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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, JUNE 9, 1888.

[No. 12

BUILDING THE TOWER OF BABEL.

Is this very striking picture the imagination of the artist finds free scope. A company of workmen are dragging up a steep incline a rude cart laden with rope. The skill with which the perspective of the wall and of the plain far below is rendered is very remarkable. The ruin called Birs Nimrud, near the Euphrates, is supposed to be remains of this very tower of Babel.

"BRING PLENTY OF RUM."

A BOSTON sea-captain's wife was one day reading a letter written to her husband by a trader on the coast of Africa, telling him what articles to bring on his next voyage to that country. After naming this, that, and the other thing which it would be well to bring, the list concluded with, "Bring plenty of rum."

This is the Macedonian cry that comes to America from the conscienceless traders who infest the African coast. "Bring plenty of rum!" Rum is in good demand. Rum will sell any time. Rum will buy anything which the poor ignorant natives have. "Bring plenty of rum!"

How does America answer such requests as this? She is fully equal to the occasion.

A single vessel sailing from the port of Boston has taken one hundred and thirty-one thousand gallons of rum to Africa; and reports have come of ships carrying a single missionary and a hundred thousand gallons of rum.



BUILDING THE TOWER OF BABEL.

What will the harvest be if this is the seed sown? And what will be the doom of the wretches who thus scatter degradation, debauchery, and damnation among the benighted heathen? Surely this is a solemn question, and

a question which merits our most careful consideration.

We send out missionaries to the heathen, but one cargo of rum will ruin more heathens in a year than a missionary could save in a life-time.

more accurate, you might carve out of China two empires like India and have enough to make seven more like Japan. And yet, out of Africa, you might construct China and two Indias besides!

Is it not high time that something were done to stop this infamous business? Do not the circumstances of the case demand that a little mission work be done nearer home? Is it not high time that civilized nations tie a millstone to the neck of this infernal traffic, and sink it in the nethermost hell? Surely those who boast of the righteousness and their civilization should take some measures to prevent this wholesale poisoning which is going on before their eyes. The whole business is wrong, and the sooner it is blotted out of existence the better. God speed the day when men shall be done with this dire and deadly traffic, and heathen nations shall no more be cursed with these abominations sent out from civilized lands.—*Safeguard.*

MISSION-FIELDS.

The terms used are rather vague when it is said that "continents are covered with the death shade." We get some idea of the vastness of the mission field from the following measurement. Japan is 47 times as large as Connecticut with its area of 1,700 square miles. But Japan could be contained in India ten times, and even India could be contained in China nearly three times; or, to be

Nan's Story.

TOLD IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

"TELL a story!" says you. Wait a bit.
Let me see;

It was Crismiss. The shops was all bright
With holly and flags, and a gell, dressed in
rags,

Who'd been starin' at sight after sight,
Turn'd to creep home away as the evenin'
fell grey,
And the lamps was beginnin' to light.

Nan, they called her. She'd got a good
mother, like mine,

Though more pale-like, an' sickly, an'
sad;

An' a father, but he warn't as kind as
might be

To his wife, and the gell that they had.
He was given to drink, an' sometimes, as I
think,

It driv' 'im arf crazy an' mad.

Well, this Nan hurried home to the garret
she knowed

Would be fireless an' bitter with cold;
But no mother was there when she climbed
the steep stair,

An' so, feelin' quite weary and old,
She strayed down just as far as the Pelican
bar

That was shinin' with green and with
gold.

There was plenty of loafers a-standin' outside,
An' the public was full to the brim;

Then above all the noise comes the sound of
a voice

As she knowed was belongin' to him:
An' she ketches a sight of a face worn an'
white,

With sad eyes, that leag cryin' made dim.

It was mother persuadin' of Dad to come
'ome.

"Don't she wish she may get him!" says
ono:

"Hullo, mate, hullo! 'Ere's a bit of a row!
Close in, an' let's look at the sun!"

But Nan wriggles before, an' gits close the
door

As the clucked ones come out with a run.

An' the fust was her Dad, leg'lar orful an'
mad,

An' offerin' to mull all the lot;
An' her mother was there, with torn bonnet
an' hair

That was loosed from its trim tidy knot.
Seems her prayers made him worse, for he
turned with a curse

An' struck at her, heavy an' hot!

Then the people cried "Shame!" an' he
bade 'em come on,

For to tackle the crowd he was fain;
Then this Nan feels her heart begin thump-
in' right smart,

An' forgittin' her fear in her pain,
Rushes in, grabs his knees, an' cries "Daddy,
oh please,

Don't ye go to hit mother again!"

"For 'tis Crismiss!" she cries, an' looks up
in his eyes,

As he clenched his big fist for a blow;
Then—the lights seemed to whirl and the
big world to twirl

As a roundabout spins at a show.
She was down in the street, midst the
trampin' feet,

An' the freeze of the half-melted snow.

Oh, to sleep in the cold, to wake up in the
warm

Of a beautiful lily-white bed!
With a tall gent an' grand to be holdin' your
hand,

An' a kind lady bathin' your head!
'Twas wot happened to Nan. When to
speak she began,

"Is this heaven?" was the first thing she
said.

An' the gentleman smiled at the poor little
gell:

"No, my child; this ain't heaven," says
he;

"But a place where they cure the sick
children wot's poor,

And everything's gratis and free.
You've a cut on your head, and your leg's
broke," he said,

"But we'll mend it, as quick as may be!"

An' she slept by-an'-by, and there came
such a dream

Of an angel in velvets and fur;
But without any wings, who brought beauti-
ful things,

Sweets and playthin's an' pictures to her:
An' spoke of the love as came down from
above,

In a way was like music to yer!

Then she lifted her eyes an' most shrieked
in surprise

For mother was standin' just here—
Lookin' down at her Nan with a smile as
began

As a smile, an' left off in a tear.

O, she never had knowed how the longin'
had growed

To see the dear face till 'twas near!

An' she put out her arms, as they hugged
there a bit,

Was there ever a meetin' more glad?
Then says Nan, "Will you take, for your
little gell's sake,

Just a bit of a message to Dad?
He's real sorry, I know, that he hurted me
so;

For it's only in drink that he's bad!

"An' I wis' he was here in this beautiful
place,

Where all trouble and worrit seems o'er;
For no more he'd speak rough, or get drunk
on the stuff

That the gin-shops sells cheap to the
poor!"

Then she turns her head round, an' her 'art
giv' a bound;

Dad was standin' just inside the door!

An' he draws his sleeve over his face, an'
comes near,

An' stoops over the cot where she lies.
An' he lugs from his coat a new dolly
dressed out

In the fashion, with starin' blue eyes!
"You'll forgive me, my kid, for the wrong
that I did,

For I no'er meant to hurt ye!" he cries.

"An' your mother an' me we've made up,
gal, says he,

"An' I've promised to wipe out the stain
Of the black by-gone years, wi' their hunger
an' tears,

And I'll strive to with might an' with
main!

For the pledge I have took, an' swore hard
on the Book,

That I'll never touch liquor again!"

• • • • •

There's the end of the tale, sir. It's long,
an' I'm tired,

Though I wasn't when first I began
The adventures to tell of a poor little gell
Like myself, to a grand gentleman.

Here's my doll: see her dress? Laws a me!
Can't you guess!

I'm her—that identical Nan!

—Illustrated London Truth.

• • • • •

THE common puff-ball very strik-
ingly illustrates the rapidity with
which fungi may multiply. It is said
that 300 years would be required for
a man to count the spores of a single
ball, if possible to continue counting
day and night for that time. Yet a
favourably planted spore will produce
a plant as large as the double fist in a
single night.

THE OLD PLATE.

DID an old plate ever make my
little reader uncomfortable or afraid?

"No, of course not," you say; "who
was ever made uncomfortable or afraid
by an old plate?" Well, I was once.

Let me tell you about it.

When I was a little boy, an old
plate used to hang on the wall, tied
'p with a piece of string; and often
when I went into the room in which
it was placed, and saw it, I would turn
my eyes away, and look at something
else; for there were words printed on
that old plate which at times quite
frightened me. What could they be?

Four words only; and little words
which the youngest of my readers I
think w'd understand: "Thou God
Seest Me."

Often I had lost my temper, and
had spoken words untrue, and had dis-
obeyed my parents, and I did not like
to think that the eye of God was ever
watching me. I was a sinner, and
though many of my naughty words
and deed were known to those around
me, yet many things which I had
done, and which I knew were wrong,
had never been found out; but that
old plate, with its solemn words,
"Thou, God, seest me," ever reminded
me that there was One from whom I
could keep no secret.

My dear little reader, do you know
that there is not one word, or thought,
or look, or deed of yours but the holy,
sin-hating God knows all about it?

You have never been out of his sight.
Perhaps when mother or father have
been out, you have done something or
other of which you have never told
them. But God knows all about it.

He needs no one to tell him, for he
ever watches you, and he knows how
sinful you are. And yet I have such
"good news" for you; for the holy,
holy, holy God, who sees both you and
me, and everybody else, has "so loved
the world that he gave his only be-
gotten Son, that whosoever believeth
in him should not perish, but have
everlasting life." It is a solemn thing
to know God sees us; but how blessed
it is to know that he loves us, and
gave his only Son, whom he loved so
much, and who had always been with
him, to come down into this world full
of sinners, like you and me, and to die
such an awful death upon the cross,
so that sinners might be saved, and
be made fit to be with the Lord Jesus
in heaven.

I have, since I began to tell you
about this, been up into the room
where that old plate now hangs, and
have looked again at those words,
"Thou, God, seest me;" and now, in-
stead of making me feel unhappy,
those very words bring brightness and
joy. I am glad now that the eye of
God is ever upon me; for now I know
that all my sins have been washed
away by the precious blood of Jesus
Christ, and that I shall never perish,
for I do believe on him; and though
I remember the sins which I have

done, yet God says he will remember
them no more. And, more than this,
I know that he is my Father, and
loves me so much that I delight to be
in his sight.

PLAYTHINGS OF THE INDIAN
CHILDREN.

THE Indian children, living in their
wigwams in the west of the United
States and Canada, love playthings as
well as other children. The boys play
with bows and arrows, and the girls
with dolls or substitutes for them.

The dolls are of rags, with faces
painted on them, and daubed with
streaks of red in a style admired by
them. To these, however, they prefer
a live plaything, or a "meat baby," as
the little girl once said; so they make
pets of ravens, young eagles and pup-
pies. A young Indian girl is often
seen with the wise head of one of these
birds or the fat, round face of a puppy
sticking out of her blanket behind.

They also imitate the life of their
mothers, and rig an arrangement with
two poles crossed on the back of a dog,
as the squaws do on the back of a
horse, on which queer vehicle they
carry jars of water or anything they
choose. The babies of the Indians,
strapped into their cradles, play with
the dangling strings of beads or other
articles which are hung before their
faces to make them squint, that being
considered a great beauty.

The Esquimaux children have toys
in plenty, and they are twice as useful
as our toys, for making them enter-
tains and occupies the parents, and
playing with them does the same for
the children. From ivory they carve
the animals of their country—bears,
wolves, foxes, geese, gulls, walruses,
seals and whales. These are quite
small—none three inches long, and
some not more than one inch,—but so
well carved that the animal is easily
recognized.

BOYS OF BULGARIA.

DURING the celebrated defence of
Shipka Pass by the Bulgarian Legion,
assailed with the greatest fury by the
Turkish forces under Suliman Pasha,
the brave Bulgarians were almost
entirely surrounded by the Turks.

Water had to be carried to the
famous defenders of the pass over a
field which was swept by the enemy's
rifles. Bulgarian lads volunteered for
this perilous mission of mercy, carrying
water to the fighting and the wounded
men. It is related that when a water-
jar in the arms of a Bulgarian boy was
shattered by a rifle-ball, instead of
rejoicing over his own wonderful escape,
the child wept for the spilling of the
cooling water so much needed by the
suffering soldiers.

Are not such boys worth teaching?
such souls worth saving?

I, while the gaze of the nations
is drawn toward Bulgaria, let us learn
about, think about and help her brave
boys.

Crooked Spectacles.

As elf lived in a buttercup,
And, walking after dawn,
He donned his golden spectacles,
And stepped out on the lawn.
"Dear me," said he,
"I scarce can see,
The sunbeams shine so crookedly!"

He met a merry bumblebee
Within the clover gay,
Who buzzed "Good morning" in his
car—
"It is a pleasant day."
"Don't speak to me,
Sir Bumblebee,
Until you trim your wings!" cried he.

He met a gallant grasshopper,
And thus accosted him:
"Why don't you wear your green coat
straight
And look in better trim?
It frets me quite
In such a plight
To have you field-folk in my sight!"

He saw an airy dragon-fly
Float o'er the meadow rail:
"Pray stop, Sir Dragon-fly!" he cried;
"So upside down you sail,
The sight will make
My poor head ache;
Fly straight, or rest within the brake."

Then a wise owl upon the tree,
Blinked his great, staring eye:
"To folk in crooked spectacles
The whole world looks awry.
To-whit! To-whee!
To-who!" said he—
"Many such folk I've lived to see."

BRING A SHOVEL.

BY REV. E. A. RAND.

THREE thousand men are all at work on a huge bank of snow—all in motion, intensely in motion, trying, struggling, agonizing in their efforts to get that great mound out of the way. There they pant, digging, digging, for underneath over twenty people are buried by the avalanche,—buried in their homes, buried on the street, buried in some hall of pleasure, buried in some mart of business,—all under that horrible Austrian avalanche. Quick! Clear away the snow! Ah, there is a hat! It is a sign of some one beneath. Make no tarrying. Lay hold! Is there a spare shovel? Lay hold! The digger's own brother or sister, father or mother, son or daughter, may be under the garment that has just come in sight. Work away intensely now! Buried beneath an avalanche! How much it means, not alone in Austria, where the above happened, but all over the earth! That great avalanche, sin, has rolled down upon us. Not a soul on the earth but in some way has been struck by it; not a nature but has been damaged. Every life shows the bruises made by this sin-avalanche. Some are under it to-day, not above it. They may be in business, and yet covered up. Doing business under an avalanche! They have invited self to come in and God to stop out. They are buried under a mass of selfish plans, selfish cares, selfish pursuits, given to these things and immersed in them. They may be in the halls of selfish pleasure

—rioting under an avalanche, trying to make merry when this great incubus of death is upon them! That young man stealing out of some place of licentious pleasure, he has been struck by the avalanche. That miserable drunkard, he is under the avalanche of appetite. God help him! And how many who feel not the solicitations of appetite or avarice are under an avalanche of sinful indifference to God! They are unwilling to act, unwilling to think even, and all the while the suffocating stupor of death is upon them.

Who will not lend a helping hand and attack this avalanche? God help them! You help them. God helps through you. Has any one a word to say or write, a hand to stretch up to God in prayer, a hand to stretch out to his fellow in active help? Who will bring a shovel and go to work? Only a shovel! It is true a shovelful is not a cartful, but it leaves that amount less to be removed by the next laborer, and then shovelfuls make the cartful. Work away. Say your one word to that tempted young man. Reach out your hand, though it count only one, to your neighbour in trouble; it will be prized if there be warm blood, if there be heart, in it.

The avalanche may be near you in your own home. Your brother may be under that great wrecking mass, and if not, it is Christ's own prodigal brother, for whom he died and whom he yearns to save. Take that shovel. Work away. Save, save from the horrible death of the avalanche!

ABOUT THE MOON.

MATTIE's head was in a puzzle. Many were the times she had watched the moon as it began, a little silver thread in the west, each night growing larger and higher up, till it shone in the east in its full beauty, just as the sun disappeared in the west. Then it was called a full moon, because it looked its full size.

"Mamma, please tell me about the moon. I can't understand."

"What?" asked mamma, looking up from her work.

"Why, it's in a different place every night," said Mattie.

"Because it's going round the earth, from west to east, all the time. It goes quite round once in about twenty-eight days."

"Oh! said Mattie, "I see! But what makes it grow bigger every night?"

"It doesn't. But, you see, the sun only shines on half of it, on the half next to itself, and the dark part we cannot see. Now, when the moon, in its journey round the earth, first comes into sight in the west, most all its dark side is towards us. We only see a little thread of the bright. Then the farther on it gets, the more we see, till, when it's half way round, on the opposite side from the sun, we look the bright side of it square in the face."

"Then it is a full moon," said Mattie.
"Yes. Now if you could watch it every night for the next two weeks, you would see it turning its face more and more away from us, till it comes round to the sun's side and begins another journey round the earth."

"Thank you, mamma, I understand it now," and Mattie went back to her window to watch the lovely moon quite out of sight.

AFTER THE JUICE.

AMONG the eight hundred uses of the palm we find "good for beverages." The sap is drawn off in little earthen pots at the tops of the trees. But the trees are one hundred feet high, more or less twice as high, perhaps, as your father's house. Moreover, the trunk is straight, bare and branchless.

What then?
Men are equal to the problem. The native makes a large loop around the tree and gets inside of it; then he jerks it up the tree with his hands, a little at a time, drawing his legs after it. He carries up an empty earthen jar, and brings down a full one. He ascends and descends with great rapidity, making a fresh incision in the bark at the top before he fastens on the empty pot.

There are frequent accidents in this perilous work, and medical missionaries have often cases in the wards of men who have fallen from their lofty perches in these treetops, and who, during their treatment, are led to a knowledge of God.

The juice, when fresh, is a delicious drink; when fermented it becomes intoxicating. But its chief use is for a coarse dark sugar used by the natives. The climbers sometimes ascend fifty trees in one day.—*Well-Spring.*

GOD'S BIRD.

A LITTLE Indian girl, the daughter of a chief in the Omaha tribe, who was being educated in a city, tells us this story to show how she learned that all living things belong to God:

"I remember the first time I ever heard the name of God. I was a very little girl, playing about the tent one summer-day, when I found a little bird lying hurt on the ground. It was a fledgling that had fallen from a tree and fluttered some distance from the nest.

"Ah!" thought I, 'now this is mine.' I was delighted, and ran about with the little creature in my hand.

"What have you there, Lugette?" said one of the men who was at work in the field.

"It is a bird. It is mine," I said.

"He looked at it. 'No, it is not yours. You must not hurt it. You have no right to it.'

"Not mine!" I said. 'I found it. Whose is it?'

"It is God's. You must give it back to him.'

"I did not dare to disobey. 'Whose

is God? How shall I give it back to him?'

"He is here. Go to the high grass yonder, near its nest, and lay it down and say, God, here is thy bird again. He will hear you.'

"I went to the tall grass, crying and awed, and did as he bid me. I laid it down on the grass in a warm, sunny spot, and said, 'God, here is thy bird again.' I never forgot that lesson."

Is not this a beautiful lesson? And have all you dear children learned, we wonder, that the dogs, and the cats, and the birds, and every living thing, belong to the great and good God?

WHEN PERSONAL HABITS ARE FORMED.

IF the period between twenty and thirty is the critical one in the formation of intellectual and professional habits, the period below twenty is more important still for the fixing of personal habits, properly so called, such as vocalization and pronunciation, gesture, motion, and address. Hardly ever can a youth transferred to the society of his betters unlearn the nasality and other vices of speech bred in him by the associations of his growing years. Hardly ever, indeed, no matter how much money there be in his pocket, can he ever learn to dress like a gentleman born. The merchants offer their wares as eagerly to him as to the veriest "swell," but he simply can't buy the right things. An invisible law, as strong as gravitation, keeps him within its orbit, arrayed this year as he was last year, and how his aristocratic acquaintances contrive to get the things they wear will be for him a mystery till his dying-day.

The great thing, then, in all education, is to make automatic and habitual, as early as possible, as many useful actions as we can, and to guard against the growing into ways that are likely to be disadvantageous to us as we should guard against the plague. The more of the details of our daily life we can hand over to the infallible and effortless custody of automatism, the more our higher powers of mind will be set free for their own proper work. There is no more miserable human being than one in whom nothing is habitual but indecision, and for whom even the small things of everyday life are subjects of express volitional deliberation. Full half the time of such a man goes to the deciding or regretting of matters which ought to have been so thoroughly ingrained in him as practically not to exist for his consciousness at all. If there be such daily duties not yet ingrained in any one of my readers, let him begin this very day to set the matter right.

SOPHROMIA: "What is philosophy?"
It is something which enables a rich man to say there is no disgrace in being poor.

The Unrecorded Smiles.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON

"He wept," so saith the evangelist
Of him the holy, undefiled,
Whom angels mid their chantings missed,
Amazed. None ever said, 'He smiled.'

"Why should he? Smiles betoken joy;
But sin and woe and death sufficed
All mortal sweetness to destroy,
Even for the human heart of Christ

"He, for the bliss to be revealed,
Wrapped Godhead up in clay, and kept
Its light ineffable, concealed,
The while he walked this earth and wept."

Thus spake the preacher. Softly shy,
A child close caught her mother's hand;
Strong protest flashing in her eye,
Her lips apart with quick demand.

"Does not the Gospel clear" say,—
Who reads St. Matthew's page may see,
That little children left their play
To come and sit upon his knee?

"Would tears have drawn the happy child,
If tears had made those features dim?
No—no! If Jesus had not smiled,
The children had not come to him!"

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JUNE 9, 1883.

THE KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

It is midnight. You are in sorrow. You sit in a room which some personal grief has made dark and lonely. You crave sympathy; some one, too, who can assure you that this night-time will be followed by a morning. Hark! There is a knock at the door. It is that of a friend who understands your trouble, feels for you, would come in to sympathize with you and assure you of another and brighter hour. Will you refuse to rise, open the door, and let that friend come in?

You are in sickness. It is hard to bear it to-day, and you know not how it will end. What if death be the end? Again there is a knock at the door. It is a friend whose hand upon your brow will quiet you and who can heal you. Above all, his gentle touch, felt by the very soul, will take away

anxiety about the future, whether it be that of life or death. Will you not bid that the door be opened?

You are tempted. You are in the midst of a circle of scoffers who have no sympathy with your principles. Some one sneers at your unwillingness to utter an impure word. Another bids you revenge an "insult." A third says, "Take advantage of a neighbour's ignorance." You crave support in the doing of duty. You would be pure, self-denying, honest, brave, just. Hark! There is yet a knock at the door. It is a friend who will stand by you, approve your sentiments, and give you courage to live up to them. Will you refuse him admission?

You are in the cell of a prison. Who can liberate you, condemned for some wrongdoing? Who will bring a pardon that will prove to be the key exactly fitting and opening every prison door? Hark! How the friendly knock echoes pleasantly down the shadowy old corridor of stone! It is some one who carries in his pocket a pardon that will open every door between you and liberty, if you are only willing to meet and receive him.

This fourfold knocking at the door! Each time it is the hand of Jesus that knocks.

In sorrow, he would wipe your tears away and share your loneliness with you. In sickness, he would come to your bedside and hold you in his healing, comfortable arms. In temptation, he would stand by you, strengthen you, and give you courage to do what is right. In the consciousness of the guilt of sin he would give you the assurance of pardon. Will you not respond to this knock by his scarred hand and open the door?

You have long delayed to do your duty. You said last year you would open the door this year. In January you said you would admit the Saviour in February. What if he be weary of waiting? What if his pleading voice die away and that knocking hand be lifted from the door? Hear his voice to-day, saying, "Behold I stand at the door and knock," and, as you hear that voice, hasten to the door, and let the Saviour in.

SAVED.

A GENTLEMAN who escaped from the wreck of the *Atlantic* telegraphed his brother in a distant city the single word "Saved." The message was brief; yet so highly did the brother value it that he had it framed and hung up in his office. Christ said to the man whom he had healed, "Go home to thy people and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee." And what joy such an announcement would bring to those who have been anxious for the souls of their kindred! They are "saved"—saved from a worse wreck than the *Atlantic*, safe in a better hope than of home and country.



THE ASCENSION.

The Ascension.

REJOICE, O ye children of bondage!
The night of your grief has gone by,
And, bright as the sun in the morning,
Your Lord has ascended on high.
Lift up the bright portals of glory,
Blest angels, to let in your King,
And hasten the hymn of his triumph,
On golden harps bravely to sing.

O saints, that in glory refulgent,
Burst forth from the tombs where you lay,
And back o'er a path yet untrodden,
Came out with your Chief into day;
How looked he, how seemed he, the Victor,
From worlds he had conquered below,
To worlds of ethereal splendour,
Prepared as their Monarch to go!

Oh, none but your tongue, or a seraph's,
May tell of the Infinite One,
Whom kings in their glory resemble,
As glow-worms resemble the sun.
Yet we can exult in your triumph,
Ye servants and friends of the Lord—
We hope, humbly hope yet to share it,
Through grace of the all-saving Word.

This day, in the heart of poor mortals
Reign gladness and peace. It is well!
This day the chill shadow of sadness
Should darken no dwelling but hell.
This day, let the prayers of the youthful,
Like incense, to heaven ascend,
And gain for the souls of the ransomed
The grace to love God to the end.

THERE will never be a second Saviour, to atone for the guilt of rejecting the first.

A NEW GAME.

St. Nicholas, that dear friend of all children, tells us about it, and we believe that our boys and girls will find their wits well sharpened by playing it often. We shall be surprised to find how much one can see at a single glance:

"A little girl was brought into court as a witness. When found to be a quick and correct observer, she was asked how she learned to see so much in a moment of time. She described the new game, and we advise you all to play it often.

"I suppose, sir," said Ella as the others gathered about to listen, 'it is because my father used to teach me that it was rude and useless to stare long at any person or anything. He said I must train my eye to see everything at a glance, and we used to amuse ourselves by looking at pictures in that way. It is just like a game, and one can play at it all alone too. I have kept it up because I live alone with my grandma out on the old turnpike, and I seldom have any one to play with. I only had one good look at you, sir, but I saw your black eyes, your gray moustache, and the look in your face that can be stern or can be very kind.'"



LOGGING IN THE WOODS.—(SEE STORY.)

Begin with God.

Begin the day with God !
He is thy sun and day ;
He is the radiance of thy dawn,
To him address thy lay.

Sing thy first song to God !
Not to thy fellow-man ;
Not to the creatures of his hand,
But to the Glorious One.

Awake, cold lips, and sing !
Arise dull knees, and pray ;
Lift up, O man, thy heart and eyes ;
Brush slothfulness away.

Look up beyond these clouds !
Thither thy pathway lies ;
Mount up, away, and linger not,
The goal is yonder skies.

Cast every weight aside !
Do battle with each sin :
Fight with the faithless world without
The faintless heart within.

Take thy first meal with God !
He is thy heavenly food !
Feed with and on him ; he with thee
Will feast in brotherhood.

Take thy first walk with God !
Let him go forth with thee ;
By stream, or sea, or mountain path,
Seek still his company.

Thy first transaction be
With God himself above ;
So shall thy business prosper well,
And all thy days be love.

MAMMA'S HAND AND JESUS' HAND.

A DEAR little child of three years of age lay dying. Father, mother, physician, friends, had done all in their power to stay the hand of death, but in vain. The mother bent over him in speechless agony. How could she give him up—her beautiful boy, her darling, her treasure! How lonely the house would be without the little prattler!

But love could not keep him, and the last moments of life were ebbing away. All were watching in breathless suspense for the silent messenger. Suddenly the dear little child gazed around him, placed one little hand in his mother's and stretching the other

one out as if clasping another, his lips moved, and these are the precious words he uttered :

"One hand is mamma's and one hand is Jesus'."

And thus protected with the care of his two best friends, he took the short step from one to the other.—*Selected.*

"CHRIST IS MY SUMATANGA."

So said a native Christian in India, expressing in his own way, the comfort he found in the Saviour. But what is a "Sumatanga?" In some parts of India there are provided along the road resting-places for those who carry heavy loads on the head, as many have to do. These rests have a high shelf, upon which the man can easily sit down and rest for a season until his strength is renewed to go forward and carry his burden to the place for which he is bound. It was with reference to one of these rests the native Christian expressed his faith in the words, "*Christ is my Sumatanga.*"

WORDS OF A MERCHANT PRINCE TO YOUNG MEN.

EDWARD EVERETT, being invited to address an association of young men, went to Abbot Lawrence, a prince among the merchants of the East, and asked him, "What shall I say to the young men?"

The merchant replied, "Tell them that commerce is not a mercenary pursuit, but an honourable calling."

In saying this Mr. Lawrence gave expression to the principle which had guided his own splendid career; for, as Mr. Everett said of him after his death, "He built upon the adamantine basis of probity; beyond reproach, beyond suspicion. His life gave a lofty meaning to the familiar line, and you felt in his presence that 'An honest man is the noblest work of God.' It is an unquestioned fact that the steeds which drew Mr. Lawrence's mercantile chariot were Honor and Honesty.—*S. S. Classmate.*

The King's Messenger;

OR,

Lawrence Temple's Probation.

(A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE)

BY THE EDITOR

CHAPTER III.

THE LUMBER CAMP.

"A man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees"—*Psalm lxxvi. 5.*

"How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke."—*Gray's Elegy*

At length the little flotilla reached the Mattawa river. A heavy boom of floating logs chained together was moored across its mouth to intercept timber coming down its stream. An opening was made in this, and proceeding a short distance, the brigade reached at last its destination. A camp had occupied the ground the previous season and the buildings were still standing, although one had been partially unroofed by a summer storm.

The camp consisted of three buildings forming three sides of a hollow square, the fourth side being open, with a warm sunny southern exposure, toward the river. To the right was a strongly-built storehouse for keeping the flour, pork, tea, sugar and other supplies required for a hundred men for half a year. To the left were the stables for the ten or twelve teams which were daily expected to arrive by a trail along the river side through the forest.

The third side of the square was occupied by "the shanty" or boarding-house for the men. Instead of being, as its name might imply, a frail structure, it was a large, strongly-built log-house. The openings between the logs were filled with moss and clay. The windows were very few and small. For this there were three reasons—larger openings would weaken the structure of the house, and let in more cold, and glass was a rather scarce commodity on the Mattawa.

The whole interior was one large room. The most conspicuous object was a huge log fire-place or platform, like an ancient altar, in the centre of the floor. It was covered with earth and blackened embers and was surrounded by a protecting border of cobble stones. Immediately over it an opening in the roof gave vent to the smoke, although in dull weather much of it lingered among the rafters, which fact gave them a rather sombre appearance. Around the wall were rude "bunks" or berths like those in a ship, for the accommodation of the shantymen. A few exceedingly solid-looking benches, tables and shelves, made with backwoodsman skill, with no other instrument than an axe and auger, was all the furniture visible. Some wooden pegs were driven in the wall to support the guns, powder-horns, shot-pouches, and extra clothing of the men. Over the door-way was fastened

a large deer's head with branching antlers. The house was warm and comfortable, but with nothing like privacy for the men.

The other buildings were similarly constructed and roofed with logs split and partially hollowed out. During the fine weather the cooking was done at a camp fire in the court yard, but in winter, at the huge hearth in the shanty. A huge log hollowed into a trough caught rain water, while for culinary purposes a spring near at hand sufficed.

On the walls of the stable were stretched out, dried by the sun, stained by the weather and torn by the wind, the skins of several polecats, weasels, and other vermin, evidence of the prowess of the stable boys and a warning of the fate which awaited all similar depredators just as the Danish pirates when captured by the Saxons were flayed and their skin nailed to the church doors, as a symbol of the stern justice meted out in the days of the Heptarchy.

A couple of hardy Scotch squatters had cleared a patch of ground near the camp, and raised a crop of oats, and cured a quantity of wild meadow hay, for which they got a good price from the lumber company.

The deserted camp was soon in a bustle of activity, and the abandoned buildings were promptly reoccupied. The stores were safely housed and padlocked. Each man stowed away his "kit" under his berth or on a shelf or peg above it. Axes were sharpened on a large grindstone, and when necessary fitted with new helvcs, and every one was prepared for a winter campaign against the serried array of forest veterans. Such are the general arrangements adopted for carrying out the great national industry of Canada—an industry in which more capital is employed than in any other branch of business and from which a greater annual revenue is derived.

The day after the arrival of the lumber crew at the camp, Lawrence was told off with a "gang" of men to proceed a short distance up the stream and begin the work of felling trees. The air was cool and bracing, and fragrant with pine balm. The stately trunks rose like a pillared colonnade, "each fit to be the mast of some high admiral." The pine needles made an elastic carpet under foot, and the bright sunlight streamed down through the openings of the forest, flecking the ground with patches of gold.

Soon the assigned limit was reached, and the stalwart axemen each selected his antagonist in this life-and-death duel with the ancient monarchs of the forest. The scanty brushwood was cleared. The axes gleamed brightly in the air. The measured strokes fell thick and fast, awaking strange echoes in the dim and distant forest aisles. The white chips flew through the air, and ghastly wounds gaped in the trunks of the ancient pines. Now

a venerable forest chief shivered through all his branches, swayed for a moment in incertitude, like blind Ajax fighting with his unseen foe, then, with a shuddering groan, tottered and reeled crashing down, shaking the earth and air in his fall. As he lay there, a prostrate giant that had wrestled with the storms of a hundred winters, felled by the hand of man in a single hour, the act seemed like murder. As Lawrence stood with his foot on the fallen trunk of his first tree, but a moment before standing grand and majestic and lordly as a king's son, like Saul among the prophets, he seemed guilty of sacrilege—of slaying the Lord's anointed. He followed in fancy its fate:

Mild shouts and cheers
The jaded steers,
Panting beneath the goad,
Drag down the weary winding road
Those captive kings so straight and tall,
To be shorn of their streaming hair
And, naked and bare,
To feel the stress and the strain
Of the wind and the reeling main,
Whose roar
Would remind them forevermore
Of their native forests they should not see
again.

But after a time his conscience became seared and calloused to this tree murder, and as he swung his glittering axe through the air and it bit deep into the very heart of some grand old pine, stoical beneath his blows as a forest sachem under the knife of his enemy, a stern joy filled his soul, as he felt that he with that tiny weapon was more than a match for the towering son of Anak. It realized the fairy tales of his boyhood, and he played the role of Jack the Giant-killer over again.

The fallen trees were cut into logs of suitable length by huge saws worked by a couple of brawny sawyers. When the snow fell, these were drawn to the river side by sturdy teams of oxen. The logs were loaded on the sleds by being rolled up an inclined plain formed by a pair of "skids," as shown in the engraving on page 93. A stout chain was attached to the sled and passed around the log, and a pair of oxen tugged at the other end of the chain till the unwieldy mass, sometimes weighing nearly a ton, was hauled on to the sled. This heavy work, as may be supposed, is not without danger; and sometimes serious accidents occur, when only the rude surgery of the foreman or "boss" is available.

But although Lawrence, like a strong-limbed warrior, thus "drank the joy of battle with his peers," he often also felt the warrior's fatigue and sometimes the warrior's peril and wounds. One day a tree in falling struck the projecting branch of another and dashed it to the ground in dangerous proximity to his person, and a portion of it, rebounding, gave him a severe blow on the leg. And at night as he laid his weary limbs and

aching joints upon the fragrant hemlock boughs of his berth, his hot and blistered hands often kept him awake, and he contrasted, not without a pang, the quiet and neatness of his little attic chamber beneath his mother's roof with the uncongenial surroundings by which he was environed. The frugal yet clean and appetizing fare of his mother's table, with its snowy cloth and dainty dishes, and above all, her saintly presence beaming with a sacred influence like the seraphic smile of Murillo's Madonna, were remembered with a longing akin to that of the Israelites in the desert for the fleshpots of Egypt, as he partook of his mess of pork and beans or Irish stew and drank out of his tin pannikin his strong green tea, unflavoured with milk. Hunger, however, gave a zest to his appetite, and the monotonous fare of the camp was sometimes varied by the killing of a deer or the snaring of a covey of partridges.

Lawrence was not without spiritual contests also as well as conflicts with the giants of the forest, and the former were the more desperate and deadly of the two. To live a godly life amid all these godless men—for so far as he knew none of them had any personal experience of religion—was no slight task. To confess Christ humbly and modestly, yet boldly and firmly amid his unfavourable surroundings taxed his Christian resolution.

It was not long before he had an opportunity of bearing the reproach of Christ. To a lad of his retiring and sensitive disposition it was quite an ordeal to observe his religious devotions at night and morning amid the smoking and foolish, and often profane, talking and jesting of nearly a hundred rude and boisterous men. On the journey up the river he had sought the solitude of the forest for his devotions. He could still have done so in the camp, but he thought that it would be an act of moral cowardice to conceal his habit of prayer. He therefore from the very first night read a chapter in his father's Bible and knelt quietly beside his "bunk" to pray to his Father in heaven. This act had a salutary effect on those near him. Most of them either ceased their conversation or subdued their voices to a lower key. Those who would do neither, moved away, as if reproached by his act. Indeed some of the Roman Catholic lumbermen began to imitate his conduct, a few openly, and others turning to the wall and furtively crossing themselves before they retired to rest. The quiet dignity without haughty reserve, and the uniform politeness and kindness of the young man, had won the respect or good-nature of most of the motley forest community.

One night a rough Irish teamster, Dennis O'Neal by name, came into the shanty in a decidedly ill humour. He had been breaking in a yoke of young steers that the foreman had bought from the Scotch squatter—an

employment not calculated to mollify a temper somewhat irascible at the best of times. He grumbled over his supper and quarrelled with the cook. As he caught sight of Lawrence kneeling at his bedside he seemed to consider him a fitting object on which to vent his ill humour. Picking up a musk rat which one of the Indians had killed and was going to cook for his private gratification, O'Neal hurled it at the head of Lawrence with the objurgation,

"Get up, ye spalpeen. What for are ye makin' yerself so much better than the rest av us! It's some runaway 'prentice ye are, for all yer foine manners, bad luck to ye!"

Though struck fairly on the side of the face by the noisome missile Lawrence made no reply, but bowed his head still lower and lifted up his heart more fervently to God.

"D'ye hear me, ye concated gosson?" cried O'Neal in a rage, and he was about to hurl his heavy boot at the boy.

"Let be le gargon," exclaimed Baptiste la Tour, who had taken a fancy to Lawrence, arresting the hand of the irate O'Neal. "What for you no pray votre self? sure you much need."

"Why don't he pray right, then?" said O'Neal, adopting the usual plea for persecution—a difference of religious creed. "Where's his 'Hail Mary!'"

"Indian pray to grand manitou," replied the philosophical Frenchman, who seems to have been tinctured with a rationalistic spirit; "Catholique pray to Sainte Marie; Protestant pray to Marie's Son: all good. Let be le gargon."

"That's so," "Let the boy alone," "Go to bed, Dennis," echoed several of the shantymen, and seeing that his treatment of Lawrence was unpopular, O'Neal slunk off growling to his bunk.

A SABBATH IN THE CAMP.

O day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud
The endorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend and with his blood;
The couch of time, care's balm and bay:—
The week were dark, but for thy light:
Thy torch doth show the way.

—George Herbert.

By general consent Lawrence suffered no more overt persecution for his practice of prayer. He was, however, made the object of many little annoyances by O'Neal, who cherished a petty spite towards him, and by others who felt reproved by his quiet yet open confession of Christ, and who resented his superiority of manner and character. For instance, he sometimes found salt furtively introduced into his tea, instead of sugar, or a handful of beechnuts placed in his bed, their sharp angles not being promotive of sound slumber. Sometimes, too, his axe would mysteriously be blunted or mislaid, and other articles would disappear for a time or, indeed, altogether. As he exhibited no spirit

of resentment, however much less of retaliation, as seemed to be expected, and was always cheerful and obliging, these one-sided jokes at which nobody laughed, lost their charm to their perpetrators and were discontinued. It takes two to make a quarrel, and there was no use in annoying a man who never seemed to be annoyed.

Lawrence found opportunities also of disarming prejudice and winning favour by his helpful and cordial disposition. One day O'Neal was in real difficulty and some peril from his steers which, under his domineering mode of management, had proved refractory and had severely crushed their driver between the clumsy cart, in which he was hauling hay from the meadow stacks to the barn, and a huge stump which stood in the rough bush road. Lawrence ran to his assistance. With a few kind words he pacified the enraged animals and extricated Dennis from his danger. As he was a good deal bruised, Lawrence hastily threw off most of the load, helped the injured man into the cart and drove him slowly to the shanty, and, with the assistance of Baptiste, carried him to his bunk.

The next day was Sunday, a day which often seemed the most tedious of the week in the camp. Lawrence sorely missed the Sabbath services to which he had been accustomed, and was greatly distressed at the desecration of the holy day, of which he was the involuntary witness. Many of the men lay in their berths or bunks, or lounged about the shanty, unkempt and half dressed a good part of the day. Some wandered in the woods with dog and gun. Others fished, bathed or paddled in the river in their bark canoes. In the evening most of them talked, smoked, played cards, or mended their clothes in the shanty. Lawrence was wont to retire to the woods with his Bible and hymn-book and hold a Sabbath service by himself in the leafy temple of Nature. In the evening he used to seek a quiet corner, not only on Sunday but on week-nights when not too tired, and slowly and with much difficulty he spelled his way through the Gospel of St. John in his father's Greek Testament.

On this Sunday, however, instead of going out he remained in the shanty and prepared some toast and tea for O'Neal who, unable to rise, lay tossing and moaning impatiently in his rude bed.

"It's very kind av ye, shure," said the sick man, "afther the ways I've treated ye, it is."

"Oh! never mind that," said Lawrence. "Ye won't do it again, I'm sure."

"Troth an' I won't. True for ye, boy! It's ashamed av meself ye make me, entirely."

"Would you like me to read to you a bit?" asked Lawrence.

"'Deed ye may if ye loike. I'm no great hand at the readin', but I'll

listen as quiet as a dumb cratur, if it plazes ye."

Gladly accepting this not very gracious permission, Lawrence brought his Bible, and after thinking what would be least likely to offend the prejudices of the rather choleric patient, he read the beautiful hymn of the Virgin, "My soul doth magnify the Lord" He then read the story of the marriage at Cana of Galilee, with its account of the reverence paid by Mary to her Divine Son.

"Is that the Blessed Vargin, ye're readin' about?" asked O'Neal with some interest.

"Yes," said Lawrence. "Shure, she was the good woman," replied his patient in a sort of expostulatory tone.

"Certainly," continued the reader, "the 'blessed among women' the Bible calls her."

"Does it now! the Protestant Bible?" asked Dennis with eagerness. "An' is that it ye're readin'! Shure they tould me it was a bad book. Read me some more av it, if ye plaze."

Lawrence read him the touching story of Calvary, and then repeated the beautiful *Stabat Mater*, that hymn of ages with its sweet refrain,

"Mary stood the cross beside."

Strange that that hymn of the Umbrian monk should be repeated six hundred years after his death in a lumber shanty in the backwoods of Canada.

Lawrence then repeated Wesley's beautiful hymn.

"Come, ye weary sinners, come,
All who groan beneath your load,
Jesus calls his wanderers home,
Hasten to your pardoning God.
Come, ye guilty spirits, oppressed,
Answer to the Saviour's call:
'Come, and I will give you rest.
Come, and I will save you all'"

As he recited slowly and with much feeling the last verse.

"Burdened with a world of grief,
Burdened with our sinful load,
Burdened with this unbelief,
Burdened with the wrath of God;
Lo! we come to thee for ease,
True and gracious as thou art;
Now our groaning soul release,
Write forgiveness on my heart,"

a tear trickled down the bronzed face of the sick man, the first that he had shed for years, and his features twitched convulsively as he said,

"True for ye. Burdened enough I've been, and far enough I've wandered. If the Blessed Vargin 'ud only look on a poor wretch p'raps I might repent after all."

Gently and lovingly Lawrence urged him to look from the Virgin to her Divine Son for the forgiveness of sins and spiritual succour that he alone can impart.

As he was about to leave the sick man, he laid his hand on his fevered brow and asked him kindly if he felt better.

"It's powerful wake I am," said the grateful fellow, "but, thanks to yer kindness, I'm cruel aisy."

Taking this rather contradictory statement as it was meant, Lawrence retired to his secret oratory in the woods to thank God that he had been enabled to overcome evil with good. As he walked in the dim forest aisles in the flush of the departing day he felt that in the rude lumber shanty he had been able to serve God no less acceptably than if he had worshipped beneath cathedral dome. In seeking to do good unto others his own soul had been benighted and blessed

(To be continued.)

Mother's Letters.

MORNING'S letters ' precious things!
Speeding with their snowy wings!
Waited for by household bands,
In all countries and all lands!

Mother's letters to her boy!
See him grasp it, oh! what joy!
Now with tears his eyes are dim—
Mother, dear, believes in him

Tender thoughts from mother a pea
He must read to listening men.
They in camp, or "marching through,
May have anxious mothers, too.

O'er the sea, from shore to shore,
Mid the great Atlantic's roar,
Speed the little missives white
On their rounds of love and light;

Cheering many a maiden's heart,
Forced from home and friends to part;
Checking many a lad's career
When the tempter lurketh near.

Mother's letters! full of love,
Oh, what comforters they prove
In the dark and dismal day,
When no sunlight gilds the way.

Mother's letters! precious things!
Speeding with their snowy wings!
Waited for by household bands,
In all countries and all lands!

BOYS WANTED.

WHAT kind of boys are wanted in counting rooms and offices, to take the place, in time, of the merchants and ship-masters who are so active to-day! Let us see.

First, boys that know how to obey orders. It is said that the famous General Havlock set out for a walk in London one morning, taking with him his son Henry, about twelve years old. On his return his wife exclaimed: "General, where is Henry?" "I left him on Thames Bridge this morning, telling him to await my return," he replied. Hurrying back to the bridge, the boy was found walking up and down, up and down, waiting as he had been told. All the long day the boys had jeered at him, called him names, pointed at him; and now, touching his hat to his father, he was ready for home.

During a famous battle between the French and English, the British commander gave orders to an officer, with his regiment, to guard a certain bridge, and remain there till ordered to march. The battle raged fiercely, now one army retreating, and then the other forced back, till the officer could wait no longer, but gave orders to "march" and join in the thickest of the fight.

He was brave and did good service, but Napoleon crossed that bridge and escaped. After the battle the commander called the officer into his presence, and, breaking his sword, stripping him of his honors, disgraced him. Severe, was it! He should have remained upon the bridge till the timbers fell into the river, unless ordered away. The kind of boys needed must learn to obey.

Secondly, boys must be able to say "No," and mean it. Nine out of ten boys who fail to rise in the world lack the will-power to brave a sneer, and to resist temptation.

In the third place, boys need help. They ought to be Christians, and not fear to let their companions know it. Twenty years ago a boy in Boston had a good situation, with excellent prospects, but gave it up because he would not do wrong to please his employer, though there were several dependent on him at home. He was desirous of pleasing the merchant, but he served and trusted in a better Master. To day he is respected and wealthy, and occupies several positions of honor.

Boys are needed every where who are prompt, honest, faithful, Christian. All such will find favour here, and a crown hereafter.

DARE TO DO RIGHT.

It takes courage sometimes! Indeed it does. There's Nellie Roberts She has a kind heart, and it hurts her to see another hurt. The other day when Daisy Melton confided to her special set the plan of playing an ill-natured trick on Amy Ray, and Nellie cried out, "O, don't let's do that, it will make Amy feel so bad!" do you think it was easy for Nellie to stand by her conscience when Daisy sneered, and said, "O, Miss Piety! How very good you are! Can't you show us how to be as good as you are?" But Nellie dared to do right, and the girls respected her in their hearts.

And Arthur Jones, the day the boys all went to an excursion. What a happy time he was having until Tom Prince came to the little group, who were resting under a big tree, with a dozen cigarettes in his hand. "Come on, boys, here's a treat," he said, and passed them around. With what a grown-up air the boys took them! Not one declined until Arthur was reached, and what a storm of ridicule and persuasion he had to meet because he politely and firmly said no!

Arthur dared to do right, though, and he has never been sorry for it. Stand by your principles, boys and girls! Dare to do right, though all the world sneer at you.

One above, who is the Right, is looking down upon you. He sees and he will give the strength to stand firm for the right, whatever it may cost.

Give what you have. To some one it may be better than you dare to think

The Open Door.

Within a town of Holland once
A widow dwelt, 'tis said;
So poor, alas! her children asked
One night in vain for bread.
But this poor woman loved the Lord,
And knew that he was good,
So, with her little ones around,
She prayed for him for food.

When prayer was done, the eldest child
A boy of eight years old—
Said softly, "In the holy Book,
Dear mother, we are told
How God, with food by raven's brought,
Supplied his prophet's need."
"Yes," answered she, "but that, my son,
Was long ago, indeed."

"But, mother, God may do again
What he has done before;
And so, to let the bird fly in,
I will un-love the door."
Then little Dirk, in simple faith,
Threw open the door full wide,
So that the radiance of their lamp
Fell on the path outside.

Ere long the burgomaster passed,
And, noting the light,
Paused to inquire why thus the door
Was open so at night.

"My little Dirk has done it, sir,"
The widow, smiling, said,
"That raven might fly in and bring
My hungry childer bread."

"Indeed!" the burgomaster cried,
"Then here's a raven, lad;
Come to my home and you shall see
Where bread may soon be had."
Along the street to his own house
He quickly led the boy,
And sent him back with food that filled
His humble home with joy.

The supper ended, little Dirk
Went to the open door,
Looked up and said, "We thank thee,
Lord."

Then shut it fast once more.
For though no bird had entered in,
He knew that God on high
Had hearkened to his mother's prayer,
And sent this full supply. —Selected.

CAMEO-CUTTING.

It is said that the stone from which cameos are cut—onyx and sardonyx—is so plentiful on the Uruguay River, in Brazil, that ships often take it away as a ballast. Nevertheless, perfect pieces of large size are costly, a piece suitable for a large portrait costing as much as seventy-five dollars.

This stone is preferred for cameos because of its hardness and durability, and is suitable for such work owing to the fact that it comes in layers of contrasting colour, as black and white, black and cream, or red and white.

When the cut figure is sunk into the stone instead of being raised, the cutting is called an intaglio. The cost of these gems is due to the time and skill required in the work. Formerly a small gem might occupy an artist a year or more, but with modern appliances the work can now be done much more rapidly. Still, the ancient work bears the palm for artistic excellence.

The cutting is now done by holding the stone against a revolving drill, whose soft steel face is covered with diamond-dust. No steel is hard enough to cut this stone. The utmost patience and caution and delicate handling are required, as the slightest slip may be fatal to the work.

Birds and Boys.

Down in the meadow the little brown thrushes
Build them a nest in the barberry bushes;
And when it is finished all cozy and neat,
Three speckled eggs make their pleasure complete.
"Tut—ter—ee twitter!" they chirp to each other,
"Building a nest is no end of a bother;
But oh, when our dear little birdies we see,
How happy we'll be! How happy we'll be!"
Up at the cottage where children are growing
The young mother patiently sits at her sewing,
It's something to work for small hobbler-dehoys
That will tear their trousers and make such a noise;
"And one must admit," says the dear little mother,
"That bringing up boys is no end of a bother;
But oh, when they kiss me, and climb on my knee,
It's a sweetness for me, it's a sweetness for me!"

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A. D. 30.] LESSON XII [June 17.

THE GREAT COMMISSION.

Matt. 28. 16-20. *Comm. to mem. vs. 18-20.*

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord gave the word: great was the company of those that published it. *Ps. 68. 11.*

OUTLINE.

1. The Company.
2. The Word.

TIME.—30 A. D.
PLACE.—Galilee.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The eleven disciples*—Judas had hanged himself and gone to his own place. *Where Jesus had appointed them*—When he had is never told us, but he had met the eleven several times and had, probably, told them to communicate the appointment to the believers. *Some doubted*—Not some of the eleven, but some of the gathered company.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—
1. That Jesus is the Saviour of all nations?
2. That Jesus is the teacher of all nations?
3. That Jesus is to be the ruler of all nations?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Whither had Jesus bid the disciples go? Before him, into Galilee. 2. How large a company does Paul say had assembled? More than five-hundred brethren. 3. What was the message of Jesus to this company? That he was omnipotent and eternal. 4. What command did he give to them? To baptize and teach all nations. 5. What has been the history of the obedience of the Church to this command? "The Lord gave the word," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The power of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

33. What do you mean by the attributes of God? All the perfections of his nature.
34. What do the Scriptures teach concerning God's attributes? That he is omnipotent and almighty, that he is omniscient and all-wise.
35. What more do we learn concerning God. That he is holy and righteous, faithful and true, gracious and merciful.

SECOND QUARTER.

A. D. 53.] [June 24.

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

1 Cor. 8. 1-13. *Comm. to mem. vs. 9-11.*

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.
2. Liberty.

TIME.—58 A. D.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Things offered unto 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 and highly catenomed. *We know*—There are two words for knowledge used in this chapter; this one means simply to be conscious, to have an idea about a thing, to know it abstractly. For example, I know that there is a city of London, but I never saw it, and I do not know anything about it except by hearsay or by reading. *Knowledge*—This word means a knowledge which has come by personal experience. The Corinthian Christians had such a personal experience in their knowledge of things offered to idols. The second use of this same word refers to a heresy called gnosticism, which Paul says "puffeth up," or, better, "blows up," like a bag blown full of wind. *Edifyth* should read in contrast to "blows up," "builds up." *Conscience*, in ver. 7, where first used, is better translated in the Revised Version, knowledge.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. That things in themselves innocent may become harmful by association?
2. That true temperance means abstinence from things that are harmful?
3. That self-denial for the sake of others is a Christian duty?

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 was the only true object of worship? God the Father, of whom are all things. 4. What then was the harm of eating things offered to idols? Because some were not so enlightened. 5. If a Christian's example made such to sin, what was the Christian himself doing? He was sinning against Christ. 6. What then was Paul's resolve and the Christian's duty? "Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christian liberty.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

36. What do you mean by the omnipresence of God? That God is everywhere. *Jeremiah xxiii. 24.* Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him? saith the Lord. Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord. *Psal. cxxxix. 7-12.*
37. What do you mean by the almightiness or omnipotence of God? That God can do whatever he will. *Job xlii. 2; Matthew xix. 26.*

THE DAUGHTER'S ROOM.

The care of the sitting-room and kitchen comes under the management of the grown-up portion of the family; but every little girl from ten years old and upward loves to think that her bedroom is her very own, her special domain, where she may reign absolutely, with none to dispute her right. Here, then, is the mother's chance, if she is only judicious enough to turn it to account. Encourage the little one by all means in the belief that the room is hers—hers to beautify and adorn in any way which her fertile little brain may devise; hers to retire to when she wishes to be alone, either to do stern battle with her lessons, or, girl-like, to dream her wonderful day-dreams, and hers, above all, to keep in perfect order and neatness. This knowledge will go a long way toward fostering in the child all those elements of character so essential in the woman, and will be the means of making her gradually exercise her individual tastes and ideas, and thus acquire an interest in domestic concerns which under other circumstances she might never obtain.

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