; 'a mere trifle, which will wear off of itself. But my wife would have me come—you know how women are. It is nothing but a peculiar feeling at the tip of my tongue—a kind of numbness.'

"At that moment he was summoned to the physician's office. The conference was a long one. At last the door opened. The man came out. He was pale. His large face was covered with drops of sweat, as if he had received a mortal blow. He stopped, and turned to the physician, saying hoarsely:

"Doctor, you're sure! There is nothing to be done—no operation—no—"

"I know of nothing," said the physician, gently. "No cure has yet been discovered for your disease."

"And—how long?"

"There was a moment's silence.

"Not more than two months. Sit down. Let me bring you some water."

"No, no." He hurried, staggering

to the door, muttering, 'I have not time. I have so much to do. Only two months!'

"I heard afterwards that he died within the appointed time. But I have often thought of the mad haste with which he would work in these two months, to finish all that he had to do in the world, to show his friends the best side of his nature, to speak kind words, to help all that needed help, to prove to wife and children how he loved them, and to come nearer to his God. Sixty short days! How fast they would go! How he must have counted the hours—the minutes!"

And yet, is it different with us! The time left to us may not be two months—or two days. And what are we doing in them!

THE TOAD'S SUPPER.

Do you not think this was a clever toad!

"A young man in New Hampshire has a brood of chickens which have the run of a portion of the yard, the old hen being shut up. The chickens are fed with moistened meal in saucers; and when the dough gets a little sour it attracts flies, which swarm about it in great numbers.

"An observant toad had evidently noticed this, and every day toward evening he makes his appearance in the yard, hops to a saucer, climbs in, and rolls over and over until he is covered with meal, having done which he awaits developments and the coming of his prey.

"The flies, enticed by the smell, soon swarm around the scheming toad, and whenever one passes within two inches or so of his nose, his tongue darts out and the fly disappears; and this plan works so well that the toad has taken it up as a regular business.—*Christian Union.*

TWO YOUNG MEN.

"I HEARD a story about two young men who went to the same boarding-house to stay, and took a room together. Well, when they came to go to bed each felt ashamed to go down on his knees before his companion first. But at last one of them mustered up a little courage, and with burning blushes, if he was about to do something wrong and wicked, he sunk down on his knees to say his prayers. As soon as the second saw that, he also knelt. When they got up one said to the other, 'I really am glad to see that you knelt; I was afraid of you.' 'Well,' said the other, and I was afraid of you.' So it turned out that both were Christians, and yet they were afraid of each other. You smile at that, and how many times have you done the same thing!—perhaps not in that way, but the same thing in effect. Henceforth, then, be not ashamed, but let every one know you are his."—*D. L. Moody.*

THREE HUNDRED MONKEYS TO BREAKFAST.

AN INDIAN STORY.

AN Englishman, who lived for many years in India, gives the following account of the way in which his wife was welcomed to her new home by a party of three hundred monkeys:

I was married in India, and engaged for our home a house fourteen miles or so from any other dwelling of white men. On the morning of our arrival my wife went to change her travelling dress, while the servants laid breakfast on the veranda overlooking the river. At the clatter of the plates there began to come down from the big trees that overshadowed the house, and up from the trees that grew in the hollow behind it, from the house roof itself, from everywhere, a multitude of solemn monkeys.

They came up singly and in couples, and in families, and took their place without noise or fuss on the veranda, and sat there like an audience waiting for an entertainment to commence. When everything was ready, the breakfast all laid, the monkeys all seated, I went to call my wife.

"Breakfast is ready, and they are all waiting," said I.

"Who are waiting?" she asked in dismay. "I thought we were going to be alone, and I was just coming out in my dressing-gown."

"Never mind," I said. "The people about here are not very grandly dressed. They wear pretty much the same things all the year round."

And so my wife came out. Imagine then her surprise.

In the middle of the veranda stood our breakfast-table; and all the rest of the space, as well as the railings and the steps, was covered with an immense company of monkeys, as grave as possible. Only their eyes kept blinking, and their little round ears kept twitching. Laughing heartily, at which the monkeys looked all the graver, my wife sat down.

"Will they eat anything?" asked she.

"Try them," I said.

She then picked up a biscuit, and threw it among the company.

Three hundred monkeys jumped up in the air as one, and just for one instant there was a riot that beat anything I have seen. The next instant every monkey was sitting in his place as solemn and serious as if it had never moved. Only their eyes winked, and their ears twitched.

My wife threw them another biscuit, and again the riot, and then another and another. But at length we had given away all that we had to give, and got up to go. The monkeys at once rose, every monkey on the veranda, and advancing gravely to the steps, walked down them in a solemn procession, old and young together, and dispersed for the day.—*Selected.*

Beautiful Hands.

My mother's were my hands.

They pressed for me speak;
They have left my golden hands
Saying they are thin and weak.

They are tremulous now and slow,
But to me they are just as sweet
As when they were long ago,
They guided my baby feet.

They have all an I wrinkled grown;
But to me they are just as fat
As when they clasped my own,
And fold'd them first in prayer.

They have toiled through eight patient years,
While no one praised their deeds;
They have wiped that bitter tear,
And supplied unnumbered needs.

They have heavy burdens borne,
When manhood's strength has failed;
They have soothed the hearts that mourn,
And I inspired the hearts that quailed.

The naked they have clad,
The hungry they have fed;
With tender touch and sad,
They have laid away their dead.

Mother's hands are thin and old;
But their every touch I'll love,
Till they clasp the harp of God,
That awaits their touch above.

—*Kind Words Teacher.*

YOUNG MAN YOU WILL DO.

A young man was recently graduated from a scientific school. His home had been a religious one. He was a member of a Christian church, had pious parents, brother and sisters; his family was one in Christ.

On graduating he determined upon a Western life among the mines. Full of courage and hope, he started out on his long journey to strike out for himself in a new world.

The home prayers followed him. As he went he fell into company with older men. They liked him for his frank manners and his manly independence. As they journeyed together they stopped for a Sabbath in a border town. On the morning of the Sabbath, one of his fellow-travellers said to him, "Come, let us be off for a drive and the sights."

"No," said the young man, "I am going to church. I have been brought up to keep the Sabbath, and I have promised my mother to keep on in that way."

His road acquaintance looked at him for a moment, and then slapping him on the shoulder, said, "Right my boy. I began in that way. I wish I had kept on. Young man, you will do. Stick to your bringing-up and your mother's words, and you will win."

The boy went to church, all honour to him in that far-away place, and among such men. His companions had their drive, but the boy gained their confidence, won their respect by his manly avowal of sacred obligations. Already success is smiling upon the young man. There is no lack of places for him.—*Selected.*

"SAMBO, did you ever see the Catskill Mountains?" "No, sah; but I've seen 'em kill mice."

Children's Day Foreseen.

SWEETLY sang the stern old prophet,
In the dawning of the day,
Of the new streets of the city,
Full of boys and girls at play.

How the peaceful old men, leaning
On their staves, should look on them,
Laughing in their merry gambols,
In the New Jerusalem.

Fancy all those golden highways
Full of happy boys and girls,
Playing 'round the feet of angels,
'Neath the rosy light of pearls!

Softly said the blessed Master,
'Mongst the hills of Galilee,
"All made up of hearts like children's
Shall my heavenly kingdom be."

There shall be eternal Sabbath—
So the holy writers say:
May be their "Eternal Sabbath"
Meant Eternal Children's Day!

OUR PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

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

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 60
Berens Leaf Quarterly, 16 pp., 8vo.	0 06
Quarterly Review Service, 104 pp., 8vo., a dozen, \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a doz; 50c. per 100.	
Home and School, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
25 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
25 copies and upwards	0 12
Berens Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	\$ 50

Address: **WILLIAM BRIGGS,**
Methodist Book & Publishing House,
78 & 80 King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COOPER, 3 Bleury street, Montreal.
S. F. HURDIS, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N. S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.
Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 15, 1888.

A DEVOTED LADY MISSIONARY.

Miss LEITCH, of Javna, Ceylon, remarks: "There was a young lady who had been out in India for many years, who, when asked if she did not want to go home, and have a little rest, and see her old friends, replied, 'Go home! No, I have no time to go home; I am too busy in my Master's work.' She was most devoted, spending her whole life for the salvation of others, praying that the girls under her care might be both Christians and earnest workers. As she lay dying, one of the missionaries went to her and asked: 'Would you like me to pray with you?' 'Yes,' she answered. 'Anything special?' was the gentle inquiry. 'Yes; pray for the women of Javna, that they may come to Christ,' she earnestly answered. That was the one thought of her life and of her death. A number of women, all of whom had graduated under her, met to pray that God would restore her to health, or take

her to himself without pain. Eventually she slipped away peacefully, while they were thus engaged. What a wonderful life she had led! What a blessing she had been to thousands! For a life like that, and a future like hers, it is surely worth while to give up home and friends, and go forth on the Lord's errand!"

LIVE PEACEABLY.

A CHILD of God always tries to remember that she is not her own, and she never can resent an injury, never hold malice, and not only so, but an injured one will remember the words of the benediction, "Blessed are the peacemakers." She will watch for, long for, rejoice at any opportunity by which she may "heap coals of fire" upon the head of the one who has grieved or injured her! The command in such a case is very plain. It does not say, "Wait until he comes and makes a proper apology;" no, "Go, tell him his fault between thee and him alone;" mark you, "him alone," and that does not mean your next door neighbour, nor the friend to whom you repeat the grievance in confidence! If you love, and he continues to hate, then just act on the words,

"I always go to Jesus,
When troubled or distressed."

Don't "stand on your dignity." God gives grace to the humble. You are a follower of him who was "meek and lowly in heart." We sing,

"Low in the dust I'd lay me,
That the world might my Saviour see;"

and yet some of us dislike standing in the valley of humiliation, even when that means treading in the footsteps of Jesus. Nothing can stand the power of love. Prayer and love, gentle and tactful, will conquer any enemy!

ONE OF GOD'S PICTURES.

"FATHER, what is the definition of artist?" said Fred Inglesant, looking up suddenly from his book.

"In what particular sense is it to be applied?" was the questioning reply.

"Painting," said Fred.

"The simplest definition, I think, would be: one who produces a pleasing and natural effect in the harmony of colour, skilful grouping and correct outline of his scenes or forms. He who comes nearest to nature is a true artist. It requires a keen eye, a ready touch, and a soul alive to all that is good and beautiful, to reproduce the work of the greatest artist the world has ever known or ever will know."

"Do you mean Michael Angelo or Raphael?" asked Fred.

"No, neither of those; if you walk out with me, I will show you one of his pictures."

As none of their friends had handsome paintings, Fred was surprised, and his surprise increased as they neared the river.

His father stopped. "What do you see?" he asked.

"The river dotted with sails," Fred said, looking questioningly at his father.

"Yes, a clear, flowing stream, widening out until it is touched by the heavenly azure of the sky, over which float opal clouds, with here and there breaking through them floods of golden light; all this reflected in the mirror below, as are the white sails gilding so smoothly over it."

"Oh, now I see the picture you promised me, father!" exclaimed Fred, catching some of his father's inspiration. "See how it is framed in by those trees, which seem to form an arch over this end of it, and the rocks on this side, and all the tangle of wild flowers and vines. Even this old log helps to make it more perfect, doesn't it?"

His father smiled. "I need not tell you who is the greatest artist now, I see," he said. "The critic can find no fault with his work."

JOSEPH IN EGYPT.

AND Pharaoh said unto his servants, Can we find such a one as this is, and a man in whom the spirit of God is? And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, Forasmuch as God hath shewed thee all this, there is none so discreet and wise as thou art: Thou shalt be over my house, and according unto thy word shall all my people be ruled: only in the throne will I be greater than thou. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, See, I have set thee over all the land of Egypt. And Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand, and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in vestures of fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck: and he made him to ride in the second chariot which he had: and they cried before him, Bow the knee: and he made him ruler over all the land of Egypt. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, I am Pharaoh, and without thee shall no man lift up his hand or foot in all the land of Egypt. And Joseph was thirty years old when he stood before Pharaoh king of Egypt. And Joseph went out from the presence of Pharaoh, and went throughout all the land of Egypt. (Gen. 41. 38-44, 46.)

ASKING GOD'S BLESSING.

CHARLIE was going home with his uncle. They were on the steamboat all night. A steamboat is furnished with little beds on each side of the cabin. Those little beds are called berths. When it was time to go to bed Charlie undressed himself.

"Make haste and jump into your berth, boy," said his uncle.

"Mayn't I first kneel down and ask God to take care of us?" asked Charlie.

"We shall be taken care of fast enough," said his uncle.

"Yes, sir," said Charlie, "but mother always tells us not to take anything without first asking."

Uncle Tom had nothing to say to that, and Charlie knelt down, just as he did by his own little bed at home. God's bounty and goodness and grace you live on day by day, my children, but never take it without first asking.

GREAT RESULTS FROM SEWING TRIFLES.

It is said the needle of a missionary's wife was the simple instrument God used to give access to Oriental Zenanas. A piece of embroidery wrought by her deft fingers found its way to the secluded inmates of a Zenana. If a woman could do such work as that, other women could learn under her instruction; and so, with the cordial consent of the husband, this Christian woman was welcomed to the inside of his home, and as she taught his wife the art of embroidery, she was working the "scarlet thread," dyed in the blood of the Lamb, into the more delicate fabric of their hearts and lives.

THE COST OF A BLUE RIBBON.

"DOTH Job serve God for naught?" was the devil's question; and the devil's children are continually asking similar questions concerning the people of God. Judging other folks by themselves, they have no idea of doing things simply because it is right to do them; and they believe that men who do right usually do it with some selfish end or aim in view. Now and then one of these questioners gets his answer.

"How much do you get for wearing that?" said a young gentleman in an omnibus to one on whose coat was displayed the total abstinence badge of blue ribbon.

"Really I can't say exactly," replied the wearer of the ribbon; "but I think it costs me about twenty thousand pounds a year," was the prompt and unexpected reply of Mr. Carrington.

And his statement was literally true. He was the son of a great brewer, whose name stands on the public houses all over the kingdom. When he died, he designed his brewery for his oldest son, Frederick, if he were willing to carry on the business; if not, the brewery was to go to his youngest son, and Frederick was to receive a smaller property instead of it. The elder son had not long before consecrated himself to the service of God, and had begun to work among the poor and sinful and degraded in the east of London. In trying to turn them from their evil ways, and rescue them from their terrible condition, he speedily became acquainted with the fact that the great obstacle in the way of gospel work was drink, and that the Carrington brewery was doing ten times more harm than his mission was likely to do good. Accordingly he quit the brewery business, sacrificing an income of nearly one hundred thousand dollars a year, and went to work to undo, so far as could, the mischief that was being done by drink.—*The Christian.*



AN IDLE STUDENT.

"ALWAYS SUNSHINE SOMEWHERE."

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

I SAW a little patch of blue
Behind a great dark cloud,
Just where it seemed to break in two;
It made me laugh aloud
To watch it brighten, for I knew
The good old sun was up there too,
And soon he would be peeping through.

I had not seen his merry smile
For days and days—a dreadful while!
But when I pouted, grandma said,
Just patting softly on my head:
"Wait—wait, and soon it will be clear;
There's always sunshine somewhere, dear."

THE IDLE STUDENT.

THIS idle-looking young student seems to prefer caressing his dog to studying the globe. That duty he leaves to his tutor. But tutors can never learn for others. The sooner we find that there is no royal road to knowledge the better it will be for us.

A CURE.

ALEXANDER was reported as dying of a wound which had not seemed dangerous at first, but it baffled his physicians, and was rapidly becoming mortal. One night, however, it is said he dreamed that some one had brought him a peculiar looking plant, which, when applied to the festering sore, had cleansed and closed it. In the morning when he awoke he described the plant; and the historian informs us that it was sought for and found, and when applied to the wound, the fiery pain subsided, and he was speedily healed.

Now, your soul has received a deadly

hurt—it has been stung by the old serpent, the devil. The wound gets worse. There is a tender plant which is able to heal you; it is the Balm of Gilead. They used to wound the balsam tree, in order to obtain its healing essence; and so for our transgressions the Saviour was wounded, and "with his stripes we are healed."—*Rev. James Hamilton, D.D.*

MATTERS OF MORE IMPORTANCE

A GENTLEMAN living not far from Vincennes, Indiana, said, "Well, temperance is all right enough; but there are matters of more importance before the people now."

Two nights after he made the remark, a spring-waggon was stopped in front of his house, and he was called to the door. His wife looked out of the window, and saw six men carrying something on a door or wide board. She guessed what it was in an instant, and giving a wild, frantic scream, she jumped out of bed, and cried, "My boy! O my boy! What shall I do? He is dead! He was killed! I know he was killed! Oh, I've been fearing that would happen! Oh, that cursed whiskey!"

Sure enough it was her son, brought home nearly dead. He had been drunk, and engaged in a saloon brawl. He was brutally beaten into almost a shapeless mass, and was stabbed in the right side.

But for the timely interference of friends he would have been murdered. Yet his father says there are things of more importance than temperance.—*Selected.*

The King's Messenger;

OR,

Lawrence Temple's Probation.

(A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.)

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER X.

OLYMPIC DAYS AND COLLEGE HALLS.

"I passed beside the reverend walls
In which of old I wore the gown:
I roved at random through the town,
And saw the tumult of the halls."
TENNYSON.—In Memoriam.

THIS peaceful episode in his life, Lawrence regarded but as the arbour on the Hill Difficulty, in which he might rest for a while to brace his energies for future toil. He resolved, therefore, that its delights should not enervate his soul. He wrote accordingly the very next day to the Rev. Dr. Fellows,* the President of Burghroyal College, asking for the "course of study" and such advice as he might be able to give. Meanwhile, he hunted up among his father's books those that he thought would be useful, and applied himself with renewed zeal to his Greek Testament and grammar. He won golden opinions from the Northville farmers by going into the haying and harvest fields and earning honest wage for honest work.

In a few days came a kind letter from Dr. Fellows, giving the desired information, and some wise counsel, not unmingled with the Attic salt of wit. Lawrence had learned to do

what he did with his might—the best lesson that any young man can learn—the key that will unlock all difficulties and open every avenue to success. He therefore worked hard at his books and in the field, with sweat of brain and sweat of brow, till the time approached to leave home for college. This parting was a comparatively easy task,—for, could he not write home every week? and return at Christmas, or in a single day, if need were?

The Burghroyal College is the mental Mecca of many an ambitious Canadian youth—the objective point to which, like Lawrence Temple, they struggle through many difficulties. It has been the *Alma Mater*, tender and beloved, which has nourished and brought up many sons, who in all parts of our broad Dominion rise up and call her blessed. As Lawrence approached this venerable seat of learning venerable in its dignity and high character, as well as, for a young country, venerable in point of age—his heart beat high with hope. He had reached the goal of long months, almost years, of struggle,—the starting-place, also, in a new race for knowledge and wider range of usefulness.

As he approached the town, the setting sun shone brightly on the conspicuous cupola of the college, which beamed like a star of promise in the heavens, beckoning him onward, as it seemed to him, to a higher plane of being. As he ascended the massive stone steps and passed beneath the lofty and pillared portico of the building, he felt like a Greek neophyte entering the temple of Pallas Athene.

The following day, he presented himself to Dr. Dwight,² who had charge of the domestic and moral government of the institution, as Dr. Fellows had of its literary department.

He was a man to arrest attention anywhere—tall, straight as a Norway pine, with clear-cut features, expressive of great promptness and energy of character, and with an alertness of manner and action that seemed to belong to a younger man than he appeared to be. Lawrence felt a little awed as he stood in his presence, but the doctor frankly held out his hand and said,

"Ah, Temple, I'm glad to see you; I heard you were coming." He always seemed somehow to hear everything and to know everything pertaining to the college.

The Doctor looked sharply at him for a moment with those keen eyes that seemed to read his very thoughts.

"I knew your father, Temple, and respected him highly," he continued, "you are like him in person: I can wish nothing better for you than to be like him in character."

These words made Lawrence thrill

* The late Dr. Nelles.

² The late Dr. S. Dwight Rice.

with pleasure, and he resolved more firmly than ever to be worthy of that father's memory and reputation.

The Doctor then inquired kindly as to the young student's plans and purposes, in which he evinced a fatherly sympathy and interest.

"Where have you been during the year?" he asked in his alert manner. Lawrence briefly recounted his adventures on the Mattawa.

"Good! I admire your pluck," said the Doctor: "I congratulate you on having to depend on yourself. It is worth more than a fortune to you. Hew your way for yourself here, as you did among the big trees on the Mattawa, and it will develop a strength of character that will carry you anywhere and enable you to do anything. It is well for a man to bear the yoke in his youth. It will give him the shoulders and strength of Atlas. Steward, show Mr. Temple to his room, please," and turning to that functionary, he designated the apartment which Lawrence was to occupy.

"What a general he would make," thought Lawrence as he left the Doctor's presence: "I could follow that man anywhere." He already felt the inspiration of his character. "But I would like to be sure that I was always right," he further reflected, as he remembered the keen scrutiny of that commanding glance.

His room was a pleasant apartment, affording a magnificent view over the broad lake and the pretty town in which the college was situated. A bed, table, chairs, and washstand constituted its simple furniture; but when his books were unpacked and placed on shelves, their familiar faces made it look quite homelike.

Soon after, he called on Dr. Fellows for advice in his studies, and was very courteously received. The Doctor was a very noticeable sort of man, who somehow put Lawrence in mind of pictures he had seen of Andria Dandolo, one of the doges of Venice in the days of her mediæval prime. He had the same lofty brow, handsome face, clear olive complexion, quick insight of glance, and general scholarly air. In his brief conversation with Lawrence, he seemed equally at home in ancient and in modern lore, in poetry and philosophy. He impressed the young student as his ideal of a scholar,—though learned, simple, and unaffected, his words though weighted with wisdom, flashing oftentimes with wit, like a robe of rich texture bejewelled with sparkling gems.

In the great dining-room, filled with eager, active, hungry youth—for college boys have most portentous appetites—Lawrence felt more lonely than even amid the forest solitudes of the Mattawa. One is often never so much alone as in a crowd. It was a severe ordeal to his retiring disposition to encounter the inquiring glances, and sometimes critical stare of so many young men, all of whom,

he thought, knew so much more than himself. The acquaintance formed with his table companions somewhat reassured him, by showing that they were very much like ordinary mortals,—that human nature even in college halls differs not very greatly from human nature in a lumber camp.

Nothing so breaks the ice of formality as a good laugh, and this experience Lawrence enjoyed at his first college meal. It was the usage for the whole company to wait for the slowest eater to finish his meal—sometimes a little impatiently, for college boys are too apt to bolt their food and hurry back to ball or cricket. On this occasion an unlucky individual, who was "slow but sure," kept the tables waiting an undue time. As he finished his dessert, the wag of the college, who was sitting near him, a tall, shambling, awkward-looking fellow with ill-fitting clothes, but with a merry twinkle in his eye that made him a general favourite, assuming a dignified, forensic air, slightly accommodating to the occasion the memorable reply of Pitt to Horace Walpole, asked,

"Is the gentleman done? Is he quite done? He has been voracious from beginning to end."

It was not very much of a joke, but Lawrence found it impossible to avoid joining in the laugh which it caused.

It was not long before he also had experience of the supreme disdain and lofty, supercilious airs with which certain gentlemen of the sophomore year regarded the newly-admitted freshmen, assuming far more dignity than the graduating class. He felt greatly abashed at this, till he discovered that their knowledge was not quite so encyclopædic as they thought, although they seemed to know so much more than the professors themselves. Some of the city lads, too, put on somewhat extensive airs on account of the more dandified cut of their coats as compared with their country cousins.

But a college class-room is a great leveller. Nowhere are windbags more easily pricked, or do they more suddenly collapse. A professor is no respecter of persons. Money gives no monopoly of brains, and the poor students, for the most part, win the prizes by virtue of the energy of character developed by the very effort they have to make to gain an education.

Professor Rexton, however, who had an utter abhorrence of sham, seemed to take a special delight in displacing fools from their pedestal of conceit. His department, too, that of mathematics, supplied sometimes salient opportunities of doing this. There was no room for imperfect recitations or illogical reasoning there. The habits of rigid accuracy acquired by this means were invaluable in their result. The lofty principles of mathematics and their sublime applications in astronomy were a keen delight to Lawrence.

His great pleasure, however, was to wander through the woods or by the shore of the lake, with its remarkable geological outcrop, with Professor Washburn, the young and enthusiastic instructor in natural science. Breaking off twigs from the trees as he walked, the latter would point out the beautiful morphology of the leaves, and their wonderful phylotaxis—the mathematical exactness with which they are arranged in spirals around their stem. Or, knocking an encrinite or coral out of the corniferous rock, he would discourse luminously of the bygone geologic ages. Then he would advance to the constitution and genesis of the universe, and, rising from Nature up to Nature's God, would reason on the lofty themes of

"Fixed fate, foreknowledge, and free-will," and the glorious truths of atonement and redemption.

Lawrence seemed to himself to drink in knowledge at every pore—to acquire it by all his senses. He seemed to feel new faculties developing within, as the dull chrysalis may feel the wings of Psyche forming under its coat. In the Burghroyal College, learning was not divorced from religion, nor science made the handmaid of scepticism. All the resources of knowledge were brought to the illustration and corroboration of God's revealed truth; and every effort was made to cultivate in the young men a manly rational piety which would enable its possessors to give a reason for the hope that is in them.

The influence of our colleges on the future of our country is of incalculable importance. They will either curse it with scepticism or bless it with piety. In those college halls are assembled, at the most impressible and formative period in their history, the most eager, active, energetic, and ambitious young men of our country,—the future legislators, judges, lawyers, physicians, professors, editors, teachers, and preachers of the future. Upon what they shall be depends the destiny of our country.

If the majority of them become materialistic sceptics, denying the God who made them, the Lord who bought them, and the spiritual nature with which he endowed them, the age shall be a coarse, vulgar, venal, and sensual one. Knowledge shall be a bane, not a blessing—a power indeed, but for evil, not for good. If, on the contrary, they be men of faith in God and his word, of high-souled principles and of spiritual instincts, then shall they guide the age as a skilful rider guides his steed up the heights of progress to a higher plane of being, a wider range of thought, a purer moral atmosphere, and a nobler type of life.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

Lawrence found his religious advantages and helps much greater than he had anticipated, if we may judge from the following extract from a

letter, which about this time he wrote home:

"I am agreeably disappointed in more than one respect with the college, and especially with the religious atmosphere which seems to pervade the institution. I thought the reverse would be the case, from the stories that Tom Brown, who was rusticated two years ago, used to tell us about the pranks that he and his chums used to play on the religious students knocking down the blackboards and putting out the lights at their prayer meetings, locking them in their rooms, and then stopping up the chimneys so as to smoke them out.

"Tom Potter, my classmate, and a first-rate fellow, says these are all traditions of the pre-historic age. Nobody here knows anything about them; and that story about taking the cow up the stairway and fastening her to the bell-rope, which she is said to have kept tolling all night, I believe is a sheer fabrication of Brown's. I cannot find any foundation for it in fact.

"The professors are very kind—more like friends than teachers. I thought I would have more persecution to encounter from the wild collegians than I had among the lumbermen on the Mattawa. But I have had none at all, but, on the contrary, much sympathy from religious students and much help from the professors. Dr. Nelson has a Bible Class every week, and brings all his classic lore to the explanation of the Scriptures. Then I read the Greek Testament with him, and have begun Hebrew. Dear Doctor Whitcombe is almost like a father. He introduced me very kindly to the class, and they all rose to receive me. And he bows so politely to each student as they enter the class-room. He is a wonderful old philosopher—a sort of Friar Bacon among his retorts and alembics. He talks as familiarly about molecules and atoms as if he had been handling them all his life.

"I see almost as little of the fair sex here as at the Mattawa. Good old Mrs. McDonnell, the matron, is the only one I have spoken to. She is a stately old lady, but a kind, motherly soul. She came to see me when I was confined to my room with a cold. I am a regular hermit. 'I bury myself in my books, and'—I'll not finish the quotation; Mary may look for it in Tennyson's 'Maud,' if she likes.

"We have grand meetings on Saturday night—the students by themselves—though sometimes some of the professors look in. Then we have such singing. There are several young preachers here—the finest set of young fellows you ever saw—and instead of college life killing their piety as old Squire Jones says it will, it seems to kindle it into a brighter flame. So many burning embers together make a hot fire. One of them, James Thompson, is my class-leader—

a dear, good soul. The tears will stream down his cheeks when he is talking to us.

"The Greeks, when they were very fortunate, used to sacrifice to Nemesis, to deprecate her anger. If I were a Greek I might do so too, for truly the lines have fallen to me in very pleasant places. But I will fear no evil in the future, but give thanks to God for his great goodness.

"Ever your loving

"LAWRENCE."

Lawrence did not encounter much persecution it is true, but he was not without sundry petty annoyances.

"Where did you learn to swing your axe so scientifically?" asked a dandified city youth who was always grumbling at the rule which required the students to cut their own fuel.

"Where they understand the science, in a lumber camp on the Mattawa," said Lawrence, civilly.

"The Mattawa! where's that?" asked his interlocutor, whose knowledge of the geography of his own country was rather at fault.

Lawrence good-naturedly explained.

"So you're a common lumberman!" sneered the ill-bred rowdy—for such he was, despite his fine clothes. "What right have the like of you to come to college among gentlemen? I suppose it's to pay your board you ring the bell at six o'clock on winter mornings."

"Precisely so," replied Lawrence, calmly, "and I am not ashamed of it either. Poverty is no crime, but rude insolence is," he added, with some asperity.

He felt stung by the impertinence from one who wore the garb and claimed the character of a gentleman. But no bully is more brutal than your aristocratic bully. He felt vexed at himself for letting such a creature have power to sting his feelings. He

"Scorned to be scorned by one that he scorned,"

but he remembered the words of Byron, "The kick of an ass will give pain to one to whom its most exquisite braying will give no pleasure."

"Temple, said Dr. Dwight, one day, in his brisk manner, "I wish you would take charge of that boy, young Elliot. I forewarn you, he is a little wasp. Nobody else will room with him, but I think you can. I believe you will do him good, and I am sure he will do you good. 'Let patience have her perfect work,' you know!"

"I'll try, sir," said Lawrence, flattered by the good opinion expressed, but not very confident of success.

The little urchin had gone the rounds of the rooms of all the older students, and worn out their patience in succession. He deliberately set himself, like a young monkey, by all kinds of mischievous pranks to exhaust the patience of Lawrence. But that commodity might in this case be fitly represented by the unknown quantity x . It seemed literally inexhaustible.

The poor boy was a "mitherless bairn," brought up among hirelings, and he had consequently grown up into a petty tyrant. Lawrence pitied and yearned over the lad, and secretly prayed for him. He helped him in his algebra and Latin exercises, gave

him pence to buy marbles, brought him fruit from the country, and, in fact, overcame his ill temper with kindness. Before long he had no more ardent champion than the young scapegrace, as he was considered, Tom Elliot. He would fetch and carry for Lawrence like a dog, and demonstrated the grand fact that under the warmth of human loving-kindness the iciest nature will melt—the stornest clod will blossom with beauty and affection.

Lawrence was anxious to do some good in the community in which he lived; so he organized a systematic tract distribution from house to house in the town, omitting none. He was generally very favourably received, especially among the poor fishermen, and felt great pleasure in his work and in the opportunity of speaking a word for the Master to some toil-worn woman or disheartened man, and of gathering the little children into his class in Sunday-school. One surly fellow, however, passionately tore his tract in two and lit his pipe with it, saying:

"Look a-here, mister, I don't want none o' yer trac's about yer, except those you make right straight away from this house. Ef ye come 'round yer agin I'll set that dog on to ye," pointing to an ugly bulldog. "He can fight anythin' his left in the country, an' he'll tear ye wuss nor I tore yer trac'. So make tracks now—Clear! vamose! I tell ye."

Lawrence bade him a polite good-morning and passed on.

More disheartening, however, was the stony, gorgonizing stare, and the icy politeness that he encountered from a fine lady at a grand house in the "swell" part of the town. Resolved, however, not to be deterred from his duty, he called again at both houses on the next Sunday.

"You here agin!" said his burly antagonist. "What did I tell yer? Well, yer grit, I L...st say. May yer leave a trac'? I s'pose ther's no denyin' yer. Give it to the 'ooman thar," and Lawrence gladly left a message of consolation to the poor draggled-looking creature in the cabin.

At the grand house the stare was less stony, and the ice somewhat thawed. In the course of time it melted entirely away, and the stare relaxed into a smile.

The quarterly meeting of the Burghroyal Church, of which Lawrence proved an active member, soon placed him on the local preachers' plan, and he had frequent opportunity of exercising his gifts and graces in preaching at numerous outposts of Methodism in the beautifully undulating and rich farming country in the vicinity of the town. Such evidence of success, adaptation, and Divine call to this work did he manifest, that he was unanimously recommended by the Board to be taken on trial as a Methodist preacher.

Though he would gladly have remained longer at college, the demand for young men to enter opening doors of usefulness in the newer parts of the country, his own burning zeal to work for the Master, and the inadequacy of his purse to defray college expenses, without being a burden to loved ones at home—one which they would gladly bear, but which Lawrence would not suffer to be imposed—all these conspired to make it desirable that he

should go out into the work, if accepted, immediately after the following Conference.

The last night of the session had arrived, the examinations were ended, and the busy scenes of the Convocation week were over. The latter was quite a brilliant and, to Lawrence, a novel occasion. The Faculty, wearing their professorial robes, with the distinguished visitors, filled the *dais*. The gownsmen and spectators thronged the floor—the ladies raining sweet influence from their eyes on the young aspirants for fame. The Latin oration, the Greek ode, the English valedictory were all given with great *clat*. Dr. Fellows, looking like a Venetian Doge in his robes of state, had conferred the degrees on the *Baccalauri* and *Magistri Artium*. Each on bended knee placed his hands, pressed palm to palm, between those of the President, in pledge of fealty to his *alma mater*, and received the investiture of his Bachelor's or Master's hood, like a youthful knight of olden time being girded with his sword for chivalric devoir for the right against the wrong.

Lawrence would gladly have pursued, like a young athlete, this classic *cursus*, but, at the claims of what he considered to be a higher duty, he was content to forego it. Nevertheless, he declared that he would not take a thousand dollars—more money than he had ever seen, poor fellow—for what he had already learned. And he was right. He had, at least, laid the foundation for building thereon the goodly structure of a sound and comprehensive education—which is the work of a lifetime, always advancing, never completed.

On this last night Lawrence walked beneath the trees in the moonlight and the starlight, with his room-mate and devoted chum, Tom Elliot, exchanging vows of mutual affection and pledges of eternal friendship. The old college was brilliantly lighted up. A band of music was discoursing classic strains on the lawn. A supper of an unusually festive character was spread in the ample dining-room. Exchanges of cards and farewells were taking place. A tinge of pensive melancholy blended with the joyousness of the occasion. O golden time, when youths, trained by literary culture and Christian influences, stand on the threshold of life—looking back on the bright and happy boyhood that is passed, looking forward to the duties and joys of manhood that are before them—eager to

"Drink delight of battle with their peers" in the conflict of life into which, like gallant knights fresh from the accolade, they long to rush.

The next day they were all scattered far and wide, and the college halls, so lately vocal with the din of eager, happy voices, were silent almost as the ruins of Nineveh.

Lawrence abode quietly at home, awaiting trustfully the decision of Conference as to his future destiny. He accepted his three weeks' furlough, like a soldier on the eve of a campaign. To his mother it was a great delight to have him home again. The Augustine and Monica communings were renewed, and a proud joy was it for that happy mother to walk to church leaning on her son's strong arm, and to listen to his voice as he occupied

the pulpit in the place of the minister who was absent at Conference. It carried her back to the early days of her marriage—he looked so like his father in his youth—and if she closed her eyes, she could hardly resist the illusion that it was that voice, so long silent, that she heard.

The kindly neighbours, at the close of the service, greeted them both with great warmth.

"A peart boy that o' yourn," said old Squire Jones to the widow. "I'm powerful glad to see that college larnin' hasn't spilt him. He's jes' as plain-talkin' as his father afore him, that never see'd the inside of a college. A clup o' the old block, he is; got rafe preacher's timber into him an' no mistake."

During the week came a letter from Mr. Turner, his "Chairman" stating that he had been duly received by the Conference and appointed to a mission in the Muskoka region, then newly opened to settlement. "It's a rather rough region," wrote Mr. Turner, "but it's not worse than many a circuit your father had, and I knew that his son would not shrink from the task."

"When I gave myself to the Methodist Church," was Lawrence's comment to his mother, "I gave myself to it for life, not to pick and choose for myself, but to go wherever the voice of the Church, which to me is the voice of God, sends me. I can go out like Abraham, not knowing whither I go, but knowing that God will go with me and prepare my way before me."

This is the way I married your father, Lawrence," said his mother, pressing her lips to his forehead, "for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer; and, amid all our trials, I never for a moment had cause to regret it. The God of your father will be also your God, my son."

During the few days that remained before his departure, the brave mother kept up her heart in his presence, though she often retired to her little chamber to pray, and sometimes to weep—to weep mingled tears of joy and regret—of joy that the vow of consecration at his birth was fulfilled, that she was permitted to give him to the holiest work on earth—of natural regret at losing such a son. She followed him about with wistful eyes, which were sometimes filled with tears. But her time was fully occupied in finishing a set of shirts for her boy, at which his sister Mary diligently helped. Even the irrepressible Tom and frolicsome Nelly seemed as if they never could do enough for him.

As he parted from his mother in the porch, he whispered, "Remember me, dear mother, at the throne of grace, especially on Sunday morning. I shall go to my appointments more full of faith if I know that you are praying for me."

"I will, my son. I always did for your father, and he said it helped him. God bless you, my boy," and she kissed him good-bye. As he departed with the seal of that mother's kiss upon his brow, and the peace and joy of God in his heart, he felt that life's highest and holiest ambition was reached—that he was indeed the "King's Messenger," and that he went forth a herald of salvation, an ambassador of God, to declare to perishing men the glorious tidings of the Gospel of his grace.

(To be continued.)

God is Love, and God Loves Me.

'NEATH the hmo-tree's shadow swinging,
Eyes cast down and look on knee,
Sat a little maiden singing,
"God is love, and God loves me."

"God is love," my little maiden,
Tell me why 'tis thus you sing?"
Raised she then her sweet face, laden
With the charms of youth's fresh spring.

"God is love," she said demurely,
"All around his love I see;
God loves me, I know it, surely,
For my Bible tells it me."

How he sent his Son most holy,
To be mocked and crucified;
'Twas for me" - the tears fell slowly—
"I have sinned, but Jesus died."

"Oh I thank my loving Saviour,
That he suffered on a tree;
Can I doubt his tender favour?
Can I doubt his love to me?"

Happy maiden! Thus I, musing,
Passed adown the dewy wood;
Thine the treasure there's no losing,
Thine the truest, richest good.

Oh, to know God's love unfailing,
Thine the secret is of rest;
Other love is unavailing,
If we miss the first and best.

And when life's dull cares are pressing,
Lest I overwhelmed should be,
Comes assurance, rich with blessings,
"God is love, and God loves me."

—Selected.

LESSON NOTES.**THIRD QUARTER.****STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.**B.C. 1451] **LESSON XIII.** [SEPT. 23**DEATH AND BURIAL OF MOSES.**

Deut. 34. 1-12. Memory verse, 5-7

GOLDEN TEXT.

The path of the just is as the shining light,
that shineth more and more unto the perfect
day. Prov. 4. 18.

OUTLINE.

1. The Prophet's vision.
2. The Prophet's Death.
3. The Prophet's Memorial.

TIME.—1451 B.C.

PLACE.—Mount Nebo.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The utmost sea*—The farthest point visible of the Mediterranean. *The south*—The south country, now often called by writers by the name in Hebrew, *The Negeb*. *I have caused thee to see it*—Some think this was miraculous: others think that the mountain was so high and the air so clear that a man with good vision could easily see it. *According to the word of Lord God had told him at the water of Meribah that for his sin he should not enter Canaan.* *He buried him*—That is, God buried him; how or where no man knows. This is one of the secrets of history. *Full of the spirit of wisdom*—That is, with a rich endowment of practical wisdom for governing.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we shown—

1. That God rewards faithful service?
2. That he honours a faithful servant?
3. That goodness is man's best memorial?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where did Moses die? In Mount Nebo, east from Jericho. 2. What sight was given him from this mountain top? Of the whole promised land. 3. What memorial did the people give him? They wept for him thirty days. 4. What memorial did the historian give him? There arose not a prophet like him. 5. What sentiment of Solomon did his life exemplify? "The path of the just," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The power of rectitude.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

12. What is the providence of God? The providence of God is his preservation of all

his creatures, his care for all their wants, and his rule over all their actions.

Acts xvii. 28. In him we live and move and have our being.

Hebrews i. 3; Nehemiah ix. 6; Psalm ciii. 19; Psalm cxlv. 15, 16; 1 Timothy vi. 15.

B.C. 1451]

[SEPT. 30

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Deut. 21. 18-21. Memory verses, 18, 21

GOLDEN TEXT.

The soul that sinneth, it shall die. Ezek. 18. 4.

OUTLINE.

1. Disobedience.
2. Punishment.

TIME.—1451 B.C. The eleventh month.

PLACE.—The plains of Moab.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The elders of his city*—These were the acting magistrates. *The gate of his place*—Or the gate of his town, where he would be tried. The gate in all Oriental cities in antiquity was the court-house, or place of justice for the people. *stone him*. The custom adopted by the Mosiac law as the method of capital punishment. It was in vogue in our Lord's time.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. That disobedience to parents is a sin?
2. That drunkenness is a crime?
3. That the drunkard ought to be punished by law?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What is the picture given in our lesson? That of a disobedient child. 2. How is this disobedience shown? In refusing to hear reproof. 3. To whose reproof does he turn a deaf ear? That of father and mother. 4. When he had thus turned from them what was their duty? To deliver him to the court. 5. What sentence was the court to pass upon him? That he be stoned to death. 6. What does our GOLDEN TEXT say is the doom that awaits the sinner? "The soul that sinneth," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The doom of the sinner.

Inventions Copied from Nature.

Most of the skilful devices invented by men for doing fine work rapidly, can be traced to nature, where for countless ages they have been operating. The discoverer of each new appliance or mechanism might be shown that his idea is as old as the hills. It is claimed that the inventors of the future will be those who carefully study the natural world.

The buhr-stones of mills are another style of molar teeth which grind all the grist that feeds men and beasts. The hoofs of horses are made of parallel plates, like carriage springs. The finest file of human manufacture is a rough affair compared with the Dutch rush used by cabinet-makers. The jaws of the turtle and tortoise are natural scissors. The squirrel carries chisels in his mouth, and the hippopotamus is provided with adzes, which are constantly sharpened as they are worn. The carpenter's plane is found in the jaws of a bee. The woodpecker has a powerful little trip-hammer.

The diving-bell imitates the work of the waterspider, which constructs a small cell under the water, clasps a bubble of air between its hind-legs, and dives down to its submarine chamber with the bubble, displacing the water gradually until its abode with the fishes contains a large airy room surrounded with water.

In laying its eggs on the water, the quail fastens them into the shape of a life-boat, which it is impossible to sink without tearing to pieces. The iron mast of the modern ship is strengthened by deep ribs running along its interior. A porcupine quill is strengthened by similar ribs. When engineers found that hollow beams were stronger than solid ones, they only discovered a principle that is very commonly seen in nature. A wheat straw, if solid, could not support its head of grain. The bones of the higher animals are porous; and those of birds, where *lightness and strength are most beautifully combined*, are hollow. The framework of a ship resembles the skeleton of a herring. Aeronauts try to copy the structure and movements of birds.

Palissy, the French potter, studied sea-side shells to learn the best method of fortifying a town. The ship worm is an admirable tunneler, boring his way through any submerged timber, and lining the rough passage with a hard casing. The engineer Brunel took a hint from this animal, and was the first to succeed in tunneling under water.

The Eddystone lighthouse is built on the plan of a tree trunk, and is fastened to the rock in a manner similar to the way a tree clings to the soil. It is supposed that the first idea of a suspension-bridge was suggested by the creepers of a tropical forest.

When plans were wanted for the London Crystal Palace, Joseph Paxton, gardener to the Duke of Devonshire, having noticed the structure of the gigantic leaves of the enormous water-lily, *Victoria Regia*—a plant which had been introduced into England a few years before—adopted the idea of copying in iron the ribs of the leaf, and filling the remaining space with glass. So, by patterning after nature, the obscure florist became Sir Joseph Paxton, the great architect.—*Harper's Young People.*

LITTLE SINS.

JOHN NEWTON says, Satan seldom comes to Christians with great temptations, or with a temptation to commit a great sin.

You bring a green log and a candle together, and they are very safe neighbours; but bring a few shavings and set them alight, and then bring a few small sticks, and let them take fire, and the log be in the midst of them, and you will soon get rid of your log. *And so it is with little sins.* You will be startled with the idea of committing a great sin, and so the devil brings you a little temptation, and leaves you to indulge yourself. "There's no harm in this,"—"no great peril in that;" and so by these little chips we are first easily lighted up, and at last the great log is burned. "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation."

AUTHORIZED EDITIONS.*Newest Book by***"PANSY."**

JUST ISSUED!

Canadian Copyright Edition, from Original Plates.

JUDGE BURNHAM'S DAUGHTERS.

A Sequel to "RUTH ERSKINE'S CROSSES."

12mo, cloth, 329 pp., post free,

PRICE, \$1.00.

This book is Pansy's latest, and is well, strongly, and tastefully bound in extra cloth, gilt, bevelled boards, etc.

Canadian Copyright Book by Pansy, from Original Plates, entitled

"Eighty-Seven."

A Chautauqua Story, dedicated to the "Class of '87."

Price - - \$1.00.

Bound in extra cloth, gilt, bevelled boards, etc., and is in good demand.

OUR CHEAP 50c. EDITION.**BEST AND CHEAPEST EDITIONS FROM ORIGINAL PLATES.**

In good Cloth Binding, Gilt Lettered.

There are substantial reasons for the great popularity of the Pansy Books, and the foremost among these is their truth to nature and to life. The genuineness of the types of character which they portray is indeed remarkable; their heroes bring us face to face with every phase of home life, and present graphic and inspiring pictures of the actual struggles through which victorious souls must go.

Mrs. Sol. Smith Looking on.

New Graft in the Family Tree.

From Different Standpoints.

Chautauqua Girls at Home.

Four Girls at Chautauqua.

Ruth Erskine's Crosses.

One Commonplace Day.

The Man of the House.

The Hall in the Grove.

Ester Reid. Three People.

Interrupt'd. Julia Reid.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

PUBLISHER,

75 & 80 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

C. W. COATES, Montreal, Que.

S. F. HUETIS, Halifax, N.S.