

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

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

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

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

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

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

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

Showthrough/
Transparence

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

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

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

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

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

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

10X	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"/>

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, JUNE 22, 1889.

[No. 13

The Summer Breeze.

A PLAYFUL thing was that summer breeze
It frolicked across the ocean,
It teased into fun the idle waves
And set them all into motion.
And then it passed to the sleepy earth,
And, merrily touching and glancing,
It hurried the blades of corn into strife,
And set the green leaves dancing.

A tender thing was that summer breeze;
It stole into darkened places,
And it gave its kisses to heated brows
And pale and wistful faces.
Into the room of the sad it came,
The weary hours beguiling,
And whispered softly such pleasant words
That it left the sorrowful smiling.

A healing thing was that summer breeze
As it came by the hill and river;
It brought a gift of new life with it,
And of health was the generous giver.
It gave a hope instead of a fear
To some who were full of regretting;
It stole some thoughts that were hard to keep,
And taught the art of forgetting.

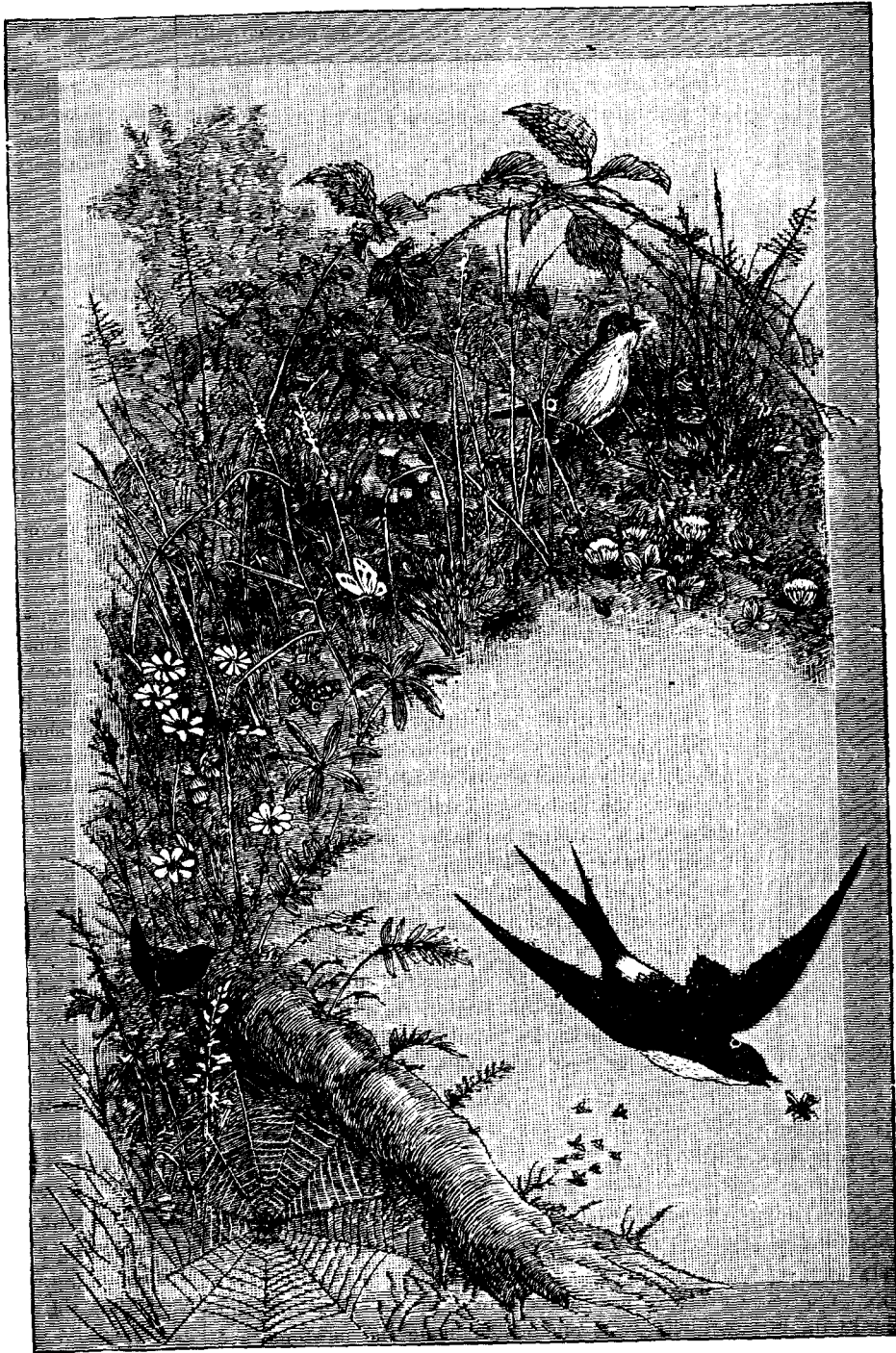
A happy thing was that summer breeze,
For it found its welcome duly;
And the old men laughed as it greeted them,
And the children loved it truly.
And if only we could as useful be
As the breeze in its summer sweetness,
We might be happy the whole day long
With joy that is full of completeness.

A learned thing was that summer breeze
To the world in its faintness given,
For it told to many things good to hear,
Of our Father who is in heaven.
His love, so sure and so strong and kind,
All beautiful things are showing;
And the people more trustful and loving grew,
When the summer breeze was blowing.

THE SAILOR'S STORY.

BY J. IRVING.

DURING my summer sojourn away from the hot city I spent several days at a noted resort on Lake Ontario, whose waters I never tired of watching as they rolled in on the shore. In one of my rambles upon the beach I came upon an old fisherman surrounded by a number of boys, to whom he was telling stories. As he talked his fingers were deftly



THE SUMMER BREEZE.

fitting up the rigging to a small sail-boat, which, when completed, the owner, a bright boy, proudly carried off to test its sailing qualities. I soon found that the fisherman was a great favourite with the boys, who never tired of hearing his description of the many foreign places he had visited when he was a sailor. On one occasion I found him talking temperance to them, and was pleased to learn that he had carried his temperance principles wherever he went. "You see, boys," said he, "I promised my mother when a mere lad

that I would have nothing to do with the drink, and I've been glad enough ever since, for it's been money in my pocket and saved me a good deal of trouble first and last." Then, turning to me, he said: "I found out that in all parts of the world I could get along as well without alcoholic liquors as with them, and better too. Some years ago when we lay in Jamaica, several of us were sick with the fever, and among the rest the second mate. The doctor had been giving him brandy to keep him up; but I thought it was a queer kind of 'keeping up.' Why, you see, it stands to reason that if you heap fuel on the fire it will burn the faster, and putting brandy to a fever is just the same kind of a thing; brandy is more than half alcohol, you know. Well, the night the doctor gave him up I was set to watch with him. No medicine was left, for it was of no use. Nothing would help him, and I had my directions what to do with the body when he was dead. Towards midnight he asked for water. I got him the coolest I could find, and gave him all he wanted; and, if you'll believe me, in less than five hours he drank three gallons. The sweat rolled off from him like rain. Then he sank off, and I thought sure he was gone; but he was sleeping, and as sweetly as a child. In the morning when the doctor came he asked what time the mate died. 'Won't you go in and look at him?' said I. He went in and took the mate's hand. 'Why,' said he, 'the man is not dead; he's alive and doing well. What have you been giving him?' 'Water, simple water, and all he wanted of it,' said I. I don't know as the doctor learned anything from that, but I did, and now no doctor puts alcoholics down me or any of my folks for a fever, I can tell you. I am a plain, unlettered man, but I know too much to let any doctor burn me up with alcohol."

REMEMBER that you grow older every day; if you have bad habits, they grow older too; and the older both grow together, the harder they are to separate.

The Moan of the Attic.

HAVE pity upon us, O, tender God!
When shrivel and faint; we pine away
Under the glare that fierce and broad
Beats with its merciless, scorching ray
Into our throbbing brains, that dries
All power to weep from our patching eyes,
And leaves us no breath wherewith to pray;
Ah, pity us, patient God!

Men pity us not; they go their ways,
Fanned by the breezes of sea and shore;
Steeping in mountain shades their days,
Making life wholesome to its core:
While we—we toil in our want and woe,
The tiles above, and the bricks below,
Our children agasp on the grimy floor,
Instead of the grassy ways.

We think with a craze of the years gone by,
Or ever we trod a city street,
How childishly happy we used to be
On the edge of the clover, purple-sweet:
When the heats of the summer noons were strong,
How we sat by the brook as it slid along,
And dabbled our bare and dusty feet,
While the bees went buzzing by.

And it maddens us: for our children moan,
No hope in their eyes: could we but see
A field of clover before it's mown,
Or wallow in grass beneath some tree,
And freshen our feet in the clean, wet sand,
And gurgle the water through our hand,
And hear the hum of the humble-bee,
Or sit on a mossy stone,

"'Twould seem like heaven"—and when we tell,
For quieting of their gannt despair,
How their playmates who've died, have gone to dwell
Mid flowers and fruits and crystal air
Do you wonder then, as we hear them say,
As they often do, in a frenzied way,
"Dear God! if he only would take us there!"
Do you wonder our bosoms swell?

Ah, pitying Christ! Thou once wert a child,
And felt the scorplings of Egypt's sun,
And saw how thy mother's face so mild,
Grew sad with ruth for her holy one
Be merciful!—move the hearts of men
To care that our children breathe again
The air thy bounty demes to none—
Thou who wert a human child!

The world is so wide, so green, so broad,
And none of it theirs, close-pent beneath
These crushing roofs shall the cool, fresh sod
Be strange to their feet till kindly death
Covers them under it? Must they sigh
For the sweet, pure air until they die,
Tasting it first with heaven's first breath?
Have pity, O tender God!

THE SMALL BOYS' FIRST SMOKE.

BY REV. ALFRED TAYLOR.

I NEVER shall forget the sight of that boy. Somehow or other he had picked up the idea that it was a manly thing to smoke.

The older boys thought it was manly. They smoked in the street as they came to school and as they went home. The small boy felt very small as he saw them doing such a manly thing, and reflected that he had never learned how to do it. Somebody had told him that the first smoke would make him dreadfully sick. He asked the bigger boys about this, and they told him that it was even so. But they advised him to try it, even if it did make him sick for a day or two—for they had all been sick with it, and had got well again.

The idea of being sick was not a pleasant one to the small boy, but he thought he would risk it, for the prospect of soon getting well again was pleasant enough to make up for it. So the small boy got two large cigars. Exactly how and where he got them I never knew. But I think some of the older boys gave them to him. At all events he felt very proud when he got them, and marched off in

a happy frame of mind, because he was now going to be as big as anybody else, and quite as much of a man.

This happened nearly forty years ago, which to some of my young readers may seem a long while. Yet the picture of that small boy is photographed on my mind so clearly that it cannot be rubbed out. I saw him after he had enjoyed his smoke on the sly, and unbeknown to his parents. The enjoyment was all over, and it was time for the misery to come along. The misery had come in full force, and had taken possession of the whole boy. The poor fellow was crouching behind the shelter of a large cellar-door, looking as if he wanted to escape from the sight of every other human being. At best he was not a handsome lad. He had short and bristly red hair, a low forehead, a pug nose, and one squinting eye. His face was covered with freckles: and his mouth was not of a pleasant shape. Now that he was suffering from the effects of the tobacco, every feature showed evidence of pain: and his whole expression was one of most horrible ugliness. He sat doubled up like a jack-knife, in a position of great discomfort. The frightful groans he was uttering showed the strife that was going on within him.

One of the big boys was standing near him, and telling him to be "a man, and not mind it, for it would soon be over." To the wretched sufferer this was cold comfort.

The very ugly little boy continued to writhe and groan and twist his face into ever so many uncounted shapes. To look at him, anybody would have supposed he had by this time found out all that he needed to learn about smoking, and that he would never touch tobacco again.

As for me, I had now seen and learned all I wanted to on the subject. Had every friend I had in the world come to me just then, each one offering me a lot of the choicest Havana cigars, I would not have been tempted by their generosity. It was enough for me to see that suffering little rascal writhe and look ugly, and to know that he had nobody to sympathize with him; and that, in addition to the sufferings I had seen, he would yet suffer the thrashing his father would give him on hearing of the transaction. I thought that if smokers had to go through all this sorry experience in order to learn to smoke, they might do so, if it made them happy; but I wanted none of it. All the enjoyment to be derived by a boy from making a chimney of himself for the puffing out of ill-smelling smoke, would never pay for going through what that ugly boy was enduring.

However manly it might seem to strut around with a cigar, and puff it like a man puffs, and hold it between thumb and finger as a man holds it, and spit as a man spits, that small boy looked anything but manly, and there was nothing in his appearance that looked like leading to manliness.

There were a good many reasons why I never learned to use tobacco, but the experience of this awful boy was one which made the most marked impression on me. Whenever I have been tempted to smoke, the image of that suffering little wretch has come up in my mind so vividly as to discourage me from the attempt. If my first cigar will make me look as he did, and feel as he felt, I will never, never smoke it.

And somebody may ask about the boy. Did he ever smoke again, or was that first smoke enough for him? He got over his evil feelings, and learned to smoke and be "manly" like the other boys. He became a clergyman. I met him a few years ago at a railway-station. He was in a crowd at the ticket-office, and was selfishly puffing his smoke in other people's faces, without asking them whether

they liked it or not. The picture of his first smoke came at once to me, and I seemed to see him in all his youthful ugliness. He was a slave to the power of the weed that had at first so badly nauseated him.

The Daisy.

Not worlds on worlds, in phalanx deep,
Need we to prove a God is here;
The daisy fresh from winter's sleep,
Tells of his hand in lines as clear.

For who but he, who arched the skies,
And pours the day-spring's living flood,
Who works and dwells in mysteries,
Could rear the daisy's purple bud?

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
Its fringed border nicely spun,
And cut the gold-embossed gem
That sets in silver gleams within?

And fling it, unrestrained and free,
O'er hill, and dale, and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks, may see
In every step the stamp of God?

A BRIGHT BIRD.

He was an English starling, and was owned by a barber. A starling can be taught to speak, and to speak very well, too. This one had been taught to answer certain questions, so that a dialogue like this could be carried on:

"Who are you?"

"I'm Joe."

"Where are you from?"

"From Pimlico."

"Who is your master?"

"The barber."

"What brought you here?"

"Bad company."

Now it came to pass one day that the starling escaped from his cage and flew away to enjoy his liberty. The barber was in despair. Joe was the life of the shop; many a customer came attracted by the fame of the bird, and the barber saw his receipts falling off. Then, he loved the bird, too, which had proved so apt a pupil.

But all efforts to find the stray bird were in vain. Meantime Joe had been enjoying life on his own account. A few days passed very pleasantly, and then, alas! he fell into the snare of the fowler, literally.

A man lived a few miles from the barber's home, who made the snaring of birds his business. Some of the birds he stuffed and sold. Others, again, were sold to hotels near by, to be served up in delicate tid-bits to fastidious guests.

Much to his surprise, Joe found himself one day in the fowler's net, in company with a large number of birds as frightened as himself. The fowler began drawing out the birds, one after another, and wringing their necks. Joe saw that his turn was coming, and something must be done. It was clear that the fowler would not ask questions, so Joe piped out:

"I'm Joe!"

"Hey! what's that?" cried the fowler.

"I'm Joe," repeated the bird.

"The deuce you are!" said the astonished fowler.

"What brings you here?"

"Bad company," said Joe promptly.

It is needless to say Joe's neck was not wrung, and that he was soon restored to his rejoicing master the barber.

NOTHING will have more influence over you than the books you read. Then see to it that you read only good books, which will help you to grow better and truer as you grow older.

For Queen and Country.

BY REV. THOMAS CLEWORTH.

God bless old England's noble Queen,
The true Canadian's pride;
She rules in dignity serene
O'er nations far and wide.
Far brighter than her diadem
The virtues of her breast.
Victoria, England's treasured gem,
With every grace imprest:

The mighty God, her trust and ours,
Hath bound her realms together;
And guarded by celestial powers,
May they abide forever!

God bless our General-Governor
The favourite of our lands,
Whose presence here, from shore to shore,
For British interests stands.
Here floats the flag from sea to sea
Bright as the glowing heaven,
The hopeful banner of the free
For peace and freedom given!

The mighty God, his trust and ours,
Keep these fair lands together;
And make old England's growing powers
A world-wide joy forever.

Let heaven this fair Dominion guide,
And all her foes o'erwhelm,
She will through every gale abide
With wisdom at the helm.
Let goodness all her sons inspire;
Let vice and ignorance flee;
And with her daughters all conspire
For grander Liberty.

For God, and Home, and Native Land,
Let all combine together,
So shall our fair Dominion stand
A Light and Joy forever!

THOMASBURG, Ont.

THE BEST SOCIETY.

BY ELLA LEE.

"I WONDER, Albert, you can make a comrade of that slow-going Oliver Brown. He is too dull for my fancy. He has no life in him. Besides, his jackets are patched on both elbows, and he wears a horrid hat. My mother is very particular about the boys I go with. She always insists on my getting into the best company. I was out riding with Phil Tracy yesterday," he added, with considerable pride.

"That is just such a boy as my mother would not allow me to be intimate with," said Albert. "He smokes cigars, and often sips something at the village bar—I don't know what it is, but something stronger than soda-water, I feel sure, or he would not go there for it. We think Oliver first-rate company at our house. He is a sensible fellow and a good scholar, and such a taste for geology! His uncle is a professor of natural science, and he has taught him a great deal, and helped him to get up a nice cabinet. Oliver makes our walks down by the river or up to the ledges twice as interesting as they are without him. I don't care for his patched jacket, when I can learn so much from his conversation."

The boys were walking to school together as they talked.

"There is no accounting for tastes," said Roger, shrugging his shoulders. He felt that Alfred was rather to be pitied for his; but he only added: "We must all look out for own interests, and nothing helps a fellow along like rich friends, my mother says; and she wants me to pick up that kind as I go along. If Phil and I are not friends it shall not be my fault."

"My mother's strong point is, choose associates that have good principles; shun the boys that smoke and drink at the saloons, that use bad language, and stroll about on the Sabbath-day."

The boys went their ways and followed their different plans with regard to associates. Roger's "rich friend" taught him many expensive habits, which helped to ruin rather than make a fortune. He was a boy of bad principles, and these Roger considered as elements of his smartness. He would imitate them, if nothing else. He lived to disgrace the mother who had taught him such a false standard by which to choose his friends. He also saw, with a keen jealousy, his old schoolmate Alfred rising to honour, and a prosperous standing in the community.

Your lot in life, boys, will depend very largely upon the company you choose when you are growing up. If you will go through the book of Proverbs, and mark every verse that speaks of good and evil company, you will learn the mind of the Lord with regard to this matter. If you will follow these directions, you will find it most profitable for this life and the next. "The best society" is that where Jesus reigns and his words are honoured.

THE PILOT'S NEWS.

MANY years ago a terrible tragedy took place on the shining waters of the broad Atlantic. A steamer—the ill-fated *Central America*—had been wrecked with the loss of hundreds of lives. Only a few—a very few—of its crew had been rescued from a watery grave, and the whole of New York was plunged into grief. Scarcely a house in which there were not some, like Rachel, weeping for their dead, and refusing to be comforted.

A couple of days after the sad event, a pilot-boat was seen, on a fair, breezy morning, standing up the bay. With sail set and streamers flying, she seemed to bound over the sparkling waters, while the very winds that filled her canvas seemed to laugh with delight. Surely she bore some good news, for there was an unusual excitement on the deck. The captain, running along the bowsprit, was seen to swing his cap, and heard to shout something with intense eagerness. At first the distance prevented the words from being understood, but as the vessel came farther into the harbor they were audible: "Three more saved! Three more saved!"

The tidings were caught up by the crews of the numerous ships that lay anchored around, and sailors sprang wildly into the rigging, shouting, "Three more saved!" The porters and the draymen, busy unloading and loading on the wharf, threw down their burdens, and shouted, "Three more saved!" The tidings rang along the streets. Busy salesmen left their goods, merchants their notes, sellers their gold, and echoed, "Three more saved!"

Louder and louder grew the cry—faster and faster it spread—along the crowded piers of the Hudson and East rivers—over the heights of Brooklyn—beyond mansion and cottage—beyond suburb and hamlet, till thousands of hearts pulsed with its thrill as the joyful news spread, "Three more saved!"

This brings to mind a verse in the Bible which says: "Likewise, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." It seems even more wonderful than to think of selfish, busy, sordid men leaving their occupations and pursuits in order to spread the good news that three fellow-creatures had been rescued from a watery grave. Seldom does such a throb of sympathy run through any earthly city; but, whenever a sinner repenteth, just such a pulse vibrates through the golden streets of the eternal city.

And why do the angels rejoice? Because if you and I "repent," and are sorry for our sins, our

conversion brings a new servant to their Lord—a new vassal into his kingdom. We are then conscious of being saved from a worse fate than a watery grave, for "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."—*Selected.*

The Treasury.

THE Master still sits by the treasury,
And oft sees the rich heavy fold
Of velvet and satin sweep near him,
And the glitter of jewels and gold;
As the maiden comes up to deposit,
From fingers all flashing with light,
A dime—a penny—or farthing,
Unconscious, alas! of his sight.

The Master "sits over against it."
O brother, can you, or can I,
With confidence bring in our offering,
And cast it beneath his pure eye?
Should he take up the gift—O how paltry!
And weigh it before us to-night,
Remembered with every mixed motive,
Oh, what would it seem in his sight?

The Master "sits over against it"—
A terrible thought, and yet true:
When his servants, his own ransomed children,
Withhold from the treasury his due;
And each of his substance is spending
For what seemeth best in his sight,
Yet goes through the door of the temple
And casts to his Master his mite.

TUNING THE BELL.

BY ROBIN MERRY.

WHEN a single bell is mounted in a church-tower, it does not make much difference what its tones are. But when a series of bells, as three or four, or a full chime, is to ring out music on the upper air, care must be taken that all are in perfect harmony. Each bell must then be as true to its tone as are the successive notes of a piano, or of any other musical instrument. On a chime of bells any ordinary church-tune may be played. The effect of such music is often rich and grand in a high degree. Such is especially the case when the chimes are played in the night, when the noise of the streets has become silent, and the successive tones are free to give forth their deep and powerful resonance without interruption from contending sounds.

When a bell is first taken from the mould in which it is cast, its tones are not likely to respond to the harmony that is desired. A blow of the hammer will tell whether it is too high or too low. But comparison must be made with the tones of another instrument, and then the bell must be rasped and filed until it gives out just the sound that is required. When this bell shall have received its proper treatment, and be made to yield just the desired sound, it will be ready to be swung up in some lofty church-tower, to unite afterward with others of the full, grand chime in swelling forth magnificent strains of music on the air.

This treatment of the bells to make them give forth the right sounds suggests an interesting and valuable lesson. Every human heart and mind has a place to fill in the grand orchestra of life. In the music as we find it there is no end to discord. This is because so many thousands, perhaps the great majority, of people have never been rightly tuned, so as to give forth the tones for which they were intended. The tuning process must be carried forward until all the grand diapason is brought to perfect harmony. In the magnificent chorus of heaven there are no discords. All the music of myriad harps of gold and myriad tongues of silver flows on in perpetual sweetness unmarred by a single jarring note.

Work for the Lord.

Our Master has taken his journey
To a country far away,
And has left us a task to finish,
Against his reckoning day.

Your task may be great and glorious,
And mine but a simple one;
It differs little: the question is
Will his coming find it done?

It may be our hands are forbidden
To work for him day by day;
Our feet cannot run on his errands,
But still we can watch and pray.

It matters not in this little while
Whether we work or watch or wait,
So we fill the place he assigns us,
Do its service small or great.

There is one thing only cometh us,
To find the task that is ours,
And then, having found it, to do it,
With all our God-giving powers.

Our master is coming most surely,
To reckon with every one;
Shall we then count out toil and sorrow,
If his sentence be, "Well done?"

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

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

Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp., 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 10
Berean Leaf Quarterly, 16 pp., 8vo.....	0 06
Quarterly Review Service, by the year, 24c a dozen, \$3 per 100, per quarter, 6c, a doz.; 50c per 100	
Home and School, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies.....	0 20
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies.....	0 20
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies.....	0 15
20 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies.....	0 15
20 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month.....	5 00

Address **WILLIAM BRIGGS,**
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
75 & 80 King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HERSTIA,
3 Beary Street, Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Halifax, N. S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JUNE 22, 1889.

METHODISM IN TORONTO.

BY THE ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF MICHIGAN "CHRISTIAN
ADVOCATE."

METHODISTICALLY, Toronto is perhaps the most remarkable city in the world. The influence of Methodism is felt in all the moral, social, educational, and political concerns of the community. Our members occupy prominent and influential places in the various professions, and in every department of commercial life. They fill many offices. The number of persons attending our churches is greater than that attending those of any other denomination. We have twenty-eight churches. It was my pleasure to visit most of the larger edifices. Eight of these churches are said to have an average Sunday congregation of 1,000 or more! Detroit has no Protestant congregation that averages so well. Several of the congregations are more than 1,500, while the Metropolitan crowd is even larger. Just about everybody goes to church. I had frequently heard this statement from Canadian visitors to our sanctum, but had no

conception of the multitudes that throng these Toronto churches every Sunday morning and evening. I went to a populous part of the city on Sunday evening a few minutes before the time for service, and got a view of the church-goers. It was a sight! The wide walks upon either side of the street were black with people as far as the eye could reach. They were literally packed with a moving mass of humanity. I moved on to the next street, and the same sight greeted me. On to the next, and still the same long processions moving steadily toward the Lord's house. In the crowds were people of all sorts. But young persons predominated. There were regiments of them. It was a blessed sight. At Elm street church, where we worshipped that evening, there was a congregation safely estimated at 1,200, while Agnes street, only a block away, had 1,000 more. Here were two Methodist churches within a block where the gospel was preached to at least 2,200 souls! On the same evening the Metropolitan church had a congregation of nearly 2,000 more, and Sherbourne street, Carleton street, Queen street, McCaul street, Spadina Avenue and Trinity, all large edifices, and not very far away, were full of worshippers.

BANDS OF MERCY.

BY J. J. KELSO,

Secretary of the Toronto Humane Society.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless Living Creatures,
and will try to protect them from Cruel Usage."

This is the promise which little boys and girls make when they decide to join the Band of Mercy, and we are going to tell our readers something about this organization which is becoming so popular among school children.

The first Band of Mercy in the world was formed in England, about fifteen years ago, by a good woman named Catharine Smithies, who wanted to see children learn to love and protect dumb animals. Other bands soon followed, until they were to be found all over England, the United States, and Canada.

Within the past few months, the Toronto Humane Society, by means of a beautiful book, called "Aims and Objects," has been instrumental in forming quite a number of Bands of Mercy in the Toronto schools.

There is very little difficulty organizing a Band. A number of children may meet together and sign their names to a sheet of paper underneath the pledge. Then they ask their teacher or some other lady to be president, and elect a secretary and treasurer from among themselves. A name should be chosen for the Band. Meetings may be held fortnightly, or as often as desired. At each meeting the pledge is recited, and the members relate any act of kindness or mercy performed during the week, and read or tell stories about animals. The following is a verse from one of the songs which are sung at the meetings:



SIGNING THE ROLL OF A BAND OF MERCY.

"Oh! let each boy and girl
Sweet mercy's flag unfurl,
And love its cause;
Dare to be kind and true,
Give each dumb thing its due,
Win them in love to you
By God's own laws."

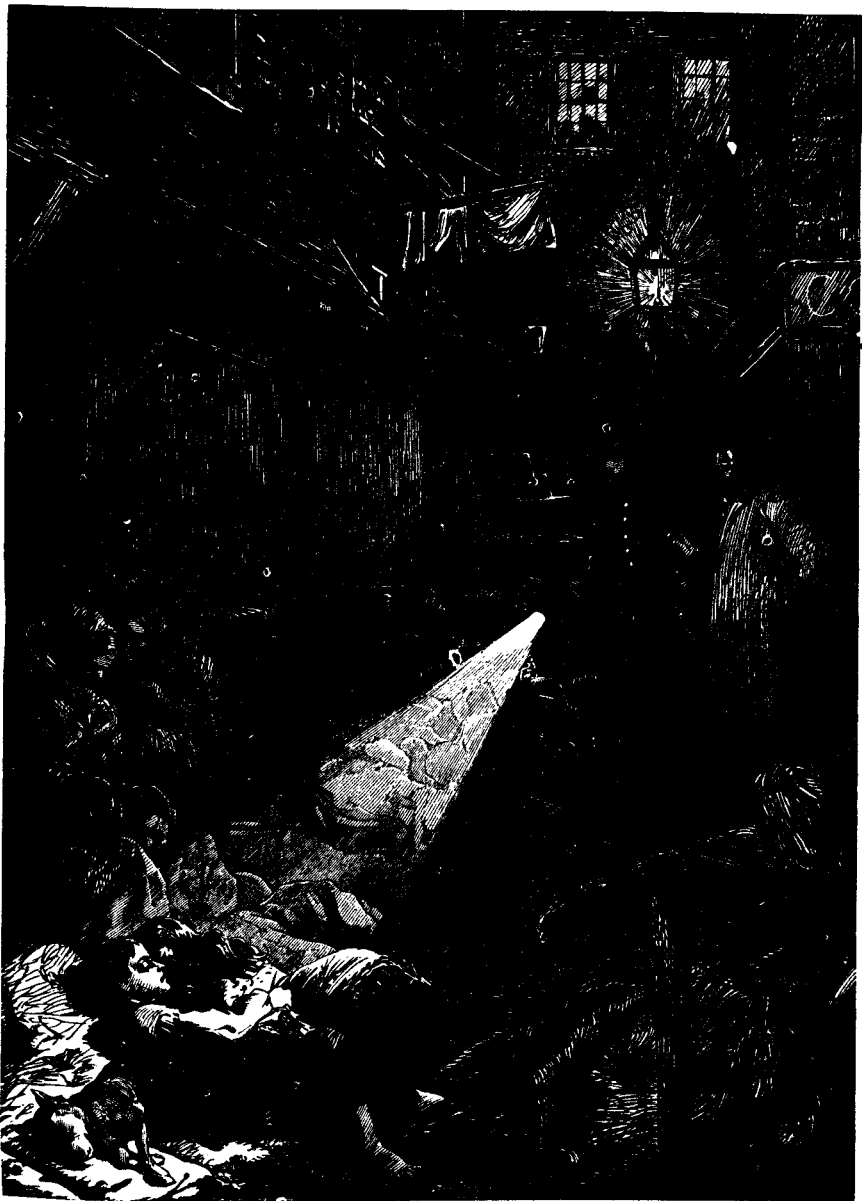
The object of the Band of Mercy is, in all possible ways, to encourage its members to good, generous, noble, and merciful lives and deeds. It asks the children to be kind to the aged, weak, and suffering; to feed the song-birds, and spare their nests; to see that the dumb animal has sufficient food and water, and is protected from intense cold or heat; to admire the butterflies, without destroying them; to protect the useful toad, and to kill quickly any insect or animal that has to be killed. It says to each one: "Whenever a brave, kind word needs to be said, say it; whenever a brave, kind act needs to be done, do it." Thus the Bands of Mercy help to hasten the glorious day—

"When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole earth give back the song
That now the angels sing."

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Any one desirous of forming a Band in his school or district, should communicate with Mr. KELSO, who will be glad to give every assistance.

There are now sixteen Chinamen attending the Metropolitan Church Sunday-school, Toronto. They require individual teachers; and the Superintendent, Mr. J. B. Boustead, has no light task to keep the demand supplied. There is also a class of Italians being formed. This department is under the charge of Mr. A. H. Gilbert. We hail with pleasure the appearance of these foreign brethren in our Church, and trust they will soon be recognized as "fellow-citizens with the saints."

Outlook.



THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

The Cry of the Children.

BY MRS. BROWNING.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And that cannot stop their tears.
Ah, the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see,
For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses
Down the cheeks of infancy.
"Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary;
Our young feet," they say, "are very weak!
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—
Our grave-rest is very far to seek."

Now tell the poor young children, O my brothers,
To look up to God and pray;
So the blessed one who blesseth all the others,
Will bless them another day.
They answer, "Who is God that he should hear us,
While the rushing of the iron wheel is stirred?
When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us,
Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word.

And we hear not (for the wheels in their resounding)
Strangers seeking at the door.
Is it likely God, with angels singing round him,
Hears our weeping any more?
"Ah! no!" say the children, weeping faster,
"He is speechless as a stone.
And they tell us, & his image is the master
Who command us to work on.

"Go to!" say the children,— "up in heaven,
Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all we find.
Do not mock us; grief has made us unbelieving—
We look up for God, but tears have made us blind."

Do you hear the children weeping and disproving,
O my brothers, what ye preach?
For God's possible is taught by his world's loving,
And the children doubt of each.

They know the grief of man, without his wisdom;
They sink in man's despair, without its calm;
Are slaves, without the liberty in Christdom,
Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm,—
Are worn, as if with age, yet unretrievably
The harvest of its memories cannot reap,—
Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly.
Let them weep! let them weep!

They look up, with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see,
For they mind you of their angels in high places,
With eyes turned on Deity!—
"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart,—
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O gold heaper,
And your purple shows your path!
But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath."

HOW TO RECOGNIZE THEM.

BY J. J. KELSO,

Secretary of the Toronto Humane Society.

AFTER children have belonged to the Band of Mercy for some time, it is very easy to recognize them; and, curiously enough, they wear the sign of membership in their faces. Will any little boy or girl be surprised, and wonder how that can be? I am sure, if they think for a moment what the Band of Mercy teaches, they will understand at once.

The pledge of the Band is

KINDNESS TO ALL,

whether it is the dog or the kitten, brother or sister, companion, or father or mother. And when children are kind and good-natured all the time, they cannot help showing it in their faces. Their eyes will nearly always be bright and smiling, and their countenance will wear such a happy look that everybody will notice it at once.

Then there is a still better way to recognize Band of Mercy children, and that is

BY THEIR ACTIONS.

If they are good members, they will always be seeking an opportunity to make others happy. At home they will be eager to help mother with the work, and save her tiresome journeys upstairs; they will not speak harsh words to the younger children, but will play with them, and amuse them; they will treat the household pets kindly, and see that they are fed; and they will visit and cheer up little friends who are sick, and will do hundreds of other kind acts.

On the street and in the playground they will act honourably with each other. The boys will not ill-treat some little fellow who has no friends, nor will they allow a big boy to beat or wrong a smaller one. They will not throw stones at the dogs, or try to hit birds with a catapult. They will not tell lies, or be deceitful, or do anything that is unmanly.

The little girls will not be so mean as to tell tales about other girls when they are absent; but they will always try to be like the sunbeams—bringing light and gladness and warmth wherever they go. One of the saddest things to see is a little girl who always wears a pout, speaks crossly, and is thinking of herself all the time. No one likes such a little girl; but everybody will love the cheerful, smiling, contented Band of Mercy child.

REV. E. R. YOUNG IN EXETER HALL.

OUR distinguished Canadian Missionary above-named made, says the *Methodist Times*, the speech of the day at the great Exeter Hall Wesleyan Missionary meeting. Of that speech the *Recorder* says:

"Mr. Egerton Young spoke in full costume. His speech, as many afterwards said, was of the old sort, to which ancient men used to listen in their boyhood. It was like a wind from the snow-clad prairies, like the rushing waters of his own Canadian rivers, like the soft rustle of summer winds through pathless forests. It was a sight not easily forgotten to see ex-Presidents and white-haired fathers craning their necks and getting rid, as best they could, of their tears; while the stalwart, leathern-coated Canadian, with flowing, cooing voice, told his inimitable stories. Hundreds had lumps in their throats when he unfurled the little Union Jack that turned an advancing host of armed braves into a company of loving, loyal friends. The dogs that never quarrelled if they were yoke-fellows in work, and the kindly Indian companions, and the four hours' sermon, and the speech of the old man whose hair was white, and whose grandchildren were in the wigwam, and the beautiful picture of domestic worship, and the death of the saintly Samuel, and the lovely sketch of his poor but rich widow—these things are memories. The speech was a poem."

Prayer.

JESUS take this heart of mine,
Make it pure and wholly thine;
Thou hast bled and died for me,
I will henceforth live for thee.

Canadian National Anthem.*

CANADA, Canada, pride of the North!
Twice honoured Canada, gem of the Earth!
Freemen and Brothers, we
Pledge heart and hand to thee,
Canada, Canada, land of our birth!

God of all power and grace smile on our land;
Pour thou upon her the gifts of thy hand;
Long may her people be
Loyal and brave and free,
And for the Right and Thee valiantly stand.

Be our defence in each threatening hour;
Shield us from pestilence, famine, and war;
Treason confound, and when
Justly we strive with men,
God of our Fathers, then for us declare!

Give to each toiling hand constant increase;
Rich be our land with the fruitage of peace;
Send us good laws, and bless
Pulpit and school and press,
That truth and righteousness never may cease.

Long may thy glory on Britain be seen,
Long live Victoria, Britain's great Queen;
"Send her victorious
Happy and glorious
Long to reign over us, God save the Queen!"

PILGRIM STREET:

A STORY OF MANCHESTER LIFE.
BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER XII.—(CONTINUED.)**BACK TO PILGRIM STREET.**

It was getting on for six o'clock, the hour when the night-watchman was expected to be upon duty, before their consultation was finished; and Mr. Hope and Banner said they would go as far as the mill with Nat Pendlebury. The nearest cut was by the cathedral, and through the narrow bye-street where Tom had long ago found a quiet corner for contemplating his new, bright sovereign.

The day had been very cold and dreary; snowing, and thawing, and freezing, and snowing again. So much of the sky as could be dimly seen over the houses was full of snow-clouds, and under foot the pavement was partly ice and partly splashes of snow and mud. The points of the doorways and casements were all white with frost, and along every street which lay open to the north and east there came biting blasts of wind, which seemed to sting through the thickest clothing. Nobody was out of doors who could help it. It was no time for talking, said Mr. Hope; they would get to the mill, and, once within its shelter, they could talk with comfort.

They were walking briskly along in single file past the cathedral. Banner being first with his lantern, when he almost fell over a figure, which was half lying and half kneeling against the wall. He turned the full blaze of his lamp upon it, and there lay a miserable, shrivelled, meagre wretch, scarcely covered by his rags, and with a face white and starved, but partly hidden by the matted hair. It looked dead, this pale and withered face, and the thin hands were stiff and frozen; but, as Banner stooped down, and pushed the hair away from the cold forehead, he cried, in a voice of trouble and alarm, "Why, look here, Mr. Hope and Nat! It's Tom!"

Yes. It was no other than Tom, who had at last crawled back home to die, as he thought. How he had made his way from Liverpool he could never clearly remember; but step after step, along

the weary road, he had dragged his failing feet homewards, until at length his dim eyes caught sight of the tall chimneys of Manchester lying in the distance before him, and the sight gave him heart to struggle on. With untold pain and toil, he had crept over the icy pavements with his naked feet, until at nightfall he found himself once more under the cathedral walls, and only a short run from Pilgrim Street in the old times.

For it was to Pilgrim Street he was going home; and if he could only reach the door, and see the light of the fire burning within, and maybe hear the sound of voices reading or singing round the warm hearth, he thought he could bear on to die, though he must go and face his Judge after death. But, as he sat down for a few minutes to rest himself and gather strength, the chimes of the clock in the tower above him struck one quarter of an hour after another, until he felt as if his life were slowly dying away, like the faint smouldering of some fire which is nearly extinguished; and with a feeble and bitter groan of despair, he sank down on the frozen stones, and knew nothing more.

Mr. Hope, and Banner, and Nat Pendlebury stood round Tom, and for a minute or two none of them could speak a word for surprise and dread. Then Nat knelt down beside him, and laid his hand upon his breast, and put his cheek to the parted lips. There was a faint fluttering still in the lad's heart; and as soon as Banner heard that he was alive he gave his lantern to Mr. Hope, and lifted the poor, starved, stunted frame from the ground. He must carry Tom to Pilgrim Street, said Nat, for it was nigh at hand, and Alice was a capital nurse. So they retraced their steps to Nat's cellar, while Mr. Hope went a different way to fetch a doctor. Tom's consciousness came back for a moment or two, and he felt himself being borne gently along in some man's strong arms, with a warm coat wrapped round him; but he could neither speak nor look up, only it seemed very pleasant, and Banner heard a feeble gasp from his lips, which made his own heart throb with a strange delight.

All night long in Nat Pendlebury's cellar, Banner watched like a woman beside Tom, feeding him at short intervals, under the doctor's directions, and striving to bring back life to him. Nat was obliged to attend to his duties as night-watchman, and Mr. Hope went away after learning that there was no immediate danger. So Banner had the charge of Tom chiefly to himself, and as the quiet hours passed by, and he watched the gradual strengthening of returning life in his death-like face, and saw him at last sink into a safe and healthful slumber, a new and deeper tenderness for the poor boy took possession of his soul.

It was nearly a week before Tom was strong enough to get out of bed and sit on the hearth, with the screen put between him and the door, that no cold draught should by chance blow upon him. Phil had leave to have a holiday; and Nat Pendlebury, with a little hesitation, ventured to take the liberty of inviting Mr. Banner to drink a cup of tea with them. For a moment Banner was staggered; but he had grown very familiar with all the Pendleburys during the last few days, and, after a slight pause of consideration, he accepted Nat's invitation. Alice felt somewhat nervous at first, and Nat was very ceremonious in his hospitality; but the policeman set them all at ease, and even insisted upon taking Joey on his knee as soon as tea was over, and they gathered round the hearth, with the light of the blazing fire shining upon their faces, while on the table behind a candle was burning uselessly, out of compliment to

Mr. Banner. Not Nat's face alone, but every beamed with gladness except Tom's, which still white and listless, and still bore many sorrowful lines traced there during his months of wretched wandering.

Alice knew it, and Banner suspected it, but body else thought for a moment that Mr. Banner intended to come and see them that night, to Tom good-bye, for he was to leave Manchester morning, and would not come back till the afternoon. But even Alice was taken by surprise, for Mr. Worthington came with him, looking as pleased as if she were visiting some grand lady in a large drawing-room. She had to have a rocking-chair, and Nat gave Mr. Hope his seat, and there they sat as comfortably and as quietly at home, to all appearance, as if there had been a Brussels carpet on the floor, and steel bars behind the grate.

"Tom," said Mr. Hope, after a while, "you tell us now what you've been doing all this time?"

"Oh, no!" answered Tom; "I'm a wicked man and a thief, and all of you are so good!" he buried his face in his hands, and wept bitterly.

"Tom," said Mr. Hope, in a voice that was full of comfort, "do you remember that verse I showed you to learn in your Bible?"

"Aye," answered Tom, with a great sob, "that was that brought me home again. I thought my body was whispering it to me all the while, all along the road. But I can't overcome. I can't serve God."

"None of us can serve God till we become children in Christ Jesus," said Mr. Hope. "As long as we think of him as a hard master, we never serve him, or overcome our own sins. We are to know him not only as our King, or our Judge, or our Master, but as our Father who is in heaven. Only when we feel that God is truly our Father, through Jesus our Saviour, shall we have power to overcome our sins. You would not to grieve and offend a father who was lovingly taking care of you all the while, Tom?"

"But how can God be my Father?" asked Tom, lifting up his pale face, and gazing earnestly at Mr. Hope.

All the rest were looking at him, as if they were asking the same question, and he smiled, and in a solemn and quiet voice: "He came into the world, but his own received him not. But as he was received by us, to them he gave power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name."

"That's it!" cried Nat, "the Lord Jesus gave us the power to become the children of God. He knew what it was to be the Son of God, and he came down to die for us, and to give us strength, and to take away all our sins. Aye, without him we can do nothing. You, without him I couldn't overcome the sin! Tom, my boy, if thee wants to be God's child and to overcome, and to inherit all things, thee must just believe on the Lord Jesus, and he says to us in the Bible. Thee'll serve God sure enough."

"I'm so wicked," murmured Tom. "I've never been able to overcome than any of you."

"The Lord himself had to overcome," said Mr. Hope; "in all things he was made like unto us brethren—for he calls us brethren, Tom—and he was tempted in all points like as we are, and he suffered being tempted, so that he knows all that we are, and is able to help them that are tempted. You have suffered nothing but your Saviour has suffered before you. You have many things

* Composed and set to music by Rev. LeRoy Hooker, and dedicated, by special permission, to the Earl of Dufferin, when he was Governor-General of Canada, and through him to the Canadian People.

ome—sin, and poverty, and sickness, and ignorance; but Christ knows all, and he died on the cross that his blood might wash away all our sin. He will give you power to become one of the sons of God, out of all your wretchedness and sin. He likewise says: "To him that overcometh will I give the right to sit with me on my throne, even as I also have sat, and am set down with my Father on his throne." When you are sitting with Christ on his throne, Tom, you will look down upon all this misery, and thank him for helping you to overcome it."

A few minutes there was silence in the room, and Tom was thinking, with his thin hands clasped, of Phil's, who knelt on the hearth beside him: all at once a change came over his sad face, as if the bright light from heaven beamed upon it; his eyes sparkled though they were filled with tears, and his hungry lips melted into a smile. He felt like a slave who had just escaped from his chains, and was flinging his heavy yoke and his chains behind him.

"Ah," he cried, "I was afraid of God! He seemed angry, and I'd no heart to serve him."

But the Lord Jesus loved me, and died for me, and he will help me to keep his commandments, and to do my duty to God and my duty to my neighbor."

Jesus won't mind me having been a thief, will he, sir?"

Mr. Hope took up Tom's Bible, which lay open on the table near at hand, and he read aloud from it the words, while Tom listened eagerly to them:

"And one of the thieves which were hanged with him on him, saying, If thou be the Christ, save me and us."

But the other answering rebuked him, saying, Thou not fear God, seeing thou art in the same damnation?"

And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds; but this man hath done us nothing amiss."

And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom."

And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

(To be continued.)

CANADIAN CHAUTAUQUA.

IT IS PROPOSED TO DO DURING THE COMING SUMMER.

A STRONG programme embraces numerous branches of study from kindergarten to advanced art studies, including Sunday-school Normal, reading, elocution, English, political science, botany, calisthenics, club-swinging, drill, swimming, Delsarte system of gesture, amateur photography, etc., etc. The remaining branches of a liberal education will be added as opportunity offers. In the meantime teachers and students cannot go far astray if they carry out their plans to spend a good portion of their summer vacation at this charming retreat. The schools of art and music are to be under the supervision of the Provincial Education Department, and successful students will receive the Departmental certificates. While so much is being prepared in the line of study the popular side of the Chautauqua Assembly is receiving close and liberal attention. The Rev. Sam Jones is engaged for June and the following week. On Dominion Day there will be a monster farmers' demonstration when the Minister of Agriculture, Erastus B. Smith, of New York, and other notables will talk to the men of the soil upon vital subjects. Other arrangements are to follow. Fourth of July—C. T. U., Y. M. C. A., Imperial Federation, Rights of Labour, Sabbath Observance and other

organizations and causes too numerous to mention. Audiences will be instructed, entertained or amused by Bishop Vincent, of Buffalo; Sauahbrah, the inimitable Burmese impersonator and illustrator; Dr. M. C. Lockwood, of Cincinnati; Dr. J. W. Bashford, of Buffalo; Dr. W. H. Poole, of Detroit; Prof. Freeman, of the University of Wisconsin, and a host of front-rank Canadian preachers and lecturers. In music, the Chautauqua Orchestra will be on hand, more efficient and attractive than ever.

The annual convention of the Provincial Teachers' Association is announced to be held at the Assembly grounds on the 13th, 14th and 15th of August.

The railroad depot upon the grounds will be ready for use and passengers by rail or steamer conveyed to the Assembly gate. Two hotels and refreshment stands will satisfy the needs of the hungry and homeless visitors.

Take it all in all, it will be well for our readers to apply to Mr. L. C. Peake, the Secretary, 18 Victoria Street, for a copy of the illustrated programme, and peruse for themselves.—*Toronto Globe.*

WHERE AM I GOING?

ONE summer evening, as the sun was going down, a man was seen trying to make his way through the lanes and cross roads that led to his village home. His unsteady way of walking showed that he had been drinking and though he had lived in that village home more than thirty years, he was now so drunk that it was impossible for him to find his way home.

Quite unable to tell where he was, he at last uttered a great oath, and said to a person going by: "I've lost my way. Where am I going?"

The man thus addressed was an earnest Christian. He knew the poor drunkard very well, and pitied him. When he heard the inquiry "Where am I going?"—in a sad, solemn way he answered: "To ruin!"

The poor, staggering man stared at him wildly for a moment, and then murmured with a groan "That's so!"

"Come with me," said the other kindly, "and I will take you to your home."

The next day came. The effect of the drink had passed away, but those two little words lovingly and tenderly spoken to him did not pass away.

"To ruin! to ruin!" he kept whispering to himself. "It is to ruin I'm going; to ruin. Oh, God help me, save me!"

Thus he stopped on his way to ruin. By earnest prayer to God he sought the grace that made him a true Christian. His feet were established on a true rock. It was a rock mighty enough to reach that poor misguided drunkard, and it lifted him up from his wretchedness, and made a useful, happy man of him.

KEEP CLEAR OF HIM!

"WHERE'S my cap? I can't find my cap. I can't find my cap. I shall be late to school."

"Lend me your slate-pencil. O dear! dear! I shan't get my sums done."

"I can't sew; my thimble is gone. What shall I do?"

Aha! so disorder is about again?—a cross, fretful, troublesome creature, as everybody knows who has the least acquaintance with him. He puts some things out of place, loses others, and if you keep his company you will find him a terrible thief.

"A thief. Is disorder a thief?" Indeed he is; and the worst of it is he steals the most valuable thing you have—that which you can never get back again—that which a purse of gold cannot buy. He

steals your time. He snatches it out of your hands, runs off with it, and I doubt if a constable could do much with him. Everything depends upon yourself. Keep a sharp look-out; do not upon any account let him get into your house.

He has been here. I know a little girl who today lost her lessons in consequence of him, and I know of a fine knife he misplaced for a boy. He is very apt to creep into drawers and boxes and baskets, and he makes sad havoc. He is quite ready to attack children, I think; so I would warn them to be on their guard. Be careful constantly. Watch your drawers; put away your boxes on the right shelf; hang up your caps, hats, and coats. Have a place for everything, and keep everything in its place. Take good care, and never let it be said that you cannot keep disorder out of your house.—*Selected.*

Our Country.

LINES suggested by listening to a sermon recently preached by the Rev. W. W. Carson in the Dominion Methodist church, Ottawa.

Grandeur than a poet's vision—
Brighter than an Eastern dawn,
Comes the radiant glimpse Elysian,
As the clouding curtain's drawn
From the vistas of the future,
As they greet the minstrel's eye—
As his hopeful spirit wanders
In the fields of "by-and-by;"
'Tis Canada's approaching glory,
Listening to the thrilling story.

From where broad Atlantic's billows
Lash the ancient border land,
To where our own Columbia pillows
Her head upon Pacific's strand—
From the rigid Arctic circle,
Where the musk-ox finds his home,
To Niagara's roaring surges
Plunging o'er the steep in foam—
Where Saskatchewan winds her current
Through green prairies vast and wide,
To the great "Mackenzie Basin"—
All is ours, our own, our pride!

Glorious beyond conception,
Is this mighty land of ours,
Fertile as a blooming Eden—
Land of sunshine snows and showers,
Land of wondrous lakes and forests,
Land of mountains, mines and seas,
Land of smiling, verdant prairies,
Waving to the evening breeze,
Future home of happy millions,
Pilgrims who no more may roam
Beyond the boundaries where Freedom
Reared her flag and made her home!

Daughter of the Queen of nations!
Blooming 'neath the Union Jack;
In the footsteps of her mother,
Travelling on glory's track!
Safely sheltered 'neath the axis
Of Britannia's giant wing:
Rich in wisdom of her sages,
Proudly may we ever sing
With heart and voice in patriot chorus,
O'er hill and vale and landscape green,
While Freedom's banner flutters o'er us,
The song of songs, "God save the Queen!"

REPRESENTATIVE ministers of the Anglican, Presbyterian, and Methodist Churches of Canada recently met in convention in Toronto, and discussed questions of common interest, with a view to organic union. These several denominations have for years wrought together in the common cause with a friendly spirit, and in this meeting the utmost harmony prevailed. They ventured to discuss topics on which perfect agreement does not exist among them, not for the purpose of showing their differences, but for the purpose of finding how nearly together they might come. It is proposed to hold another conference next year, at which the movement toward union will doubtless receive another forward impulse.

Indian Names.

BY LADIA H. STOURNEY.

Ye say that all have passed away,
That noble race and brave;
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave;
That mad the forests where they roamed
Their rings no hunters shout;
But their name is on your waters,
Ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's hollow
Like a canoe surge is curled,
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
The echo of the world,
When red Missouri bringeth
Rich tribute from the West,
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their cone-like cabins,
That clustered o'er the vale,
Have fled away like withered leaves
Before the autumn gale;
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore,
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it
Upon her lordly crown,
And proud Ohio bears it
Amid his young renown;
Connecticut bath weathed it
Where her quiet foliage waves;
And bold Kentucky breathed it hoarse
Through all her ancient caves.

Wachussett hides its lingering voice
Within his rocky heart,
And Allegheny graves its tone
Throughout his lofty chart;
Monadnock on his forehead bears
Doth seal the sacred trust;
Your mountains build their monument,
Though ye destroy their dust.

Ye call these red-browed brethren
The insects of an hour,
Crushed like the note-less worm amid
The regions of their power;
Ye drive them from their fathers' lands,
Ye break of faith the seal,
But come ye from the court of heaven
Exclude their last appeal?

Ye see their unresisting tribes
With toilsome step and slow,
On through the trackless desert pass,
A caravan of woe;
Think ye the Eternal Ear is deaf?
His sleepless vision dim?
Think ye the soul's blood may not cry
From that far land to him?

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

A. D. 58.] [June 30

1 Cor. 8. 4-13. Memory verses, 12, 13

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend. 1 Cor. 8. 13.

OUTLINE.

1. Knowledge, v. 4-8.
2. Liberty, v. 9-13.

TIME.—58 A. D.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Things... offered... to idols*—Meats offered to idols became the property of the priests, and such parts as remained from the sacrifice, being choice, were sold by the priests and purchased by the rich. *There be that are called gods*—Referring to the polytheistic religions of Greece and Rome. *Conscience of the idol*—That is, perfect knowledge of the real nature of idolatry.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- From what in this lesson are we taught—
1. That things innocent in themselves may become evil by association?
 2. That a Christian ought to set an example which any one may safely follow?

3. That we ought to deny ourselves when our example would injure others?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What does Paul say an idol is? Nothing in the world. 2. To whom does he use these plain words? To Corinthians, former idolaters. 3. Who does he say should only be worshipped? God, the Creator of all things. 4. What harm did he think might come from eating things offered to idols? Some weak one might be ruined. 5. If Christian example effected a brother's ruin, how would God regard it? As sin against him. 6. What, then, is plainly a Christian's duty? "Wherefore, if meat make," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christian liberty.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B. C. 1151] LESSON I. [July 7

SAMUEL CALLED OF GOD.

1 Sam. 3. 1-14. Memory verses, 8 10

GOLDEN TEXT.

Then Samuel answered, Speak; for thy servant heareth. 1. Sam. 3. 10.

OUTLINE.

1. The Call, v. 1-10.
2. The Message, v. 11-14.

TIME.—1151 B. C.
PLACE.—Shiloh.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Ministered*—Probably lighting the lamps and opening the doors: such things as a child could do. *The word was precious*—This means the word of God was very rare because of the people's sins. *No open vision*—That is, no divine communication was widely spread. If there were such they were private. *In his parlor*—In his sleeping apartment. *Eyes began to wax dim*—Eli was growing blind from old age. *Evil the lamp went out*—Before day-break, when the lamps were put out. *The temple*—That is, the tabernacle; the temple was not yet built. *The ark of God*—The ark of the covenant, which stood in the innermost sanctuary. *Did not yet know the Lord*—That is, did not know him in the way of receiving divine communications. *Ears shall tingle*—That is, it should be such a matter of alarm that men should feel as they do when some sudden discordant noise strikes on their ears.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

What is there in this lesson which teaches—

1. That we ought to serve God while young?
2. That we ought to listen to God's word?
3. That we should fear God's judgments?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where did Samuel first receive a revelation from Jehovah? In the tabernacle at Shiloh. 2. Under what circumstances was Samuel at the tabernacle? He was ministering unto the Lord. 3. What was peculiar about this first revelation? God called, and Samuel knew it not. 4. What was Samuel's answer when he learned that the voice was God's? "Then Samuel answered, Speak," etc. 5. What reason did God assign for his punishment of Eli? Infidelity to parental responsibility. 6. When Eli heard the message what did he say? "It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth him good."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The divine call.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

29. Are there more gods than one? There is one God only, the living and true God. Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord. Deuteronomy, 6. 4.

TRIFLING WITH DANGER.

I WAS sitting at the table of an Irish merchant once at ⁵¹. He had eight children. He had his wines and brandy on the table, and asked me to drink, and I had to give my reasons for declining. This gave me an opportunity to put in a little temperance; and while I was making my little speech by way of apology, I made this remark: "I would like to see the man who could truthfully say, 'No

relative or friend of mine ever fell through intemperance.'" His knife and fork fell from his grasp, and he remained silent some seconds.

"Well," said he at length, "I am not that man. My first Sunday school superintendent was a man of genial spirit and noble mind. He went into the wine trade, and died a drunkard before he was forty. My first class-leader, I believe, was a good, intelligent, useful man; but he, too, soon yielded to intemperance, and died a drunkard. My own father suffered through intemperance."

"Yes," I exclaimed, "and you yourself are spreading before your friends and your children the instruments of death which slew your first Sunday school superintendent, your first class-leader, and your father. The very rope with which they were hung you are adjusting to catch your children. I can not afford to put my head into such a halter as that." *London Primitive Methodist*

THE NOVEL READER.

NOT very long ago a young man, stopping at a public house in Indianapolis, was found dead in his room, having rashly taken his own life. A letter left by him to a dear brother bore marks of fine, tender feeling, yet it breathed the deepest sadness. He spoke of his dear sisters, and how much he would love to see them once more; and, in conclusion, uttered this solemn warning:—

"If it had not been for novels, I believe I should now be on the high road to fame and fortune. But, alas! I was allowed to read the vilest novels from the time I was eight or nine years old. If good books had been afforded me instead, I should have read them with equal zest, for I was always very fond of reading. Brother, persuade all persons over whom you have any influence, not to read novels."

It was a sad lesson, taught at a fearful cost, by this young man but twenty-two years old. He felt that reading had been his ruin. It had so filled his soul with false views of life, that the real and present was a burden he madly decided to throw off.

Where the evil influence of such literature does not reach so far, it yet undermines the whole moral character. You cannot touch pitch and not be defiled. Just as sure as you read that evil book which you have secretly borrowed, you will get a stain to your soul that tears of blood and bitterest repentance cannot wash away. You will carry it to your grave with you. A miracle of grace may save you from eternal burnings, but you will "be saved so as by fire."

Good books are a blessing beyond price to the youth who reads them diligently. You do not need to be told which is the best of all. "Where-withal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word."—*The Banner*.

BOOKS

WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL

"Books are the Windows Through Which the Soul Looks Out; a Heart Without Books is Like a Room Without Windows. It is One's Duty to Have Books."

STANDARD SERIES.

The books of "The Standard Series" are clearly printed on good paper, and bound in postal card manilla. The series contains talks, stories, novels, essays, popular science, self-help, hygiene, history, and commentaries.

ORDER BY NUMBER AND TITLE.

WE PAY THE POSTAGE.

1. John Ploughman's Talks. Spurgeon Choice of books. Carlyle. 50
2. Manliness of Christ. Hughes.
3. Macaulay's Essays.
4. Light of Asia. Arnold.
5. Imitation of Christ. Kempis.
- 6-7. Life of Christ. Farrar. each
8. Carlyle's Essays.
- 9-10. Life and Work of St. Paul. Farrar. each
11. Self Culture. Blackie.
- 12-19. Knight's History of England.
- 20-21. Letters to Workmen. Ruskin.
22. Idyls of the King. Tennyson.
23. Rowland Hill. Charlesworth.
24. Town Geology. Kingsley.
25. Alfred the Great. Hughes.
26. Outdoor Life in Europe. Thwing.
27. Calamities of Authors. D'Israeli.
29. Ethics of the Dust. Ruskin.
- 30-31. Memories of My Exile. Kossuth.
- 33-34. Orations of Demosthenes.
35. Frondees Agresses. Ruskin.
36. Joan of Arc. Lamartine.
37. Thoughts of Amelius Antoninus.
38. Salon of Madame Necker. Part II.
39. The Hermits. Kingsley.
40. John Ploughman's Pictures.
42. Bible and Newspaper. Spurgeon.
44. Goldsmith's Citizen of the World.
45. America. Revisited. Sala.
46. Life of C. H. Spurgeon. Yarrow.
47. John Calvin. Guizot.
- 48-49. Dickens' Christmas Books.
50. Shairp's Culture and Religion.
- 51-52. Godelet's Commentary on Luke.
- 54-57. Van Doran's Commentary on Luke.
59. The Nutritive Cure. Walter.
60. Sartor Resartus. Carlyle.
- 61-62. Lothair. Beaconsfield.
- 63-66. History of Bible Translation.
67. Ingersoll Answered. Parker.
- 68-69. Studies in Mark. Hughes.
70. Job's Comforters. Parker.
71. Reviser's English. Moon.
72. Conversion of Children. Hammond.
73. New Testament Helps. Crafts.
74. Opium—England's Policy. Liggins.
75. Blood of Jesus. Reid.
76. Lesson in the Closet. Deems.
79. Reminiscences of Lyman Beecher.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Publisher
78 & 80 King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, MONTREAL, QUE.
S. F. HUESTIS, HALIFAX.