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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VII.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 6, 1887.

[No. 16.



THE BLACKSMITH'S PETS.

THE BLACKSMITH'S PETS.

MRS. M. JEANIE MALLARY.

NELLIE WINTERS and her brother, Hal, had gone with their parents to spend the summer months in the country. The children were always on the look-out for something new, and one evening, as they were strolling together, Nellie exclaimed:

"Oh, the swallows! The pretty swallows!"

"My!" exclaimed Hal. "If I only had brought my sling-shot! Wouldn't I make them dance? Why, I could kill half a dozen at one throw, I do believe."

"Hal, would you kill a pretty, little swallow?"

"Indeed I would. Wouldn't it be

fun? Why didn't I bring my sling-shot?"

"Buddie, I don't think it would be fun at all. See how low they fly; just as much as to say, 'I trust you.' I trust you."

"Ha! Ha! Nellie, you've got the wrong tune this time. The people won't let us boys shoot guns in these kind of places, for fear of frightening

horses, and these birds know it, and when they fly low, it is to say, 'I dare you, I dare you.' I never could take a dare, and wouldn't now, if I had my sling shot. Why, I'd sling it so softly, nobody would know it, and even the birds would wonder how they come dead. Ha! ha! Ah! you young gentlemen, just wait till to-morrow."

"Hal, don't hurt the little things;

they are not fit to eat, and to kill a bird just to see how well one can aim—why I believe when that boy knelt to say his prayers at night, Jesus would turn his face away.”

“Oh, but didn't you hear mother call th m 'pests,' and don't they build their clay-nests in our chimneys, and, once in a while, don't they come tumbling down full of those horrid, little unfeathered balls, making a big litter of clay and soot? Ugh!”

“See that bright-eyed little one on the lowest wire. Hal, how pretty! Now it darts for a fly—”

W-h-i-z-z, went something right by Hal's head, and down fell the bird at his feet. The children had not noticed a blacksmith's shop near; but now they were filled with terror, as a man, with sleeves rolled up to his shoulders, caught Hal's arm and shook him roughly, saying:

“Flugin' at my birds, hey! You little rascal. I'll teach you better.”

“Oh,” exclaimed Nellie, “he didn't do it, sir; indeed he didn't.”

As soon as Hal could catch a good breath he said:

“I didn't throw at all, sir; the rock came over my head.”

“Then, young gentleman, I beg your pardon. You see I began to pet two swallows, so that they would come and eat out of my hand. Then they hatched, and more came, till now there are twenty-five, and they are all named, and know their names too. I planted these vines for them too. Somehow I loved this little Nellie best, because I named her after my own little Nellie that's dead; but now she's hurt, and will die, too, I'm afraid.”

“Its leg is broken, sir; let me take it home with me and nurse it,” said Nellie. “Its my namesake, sir,” and she pressed her lips to its brown head as the blacksmith laid it in her hand tenderly, and then, as the tears glistened in her eyes, she added:

“I'll try not to let it die.”

Then they said “Good-evening,” and started homeward, and the blacksmith stood with arms akimbo, and watched them till almost out of sight. Not a word did the children speak until sure they were out of hearing, and then Hal, slapping his pocket emphatically, exclaimed:

“Whew! Ain't I glad I didn't bring my sling-shot!”

NO!

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW HARD IT IS TO CLIMB.

THREE months on a butcher's cart did Jack a great deal of good. He not only found out that he was not a remarkable boy, but that the people did not think so much of him personally as to overcome the unfitness, as they thought, of his position. That he was honest and cheerful did not prevent his old school-mates from dropping him as a friend and a sharer in their social amusements. He ate a good deal of what Mimy called “humble-pie” in the course of this time, and it did him much good, but it also filled him with a natural desire to make friends somewhere, and so he did his best to please his customers. He cut very liberal pounds of meat for one and another; threw in a good bit here for the cat, and a bone here for the dog,

and when some woman on his route persistently tried to beat down his prices he would abate a little for them without stopping to consider that this was really disposing of Mr. Marsh's property without his leave.

But the butcher soon began to perceive that the meat he sent out did not bring him in what it was worth; the daily shortage was small, but it was daily, and soon told on his profits.

He questioned Jack closely as to his exactness about weighing, and about the prices he asked.

“Why, I give 'em good weight!” said Jack, surprised.

“Exact pounds, do ye?”

“I don't stop for an ounce or two, Mr. Marsh; they think it's mean; and I throw in a bit of cheap stuff for the cat in some places, or a bone for the dog, and sometimes I have to let down a few cents on prices, they do badger me so.”

“Well, now, that's it; it don't seem no great sum to you, and I know you're real honest about it; but you figger it up. That cats' meat would sell for ten cents a day at least; now wouldn't it?”

“I guess it would,” Jack answered, in a dismayed tone.

“And supposin' you gave overweight of two ounces at sixteen places, that would be two pounds a day at, say, eighteen cents a pound at the lowest, that is thirty-six cents; and if you give 'em ten cents off at one place, and five at another, and ten at another, why there's a quarter more; and the bones would be worth five or ten for soup, average for 'em seven cents, say; there's seventy-eight cents a day, three times a week, that's \$2.34 a week. What d'ye think of that?”

Jack's eyes opened wide. He had not counted up these easy pennies.

“Well, Mr. Marsh, I never did think of it; that's the fact of the matter. I suppose I wanted to make it pleasant for customers, and have 'em like me,” blurted out honest Jack.

“Well, so do, so do! Be civil and friendly, but I'm to say 'no' when they ask ye for what isn't really yourn to give.”

“That's just like mother,” said Jack, and Mr. Marsh laughed.

“I'd give consider'ble if I was as good for a man as Mrs. Boyd is for a woman, and I will say for 't she's fetched you up real well, and—”

“But, Mr. Marsh,” broke in Jack, “you must take all that out of my wages.”

“Sho! sho! I shan't do no such thing. You didn't go to do it, and you won't do it no more. Boys have got to learn, and learn by 'xperience; and you're honest clear through. I wouldn't no more dock your wages for that than nothing in the world. I don't want to have you do it no more, that's all.”

Jack told his mother about the whole matter at night, as he always did. His troubles and his pleasures were all laid before her for counsel or sympathy, as the case might be.

“Mr. Marsh was quite right, Jack; you needed to say 'no.' Like most people, and particularly young people, you like to stand well with those about you; to have them like and admire you. This is all right to a certain extent. You know the Bible says, 'Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely,

whatsoever things are of good report: if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.' And you see the apostle puts the things that are true, honest, just, and pure before what is lovely and of good report. Take the Scripture order, and you will be all right. Now I think you ought to make restitution to Mr. Marsh, as it is right and just you should. He is very kind and generous, but you will fix this lesson in your mind and free your conscience by repaying him, though the great reason, of course, is that it is right.”

So Jack did, much to Mr. Marsh's dissatisfaction; but he at once raised the boy's wages enough to make up the lost, in spite of Mrs. Boyd's remonstrance.

A few weeks afterward an old school acquaintance of Mr. Gilbert's, who was the cashier of a bank in Boston, called at his store, being in Danvers on business. The two had not seen each other for many years, and had grown far apart in that time. Mr. Gray was a Christian gentleman in the truest sense, and Mr. Gilbert was neither one nor the other. So the visit, made for old times' sake, was not much enjoyed by either, and was very brief. But in the course of their conversation Mr. Gray asked Mr. Gilbert if he knew of any young man or boy in Danvers whom he could get to fill a junior clerk's place in his bank.

“I want a boy from the country who is not up to city tricks; one who knows a little of accounts, and can be trusted.”

“We-ell,” said Mr. Gilbert, slowly, “I do know of such a boy; used to be here in my store. He's honest enough.”

“Why isn't he here now?” asked Mr. Gray.

“O he knew too much; didn't mind his business, but wanted to help run mine.”

“That sort of a boy wouldn't suit me,” said Mr. Gray, decisively.

“Well, now, he just would,” replied Mr. Gilbert, who in his secret heart really respected Jack. “He's too honest, that's the real fact of the case. You know there's tricks in all trades—hev to be; and he couldn't nor wouldn't take to 'em. You can't run a general store on Scriptor principles, an' he was bound to run it that way.”

“Why can't you?” asked Mr. Gray.

“Well, you can't; you've got to get ahead of folks or they'll get ahead of you every time. It's doin' as you're done by, anyhow.”

“It's doing as you would be done by?”

“That ain't the purpose. I should fetch up in the county jail pretty quick if I didn't look out for myself first. Let every man do that, I say, and the world'll gee.”

Mr. Gray looked at his old school-mate with profound pity.

“My dear friend,” said he, “did you ever hear that 'no man liveth to himself?’”

“More fools they, then,” snapped Mr. Gilbert.

Mr. Gray saw that he was in no mood to receive any admonition, however gently or wisely urged, so he returned to Jack.

“What is this boy doing now?” he asked.

“Drivin' a butcher's cart. He couldn't get anything to do but that, so he done it. Showed good grit, too, for his folks have been first chop here in Danvers, ever since 'twas a town.”

“Good!” said Mr. Gray, emphatically. “Where is the butcher's shop?”

Mr. Gilbert directed him, and in a few minutes he had found Mr. Marsh, and made his inquiries.

“Well, sir,” said the good-natured butcher, “that feller is as bright as a dollar, and as true as a die. He's honest clear through. I'd trust him any day with gold untold, I would really. His mother's son couldn't no way help bein' good.” And here Mr. Marsh branched off to a eulogy of Mrs. Boyd that pleased his visitor much, for Mr. Gray had faith in training.

“I don't want to lose him, neither,” concluded Mr. Marsh, “but I know he'd ought to do better. He'll have to help his mother by an' by when them old ladies drop of; and the' aint no great promotion in the butcher business, nor no great profits if you deal on the square as I calculate to.”

“But how came Gilbert to turn him off?” asked Mr. Gray.

“O I'll tell ye the hull o' that! Mrs. Donovan deals with me, she came into the market one day just as he driv off and told me the story. She can't say enough about Jack.” And he went on to put Mr. Gray into possession of Mrs. Donovan's version of the story, which, even allowing for her Irish volubility and exaggeration, was another item in Jack's favour.

Then Mr. Gray went to see Mrs. Manice, and had a long talk with her, and the result was that soon after his return to Boston Jack was offered a place as junior clerk in the bank where Mr. Gray was cashier, at six hundred dollars salary; and it was decided, after some consultation and much prayer, that he should take the place.

It was very hard for Manice to let her boy leave her, but she liked what she had seen of Mr. Gray, and she knew—had known a long time—that some day that all her children must fly from the home nest, though it gave her many a heartache to think of it.

“I'm glad he is going to a respectable position at last,” commented Aunt Maria, with a sniff.

“Yet the butcher's cart helped him to this place, Aunt Maria,” said Manice, with a gleam of amusement in her eye. “Mr. Gray told me that when he heard that Jack was so determined to work that he took the first thing that offered he said to himself, ‘That's the right sort,’ and Mr. Marsh's recommendation was much heartier than Mr. Gilbert's, who only said he was ‘too honest.’”

Even Aunt Maria smiled a little at this peculiar indorsement of Jack.

“Makes ye feel real bad, don't it,” said sympathetic Mimy. “I know it does; but it's the natur' of things. You fetch up a boy to be a sort o' comfort to ye when you get some on in life, and fust you know away he goes and makes it home somewheres else; or if its girls aad they get so's to fly round, sort of helpful and folksy, up hops some chap or other 't you never sot eyes on in the livin' world before, and sperits 'em off to be married! It's awful tryin'.”

Aunt Sally took the news in her own way. She laid out on Jack's needs a portion of her hoarded charity money. She had lately been much impressed with a sermon on the text,

“But if any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel.”

And as Aunt Sally was an honest

Christian woman, in spite of her various faults and infirmities, she began to look about her to see how she could help Manice and her children and John Boyd's family. She had, so far, confined her good deeds to Mrs. John Boyd, who seemed most in need, but now she thought that to help Jack was the present duty, so she bought him shirts, stockings, handkerchiefs, and collars, to the great saving of Manice's slender stock of money and Jack's carelessly hoarded wages from Mr. Marsh.

At last he was ready. The aunts had said "Good bye" to him. Anne and Alice had hugged him with tears and sobs. Mimy had wrung his hand and said, "Don't ye disappoint your ma for anything. Now *don't* ye!" with a hearty emphasis; and he came up to his mother's room for her farewell.

"Dear Jack," she said, holding back the tears that burned in her eyes, "remember 'No,' you will need to say it more now than ever in all the new temptations of a city. O, Jack, if you were only a Christian!"

Jack gave a sort of dry sob, that he was half-ashamed of, held his mother close and kissed her again and again, picked up his bag without another word, and was off to the train.

His life as a butcher boy was over. The life of his old dreams had begun.

THE TRAIL OF THE SERPENT.

It befell Jack, however, as it does all of us, to find out that dreams, even in their fulfilment, are not the same with realities. Mr. Gray found for him a respectable boarding-place, where he had a little attic chamber, a narrow bed, one chair, and a table that served as washstand, with a single gas-burner beside the small mirror. There was a window close to the floor, looking out on a vast extent of roofs and chimneys, and Jack, used to the sight of trees, hills, and the wide sky with its shifting panorama of cloud and sun, moon and stars, felt much like a man in prison, but he had courage, and he resolved not to complain.

In the day he had enough to think of; his work was not all at the desk, he had some errands to do, such as always fall to the "boy" of a bank. "Here, Greeny," called out Frank Sherman, the other young clerk.

The teller was rather a pompous youth, who wore long mustaches waxed to a point, and clothes much too elegant for his position; but then he was the only son of a bank president who had retired from all other business, and Augustus Jones was here merely to learn the routine of banking so that he could step into his father's position at some possible future time.

Meanwhile Augustus magnified his office, and was far more lofty in his manners than either of the higher officials.

"Here, you young fellow," he called to Jack, after a few weeks' acquaintance, "you take these bills ovaw to the First Bank; now don't strew 'em all ovaw the street, or lay 'em down to play mawbles."

"Dear me!" answered Jack. "I guess I'd better take a hack and a policeman; I'm so fresh; reg'lar Paris green, good for pertaters and sech."

"You shut up," said Augustus, forgetting his drawl in his anger.

Jack certainly was impertinent, but he had shut Mr. Jones' mouth effectually, and he considered that he had acted in self-defence, and could not

choose his weapons. Our country boy was by no means perfect, by no means a Christian gentleman as yet.

One day he was astonished to see in a brisk young clerk coming in from another bank his old acquaintance in Mr. Gilbert's store, Lewis Denning.

"Hello! you here?" said Lewis, quite as much surprised as Jack.

"Seems as if I was," laughed Jack.

"Where do you put up?" inquired Lewis.

"Hundred and seventy-six Green street, sky-parlour, left-hand door, top of fourth staircase, *sic itur ad astra*," said Jack, airing a bit of school Latin, which was literally a dead language to Lewis.

"Well, I should think you would be sick of it. Say, what do you do evenings?"

"Various things," answered Jack, coolly.

This was perfectly true. Like a thousand other boys in the city he had no place but his own room wherein to spend his evenings. Mr. Gray had fully intended to look after him, but a financial crisis had kept him too busy and too anxious for these first two months to give him time for any attention or kindness to his new clerk; and Jack had rather a lonely time after his supper always. Sometimes he wrote to his mother or his sisters, now and then to Will Boyd, but letter-writing was not really a pleasure to him; sometimes he read the newspaper of the day before, borrowed from Mrs. Daw, who was his landlady; sometimes he laboriously sewed on his dangling buttons, glad enough that his mother had taught him to sew when he was a mere child, at least enough to do these small things for himself now; sometimes he wandered out in the streets in the early part of the evening, before the stores closed, and amused himself with the various gay and beautiful exhibitions in their windows, but this amusement soon grew tedious.

Frank Sherman had a taste for music, and whenever the cashier stepped into the directors' room, or at noon, or night, was always singing in his rough boy's voice some scrap of opera music, much to Jack's amusement, for a voice that skips from one note to another, half the scale apart, without the mortified singer's intent or consent, is funny to hear. Many a time Frank had urged Jack to go to the opera house with him, but a sturdy "Can't afford it" was always the reply. And indeed it was no effort to give this answer, for Jack had no special taste for music, and was quite as much edified by the hand-organ of a street musician as he would have been by the best orchestra or the most celebrated singer. Now Lewis Denning and Frank had met often before the former recognized in Jack an old acquaintance; they both frequented places of amusement far more than was good for them, and spent more money than was best for their morals or their purses in this way; and naturally when Frank saw that Lewis knew Jack he questioned him about this new comrade, and the fact that Jack had once driven a butcher's cart amused Frank mightily. One day he came in from dinner and found Jack there before him.

"Look here!" said he, "there's a fellow wants you down at the door; on business, I guess—wants to offer you a better situation, I rather think."

Jack hoped it was somebody from home, and went with an eager face to Mr. Gray for leave of a few minutes' absence. He hurried out, seized his cap, and flew down the bank steps, but no one was there; a butcher's cart stood by the curbstone, its driver out in the street apparently bargaining for a load of cabbage with an old farmer. Jack looked around him, quite puzzled, but presently recalled the mischief in Frank's eyes, and being quick-witted about jokes divined that Frank had found out his previous occupation and meant to twit him with it. He stood a minute and pondered, for he was a little vexed; then he threw up his cap, caught it again, laughed to himself, and went up the steps on a run.

"Did you have a pleasant interview?" politely asked Frank.

"Not quite, my dear young friend," answered Jack. "My interviewer was disappointed; wanted to buy a calf, you see, and thought he'd heard one bleatin' in here. Had to explain 'twas only a musical youth; took him down some of course."

After that Frank teased him no more.

Not long after this Lewis Denning came to Jack's boarding-house one evening and found him in his "sky-parlour" yawning over a letter to his cousin Will.

"Well!" exclaimed Lewis, "you are up in the world, I declare. What a perch! You don't mean to say you stay here evenin's?"

"Haven't got anywhere else to stay," curtly answered Jack.

"You are green. Here's your chance to see life, somethin' worth seein' here in a big city, and you flop right down in a garret and write letters. I thought you'd got more spunk about you."

Jack felt a thrill of curiosity. To be sure there was, there must be, many a curious and delightful thing he had no idea of to be seen and heard here.

"Where would you go?" he asked.

"Frank wanted me to go to the opera, but I can't afford it, and if I could I shouldn't go, for I don't care a cent about music; not that kind, anyway."

"I believe you!" laughed Lewis. "The opera's a touch above us fellers. Frank's got a father behind him with money in his pockets; he boards to home and gets spendin' cash besides his salary. But there's lots of shows and gay little theatres where you can get gallery tickets real cheap, and lots of fun. Come along; I'll stand treat for once."

So Jack put on his cap and followed Lewis. Now, his mother had never said anything to him about theatre-going; she had an idea that forbidding any special thing was apt to enhance its value, and make it more of a temptation. She tried to bring her boy up in pure and wholesome principles, and trust him to discriminate between good and evil when both should be set before him. Perhaps she erred here. If she had talked to Jack about the theatre and its tendencies in a quiet way, and showed him that it was not the right sort of amusement for a boy, he would not have gone with Lewis, for Manice's sake, and his mind would not have received some impressions that tainted it for a time.

The place to which Lewis Denning guided Jack was one of those minor theatres where sensational dramas and

ballets are the staple entertainment, and for a small price boys can find admission to gallery seats, always crowded to their utmost capacity. It did not seem altogether agreeable to our boy to be so crowded into a hard seat between a dirty news-vender and Lewis, in an air reeking with stale tobacco smoke, the poisoned breath of whiskey drinkers, the rank smell of pea-nuts, and the cheap perfumery that was shaken from the handkerchiefs of tawdry women in the tier below; but the sparkling lights, the gay walls frescoed roughly in bright colour, the painted curtain, all arrested his attention, and when that curtain rose his eyes were riveted on the stage. The drama was not in itself objectionable as to plot. There was a persecuted girl, a persistent villain, a lover who always appeared at the right crisis and rescued the maiden, a lovely being whose rags did not disguise her beauty—what she had—and a bereaved and howling mother who shrieked much and loudly about "me chyild! me dyarling chyild!" and had something much like a fit of epilepsy on discovering her in this often-rescued heroine.

It was more funny than tragic, even to Jack, and he too far from the stage to hear the interpolated coarseness and vulgarity which set the roughs in the pit roaring every now and then. He was really quite amused by the spectacle, but when it was over, and the ballet of the after-piece came on, Jack sat stunned. His mother and sisters were sweet, modest, delicate-minded women. What were these? He felt like creeping under the bench. Both shame and disgust filled his soul. Manice's training triumphed. He grasped his cap, elbowed his way past Lewis, and out of the gallery without stopping to explain, though Lewis grasped his arm and tried to detain him, but he pulled away and fled down the stairs and home to his gullet. His brain reiterated the thought, "O what would mother say to those women!"

Lewis Denning came over next day as the bank closed, and walking home with Jack railed and laughed at him all the way; but Jack was not to be moved.

"Come again you big fool!" said Lewis. "You're green, that's all. You'll get used to it."

"I don't want to get used to it!" said Jack, indignantly.

"Whe-ew; you're rather stuck up, young feller! Why every body goes to them places."

"No they don't. Do you think my mother or my sister would go there?" and Jack faced him with blazing eyes.

"Well, p'raps not. 'Tisn't just the place for ladies, I'll allow."

"Then it's not the place for gentlemen, and I want to be a gentleman."

"Hul-lo, here's a crowin' bantam! Don't be a fool, Jack; you can't be so squeamish and see life in a city."

"If that's life I don't want to see it."

"O come now; get off your high horse, old feller; the' must be a first time for greenies. You won't mind it half so much next time, and I'll treat again jest for old times. Say you'll go to-night and see if it don't come more natural."

"No!" roared Jack.

Lewis retreated—for that time.

(To be continued.)

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"Various things," answered Jack, coolly.

This was perfectly true. Like a thousand other boys in the city he had no place but his own room wherein to spend his evenings. Mr. Gray had fully intended to look after him, but a financial crisis had kept him too busy and too anxious for these first two months to give him time for any attention or kindness to his new clerk; and Jack had rather a lonely time after his supper always. Sometimes he wrote to his mother or his sisters, now and then to Will Boyd, but letter-writing was not really a pleasure to him; sometimes he read the newspaper of the day before, borrowed from Mrs. Daw, who was his landlady; sometimes he laboriously sewed on his dangling buttons, glad enough that his mother had taught him to sew when he was a mere child, at least enough to do these small things for himself now; sometimes he wandered out in the streets in the early part of the evening, before the stores closed, and amused himself with the various gay and beautiful exhibitions in their windows, but this amusement soon grew tedious.

Frank Sherman had a taste for music, and whenever the cashier stepped into the directors' room, or at noon, or night, was always singing in his rough boy's voice some scrap of opera music, much to Jack's amusement, for a voice that skips from one note to another, half the scale apart, without the mortified singer's intent or consent, is funny to hear. Many a time Frank had urged Jack to go to the opera house with him, but a sturdy "Can't afford it" was always the reply. And indeed it was no effort to give this answer, for Jack had no special taste for music, and was quite as much edified by the hand-organ of a street musician as he would have been by the best orchestra or the most celebrated singer. Now Lewis Denning and Frank had met often before the former recognized in Jack an old acquaintance; they both frequented places of amusement far more than was good for them, and spent more money than was best for their morals or their purses in this way; and naturally when Frank saw that Lewis knew Jack he questioned him about this new comrade, and the fact that Jack had once driven a butcher's cart amused Frank mightily. One day he came in from dinner and found Jack there before him.

"Look here!" said he, "there's a fellow wants you down at the door; on business, I guess—wants to offer you a better situation, I rather think."

Jack hoped it was somebody from home, and went with an eager face to Mr. Gray for leave of a few minutes' absence. He hurried out, seized his cap, and flew down the bank steps, but no one was there; a butcher's cart stood by the curbstone, its driver out in the street apparently bargaining for a load of cabbage with an old farmer. Jack looked around him, quite puzzled, but presently recalled the mischief in Frank's eyes, and being quick-witted about jokes divined that Frank had found out his previous occupation and meant to twit him with it. He stood a minute and pondered, for he was a little vexed; then he threw up his cap, caught it again, laughed to himself, and went up the steps on a run.

"Did you have a pleasant interview?" politely asked Frank.

"Not quite, my dear young friend," answered Jack. "My interviewer was disappointed; wanted to buy a calf, you see, and thought he'd heard one bleatin' in here. Had to explain 'twas only a musical youth; took him down some of course."

After that Frank teased him no more.

Not long after this Lewis Denning came to Jack's boarding-house one evening and found him in his "sky-parlour" yawning over a letter to his cousin Will.

"Well!" exclaimed Lewis, "you are up in the world, I declare. What a perch! You don't mean to say you stay here evenin's?"

"Haven't got anywhere else to stay," curtly answered Jack.

"You are green. Here's your chance to see life, somethin' worth seein' here in a big city, and you flop right down in a garret and write letters. I thought you'd got more spunk about you."

Jack felt a thrill of curiosity. To be sure there was, there must be, many a curious and delightful thing he had no idea of to be seen and heard here.

"Where would you go?" he asked.

"Frank wanted me to go to the opera, but I can't afford it, and if I could I shouldn't go, for I don't care a cent about music; not that kind, anyway."

"I believe you!" laughed Lewis. "The opera's a touch above us fellers. Frank's got a father behind him with money in his pockets; he boards to home and gets spendin' cash besides his salary. But there's lots of shows and gay little theatres where you can get gallery tickets real cheap, and lots of fun. Come along; I'll stand treat for once."

So Jack put on his cap and followed Lewis. Now, his mother had never said anything to him about theatre-going; she had an idea that forbidding any special thing was apt to enhance its value, and make it more of a temptation. She tried to bring her boy up in pure and wholesome principles, and trust him to discriminate between good and evil when both should be set before him. Perhaps she erred here. If she had talked to Jack about the theatre and its tendencies in a quiet way, and showed him that it was not the right sort of amusement for a boy, he would not have gone with Lewis, for Manice's sake, and his mind would not have received some impressions that tainted it for a time.

The place to which Lewis Denning guided Jack was one of those minor theatres where sensational dramas and

ballets are the staple entertainment, and for a small price boys can find admission to gallery seats, always crowded to their utmost capacity. It did not seem altogether agreeable to our boy to be so crowded into a hard seat between a dirty news-vender and Lewis, in an air reeking with stale tobacco smoke, the poisoned breath of whiskey drinkers, the rank smell of pea-nuts, and the cheap perfumery that was shaken from the handkerchiefs of tawdry women in the tier below; but the sparkling lights, the gay walls frescoed roughly in bright colour, the painted curtain, all arrested his attention, and when that curtain rose his eyes were riveted on the stage. The drama was not in itself objectionable as to plot. There was a persecuted girl, a persistent villain, a lover who always appeared at the right crisis and rescued the maiden, a lovely being whose rags did not disguise her beauty—what she had—and a bereaved and howling mother who shrieked much and loudly about "me chyild! me dyarling chyild!" and had something much like a fit of epilepsy on discovering her in this often-rescued heroine.

It was more funny than tragic, even to Jack, and he too far from the stage to hear the interpolated coarseness and vulgarity which set the roughs in the pit roaring every now and then. He was really quite amused by the spectacle, but when it was over, and the ballet of the after-piece came on, Jack sat stunned. His mother and sisters were sweet, modest, delicate-minded women. What were these? He felt like creeping under the bench. Both shame and disgust filled his soul. Manice's training triumphed. He grasped his cap, elbowed his way past Lewis, and out of the gallery without stopping to explain, though Lewis grasped his arm and tried to detain him, but he pulled away and fled down the stairs and home to his gullet. His brain reiterated the thought, "O what would mother say to those women!"

Lewis Denning came over next day as the bank closed, and walking home with Jack railed and laughed at him all the way; but Jack was not to be moved.

"Come again you big fool!" said Lewis. "You're green, that's all. You'll get used to it."

"I don't want to get used to it!" said Jack, indignantly.

"Whe-ew; you're rather stuck up, young feller! Why every body goes to them places."

"No they don't. Do you think my mother or my sister would go there?" and Jack faced him with blazing eyes.

"Well, p'raps not. 'Tisn't just the place for ladies, I'll allow."

"Then it's not the place for gentlemen, and I want to be a gentleman."

"Hul-lo, here's a crowin' bantam! Don't be a fool, Jack; you can't be so squeamish and see life in a city."

"If that's life I don't want to see it."

"O come now; get off your high horse, old feller; the' must be a first time for greenies. You won't mind it half so much next time, and I'll treat again jest for old times. Say you'll go to-night and see if it don't come more natural."

"No!" roared Jack.

Lewis retreated—for that time.

(To be continued.)

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 6, 1887.

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

CHRIST A LAMB.

"Behold the Lamb of God."—John i. 29.

LET me give you some account of him who uttered these words, "Behold the Lamb of God." He was a good man. He was a very good man. At the time he lived, there was not such another man on the face of the earth. He loved Christ. You know all good men love Christ, and all who love Christ are good men. As this good man was very good, his love to Christ was very great. He loved Christ more than you love your parents; yea, more than your parents love you.

What was his name? His name was John. He was commonly called John the Baptist. The name John has a lovely meaning. It is, Beloved of the Lord.

John was a great minister, and a great prophet. He was called, by ancient prophets, the Messenger of the Lord of Hosts, to prepare the way before his face. He, therefore, began to preach before Christ entered on his public labours. His preaching prepared the way for the preaching of Christ: and when the preaching of Christ began, the preaching of John ceased. John was the herald or forerunner of Christ. He appeared before Christ, to tell the world that Christ, the Saviour of men, was about to appear. He told this to thousands. The most astonishing multitudes came out to hear him. Many believed his sermons. All who believed, he baptized. It was on this account he was called John the Baptist, or John the Baptizer.

John was remarkable in his appearance, and in his manners. His rai-

ment was made of camel's hair, and he had a leathern girdle about his loins. His food was uncommon; it chiefly consisted of locusts and wild honey.

John was very generally admired. His sermons were so eloquent and powerful, that many began to think he could be no one else than Christ, the true Messiah. They put the question to him, whether he was the true Christ. He told them at once he was not. A few days after, John saw Jesus coming to him. John was attended by some who had mistaken him for Christ. He embraced the opportunity to undeceive them. As Jesus approached them, he said, "Behold the Lamb of God!" As if he had said, You foolishly and rashly imagined that I was the Christ. I certainly am not. I am only one sent before Christ, to tell you he is coming. He is here. The Saviour you expected has visited the earth. He is at present before your eyes. Behold him. Look upon him. Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world! There is the blessed Saviour before you, foretold by ancient prophets. Behold him, and love him. Behold him, and believe in him. Behold him, and receive him. Behold him, and serve him. Behold him, and adore him!

At present we shall only speak of Christ as a LAMB. We shall show in what respects Christ resembles a lamb.

A lamb is lovely, so is Christ. There are few creatures so lovely as a lamb. Little children delight to look on lambs! They are pleased when they see a picture of a lamb. There are few sights so animating and delightful as a flock of lambs feeding in a green meadow, beside a flowing crystal stream.

Christ is a lamb for loveliness. He is lovelier than any lamb. He is lovelier than any angel. There is no flower so lovely as Christ. The beauty of all the flowers that ever grew, cannot be compared with the beauty of Christ. The glory of all the stars which sparkle in the heavens, never can be compared with the glory of Christ. How lovely and glorious Christ appears in heaven. How lovely he appears to ten thousands of holy saints. How lovely he appears to millions of holy angels. When you die, my dear children, may you ascend to heaven! Then you shall see and admire, forever and ever, the Lamb of God in all his loveliness, and in all his glory.

A lamb is innocent, so is Christ. To be innocent is to be without sin. A lamb is innocent, it has no sin. The best child on earth has sin. You never saw a child without sin. We cannot call the babe innocent, who sweetly smiles upon its mother's knee. It is without actual sin, but it is not without original sin. True, there is no actual sin in its life. But true, there is original sin in its heart. There is no actual sin to be found in

the life of a lamb; and there is no original sin to be found in the heart of a lamb.

Christ is an innocent Lamb. He has no sin. Pollution never stained his holy nature. The angel Gabriel called him the Holy Thing. A being who is innocent has no sin in his heart, and no sin in his life. In this respect Christ is an innocent Lamb. Thus a lamb does no mischief. It does not bite like the dog, nor tear like the lion, nor devour like the wolf. Christ is the holy Lamb, therefore he is the harmless Lamb. Dear children, may the Holy Spirit make you like Christ the harmless lamb.

A lamb is gentle, so is Christ. "Learn of me," says Christ, "for I am meek and lowly of heart." The lamb is so gentle, that it is a fit emblem of Christ, the meek, the gentle Saviour. So gentle is the lamb, that when it is even led to the slaughter it is dumb, not opening its mouth. When a little child, upon his mother's breast, he was gentle and mild. When he was the age of some of you, he was gentle and mild. When he was a youth living with Joseph the carpenter, in Nazareth, he was gentle and mild. When he reached maturity of days, gentleness and mildness formed the comely garments which adorned his life.

He was gentle in his words. The words which some children speak are harsh, rude, unseemly. They resemble burning coals of fire. Christ's words flowed like the sweetness of oil, and the sweetness of honey. Let each one say, Holy Spirit, enable me to imitate Christ in his words! I wish you to learn a good lesson. What is it? It is gentleness. I wish you to learn under a good Master. Who is he? It is Christ. You ask, Is he willing to teach a child so corrupted, so vile, so guilty, and unworthy as me? He is. He has said, "Learn of me, for I am meek." He is a mild teacher. And he will teach lessons of the loveliest gentleness, meekness, and grace.

Finally, the lamb was useful for sacrifice. In former ages, lovely lambs were slain, their blood was shed, and they were stretched upon an altar, and consumed with fire. Thousands and thousands of lambs were sacrificed from the days of Moses, till the days of Christ. These lambs pointed out Christ. As they were sacrificed, so Christ was sacrificed. His blood was shed, his life was taken away. His humanity was laid on the altar of the divinity, and he was sacrificed for us. He did this for sinners. Little children, he did this for you. Behold the Lamb of God!

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."



HOW SOME LADIES TRY TO LOOK BEAUTIFUL.

The Legend of Robin Redbreast.

BY ANNA M. PRATT.

WHEN Jesus walked to Calvary,
'Tis said a little bird
Beheld him, and its gentle heart
With pitying love was stirred.

It flew and plucked a cruel thorn
From out the mocking crown,
While drops from Jesus' bleeding brow
Fell on its bosom brown.

They dyed the glossy plumage red—
And now all robins wear
A stain upon their breast to show
That deed of loving care.

Nor have they ever lacked a friend—
'Twas thus the legend read—
For Robin Redbreast when in need
By children has been fed.

SOWING AND REAPING.

You would think it a remarkable piece of idiocy if you should meet a farmer with a bag of sorrel-seed or thistle-seed on his shoulder, going out to sow it in his field. You never heard of a farmer who did so foolish a thing. Farmers, when they sow, have their minds fixed upon the harvest that will come from the seed they scatter. Nature will plant enough sorrel and thistle—indeed, more than enough.

What farmers are too sensible to do in their fields young men and women do all too frequently in the soil of their souls, and this largely because there is no thought of the law that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." After the seed has been dropped into the ground it passes out of your control. One thing may be predicted with absolute certainty: if the farmer has sown wheat, then, when the summer-time comes and he takes his scythe out to the field, the golden grain will fall before each steady swing. Tell me what seed has been sown, and I will tell you what will be the harvest. No young man ever yet in his youth "sowed his wild oats" who did not in after-years reap the same. Think seriously of what Paul meant when he said, "He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." Do not let the after-years bring stinging regrets because you have sown the seeds of sin in your heart or in the hearts of your companions. Sow to the Spirit, not to the flesh.



SPARE THE BIRDS.

I am a Temperance Boy.

THE chilling winds are blowing high,
And clouds o'ercast the wintry sky;
But what care I for cold and snow?
I am a temperance boy, you know.
A temperance boy, a temperance boy,
I am a temperance boy, you know.

I drink cold water every day,
And all the laws of health obey;
Warm blood defies the cold and snow;
I am a temperance boy, you know.

I drink no cider, wine or beer,
My limbs are fleet, my head is clear;
I've strength to brave the cold and snow;
I am a temperance boy, you know.

And all my life I mean to be
Teetotal temperance, you shall see;
I'll fight for it through cold and snow;
I am a temperance boy, you know.

I'll fight for temperance in God's name,
The joy of temperance loud proclaim,
And preach the truth where'er I go;
I am a temperance boy, you know.

SPARE THE BIRDS.

THE New York *Tribune* tells of a society formed in New York to assist in preventing the killing of birds for use in the decoration of ladies' bonnets.

"For the last five years," says the *Tribune*, "songbirds and pipers, birds with gay plumage and without, have been killed in season and out of season—in the woods, fields, marshes, and on the sea-shore—in numerous numbers. Shooting birds and selling their heads and skins has become a business with hundreds of men and boys along the Atlantic coast and in the interior. The terns and sea-swallows, once so abundant from Cobbs Island in Virginia to Cape Cod, have been almost exterminated, and the meadow-larks, thrushes, robins, and bobolinks of our country fields are heard more and more rarely near the large cities, or even through long stretches of Long Island and New Jersey.

"It is hard to say at all accurately how many birds pass yearly through the great millinery establishments. A writer in the *Science* supplement for February puts the number between five million and ten million.

"A correspondent of *Forest and*

Stream tells of a single collector who brought back eleven thousand skins from a three-months' southern trip in 1884, and says that from one small district of Long Island seventy thousand skins were sent to New York in four months. There is a single New York taxidermist, according to the same paper, who confesses to preparing thirty thousand bird-skins for hats and bonnets every season.

"The members of the society, which is named after the great naturalist Audubon, pledge themselves, first, to discourage the killing of any bird not used for food; second, to discourage the robbing of any bird's nest or the destruction of its eggs; third, to refrain from the use of any wild bird's plumage as an article of dress or adornment. The English sparrow, however, is excluded from its protection."

Will not our boys and girls be glad to assist in the work of such a society.—*Exchange.*

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Look on the bright side of things! If you have not already formed that habit, try hard to form it without delay. Then you will be the owner of something which money cannot buy, and which no thief can rob you of. See the silvery lining to every dark cloud, and the streak of light which shows the morn is coming.

What is the use of always fretting? Of course, there are in life things hard to bear, but does fretting make the burden easier to be borne? A rainy day may spoil a pleasure-excursion, but will complaining make one drop of rain fall the less? The rain which spoils your plans makes the dry earth laugh, and gives to the farmer a bright vision of an abundant harvest. The August sun, which makes your head ache, softens the hard fruit upon the trees, and turns the acid into sweetness.

So try hard not to be selfish. That which may not suit you may suit the rest of the world; and, if so, rejoice. Be generous, and take an interest in the welfare of others, and so you will

find happy thoughts nestling in your own soul like a flock of cheerful singing-birds. Then you will have a smile on your face, and music in your voice, and your path in life will be

bright with heaven's own light. But the selfish man must walk in the shadow, and if nothing without makes him unhappy, there will be something within. He who seeks his own happiness only will surely miss it, but he who seeks the good of others will have his reward here and hereafter.

Be a true Christian. Like the Divine Mas-

ter, think of others, and do to them what good you can, and you will surely have your reward. You will then find out how much brighter your lot is than that of many others; and, if trials come, this thought will cheer you: they are like the clouds which darken but a little while, and then pass away.

ANECDOTE OF PROF. MORSE.

WHEN Prof. Morse was in Washington, trying to interest Congress in his great invention of the electric telegraph, he was the guest of Mr. Ellsworth, at that time Commissioner of Patents.

The Professor's money was all gone. His pleasant friends, home, and family were, doubtless, enjoyed the more by this honest man, who must have felt that, in such a cause as his, it was no disgrace to be poor.

The Professor was using all the influence he could bring to bear to secure an amendment to the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill of \$40,000, by which the telegraph could be put up between Washington and Baltimore.

Judge Leonard, afterward a member of Congress from New York, and now a distinguished resident of Brooklyn, met the Professor at the house of Mr. Ellsworth, in company with Mr. Ferris, then a member from New York.

After many rebuffs and disappointments the great inventor was still as calm and unruffled as ever, explaining the minutiae of the construction of the telegraph, and the philosophy of electricity, with the enthusiasm of a younger man. He was then over fifty years old.

The next morning, with the battery in one committee-room and the wire in another, the Professor made a series of very successful experiments. The spectators were impressed and convinced of its utility, and the next day Mr. Ferris moved the proposed amendment. It was immediately carried, only one man voting against it. This man was Cave Johnson, "the war-horse of Tennessee."

Mr. Ellsworth had a little daughter four years old, who was devotedly attached to Prof. Morse. She had heard the amendment and the forty-thousand dollars talked of so much that she seemed to understand its character as well as the grown folks.

When the messenger ran to Judge Ellsworth with the joyful tidings that the amendment was carried, the little girl ran up stairs as fast as her feet could carry her, and opened the door of her friend's chamber.

The inventor was on his knees in prayer. Usually the child would have waited, but now she ran quickly to him, and putting her little hands on his shoulder, said:

"Come down 'tairs, quick. The 'mendment is carried."

She was God's messenger, bringing to the devout man of genius an answer to his prayer. It was a touching incident, and one that impressed Prof. Morse very deeply.

Nobody Knows but Mother.

BY H. C. DODGE.

NOBODY knows of the work it makes
To keep the home together;
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,
Nobody knows but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes
Which kisses only smother;
Nobody's pained by naughty blows,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care
Bestowed on baby brother;
Nobody knows of the tender pray'r,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught
Of loving one another;
Nobody knows of the patience sought,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears
Lest darlings may not weather
The storm of life in after years,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above
To thank the Heavenly Father,
For that sweet gift—a mother's love;
Nobody can—but mother.

DRINK AND FAMILY SUPPLIES.

IN Toledo (Ohio) recently a pass-book (something unusual for a tippler to keep) belonging to a poor man was picked up on the streets containing an account of the man's current expenses for himself and family. The items, covering a period of two weeks, amounted in all to \$10.69, of which \$4.35 was for whisky, beer and "drinks." Of fifty-nine entries on the book thirty-two were for liquor, of which whisky took the lead to the amount of \$2.05, then beer \$1.55, and "drinks" 75 cents. To offset this the family had in the same time \$3.26 worth of flour. There were no luxuries, and 37 cents' worth of herring constituted the meat bill. These figures indicate something of the inevitable wretchedness of the "homes" of such men who are under bondage to the abnormal drink appetite. It is from the many thus impoverished that the wealth of the few millionaire brewers and liquor sellers is derived.

The Queen's Jubilee.

BY THE RT. REV. W. P. WALSH, D.D., BISHOP
OF OSSORY.

O God, the King of nations,
On whose support we lean,
Hear thou our supplications—
"God save our gracious Queen."
Through fifty years of blessing
Thou hast upheld her throne,
Accept us now confessing
The praise is thine alone.

Still may her reign be glorious,
Both peace and honour give,
And grant her long victorious,
In health and wealth to live;
Thy Word her sure reliance,
Thy strength her safety be;
O Lord, her sole affianced
Be evermore in thee.

Grant her thy strong protection
In ev'ry hour of need,
And seeking thy direction
In thought, in word, in deed,
May she exalt the nation
Committed to her charge,
And speed thy great salvation
Throughout the world at large.

Give her the heart right royal
Inclined to keep thy way,
Give us the spirit loyal
To serve her and obey,
"In thee, and for thee," knowing
"Whose minister she is,"
Our firm allegiance showing
We own her rule as his.

Her life has had its sadness,
It's noon of dark'ning grief;
Lord, let its evening gladness
Bring sunshine and relief—
Her children's love possessing,
Her people's grateful praise,
And all thy choicest blessings
To cheer her closing days.

And when this life is ended,
Her diadem laid down,
To her be then extended
The everlasting crown;
And having served thee, lowly,
In faith, and fear, and love,
Vouchsafe, O Lord, most Holy,
Her Jubilee above.

THE CHILDREN'S JUBILEE.

YESTERDAY I was permitted to see the bonniest sight of all. A vast area of Hyde Park, from the Piccadilly entrance between the Serpentine and the Marble Arch, was lightly ringed off with handsomely decorated Venetian masts, and guarded by policemen and Life Guards. A second ring enclosed a space to which the public were admitted by white ticket. Thousands stood in this vast space, or sat on park chairs for hours watching the sports, and eventually as much as they could see from afar of the processions. Inside the area the great drive was roped off and guarded for carriages and troops. On either side, ten great marquees were erected, each one amply supplied with provisions, served by ladies and gentlemen of the aristocracy, and many big barrels of iced lemonade, of which the children drank as they listed. Behind each marquee were two smaller closed tents for sanitary purposes. A central tent with a huge writing, "For lost children," could be seen from every point. Another for the committee. A space was reserved in the centre for the new Victoria balloon which Mr. Dale had prepared.

This was filled with 30,000 feet of gas, and at five o'clock it rose—yellow, glistening, with a black ornamentation enclosing the word "Victoria," and carrying a car with three aeronauts. It rose majestically to strains of music and shouts of thousands, and slowly sailed away over the Green Park. Another place was prepared for filling with gas tiny India-rubber balloons, gaily coloured, which were given without stint to the children, or at intervals liberated in clouds to rise high and sail away over the park—Southward Ho! A third place was furnished with an uplifted platform for the conductor of the bands when Her Majesty came. What shall I say about amusements? All the Punch and Judy shows in London were requisitioned. Then there were funny Marionettes, and peep-shows, and Aunt Sally, and "three shies a penny"—all for nothing. Not a penny to pay! The children met in Regent's Park and in St. James' Park in the morning. From thence they marched to Hyde Park. On their arrival each child received a paper bag, containing a meat pie, neatly wrapped in separate paper, a bun, a big piece of good cake and an orange. Then there were brantubs with toys. Each child had a round ticket pinned to his or her breast, with number of marquee, name, address, teacher and number of line; also a pretty medal. Indeed, the arrangements were wonderfully complete.

It was good fun to see how the great Grenadier bandsmen played with the children, letting them blow their instruments and beat the big drum. A photographer came. The band and a host of children must be made into a picture. I could not resist the temptation to get immortalized, and in a moment the group was taken.

At four o'clock came the Prince and Princess of Wales, their sons and daughters, with many other members of the Royal Family. How the children cheered! What joy when the Prince and Princess wandered from tent to tent. Into the tent in which some children known to me were at home they came, and forthwith the bairns began to sing "God bless the Prince of Wales."

Then came the Duke of Cambridge, lifting his hat ever and anon to the delighted little folks. The Earl of Derby drove by. Squadrons of Life Guards ever and anon rode slowly through the lines. Royalty without end on their way to Paddington, and servants with luggage, got cheered to the echo. Presently the Duke and Duchess of Westminster walked up the fringe of green sward close to the tiniest children, and stopped to talk to them. The massed bands discoursed sweet music. The bells murmured softly over the park. The balloon rose. More soldiers, gentry, everybody greeted with waving handkerchiefs and shouts. At a quarter to six a squadron of Life Guards appeared, and

joy of joys, was followed by the Indian Contingent in all the glory of their picturesque costume. What a roar as Her Majesty's carriage slowly rolled along the drive! The Queen bowed with laughter in her motherly face to the children, and every Prince and little Princess and the Indian Nabobs and all the suite looked as though they thoroughly enjoyed the spectacle. It was a happy thing that no attempt was made to marshal the children. The police, who were kindness itself, and all the ladies and gentlemen inside vied with one another in fixing all the little children close to the red rope, so that the older ones could look over their heads. The lines were so long that there was not the slightest difficulty in letting every child see well. Then came the presentation Miss Lawson on behalf of the children presented flowers to the Queen, with this motto,

"God bless our Queen: not Queen alone,
But mother, Queen, and friend in one."

Frances Dunn, from Westminster, has never missed school, morning or afternoon, for six years. She is twelve years of age. The Prince of Wales led the child to his mother, who gave her a memorial cup. Every other child had already received a pretty cup of Doulton ware like a tumbler. A blast of trumpets, two verses of the Old Hundredth Psalm, more band music, and with a tremendous cheer our good Queen drove away to Paddington.

SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

CRIES of distress come from a distant part of the garden, where Maggie and Jack are busily at work. Auntie hurriedly leaves her gardening, and runs to see what new misfortune has befallen them. Maggie sobs and howls, and auntie wonders whether some dreadful bruise is hidden beneath the ground her dirty fingers are so industriously smearing over her tear-stained face. But Jack soon explains matters and relieves auntie's mind of that fear at least: "Why, there's nothing the matter, auntie; but Maggie is a cry-baby. I was angry with her because she would not let me have the spade, and I just gave her the wee-est box on the ear—nothing to hurt her at all, I'm sure!"

Auntie took Maggie in her arms, and kissed the injured ear, when she bade both children follow her back to her interrupted gardening. "Now, Jack," she said, "look at these tiny plants. What are they?"

"They have grown from those seeds I helped you to sow, and you are taking them out of the box that they may grow into lovely flowers by-and-by."

"And what is this little plant I have thrown in a corner of the box? Can you find out?"

"Why, auntie, it is a tiny nettle! Too small to sting, though, is it not?"

"I thought so until just now, when

my finger rubbed against it. Do you see that little white spot it has left! It is quite painful still. Now, Jack, try to understand what I am going to say. All we do—all our actions, all our words—are just like that seed we sowed the other day. Weeds or flowers are sure to spring from them. Which would you rather have?"

"Flowers, auntie, of course."

"What sort of seed did you sow just now?"

Jack did not answer, but looked ashamed.

"I'm afraid it was an ugly little nettle. You did not think it would sting, but Maggie thought differently, did she not? Will you both try to remember how even a tiny nettle stings?"

SPEAK KINDLY TO THE AGED.

WHAT! going, father? Why don't you wait and go up to tea with me?"

"No, I guess I'll go on. I want to stop awhile at Lizzie's."

"Well. Be careful about the crossings."

"Yes, daughter, and I'll be home in time to have the house warm, and the kettle boiling for you."

"Is that old gentleman your father, Mrs. Conklin? I thought he was dead."

"Oh, no! He has always lived with me since mother and my husband died," replied the lady, looking tenderly after her father, as he passed slowly down the street.

This dialogue took place in a store. The incident struck home to the heart of a young girl who was standing a little apart, waiting her turn to be served. She thought, "How kindly she spoke to the old man, and how lovingly she looked at him, as one would at a little child. I wish I could always remember to be kind and patient with my father. I so often forget that he is old, and what a tender, loving father he has always been to me. But by God's grace I will try to remember and do better in the future."

Oh, this unconscious ministering! How much good it does! If we only knew! It behooves us to be careful of our words, our actions, and even our looks.—*Christian Banner.*

A NEW HEART.

THE old heart is a little slave of Satan, taking his orders and doing what he wishes. The new heart is a happy little child of Christ, listening to his orders, and doing what he wishes. The old heart likes to be naughty in some way or another. The new heart wants to be good, and would always like to be pleasing to the Saviour. The old is afraid of God, and would much rather he were not always seeing us. The new heart loves God, and is glad to hear about Jesus, and wants to come closer to him.—*S. S. Messenger.*

The Boy and the Bobolink.

A THREE-YEAR-OLD boy on the gatepost was
leafing,
And watching the frolicsome flight of the
birds,
When a sweet bobolink round the orchard
came gleaming,
And stopped as if listening for somebody's
words—

Stopped close to the boy till his natural
feeling,
Impulsive, obeying, he lifted a rock,
And, raising it high, then quietly kneeling,
He steadied himself to give birdie a
knock.

Just then the soft throat, with pent melody
swelling,
Gently opened, and forth came the song
ever new,

"Bobolink, bobolink," as if someone were
telling
The bird what the baby was going to do:

"Bobolink, bobolink, bobolink a-no weat ;"
"Bobolink, bobolink, I know it, I know
it ;"

"Bobolink, Bobolink," (O the song was so
sweet !)

"Bobolink, bobolink, don't throw it,
don't throw it !"

Robbie didn't. His fingers fell down by his
side,

And he gazed at the charmer in joyful
surprise

Till the solo was over, and then satisfied,
Let the innocent singer fly up to the
skies.

Then he looked at me doubtful, and read in
my face

The question my lips were preparing to ask.
"Cos he sung so, me couldn't," he lisped
with quaint grace,

And left me to go to his play or his task.

But he left me a thought for the poem of
years :

When the demon of danger comes to your
nest,

Sing a song ; sing it bravely ; sing through
your tears,

And the arm that is lifted will fall. It is
best

To sing while you can, like the brave
bobolink ;

For the song of your heart shall your
enemy reach,

And the danger will vanish. Ah ! do you
not think

That the brave bobolink a sweet lesson
can teach ?

JULIA H. MAY.

THE CRASH IN THE MINE.

THEY are working down in the dingy,
dusky old mine. You can see the
shadows of the men and boys falling
athwart the rays shed by the miner's
lanterns. You can hear the dull, heavy
sound of the pick, or the rattle of the
coal as it falls from the shovel. That
scene, those sounds you have one
moment. The next—hark ! What
is that suspicious rumble, that ominous
jar ? O quick ! Fly, everybody !
The mine is caving in ! Great masses
of coal heavy timbers used in propping,
are now thundering down into the
galleries that have been cleared. See
Tom Gavin leading off in his fright,
shrieking while he throws up hands
pitifully appealing for help ! At his
side is his uncle Jerry, shouting away
swinging a lantern in his hand. Tom's
father, hatless, wild with terror, is run-
ning also. Nobody stops. Shovels

and picks have all been thrown down.
John Gaines, an awful horror in his
face, turns one moment to look at the
crashing avalanche. The next moment
they may all be buried under this
cruel, overwhelming torrent of earth,
rocks, coal.

But how did this happen ? It was
possible in two ways. The miners
may not have properly supported the
roof of the galleries they had excavated.
The props, of whatever nature, may
have given way. The water may have
worked into this great dark cavern,
stealthily boring away, persistently
undermining, till this frightful collapse
occurred.

Worse than this downfall in that
pit is the collapse of a life. "Why
did So-and-so turn out to be a crim-
inal ?" people ask. "Why did young
T— turn out to be a thief, a prodigal,
a murderer ?"

His life was not propped. It was
not held up by those good supports of
prayer, the Bible, and the Church.
He neglected these. Temptation came.
He fell.

On the other hand, he may have
permitted the development of some
wrong habit. People whose lives have
been propped, apparently, who may
have been found in the Church, have
yet permitted some evil course of
action slyly to make headway, and by-
and-bye there was a sound of a tumb-
ling avalanche ! The water had got
into the mine.

Look out for your life and prop it.
Brace it up with consecration to God,
and with the helps of his Church.
Look out for your habits, and cut off
the wrong thing slyly making head-
way. Don't let the water get into the
mine.

THAT'S JUST ME.

YEARS ago, into a wholesale grocery-
store, walked a tall, muscular man,
evidently a fresh-comer from some
backwoods town in Maine or New
Hampshire. Accosting the first per-
son he met, who happened to be the
merchant himself, he asked :

"You don't want to hire a man in
your store, do you ?"

"Well," said the merchant, "I
don't know. What can you do ?"

"Do ?" said the man ; "I rather
guess I can turn my hand to almost
anything. What do you want done ?"

"Well, if I was to hire a man it
would be one that could lift well, a
strong, wiry fellow ; one, for instance,
that could lift a sack of coffee like
that yonder and carry it across the
store and never lay it down."

"There, now, cap'n," said the
countryman, "that's just me. I can
lift anything I can hitch to. You
can't suit me better. What will you
give a man that suits you ?"

"I'll tell you," said the merchant ;
"if you shoulder that sack of coffee
and carry it across the store twice,
and never lay it down, I will hire you
for one year at one hundred dollars a
month."

"Done !" said the stranger.

By this time every clerk in the
store had gathered around and was
waiting to join in the laugh against
the man, who threw the sack across
his shoulder with perfect ease, and
carrying it twice across the floor, went
to a large hook which was fastened to
the wall and hung it up, and then
turned to the merchant, and said :

"There now, it may hang there till
doomsday ; I shall never lay it down.
What shall I go about, mister ? Just
give me plenty to do and a hundred a
month, and it's all right."

The clerks broke into a laugh, and
the merchant discomfited, yet satisfied,
kept his agreement ; and to-day the
green countryman is the senior part-
ner in the firm, and worth a million
dollars.

PETER AND HIS FREEDOM.

MRS. R. M. WILBUR.

It was before the war, when there
were slaves in our country. Every
little while, some of them would run
away and try to be free.

One day, as Mr. and Mrs. Allston
left the house for a walk, they noticed
a coloured boy coming across the gar-
den. It was a runaway. After days
of fatigue and hunger in getting away,
he felt safe at last.

But Mr. and Mrs. Allston taught
Pete how much worse than slavery of
the body it is, to be a slave to sin.
They told him, too, of Jesus, who alone
can free us from sin.

In his new home in Canada, Pete
thought about these things, and be-
came, with Jesus' help, a free man in-
deed, because in bonds to sin no longer.

You are just as truly a slave, a slave
to sin, my little friend, unless made
free by the same blessed Lord. If
you try to become a Christian, as I
hope you will, you will find that Satan
has great power over you. But Jesus
can enable you to overcome the evil
one. Trust him.

Seek this freedom, and be slaves no
more.

THE MAN AND HIS MAD DOG.

A CERTAIN man kept a mad dog to
bite his neighbours. Some of them
raised a row about it, and he went to
the legislature and got a law passed
licensing him and his dog. He was
then very independent, and went all
over the land with his dog, and he let
him bite every person he could get
near enough to. This wicked man
and this death-dealing dog caused at
least one hundred thousand persons to
die of hydrophobia every year. But
the owner of the dog made a great
deal of money off of the business. He
made the people believe that the bite
of the dog would not hurt them, but
would only cause a wonderful exhilar-
ation, making the poor man believe he
was rich, the weak man think he was
strong, the fool think he was a wise
man, so that they paid him a vast
amount of money. But the good

people of the land determined to put a
stop to this most shocking evil that
ever was heard of under the sun.
Then what do you think this man
does ? He goes to the legislature and
asks them to pass a law compensating
him for the loss of his dog. He said
it was not right that he should be
deprived of his liberties. He said
they had no more right to take his dog
from him than they had to deprive
any other man of any other business
by which he was making a living for
his family.

The leader will see in this allegory
the whiskey business, and he will see
that there is no more justice in re-
munerating one than the other.—By
J. R. H., in Issue.

HOME AMUSEMENTS.

AN excellent home entertainment is
that of drawing together. In nearly
every neighbourhood there is some-
one who knows something of the
elements of this fine and valuable art.
But if not, good prints abound and
much can be learned from them, if
one only has sharp eyes. A good plan
is for all the members of the family to
try and draw a picture of some one
thing—a chair, or a stove, a pile of
books, a dog or a cat. Or one may
sit as a "model" and give the others
twenty minutes in which to make a
sketch. This often produces great
merriment, and if persevered in it
sometimes happens that some member
of the family develops real talent for
drawing. The twilight hour may be
improved by the recital of the events
of the day. Each one should take his
turn at this, and be obliged to make
his description as interesting as
possible.

This exercise tends to accuracy, if
you please, and develops the descrip-
tive powers. Insist upon having the
story duly embellished with details.
Stirring ballads, fine poems, and choice
bits of prose or verse chime in well
at this hour, if recited. Choose
specific subjects of conversation. Ask
the children to tell all they know
about mining, or painting, or new
inventions. A pan of modelling clay,
or of mud of the proper consistency,
will entertain a group of youngsters
for an evening, in modelling. The
quick-witted boy or girl will make a
rude framework of wire and wood,
upon which to fashion and model the
clay, so it will not tumble down. In
drawing and modelling, young people
observe a good many things not
before thought of. Home talk and
home occupations do much toward
developing their minds and talents.

A SMALL boy who was struggling
with a large umbrella came to his
mother in grief. "Mamma," he said
emphatically, "you must take me
down at once and get me measured for
an umbrella. This is entirely too large
for me."

The Queen's Jubilee.

O FAVOURED Queen! unchanged through fifty years
Hath rung thy country's blessing in thine ears,
Since first, a new-crowned girl of sweet eighteen,
Thy heart thrilled to the shout, "God save the Queen!"
The world was at thy feet in those bright days;
Thou, like a child, wert fed on love and praise;
As wife and mother then thy reign began,
And thou in favour wast with God and man,
But, ah! such bliss in this world could not last,
Death o'er thy palace swept, with bitter blast,
And left thee widowed; then, from next thy throne -
Thy youth's dear friends were taken, one by one,
Till now, too plainly we can read the trace
Of grief and time on thy familiar face;
Yet dearer far to England's faithful heart
Than in thy first sweet prime, to-day thou art!
What can we add, then, to the old refrain?
With love's full burden, hark, how swells the strain
In deepening thunder borne o'er land and sea—
"God save the Queen—God bless her Jubilee!"

LESSON NOTES.**THIRD QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MATTHEW.

A.D. 28.] LESSON VII. [Aug. 14.

THE BEATITUDES.

Matt. 5. 1-16. Commit to mem. vs. 3-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Grace and truth came by Jesus Christ. John 1. 17.

OUTLINE.

1. The Blessed One.
2. The Blessed Ones.

TIME.—28 A.D. A year since last lesson.

PLACE.—Near Capernaum, as is commonly supposed.

EXPLANATIONS.—*He went up*—That those who desired might follow and hear, while those without special interest would stay away. *Set*—The ordinary posture for instruction. *Taught them*—Not only the twelve apostles, but the whole company of disciples. *Poor in spirit*—Those who are humbly conscious of their own spiritual needs. *Mourn*—In sorrow for sin. *Comforted*—By the knowledge of their forgiveness. *Meek*—The mild and gentle. *Inherit the earth*—Meaning "the land," that is, the enjoyments of Christ's kingdom. *Hunger and thirst*—Intense, earnest desire after the right. *Filled*—Every one obtains as much goodness as he really wants. *Pure in heart*—Those who aim to be holy. *Peace-makers*—Those who prevent and heal quarrels. *Persecuted*—Injured, wronged, because they are followers of Jesus. *Revoke*—Abuse, or speak contemptuously. *Salt*—As salt purifies and preserves, so do God's people in the world. *Lost his savour*—Lost its taste or peculiar quality of saltiness, as sometimes happens with the salt of Palestine. *Good for nothing*—Of no use for any purpose. *Light of the world*—By possessing Christ, the true light. *See your good works*—Good deeds cannot be hid. *Glorify your Father*—Giving praise to him who inspires all our goodness.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. The blessedness of a holy character?
2. The profitableness of an upright life?
3. The duty of setting a right example?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What is said in the GOLDEN TEXT of this lesson? "Grace," etc. 2. With what gracious words did Jesus open his sermon on the mount? "Blessed are the poor in spirit." 3. What promise did he give to those that mourn? "They shall be com-

forted." 4. What was his promise to the meek? "They shall inherit the earth." 5. What did he say to his disciples? "Ye are the light of the world."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Light of the world.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

8. Did the Redeemer give his life for all men? 1 Timothy ii. 6: Who gave himself a ransom for all.

9. What was the course of our Saviour's history as Mediator? First he humbled himself, and then he was exalted to glory.

A.D. 28.] LESSON VIII. [Aug. 21.

JESUS AND THE LAW.

Matt. 5. 17-26. Commit to mem. vs. 17-19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill. Matt. 5. 17.

OUTLINE.

1. The Old Law.
2. The New Law.

TIME, PLACE.—The same as in the last lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*To destroy*—Some feared, and others hoped, that Jesus would at once abolish the laws and customs of the Old Testament, and establish others. *The law, or the prophets*—A general name for the Old Testament Scriptures. *Fulfill*—To obey the law, to accomplish the prophecies, and to unfold the meaning of the Word. *Verily*—Truly. *One jot*—The smallest letter of the Hebrew alphabet is a very little letter. It is now called *yodh*, the *dh* being sounded like *th* in *then*. It was probably called *jot*, when this translation was made. *Tittle*—A synonym for the other expression. *Tittle* is defined in the English dictionary as "a small particle." The whole is a very strong pledge that God's word shall be fulfilled. *Least commandments*—That which seems to be of small account in God's word. *Teach men*—By example and by word. *Least in the kingdom*—"The violator of the least shall himself be least." *Your righteousness*—Your standard of character, to which you try to attain. *Exceed*—The Pharisees aimed for an outward obedience, the Christian must aim for an inward obedience of the heart. *Them of old time*—The ancient explainers of the law. *Danger of the judgment*—Of trial before the court of law. *But I say*—Christ's authority is higher than that of the teachers. *Angry*—Anger is the source out of which murder springs. *With his brother*—All men are considered brothers. *The judgments*—Not of man, but of God. *Raca*—A word meaning "blockhead." *The council*—A higher court than the one of "judgment"; meaning, that angry words deserve heavier punishment than angry thoughts. *Thou fool*—The word here implies a charge of wickedness and disbelief in God. *Danger of hell fire*—Of eternal death. *Gift to the altar*—With purpose of worship. *Aught against thee*—A just complaint for a real wrong, or, perhaps, a feeling that may not have had just foundation. *Leave there thy gift*—Do not try to worship God while any one has cause of complaint against you. *Reconciliation with men* before acceptable service. *Thine adversary*—One with whom you have a quarrel. *In the way*—Without waiting for a decision of the law court. *To the officer*—The sheriff or officer in charge of prisoners. *Farthing*—A piece of money worth not quite half a cent.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. That the moral law will never be done away with?
2. That every commandment of God is binding on men?
3. That "now" is the day of salvation?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Jesus say he came to do, in the GOLDEN TEXT? "Think not," etc. 2. Whom does Jesus call great in the kingdom of heaven? Those who do and teach God's commandments. 3. Who does Jesus say is in danger of the Judgment? He that is angry with another without cause. 4. What does Jesus advise to those who have quarrels? To be reconciled.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The law of God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

10. What was the humiliation of Christ? He was made man, and lived a life of poverty, suffering, and neglect. Isaiah liii. 3; Philippians ii. 7; Matthew xx. 28.

A BROTHER'S CHARGE.

ONE day a little boy asked his mother to let him lead his little sister out on the green grass. She had just begun to run alone, and could not step over anything that lay in the way. His mother told him he might lead out the little girl, but charged him not to let her fall. I found them at play, very happy, in the tie!

I said, "You seem very happy George. Is this your sister?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can she walk alone?"

"Yes, sir; on smooth ground."

"And how did she get over these stones, which lie between us and the house?"

"Oh, sir, mother charged me to be careful that she did not fall; and so I put my hands under her arms and lifted her up when she came to a stone, so that she need not hit her little foot against it."

"That is right, George; and I want to tell you one thing. You see now how to understand the beautiful text: 'He shall give his angels charge concerning thee; and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone!' God charges his angels to lead and lift his people over difficulties, just as you have lifted little Annie over these stones. Do you understand it now?"

"Oh, yes, sir; and I never shall forget it while I live." Can one child thus take care of another, and cannot God take care of those who trust him? Surely he can. There is not a child who may read this story over whom he is not ready to give his holy angels charge.—*Dr. Todd.*

"BETTER THAN STEALING."

SOME poor families lived near a large wood-wharf. In one of the cabins was a drunken father.

One night he called his eldest boy, John, and whispered something in his ear.

"Can't do it, father," said John, aloud.

"Can't; why not?" asked the father, angrily.

"Because I learned at the Sabbath-school, 'Thou shalt not steal,'" answered John.

"And did you not learn, 'Mind your parents,' too?"

"Yes," answered the boy.

"Well, then, mind and do what I tell you."

The boy did not know how to argue with his father, so he said: "Father, I can pray to-night for some wood; it's better than stealing." When he crept up into the loft where his straw bed was, he did so.

The next day at noon there was a bundle of wood before the door—his door. Yes, there it was. His mother told him the overseers of the poor sent it; but he did not know who they were. He believed it was God; and so it was.

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