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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IV.

TORONTO, AUGUST 23, 1884.

No. 17.

THE OLD MILL AND ITS MASTER.

WHO falls in love with his daily toil,
O, a happy man is he!
He feels like a king though his garments be mean,
And he comes of low degree.

He takes it, too, for better or worse,
Nor complains of broken tools;
The wind, or the rain, or the snow may prevail,
He leaves grumbling to the fools.

Old Giles, the miller, was such a man,
And kind was the look he wore;
The little ones loved as they played by the mill,
To stand at the open door.

And the miller down the clumsy stairs
Would come with a smile that met
The sunbeam that travelled so far that morn,
And the eyes of the village pet.

For he felt that God was good to all,
That the meanest living thing
Had its wants supplied by His loving care,
And was sheltered by His wing.

It was God's own stream that turned his mill,
God's rain cheered the growing corn,
All this good Giles knew; he gave thanks to Him
With sweet praises every morn.

He could not have borne to leave the mill,
Or to live at ease elsewhere,
It had been the scene of his father's toils,
And oft a retreat for prayer.

But when his last sun declined,
Old Giles slowly turned round to the west,
He seemed to list to the sound of the wheel,
Then passed away to his rest.

CHILDREN ATTENDING CHURCH.

TO allow the children to decide for themselves whether they will attend church or not, after the Sabbath-school, is a grievous mistake. They are not proper judges as to what is best for them. Parents decide what their children shall eat, or wear, what schools they shall attend, what work they shall perform. It is a duty at least equally grave with any other to decide what church they shall attend, and to decide that they shall attend. The authority need not be exercised harshly, but must be exercised firmly. Let it be tender and

kind. This responsibility belongs to parents, and not to Sunday-school teachers. The only right of the latter is to persuade or influence.

Do they never become tired, do they never squirm anywhere else? Shall they be excused from attending the common school because the seats are

if the little things must grow up in ignorance? Why not let them be ignorant as well as ungodly? Let the children have rest. It will be such a

comforting reflection to parents, when the years have gone a little farther on, to remember that they never constrained their children by firm and kind parental authority to become tired by attending school or church.

The attendance of children at church can be greatly increased in interest to them by leading to give close attention to what the minister says. This may be done by taking a little time after every service in getting them to tell all they can remember. Parents will be surprised in many instances to note how a few well-directed questions will bring out the children's knowledge of the sermon, hymns, and so on. The exercise as it is continued will prove ere long most thoroughly interesting, and its advantages both to parents and children will be above estimate.

It is said of the distinguished Sir Robert Peel, that in his childhood his father was accustomed to take him after every service at church to his private room, and draw from him all that he could recollect of the minister's sermon. He would do this first by offering a small reward, as, "Robin, tell me all the minister said to-day, and I will give you a cherry." In time the boy was able to repeat almost the entire sermon. And thus he acquired that power which in his subsequent career was often the occasion of so much marvel, of following up an opponent's speech, and repeating from memory alone not only each successive point in the argument, but of making the restatement in the exact language of the speaker himself. Advantages similar in kind, if not in extent, might be secured for many of the children in our families by a moderate degree of attention on the part of parents.

He who would love his race must first love those of his race who are nearest to him.



THE OLD MILL.

What if the children are a little tired before the protracted service is through? What if they become restless and inclined to squirm a little?

hard, or the legs too short for the feet to reach the floor, or because the hours are long and little limbs become tired? Why not be compassionate here, even

THE CHILDREN.

HERE is such a crowd of you, boys and girls,
You are thronging in every place:
If we did not conquer you now and then,
You would fill up all the space.

You take the world as it were your own,
You merrily laugh and sing,
As if there was not a fading time,
And life could be always spring.

We send you out of the way sometimes,
In the midst of your mirth and noise,
For old heads ache and old hearts fail,
And cannot share your joys.

But the world belongs to you after all,
And others aside must stand,
That you may be able to do and dare,
And be masters in the land.

You are so busy at school and play,
That you have no thought to spare
For the problems that puzzle grown-up folks,
And make them gray with care.

But you are the people, my happy ones;
And all that we do to-day
Will be more to you than it is to us,
For you will the longest stay.

We are quick to give to you praise and blame,
What will you give us, when
You weigh as judges our words and deeds
In the time when you are the men.

What will you think of the laws we make
When you read the records through?
And the manner and customs of church and home,
And the cities we build for you?

Boys be generous, girls be fair!
We are trying to do our best,
We are beginning some good, brave work—
'Tis for you to do the rest.

Through misty moorland, and fog-filled street
We are seeking for greater light:
But for you there is breaking above the world
A way that is passing bright.

Toilers are we, who are well content
To work for the nation's need,
We have been delving the gold to find
We have been sowing seed.

Good times to live in we leave to you,
And rights that were hard to win;
Be worthy men of the better times,
And gather our harvests in.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

“WONDER if I durst?” said Johnny Sullivan to himself, as he stared wistfully in at the window of a great store where hung a card with these words on it, “Cash-boy Wanted.”

Poor Johnny was in an anxious state of mind, for times were hard, winter was coming, mother could not get work enough to make them all comfortable, and Johnny longed to help, because father was dead, and he was the man of the family now. Suddenly plucking up courage, he walked boldly in, when a busy, gray-headed man asked him what he wanted.

“To see about being a Cash-boy, please, sir,” answered Johnny, brightening up.

“All right; come and see Mr. Clarke: he'll attend to it,” said Mr. Perkins.

It evidently was “all right,” for Mr. Clarke did “attend to it,” and Johnny was engaged on trial for a week.

How he raced home and burst in on

his mother, wearily sowing slopwork, and told her the glad news!

He was off bright and early next morning, and had a busy day of it, learning his new duties and trying to keep his wits through all the confusion about him. He was one of the boys at the ribbon counter, Number Eleven, and he nearly ran his legs off trying to keep up with the constant calls of “Cash Eleven!” as Mr. Perkins, the shopman, pronounced it.

A happy little lad he was when he took his first week's earnings to his mother, and told her he was to stay, for he felt as if his fortune was made.

Before the month was out, however, he found that he was sadly mistaken. He had an uncomfortable suspicion that Mr. Perkins sometimes cheated his customers. How it was done Johnny did not understand, for the change came back from the desk all right; but once or twice an ignorant Irish girl had complained that the ribbon cost more than she thought.

Johnny was a quick-witted fellow, and he was sure something was wrong, though he could not prove it; but one day he saw something which did cost him his place.

A young lady had been buying ribbons and neck-ties, and Johnny had just returned with the change, when she exclaimed that she had lost her purse. Mr. Perkins made a great stir about it, and every one was interested in searching for the little pearl *porte-monnaie* with \$20 in it.

Johnny got down on the dusty floor to search for it, and crept half under the counter, feeling among the curls of paper and ribbon-blocks, hoping to discover it. As he squirmed about there he saw a hand with a large ring on it slip something small and white on the little shelf under the counter, where the cash books and pincushion lay.

He was very sure he knew the hand, for there was but one clerk at that side of the counter, and the big ring was perfectly familiar. Johnny was rather startled, and tried to get entirely under, but some one outside tumbled over his legs, and he scrambled out very red and dirty, saying in an excited tone, “I think I saw the purse in there, but I can't get it.”

“Where, sir?” demanded Mr. Perkins, in an awful tone, as he also got very red, and went on tossing the ribbons about as if bent on finding the *porte-monnaie*.

“It's on the little shelf. I saw it, and you know I did,” cried Johnny, stoutly.

“Come around here and find it, then,” said Mr. Perkins, giving him a shove towards the opening farther down. Johnny went as fast as he could. Nothing remained upon the shelf but the fat pincushion and some bits of paper.

“Now, then, hand it over. I thought you weren't sneaking around there for nothing. Those that hide can find,” said Mr. Perkins.

“I don't care; I did see it,” he protested angrily, as people began to laugh and whisper; and just then Mr. Walker came up to investigate matters.

He heard Johnny's story, and ordered both shopman and cash-boy to a private room to be searched, while the young lady much disturbed at the affair, gave her address and went away.

Johnny was searched first, and sent back to his work after having told what he knew and suspected about Mr. Perkins. No one seemed surprised when Mr. Perkins did not return to his post, and it was whispered that he had been discharged. The purse had not been found, but nobody doubted that he had it, and Johnny felt quite elated.

As they were closing the store that night Johnny swept up a lot of papers from under the counter and crammed them into his handkerchief; for he used them to write on, and then kindled the fire with them.

When he got home he was so busy telling his mother about the events of the day that he did not touch the papers till he went to bed; then he shook them out, and began to smooth them away in his drawer for further use.

All of a sudden he dropped those he held as if he had touched a hot coal, for there, tangled up by its silver chain with the curly strips, was the *porte-monnaie*!

Johnny stood and looked at it for several minutes. A sly voice seemed to say to him: “Keep it; no one will suspect you. Keep the money, throw away the purse, or smash it, that will be the safest, and say nothing till New Year, and give your mother a part of the money and tell her it was a present. Use the rest for yourself, and you can have a good time out of it.”

Johnny answered to this tempting voice, “I'll see about it,” and tried to sleep.

But he had a restless night, and the next day seemed the longest he had ever known, for he carried a heavy secret, and it spoiled everything.

He kept saying, “I'm only thinking about it.” But the thinking worried him so that when he went home he made up his mind he would stop thinking and do something.

He told his mother, and she said things to him that made him both humble and brave, for he took the purse to Mr. Clarke, told the story, and begged to be forgiven. Mr. Clarke gave him a sound scolding, and discharged him without a character, for he did not believe his story.

It was hard, and Johnny's freckled cheeks were wet with tears as he went home with this dreadful tale to tell. Hardest of all was the sight of his mother's face as she said, patiently: “Well, dear, it will be a lesson which I hope you will never forget. Now try for something else and do better.”

Johnny did try, and after many failures and several weeks of idleness he saw another card with “Boy Wanted” on it in the window of a doctor's office, and doubting very much if he would suit at all, went in.

Dr. Brown rather liked the appearance of this little fellow, who looked up at him with honest blue eyes, and answered all his questions with respectful frankness till he said:

“What did you leave the store for?”

“Because I was tired of being a cash-boy,” suggested the same little voice that had spoken to him before. For a minute Johnny hesitated; it seemed so easy to say that, and if he told the truth he would probably lose the place. Then he turned his ear resolutely to the whisper of

his conscience, for that said clearly, “Tell the truth and take the consequences.”

It all passed in a flash while the colour rose in Johnny's face and the honest eye fell. The doctor saw it, guessed that something was amiss, and was glad when the boy lifted his face, took a long breath, and told the little story of his temptation.

“I like that,” said the doctor, holding out his hand when it was done.

Johnny was much surprised at the hearty shake he got, and said, wistfully, as he fumbled with his cap:

“Of course, you don't—want—me after that, sir; but I thought I'd feel better if I told.”

“I think I do want you,” said the doctor, warmly.

And his confidence never was betrayed, for Johnny was a faithful servant to him many years, and earned honestly a comfortable living for his mother and a good name for himself. —*Louisa M. Alcott.*

PITCHER OR JUG.

BY M. P. CHICK.

THEY toiled together, side by side,
In the field where the corn was growing;
They paused awhile to quench their thirst,
Grown weary with the hoeing.

“I fear, my friend,” I said to one,
“That you will ne'er be richer;
You drink, I see, from the little brown jug,
Whilst your friend drinks from the pitcher.”

“One is filled with alcohol,
The fiery drink from the still;
The other with water, clear and cool,
From the spring at the foot of the hill.”

“In all of life's best gift, my friend,
I fear you will ne'er be richer,
Unless you leave the little brown jug,
And drink, like your friend, from the pitcher.”

My words have proved a prophecy,
For years have passed away;
How do you think have fared our friends
That toiled in the fields that day?

One is a reeling, drunken sot,
Grown poorer instead of richer;
The other has won both wealth and fame,
And he always drank from the pitcher.

“CATCH THE COLT.”

SOME one, commenting on the shrewdness of the Friends and the temperance of the Jews, says, “A soft Quaker would be as great a curiosity as a dissipated Hebrew.” Perhaps the cause of this shrewdness may be found in the fact that young Quakers are trained to observe and reflect. An incident will illustrate this fact:

A thief stole a mare which had a colt. Mounted on her back he was galloping away, followed by the colt and the villagers, crying, “Stop, thief!”

As they passed a tan-yard, a Quaker-apprentice called out, “Catch the colt.” The colt was caught.

As the quick wit of the young friend had divined, the mare, missing her foal, stopped. In spite of the kicks and blows administered by the alarmed thief, she would not move a step. The thief was caught.

That young friend had eyes which saw and a brain which reflected on what the eyes reported to it.

One of the finest old tales of the Scottish Border is founded on an incident like this.

"THE WATERS OF THE CLYDE."

BY SALAR.

"My master," he said, murmuring as in a dream, "noble Sir Kenneth, taste not to you, as to me, the waters of the Clyde, cold and refreshing, after the brackish springs of Palestine." "His dreams of his native land, and is happy in his slumber," whispered Sir Kenneth to Do Vaux.—*The Talisman.*

WAS the bold Crusader's vassal,
Worn with fever, thirst, and pain,
And he slumbered—where the sunlight
Blazed on Syria's burning plain,
And he dreamed, but not of glory;
Other scenes his dreams supplied;
For he murmured in his slumber
Of the waters of the Clyde.

Through the land of dreams he wandered,
Till he stood within his own;
And he knelt beside a river,
That from boyhood he had known;
There he laved his burning forehead;
Deep he drank its cooling tide—
And he murmured in his dreaming,
Of the waters of the Clyde.

And the knight that stood beside him
Breathed a sigh for Albyn's land;
But the sigh was hushed in breathing
By his duty's stern command,
But he gazed upon his soldier,
And had said except for pride,
"Would thou wast with those that love thee,
By the waters of the Clyde."

Pain and toil await the sleeper,
When his dreams of home have flown,
And a faithful soldier's honours,
Which to him had been unknown.
Had the war-cry ne'er resounded,
Or his master bade him bide
Where his flocks and herds were grazing,
By the waters of the Clyde.

Many, thus, in life's great battle,
"In the great crusade of life"—
Not the vassals mean and lowly,
But the foremost in the strife,
Dreaming of the days no longer,
Ere their armour had been tried,
Often sigh amid the desert
For the waters of the Clyde.

But the sigh is hushed by duty,
Or suppressed by swelling pride,
And the thought but drives them farther
From the peaceful river's side.
Much had they escaped of anguish,
Much of fame have been denied,
Had they been content to wander
By the waters of the Clyde.

Thousands by the lowly river
Stand to choose their task in life—
Some like valiant Cœur de Lion,
Wield their weapons in the strife;
Others walk with silent footsteps
Where the quiet waters glide,
Tend their flocks and reap the harvest,
By the waters of the Clyde.

Both receive their joy and sorrow,
Much they lose and much they gain;
Those who conquer win the glory,
Those who reap escape the pain.
Happy they who bravely battle
In life's conflict fierce and wide;
Happy they who do their duty
By the waters of the Clyde.

—Gems of Poetry.

TWO.

A LONDON physician, of large practice, was busily writing in his study when a visitor entered.

The doctor went on with his work, merely pausing to point over his shoulder and remark briefly,—

"Take a chair, sir."

The visitor drew himself up indignantly.

"Are you aware, sir, that I am Lord Fitz-Herbert?"

"Take two chairs, sir!" cried the physician, working away harder than ever.

It is hard to be ignored even in a chair of honour. A throne without subjects is a wearisome seat.

NOBODY KNOWS.

IT was an old woman who told me so. She was quite broken, withered, grey. "Does your husband become cruel when he drinks?" I asked.

"Oh, nobody knows what I go through," she replied, "nobody knows; nobody knows."

Said a young mechanic to me one day, "I wish you would speak to my brother sometime about drinking so." On my assenting, he added: "It will do no good, unless you can do it when he is just getting over one of his sprees. Then he is penitent, and may mind what you say." So we arranged that at the moment "in season" he should let me know. A little later he stood at my door to say,

"My brother came home a few nights since very drunk. It was late; his family had gone to bed; he threw himself on the kitchen floor and lay there all night. He woke with a terrible cold, and we fear he is going to die with lung fever. Can you come?"

An hour after I was at his side. In simplest words I told him the way of life. But as I spoke, his eyes grew vacant, glassy. His probation had closed. Oh, the horror of that Christless death! "Nobody knows." "Nobody knows" the sadness of that household or of the burial hour.

I have just returned from the funeral of a young man who was killed by an accident, which would not have occurred if he had been himself. Money that should have gone for home comforts, for clothing and bread, was spent for drink. In the face of Winter he leaves his wife an impoverished widow, to care for five little children, the elder six years only. Three of these little orphans crowded round the plain coffin to take the last look of "father." "When himself," it was said, "his heart was affectionate, his ways kind." But who can measure the perverting, killing power of strong drink? Who knows its strength to convert a father into a tyrant, a wife into a torment, a child into an open shame? "Nobody knows." "Nobody knows."

THE BRAHMAN AND THE GOAT.

HERE is an old Sanskrit story which shows the folly of being influenced into giving up what we know to be true just because so many clever people contradict it.

Three thieves once saw a Brahman toiling along, carrying a fine goat on his back. Now these rogues made their living by outwitting people; and for this purpose, with diligence worthy a better cause, studied all the weaknesses and faults of the human race.

In this place a plan was speedily concocted, which they proceeded to carry out.

One ran swiftly through a by-path till he was some distance beyond the Brahman; then striking the main road he sauntered carelessly back till he saw the Brahman coming.

"Ha," said he, accosting the latter, "it is a warm day to be carrying such a load. Is your dog lame?"

"Dog!" said the Brahman; "what dog?"

"Why, the one you have on your back!"

"Man, this is a goat!" quoth the Brahman, and pressed on, feeling a mild contempt for the idiot.

Soon he met a second pedestrian (the second thief).

"What is the matter with that dog, friend?" asked this second man, in a sympathizing tone; "you must have a kind heart indeed, to lug that great brute, this hot day."

"Man, can you not see that it is a goat?" asked the Brahman.

"Do you joke with me, old man? Don't you think I know a goat from that dog?"

"It is a goat I tell you!" asserted the Brahman, and pressed on, but not before the look of innocent astonishment on the other's face awoke perplexing doubts. Could his eyes have deceived him, or had he taken leave of his senses? Here was another stranger coming, he would refer the question to him.

He was saved that trouble, for the third thief, at the Brahman's approach struck an attitude of dumb amazement.

"What ails you, fellow?" said the Brahman, impatiently.

"Is it not enough to surprise a wiser man than I, to see one of your years carrying that great dog? But then, poor soul, if it pleases you what matter?"

This was too much for the Brahman, and throwing his burden off, he strode away, leaving the thief with his booty.

THE INVENTIONS OF THE PAST FIFTY YEARS.

THE number of inventions that have been made during the past fifty years is unprecedented in the history of the world. Inventions of benefit to the human race have been made in all ages since man was created; but looking back for half a hundred years, how many more are crowded into the past fifty than into any other fifty since recorded history! The perfection of the locomotive, and the now world-traversing steamship, the telegraph, the telephone, the audiphone, the sewing machine, the photograph, chromo-lithographic printing, the cylinder printing press, the elevator for hotels and other many-storied buildings, the cotton gin and the spinning jenny, the reaper and mower, the steam threshor, the steam fire engine, the improved process for making steel, the application of chloroform and ether to destroy sensibility in painful surgery cases, and so on through a long catalogue. Nor are we yet done in the field of invention and discovery. The application of coal gas and petroleum to heating and cooking operations is only trembling on the verge of successful experiment, the introduction of the steam from a great central reservoir to general use for heating and cooking is foreshadowed as among the coming events; the artificial production of butter has already created a consternation among dairymen, the navigation of the air by some device akin to our present balloon would also seem to be profigured, and the propulsion of machinery by electricity is even now clearly indicated by the march of experiment? There are some problems we have hitherto deemed impossible, but are the mysteries of even the most improbable of them more subtle to grasp than that of the ocean cable or that of the photograph or telephone? We talk by cable with an

ocean rolling between; we speak in our voices to friends a hundred miles or more from where we articulate before the microphone. Under the blazing sun of July we produce ice by chemical means, rivalling the most solid and crystalline production of nature. Our surgeons graft the skin from one person's arm to the face of another, and it adheres and becomes an integral portion of his body. We make a mile of white printing paper and send it on a spool that a perfecting printing press unwinds and prints, and delivers to you, folded and counted, many thousands per hour. Of a verity this is the age of invention, nor has the world reached a stopping-place yet.

WHAT A PENNY CAN DO.

WILLIE'S penny made heaven rejoice. It would not have bought more than a stick or two of candy, or given much help to a starving family. What did he do with it? His sister was a missionary's wife in Africa; and the family were filling a box to send her. As one after another brought their gifts Willie said, "I want to give my penny."

"What shall be bought with it?" was the next question. It was decided to buy a tract and write its history on the margin, and with a prayer for its success send it on its distant errand.

The box arrived on the mission ground, and among its valuable contents Willie's gift was laid away unnoticed and for a while forgotten. But God's watchful, all-seeing eye had not forgotten it.

One day a native teacher was starting from the mission station to go to a school over the mountain. He knew the language well, and was a great help to the missionaries; but he was not a Christian. He had resisted everything the missionaries had done to make him one.

In looking over some papers, Willie's tract was discovered, with writing on the margin which said that prayer was offered in America that it might do good. It was handed to the native teacher. He read it on his journey, and what years of labour by the missionaries had not done was now brought about by the penny tract. The man became a sincere Christian. Those who put the tract in his hands were very full of joy; and there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repents.

So you see how Willie's penny made heaven rejoice.—*Missionary News.*

GIRLS—Don't marry a man to mend him or reform him. Attempts to reform are generally as vain, as powerless as attempts to turn back the flowing tide with a wisp of straw, or out roar a hurricane with a tin whistle. A young man proposed for the hand of a beautiful girl. As she hesitated about replying, the young man said: "I await your answer with bated breath." The young lady answered: "Well, sir, you will have to bait your breath with something beside high wines and limberger cheese to catch me." Her head was level. A young man who will not cease drinking to please his sweetheart, will not do so to please his wife.—*Broadaxe.*

FATHER: "I never imagined that your studies would cost me so much money." Student: "Yes; and I don't study much either."

NEVER BEGIN.

Going down hill on a slippery track,
The going is easy; the task's getting
back.
But you'll not have a tumble, a slip nor a
stop,
Nor fall from below, if you stay at the top.

So from drinking and smoking and every
sin,

You are safe and secure if you never begin.
Then never begin! never begin!
You cannot be a drunkard unless you begin.

Some boast they can stand on the cataract's
brink;

Some do it, but some topple over and sink.
Then I think, to be safe, the most sensible
plan,

Is to keep from the brink just as far as you
can.

So from drinking and smoking and every
sin,

You are safe and secure if you never begin.
Then never begin! never begin!
You cannot be a drunkard unless you begin.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 23, 1884.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOARD.

THE annual meeting of the Sunday-school Board of the Methodist Church will be held in connection with the S. S. Parliament, at the St. Lawrence Central Back-ground, near Brockville. It will occupy the whole of Thursday, August 28. In the morning, from 9 to 12, the business meeting of the Board will take place. In the afternoon an Address on Normal Class Work will be given by the Rev. A. Andrews, to be followed by free discussion of the subject, led by the Rev. W. J. Maxwell. In the evening the public meeting of the Board will be held, to be addressed by Rev. Dr. Carman, Rev. W. H. Laird, Rev. W. H. Butt, Rev. W. H. Withrow, W. Kennedy, Esq., and George Aurey, Esq. Dr. Rice, it is hoped, will also be present.

The camp ground is a beautiful spot, and a healthful and charming summer resort. A Sunday-school Parliament has been held here for several years past, and we learn from the Secretary that there is abundance of hotel accommodation for all visitors.

The Parliament opens on Thursday evening, August 21st, at the St. Lawrence Central Camp Grounds, and will continue ten days. This will be the sixth annual session. The managers

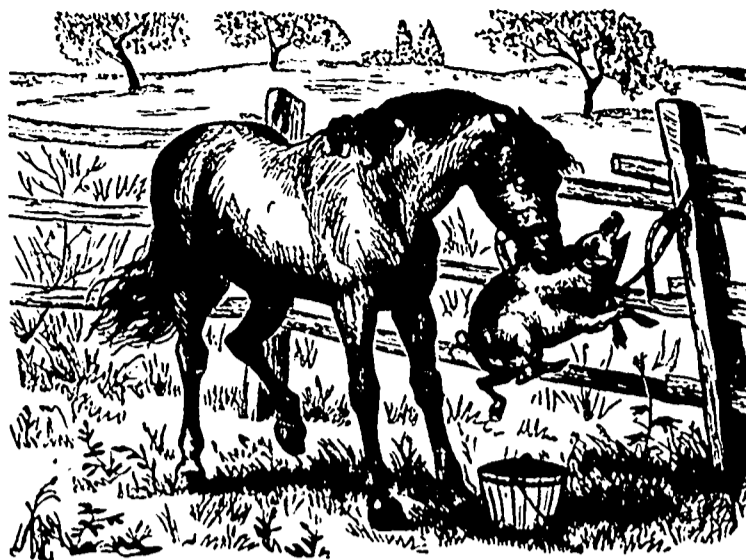
have engaged the following brethren as lecturers and preachers: Revs. Dr. Carman, Dr. Sutherland, Dr. Withrow, Dr. Gardiner, Dr. Jacques, Bishop Fowler, of New York; Hon. John B. Finch, Nebraska; Professor Shaw, Montreal; Rev. A. B. Chambers, Rev. Jas. Curtis, President of Bay Quinto Conference; Hon. G. W. Ross, M.P.P., and others. The programme of last year was pronounced the best in the history of the Parliament. This year the programme is expected to be still better. This camp ground and the Sunday-school Parliament should now be laid hold of by the united Methodism of the eastern section of the Province, and their full possibilities developed. The annual camp-meeting will be held immediately following the Sunday-school Parliament, and on the same beautiful grounds. An efficient committee, appointed by the Montreal Conference, has the camp-meeting in hand. The Grand Trunk Railway will carry visitors to the camp ground from any of its stations for a fare and a third. Certificates can be procured from the Rev. S. Card, Brockville, which will entitle visitors to this reduced rate. The Richelieu Line of steamers, we believe, will carry visitors for one fare. A certificate, we suppose, is required.

ONE of the chief of the princes in Israel has fallen in the death of the late Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was eminent in counsel, eloquent in speech, and the acknowledged head both in the episcopal body and of the entire denomination. The Bishop's eloquence was simple, direct, and beautiful, flowing from the fulness of thought and the fulness of a glowing heart. In personal bearing the bishop was in the best sense a model Christian gentleman, courteous, dignified, easy of approach, pure, and full of kindness. He leaves behind him the record of an illustrious life, a career reflecting honour not only on the great denomination which chiefly received his labors, but upon the whole race as well.—*Bible Teacher*.

BETWEEN the two great conventions of Chicago came the International Convention at Louisville. The two at Chicago were composed of politicians; that at Louisville of workers in Christ's vineyard. The political conventions were noisy, tumultuous, and the inspiring principle was largely the hope of personal gain. In the Louisville convention selfish motives might exist, but could attain no decided prominence. Between the results of the conventions in far-reaching and permanent beneficial influence it would be difficult to draw any just comparison.—*Bible Teacher*.

THE minister who is required to use too much brain power in making one dollar do the work of two, should not be expected to bring to the fullest measure his power in the pulpit. So the Sunday-school that is insufficiently equipped with library, lesson-helps, and other valuable appliances for Sunday-school work, should scarcely be expected to achieve the best results it is capable of for its scholars. A generous outlay of means for the doing of the work will repay richly on the investment.—*Bible Teacher*.

WE beg to acknowledge with thanks receipt of \$5 for Children's Hospital, from D. Robertson, Southampton.



BILLY AND THE PIG.

BILLY AND THE PIG.

ONE day, when my father wished to go away to the mill, he sent my brother Robert down to the pasture to catch Billy. Robert brought the horse up to the house, tied him to the fence in the backyard, and gave him some oats in a pail.

In a pen back of the house we kept three pigs: two of them were white; and the other was spotted,—black and white. These pigs had got out of the pen by pushing off a board from one side of it.

Soon after Billy began to eat his dinner, the two white pigs came running through the yard. They saw Billy eating his oats; and, thinking it would be nice for them to have some as well as he, they ran up to his pail, and without as much as saying, "By your leave," began to help themselves.

Billy had no idea of sharing his dinner with such company as this: so he lopped back his ears, looked as cross as he possibly could, snapped at the pigs fiercely with his teeth, raised his hind-feet from the ground, as if to kick them, and at last succeeded in frightening them away.

Scarcely had they left the yard, however, before the spotted pig got his eye upon the pail of oats; and he at once ran for it with all his might.

Billy tried to scare him as he had the others; but Spotty was not so easily frightened. He took no notice of anything but the oats.

Finding that threats were of no use, Billy seized him by the back of the neck, raised him about two feet from the ground, shook him a little, and then let him drop.

Spotty was satisfied. He lost his appetite for oats, and ran squealing out of the yard.

ONE of the most encouraging signs of the times is the increasing earnestness and helpfulness of the workers in many of the departments of Christ's kingdom. Not only is the number of workers in the Sunday-school, in the temperance work, in the mission fields, rapidly augmenting, but everywhere the workers are pushing their work with a better heart and a larger expectation.—*Bible Teacher*.

WE beg to acknowledge with thanks donations of books and papers for poor schools from W. M. Bruce, of Listowel, and from T. E. Jago, Rockwood. We shall be glad to receive similar donations from others.

FINDING DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

WHEN Mr. Stanley stood before the savants of Europe, and many of the "small critics" of the day, under pretence of getting geographical information, put him most insolent questions, he folded his arms and refused to answer. At the very time when you would suppose all decent men would have applauded the heroism of the man, there were those to hiss. "The Lord sent the hornet." And now at this time, when that man sits down on the western coast of Africa, sick and worn out, with perhaps the grandest achievement of the age in the way of geographical discovery, there are small critics all over the world to buzz and buzz, and caricature and deride him, and after awhile he will get the London papers, and as he opens them out will fly the hornet. When I see there are so many people in the world who like to say disagreeable things, and write disagreeable things, I come almost in my weaker moments to believe what a man said to me in Philadelphia one Monday morning. I went to get the horse at the livery stable, and the ostler, a plain man, said to me, "Mr. Talmage, I saw that you preached to the young men yesterday." I said, "Yes." He said, "No use, no use; man's a failure."

THE BIBLE.

CHARLES JACOBS, Esq., of Chicago, illustrates the uselessness of the efforts made by unbelievers to destroy the authority of the Bible, by an incident of an Irishman building a wall in a marshy place. On being warned of the danger of its falling, "Oh!" he replied, "I've thought of that, and its five feet high and six feet wide, so if it upsets it will be a foot higher than it was before." So with the Bible; every new attack made upon it but established its strength as a divine revelation. Mr. Jacobs also said that the great need of the Church now is more men. The boys are following their fathers and elder brothers away from the Sabbath-school and prayer-services of the Church. There is a work that women cannot do. There is too much of a spirit of throwing Church duties upon them, and feeling that it is all right if the sisters are at their post.—*Western Christian Advocate*.



TEN O'CLOCK LUNCH FOR THE HARVESTERS.

HARVEST-TIME.

HARVEST-TIME is generally a happy season for children who live on a farm. The district school is closed, and all are home to do their share of the work; even sister who has been teaching school for some months comes home, and brother who has been away to college a long time, manages to get home to help father and the men through harvest. There are no idle hands, but from early morning till dark, all is bustle and toil.

Our picture represents little Mary carrying the lunch out to the men at work in the fields. They had an early breakfast, and have been working very hard, and no doubt are ready for a little rest and refreshment, for it is quite a while yet to dinner time.

Mary looks cheerful, for she is doing her task willingly, and that makes her cheerful.

Some children, when they are asked to carry out the lunch, begin to fret and make themselves miserable, and make it unpleasant for all around them. But she finds pleasure in doing it.

Children, you may find pleasure or sorrow, just which you please, in everything you do. If you are never satisfied with your tasks, but always want to do something else, you may be miserable all day long, and all your life long too; but if you do just what falls to your lot to do, cheerfully and willingly, you may be happy all the

time; for you will know that you are doing right, and that will make you happy; then you will please your parents, and that will make you happy; and best of all, you will please God, who watches how children perform their tasks, and that will make you happiest of all.

What a pretty harvest song is this!

"HARVEST."

The reapers sang in the shaded lane,
And the laden waggons came creaking slow,
While the kind farm mother her table spread;
For the field was bare and the sun was low—
The sun was low and the day was gone—
The toil was over and harvest done.

I looked and sighed, as the yellow store
Was borne away to the yawning mow,
And I thought of the brimming garner floor,
And the harvester's tanned and sweating brow,
Till I sighed again in the fading light,
While the tired world slept in the lap of night.

I sighed for the tender plant that died
When the cold north wind untimely blew;
I sighed for the grain that never swelled,
For the blighted sheaf that never grew;
I sighed for the harvest days that seem
Like the waking mockery of a dream.

I knelt in the dim sweet summer night,
And whispered a prayer of trembling faith,
That He (who nurseth the sleeping grain
Till life comes smiling from darkest death)
Would not scorn the scant sheaves I had won,
When life was over and harvest done.

"MAMMA," asked the two fond daughters, "can't we have anything we want?" "Yes, my dears; but be careful and don't want anything you can't have."

MUST DRINK OR DIE.

ONE wintry afternoon a trembling man entered a tavern in New Hampshire, carrying a small package of clothing. Going to the bar, he said:

"Landlord, I am burning. Give me a good glass of gin." The landlord pointed to a line of chalk marks, and said: "John, you see the old score: not another drop till that is paid."

The poor wretch glared fiercely at the man behind the bar.

"Landlord, you don't mean that. You have got my farm, you have got my horses, you have got my tools. All I have got in the world is this little bundle of clothes. Please, landlord, give me for them just one glass of gin."

"I don't want your old clothes," calmly answered the man. "Pay the old score first."

The drunkard staggered back. A gentleman then said:

"What will you give me for enough to buy two glasses of gin? I see you have a good pair of boots on your feet. Will you give me your boots for ten cents?"

The miserable wretch hesitated for a moment, then said:

"Stranger, if I give you the boots, I must go out into the snow barefooted. If I give you my boots, I must freeze to death; if I don't give them to you, I shall burn to death. Stranger, it is harder to burn to death than to freeze to death. Give me the gin, you may have the

boots."

He sat down, and began to draw them off. The gentleman did not, however, intend to take them, but he was testing the strength of the terrible appetite. Others were looking on, and they said the man should have his gin. They supplied him liberally, and he drank all he could, and took the rest away. When night came he drank the last drop, and went to sleep in a barn. The frost king came, and the next morning the poor man was found in the barn frozen to death.—*Youth's Companion.*

TWO ENDS.

WHEN a small boy, I was carrying a not very large ladder, when there was a crash. An unlucky movement had brought the rear end of my ladder against a window. Instead of scolding me, my father made me stop, and said very quietly: "Look here, my son, there is one thing I wish you to remember, that is, every ladder has two ends." I never have forgotten it, though many years have gone. Do not we carry things besides ladders that have two ends? When I see a young man getting "fast" habits I think he sees only one end of the ladder, the one pointed toward pleasure, and that he does not know that the other is wounding his parents' hearts. Ah! yes, every ladder has two ends, and it is a thing to be remembered in more ways than one.

THE CHILD AT PRAYER.

INTO her chamber went A little child one day, And by a chair she knelt, And thus began to pray: "Jesus, my eyes I close, Thy form I cannot see; If thou art near me, Lord, I pray thee speak to me." A still small voice she heard within her soul, "What is it child? I hear thee; tell me all."

"I pray thee, Lord," she said, "That thou wilt condescend To tarry in my heart, And ever be my friend. The path of life is dark, I would not go astray; O let me have thy hand To lead me in thy way!" "Fear not! I will not leave thee, child, alone" She thought she felt a soft hand press her own.

"They tell me, Lord, that all The living pass away; The aged soon must die, And even children may. O, let my parents live Till I a woman grow, For if they die what can A little orphan do?" "Fear not, my child! whatever ills may come, I'll not forsake thee, and I'll bring thee home."

Her little prayer was said, And from her chamber now Forth she passed with the light Of heaven on her brow. "Mother, I've seen the Lord, His hand in mine I felt; And O! I heard him say, As by my chair I knelt, "Fear not, my child! whatever ills may come, I'll not forsake thee till I bring thee home." —*Christian Intelligencer.*

CABLE ROADS.

THE San Francisco holder, and the Ceresus particularly, has a "station like Mercury new lighted on a heaven-kissing hill." How in the world, I have asked, does he get up there? Well, then, by the cable roads. I should consider the cable road one of the very foremost in the list of curiosities, though I have been able to refrain till now from bringing it forward. It is a peculiar kind of tramway, quite as useful on a level, but invented expressly for the purpose of overcoming steep elevations. Two cars, coupled together, are seen moving, at a high rate of speed, without jar and in perfect safety, up and down all the extraordinary undulations of the ground. They have no horse, no steam, no vestiges of machinery, no ostensible means of locomotion. The astonished comment of the Chinaman, observing this marvel for the first time, old as it is, may be worth repeating once more for its quaint force. "Melican's man's waggon, no pusher, no puller; all same go topside hill like flashee." The solution of the mystery is in an endless wire cable hidden in a box in the road-bed, and turning over a great wheel in an engine-house at the top of the hill. The foremost of the two cars is provided with a grip or pincers, running underneath it, through a continuous crevice in the same box as the cable, and managed by a conductor. When he wishes to go on he clutches the always-moving cable, and goes with it; if he wishes to stop, he simply lets go and puts on a brake. Fortunately there is no snow and ice in this climate to clog the central crevice, which, by the necessities of the case, must be open. The system has been applied, however, with emendations, in Chicago, and no doubt could be in New York.—*Harper's Magazine for April.*

THE LITTLE MOTHER.

SHE sat in the miner's cabin,
In a little rocking chair,
A mite of a busy woman,
Tender and sweet and fair,
With a laugh like a ripple of silver,
For all her burden of care.

A tiny scrap of a mother,
Just turned of five years old:
Cheeks that were dancing with dimples,
Hair, a tangle of gold.
And fat arms cradling a bundle,
Large for such arms to hold.

"She loves to take care of the baby,"
Said her mother, with smiling pride.
A woman so worn and faded,
Pallid and weary-eyed,
To whom life had brought its troubles,
Its comfort and ease denied.

"She loves to take care of the baby
And the baby loves her best;
You see that my children are crowded,
Close as birds in the nest—
Four of them; she's the biggest,
And she's helped with all the rest."

You beautiful little darling
Away on the western slope,
Whose life in the early dawning
Seems darkly indeed to ope!
What that is rich and stately
For your childish heart may I hope?

When others with dolls are playing,
Undimmed by a thought of care;
You are rocking a tiny brother
In your dear little swinging chair,
And crooning a sleepy song, dear,
And calling him sweet and fair.

I trust that the baby brother,
And the other children, too,
Grown tall and strong and clever,
One day may take thought for you,
And prize at her worth the sister
So gentle and fond and true.

Who began in life's gray dawning
Her woman's lot to bear,
To sweeten the sad with singing,
And lighten the load with prayer,
And laugh in merriest cadence
At the menace of grim despair.

A tiny scrap of a mother,
Just turned of five years old,
With cheeks aglow and dimpled,
And hair, a tangle of gold,
And round arms cradling a bundle
Large for such arms to hold!

—Good Cheer.

ETHEL'S IDEA.*

BY D. W. ELL.

"GIRLS, I have an idea!"
exclaimed Ethel Eaton, one
May morning, as she and
her nine intimate friends
sauntered under the trees
during the morning recess
of Miss Morton's school.

"What! have you really
an idea? I never knew
you guilty of one before!" said Mabel
Fisher, the sauciest, but most popular,
of the girls.

"Hush, Mabel!" said Helen Whit-
ney. "Let's hear your idea, Ethel?"

"Well, I'll tell you," rejoined Ethel,
"for I want you all to help me carry it
out. When we were house-cleaning
last week, I was dusting a lot of books
which had accumulated in our upper
hall closet, because we had no more
room in the library. There was a
dozen or more good story-books among
them, which Hal and I have read till
we're tired of them, but it struck me it
was a pity that they should lie there
so utterly useless. That afternoon I
was thinking, 'What can we do with

those books?' when mamma came in
from the Home Missionary Sewing
Society, and said, 'Ethel, Mrs. White,
our president, says there are several
Sunday-schools, among the home mis-
sionaries out West, which are greatly
in need of libraries. I wish we could
help them.' And then, girls, my idea
suddenly flashed upon me, and the
long and short of it is this: Let us
collect all the second-hand books we
can, which would do for a Sunday-
school library, and send them out
West."

"It's a good idea," said Helen. "I
have ever so many books at home
which I would be glad to give."

"And so have I," responded Julia
Carew.

"We have a pile of books we are
tired of reading," said Jessie Blake,
"but some have rather shabby covers."

"I tell you what, girls," exclaimed
Mabel, "I've an idea too! We'll all
meet at some house, and cover all the
books with pretty shades of paper
cambric, and then they'll all look neat
and attractive too."

"My brother has a papyrograph for
copying," added Amy Hotchkiss, "and
I will print off enough labels with the
name of the Sunday-school on them,
to paste on the front pages."

"And I'll put the numbers on the
back and catalogue them," said Bessy
Gale.

"You are all angelic," said Ethel;
"but now, how shall we send them?"

"Mother sends her boxes as freight,"
said Patty White, whose mother was
president of the Ladies' Home Mis-
sionary Society. "I'll see to getting
a packing-box; but the most important
thing is where to send them, and how
to get money for the freight bill."

"I'll write to the superintendent of
Sunday-schools in some Western state,
if your mother will give me an address,"
said Ethel. "He will tell us who
needs a library most; but how shall
we get the money for the freight?"

"Well," said May Moody, "let's
first see if we have books enough to
send."

The school bell rang just then, and
as the girls hurried in, Ethel called
out, "Bring all the books you can to
our house, before next week—say,
Friday. We'll have the first meeting
of the Camden Library Association
then."

That evening Ethel wrote to the Rev.
Mr. Case in Colorado, and the next
week she received from him a long
letter in a big yellow envelope.

In the meantime the girls looked
over their books, and selected all they
could give away.

When they met on Friday at Ethel
Eaton's, they were astonished at the
great pile of books which covered the
dining-room table.

"Girls," said Ethel, "it's too good
to be true. We have a hundred and
twenty-one books, and mamma and
Uncle Tom say they are all excellent
for a Sunday-school library."

"Who would have thought we
could have collected so many with no
trouble at all?" said Jessie; and the
girls crowded delightedly around the
table examining the books, until Ethel
displayed her yellow envelope from
Mr. Case, and then read the letter:

"COLORADO SPRINGS.

"DEAR MISS EATON: I recommend
that you send your library to the
following address: Mr. D. D. Kramer,
Mancos P. O., via Durango, Colorado.

You offer to send it by freight cars,
prepaid. That is the best way. It
will go safely, though slowly, and will
be doubly appreciated if prepaid. Mr.
Kramer is superintendent of a mission
Sunday-school which I organized in his
district last September. It is the
only religious light for a community of
two hundred souls, nearly one hundred
children. They are thirty-five miles
from the nearest church, and have no
preaching services. The people are
poor, just opening farms or ranches in
one of our fertile Colorado valleys.
They are in the extreme south-west
corner of our state, only twenty miles
from Utah. Several Mormon families
are among them. I found bright,
pleasant children there, and am sure
they will greatly appreciate your gift.
I will suggest that if you choose to
send along a bundle of Youth's Com-
panions, or St. Nicholas, they will be
very useful in a community where
there is very little reading of any kind,
and almost none that elevates the
mind. Wishing you joy in your labor
of love, I remain

"Yours in the cause, H. P. CASE."

"Well, won't it be lovely to send
them all these splendid books?" said
Bessy.

"Just think," exclaimed Julia,
"thirty-five miles from the nearest
church! What lots of good these may
do!"

"I mean to put in a bundle of tracts
against Mormonism," said Mabel,
"and I'll write on each, 'If this little
book converts you from the error of
your ways, you will confer a favour by
informing your converter, Mabel B.
Fisher.'"

"Business, girls; come to order!"
called Ethel in the midst of the laugh-
ter and hubbub. "Will you all come
here to-morrow, at two o'clock, and
cover the books? Patty, you promised
to get the box, and Amy, can you
print off the labels, with that unpronounceable machine of your brother's,
before to-morrow afternoon?"

"Oh! easily," replied Amy; "but
what shall I print?"

After a little discussion the following
was decided upon:

THE
MANCOS SUNDAY-SCHOOL LIBRARY
FROM
THE CAMDEN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.
MAY, 1884.

"Now," continued Ethel, "will you,
Bessy, have your numbers ready to
paste on the backs; and if you could
come over in the morning, couldn't
you finish the catalogue too?"

Bessy assented, and Ethel went on
to tell how her Uncle Tom had agreed
to forward the money for the freight
and cambric, provided the girls pledged
themselves to raise the same within
one month.

This proposal being gratefully ac-
cepted, and it having been arranged
that Julia Carew and Leila White
should purchase twenty yards of six-
cent cambric, the first meeting of the
Camden Library Association came to
an end.

The next afternoon at three the
girls met again at Ethel's, and for three
hours scissors flashed and needles flew
as the large pile of motley-coloured and
somewhat dingy books on the dining-
room table was gradually transferred
to the sideboard in neat covers of

fresh cambric. Patty and Helen cut
out the covers from the very pretty
olive-green, strawberry-red, and pea-
cock-blue cambric, which Julia and
Leila had tastefully selected.

The other girls, except Amy and
Bessy, sewed the covers neatly in the
inside, and, when each book was
covered, passed it over to Amy, who
pasted its label on the first page.
Bessy put on the finishing touch to
each by pasting on to its back the
number which corresponded to its
title in her catalogue.

At six o'clock the work was done,
and the girls felt proud indeed as
Ethel called in Mrs. Eaton, and her
uncle, Dr. West, to see the neat piles
of useful books. They decided that
Helen and Patty should help Ethel
pack on Monday afternoon, so that
the box might be started on Tuesday.

Accordingly, on Monday the three
girls packed the books in a strong
wooden box which Patty's skilful
begging had elicited from a benevolent
merchant down town. Besides the
one hundred and twenty-one books,
they put in three large packages of
Youth's Companions and St. Nicho-
lases; and also a beautiful scrap-book
of gay-colored silesia, which May made
and sent, with a note requesting Mr.
Kramer to use it as a prize in the
infant class, "to be carried home and
kept for one week by the child who
has the best lesson to the preceding
Sunday."

Just as Ethel was about to call Dr.
West, who had promised to nail down
the cover, Mabel rushed in with a
package of little books in green, red,
and blue paper covers. "Here are
twenty Testaments," said she, "which
papa let me get from the Bible Society.
You know they give each life-member
a dollar's worth of Bibles every year.
Papa always forgets to draw them, but
I happened to think of it, and here
they are; aren't they lovely? So
saying, Mabel all out of breath,
deposited the package in one corner of
the box, and the four girls watched Dr.
West with interest, as he nailed down
the cover, and painted Mr. Kramer's
address in large black letters on the
top.

The box went off on Tuesday, and
during the next fortnight, while
awaiting expectantly Mr. Kramer's
letter, the girls busied themselves
collecting the eleven dollars necessary
to pay for the freight and the cambric.
Some gave their monthly allowance of
spending-money towards the sum;
Amy and Bessy, who painted well,
sold two or three sketches, and gave
the money; Mabel, who disliked
sewing, pledged herself to do the family
mending for a month, for which her
mother gave her in advance a dollar
and a half. Some of the other girls
begged ten-cent subscriptions toward
the "Library Fund;" but nearly all
of the eleven dollars was fairly earned
by the ten girls, and promptly handed
over to Dr. West long before the ap-
pointed time.

At last the long-anticipated letter
arrived, and the girls met at Ethel's
again to hear it read. Dr. West and
Mrs. Eaton looked in, from the hall,
on the delighted faces of the girls as
they listened to the warm and heart-
felt words of thanks which Mr. Kramer
expressed on the receipt of the library.
As they heard how eagerly the people
had welcomed the big freight-box when
he told them its contents, and how
utterly destitute of good books Mancos

* We have pleasure in reprinting this
story from the *S. S. Times*, and hope some
of our readers will send a collection of books to
the editor of PLEASANT HOURS, for donation
to poor schools.—Ed.

was, and how greatly this library would help his Sunday-school work, the girls felt more than repaid.

"After all," said Mabel, "did you ever enjoy anything in your life, girls, more than covering those books with fascinating cambric?"

"Tom," said Mrs. Eaton to her brother, as they gently withdrew from the doorway, "Ethel's idea has turned out so well, I do not see why a hundred libraries might not easily be collected in the same way, and sent to the western missions. I wish I could suggest it to girls in other towns!"

"Do it!" said Dr. West, "I'll tell you how. Just write it as a story, and send it to the *Sunday-School Times*. Change the girls' names, if you wish, but tell it all as it is, and perhaps, a year from now, every Sunday-school in the West will be provided with a first-class library."

So Mrs. Eaton wrote it out, and here is the story, and nearly every word is true; but my name isn't Mrs. Eaton, and I never had a brother Tom; but if you do not believe that a few girls sent out a hundred and twenty-one books to a Colorado Sunday-school this very last spring, almost exactly as I have told you, just write to the Rev. H. P. Case, Colorado Springs, Colorado, and he will tell you that his letter is given *verbatim*, and that "Ethel's idea" was a fact.

EVANGELISM.

THREE vast iron tabernacles, each seating 5,000 people, and made in sections, that they may be moved from one quarter to another of the great London mission-field, have been used by Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey in their evangelistic work during the past winter. Of the wonderful success that continues to attend the labours of the evangelists, the London religious papers never tire of speaking. The size of the audiences is only limited by the capacity of the buildings in which the services are held. Of late, admission has been only by ticket, and even then, every seat would be taken, and the doors locked long before the hour appointed for opening the meetings. A close observer, the Rev. Dr. C. L. Goodell, of St. Louis, who was present at many of the services, writes thus, in *The Advance*, concerning the evangelists and their work: "Mr. Moody's bow abides in strength. I never heard him preach with so much breadth and earnestness and pungency and power. There is a pathos and mellowness about it, very sweet to all who love the Lord. Of Mr. Sankey also this is true. He sings better than two years ago. His singing is an untold help in the service of praise and salvation." And concerning the hearers: "There are always present some of London's leading Christians in wealth, and intelligence, and position, to lend their influence. The day of doubt and questioning as to the worth of the work has passed, and God's people seem to have settled down to try to reach all souls possible in this great city."

A MISSIONARY in the Province of Quebec, who receives a grant of papers from the S. S. Aid and Extension Fund, writes:—"You have no idea how the papers are appreciated, and after some of them are read, we gather them up and distribute in the leading houses."

RESCUE OF THE ARCTIC EXPLORERS.

ABOUT three years ago Lieut. Greely and a strong force of explorers set sail for the Arctic regions, and succeeded in getting four miles nearer to the North Pole than any other travellers. But disaster overtook them, and they had to abandon their ships, and nineteen of the party perished from cold and sickness. A relief expedition was organized, to which Great Britain gave a fine Arctic steamer, the *Alert*. On the rescue of the survivors the Queen telegraphed as follows:

THE QUEEN'S CONGRATULATIONS.

"London, July 21.—To the President of the United States, Washington:—The Queen heartily congratulates the President and people of the United States on the rescue of Lieut. Greely and the gallant survivors of the Arctic expedition. She trusts that favourable reports have been received of the sufferers. (Signed,) THE QUEEN, Windsor Castle."

The President replied as follows:

"To the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Windsor Castle:—The President, for himself and for the people of the United States, sincerely thanks the Queen for her most welcome congratulations upon the rescue of Lieut. Greely and the survivors of his party, and is happy to say that favourable reports are received as to their health. The President takes this occasion to express anew his high appreciation and that of the people of the United States for the timely gift of the *Alert*, which generous act added spirit and encouragement to the expedition. (Signed) CHESTER A. ARTHUR, President United States."

THEY ARE NOT STRANGERS, MAMMA.

NOT long ago I stood by the deathbed of a little girl. From her birth she had been afraid of death. Every fibre of her body and soul recoiled from the thought of it. "Don't let me die," she said: "don't let me die! Hold me fast! Oh, I can't go!" "Jenny," I said, "you have two little brothers in the other world, and there are thousands of tender-hearted people over there who will take care of you." But she cried out again, despairingly, "Don't let me go; they are strangers over there!" She was a little country girl, strong limbed, fleet of foot, tanned in the face; she was raised on the frontier; the fields were her home. In vain we tried to reconcile her to the death that was inevitable. "Hold me fast," she cried, "don't let me go!" But even as she was pleading, her little hands relaxed their clinging hold from my waist and lifted themselves eagerly aloft; lifted themselves with such straining effort that they lifted the wasted little body from its reclining position among the pillows. Her face was turned upward, but it was her eyes that told the story. They were filled with the light of Divine recognition. They saw something plainly that we could not see; and they grew brighter and brighter, and her little hand quivered in eagerness to go where strange portals had opened upon her astonished vision. But even in that supreme moment she did not forget to leave a word of comfort for

those who would gladly have died in her place.

"Mamma," she was saying, "mamma, they are strangers. I'm not afraid." And every instant the light burned more gloriously in her blue eyes till at last it seemed as if her soul leaped forth upon its radiant waves, and in that moment her trembling form relapsed among its pillows and she was gone.

A CAT'S GOOD EXAMPLE.

WE all know about pussy and her playful, prankish little family; and many stories are told of the wisdom of the cat.

We can tell you a story about a very sensible cat which we are well acquainted with. She had one kitten left, and she had her home in a small room, or closet, where her kitten stayed. It was a snug, cosy place, but she did not like her quarters very well.

A stranger came to stop at the house who used to go into this little room every day to smoke. This pussy did not like, as she was a well-bred cat. One day her kitten seemed stupid, and puss seemed to think something must be done at once. So she took her kitten by the neck, and carried it upstairs to a nice, large, airy bedroom.

The people who lived there thought that was no place for the kitten, and carried it back. But puss thought differently, and pretty soon the kitten was in the bedroom again. He was carried back repeatedly, but the wise old cat had no thought of having her kitten learn to smoke; she was a minister's cat, and was too well brought up to have a smoker in her family, and so she carried that kitten up stairs by the neck five times in one day, and she finally conquered, and they let her put her kitten where she pleased.

So the little chap is growing and climbing, and frolicking about the house; and when the man who smoked heard about it, and found how offensive tobacco smoke was to the cat and all the rest of the family, he stopped smoking. So you see a cat's good example may be useful even to a man who has been to college for years. —*Little Christian*.

AN ANGEL'S TOUCH.

ROUGH natures and careless lives often show surprises of redeeming kindness. An instance of this victory of the better feelings, in the presence of innocent want, is related in the *San Francisco News Letter*. A little girl of nine or ten years old entered a place which is a bakery, grocery and saloon combined, and asked for five cents' worth of tea.

"How's your mother?" asked the boy, who came forward to wait on her.

"She's sick, and aint had anything to eat to-day."

The boy was then called to wait upon some men who entered the saloon, and the girl sat down. In a few minutes she was sound asleep and leaning her head against a barrel, while she held the nickle in a tight grip between her thumb and finger.

One of the men saw her as he came from the bar, and after asking who she was, said—

"Say, you drunkards, see here! Here we've been pouring down whiskey when this child and her mother want bread. Here's a two dollar bill that says I've got some feeling left."

"And I can add a dollar," observed one.

"And I'll give another."

They made up a collection amounting to five dollars, and the spokesman carefully put the bill between two of the sleeper's fingers, drew the nickle away, and whispered to his comrades,—

"Jist look here—the gal's dreamin'!"

So she was. A tear had rolled from her closed eyelid, but on her face was a smile. The men went out, and the clerk walked over and touched the sleeping child. She awoke with a laugh, and cried out,—

"What a beautiful dream! Ma wasn't sick any more, and we had lots to eat and to wear, and my hand burns yet where an angel touched it!"

When she discovered that her nickle had been replaced by a bill, a dollar of which loaded her down with all she could carry, she innocently said,—

"Well, now, but ma won't hardly believe me that you sent up to heaven and got an angel to come down and clerk in your grocery!"

We would like to believe that those men, who let the angel in them speak, went away resolved never to drink whiskey any more.—*Youth's Companion*.

THE COAST-GUARD.

DO you wonder what I am seeing, In the heart of the fire, aglow Like cliffs in a golden sunset,

With a summer sea below? I see, away to the eastward, The line of a storm-beat coast, And I hear the tread of the hurrying waves, Like the tramp of a mailed host.

And up and down in the darkness, And over the frozen sand, I hear the men of the coast-guard Pacing along the strand. Beaten by storm and tempest, And drenched by the pelting rain, From the shores of Carolina, To the wind-swept bays of Maine.

No matter what storms are raging, No matter how wild the night, The gleam of their swinging lanterns Shines out with a friendly light. And many a shipwrecked sailor Thanks God, with his gasping breath, For the sturdy arms of the surfmen That drew him away from death.

And so, when the wind is wailing, And the air grows dim with sleet, I think of the fearless watchers Pacing along their beat. I think of a wreck, fast breaking In the surf of a rocky shore, And the life-boat leaping onward To the stroke of the bending oar.

I hear the shouts of the sailors, The boom of the frozen sail, And the creak of the icy halyard, Straining against the gale. "Courage!" the captain trumpets, "They are sending help from land!" God bless the men of the coast-guard, And hold their lives in His hand!

—*St. Nicholas*.

A TRAMP rang the bell of an up-town flat, and the Irish servant responded through the speaking tube: "Who is it, and phwat d' yeess want?" "Will yer please give a poor feller a drink of coffee?" called back the tramp pathetically. "Put your mouth to the trumpet," responded Bridget, "an' I'll pour ye down a drink." The tramp did not reply, but departed in disgust.

THE STREAM OF TIME.

REPUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

It, a wonderful stream is the River of Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears.
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep and a surge divine;
As it bends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting, like flakes of snow,
And the summers like buds between:
And the year in the sheaf—so they come and they go.
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle up the River of Time,
With the softest of airs all playing,
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junos with the roses are staying.

And the name of the isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there,
There are brows of beauty, and bosoms of snow;
They are heaps of dust—but we love them so!
There are tresses and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings;
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments they used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

O, remembered for aye be the blessed isle,
All the day of our life till night;
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that Greenwood of soul be in sight!

—B. F. Taylor.

SMILES.

The ship that everybody likes—
Good fellowship.

INQUISITIVE Boy: "Been fishin,' eh; did you catch anything?" Second Boy: "Not until I got home."

WE'RE very proud of our ancestry, you know." "Yes; but how would your ancestry feel about you!"

DEAREST friend (admiring the new portrait):—"How sweet! How charming! How pretty! And yet so like!"

Two boys quarrelling: "My pa is a preacher and will go to Heaven." "Yes; an' my pa is a doctor, an' can kill your pa."

"How do you know when a cyclone is coming?" asked a stranger of a Western man. "Oh! we get wind of it," was the reply.

"WHAT was Polly Auger's name when she was a little girl?" asked a wag of a class of children. They gave it up. "Why, Polly Gimlet, of course!" said he.

"How do you pronounce 't-i-n-g-y?'" asked the teacher of the dunce of the class. The boy replied: "It depends a good deal on whether the word refers to a person or a bee."

THEODORE HOOK, after having been frightfully crammed at an Aldermanic feed, being asked to be helped again, replied, "No, thank you, I don't want any more, but I will take the rest in money, if you please."

THE curiosity of a child of five had been aroused by seeing a magnifying glass. "How many times does it magnify?" asked a gentleman, thinking to puzzle him. "As many times as you look through it!" was the quick reply.

AMATEUR artist (to the carrier): "Did you see my picture safely delivered at the Royal Academy?" Carrier: "Yes, sir, and mighty pleased they seemed to be with it—leastwise, if one may judge, sir. They didn't say nothin'—but—how they did laugh!"

A FRENCH lady, on her arrival to this country, was careful to eat only such dishes as she was acquainted with; and being pressed to partake of a dish new to her, she politely replied, "No, thank you; I can eat only my acquaintances."

LITTLE NELL—"Mamma, what is color-blind?" Mamma—"Inability to tell one color from another, dear." Little Nell—"Then I does that man that made my g'ography is color-blind." Mamma—"And why, pet?" Little Nell—"Tause hegot Greenland painted yel'ow."

"My dear," said an affectionate husband, "I'm surprised that you will consent to the degradation of wearing another woman's hair on your head." "Is that any worse than your wearing another sheep's wool on your back?" retorted the equally affectionate wife.

A LITTLE Scotch boy, about four or five years old, was ill of fever and the doctor ordered his head to be shaved. The little fellow was unconscious at the time, and knew nothing of it. A few days after, when he was convalescent, he happened to put his hand to his head, and after an amazed silence, shrieked out, "Mither! mither! my head's barefoot!"

A MAN went into a drug store and asked for something to cure a headache. The druggist held a bottle of hartshorn to his nose, and he was nearly overpowered by its pugnacy. As soon as he recovered he began to rail at the druggist and threatened to knock him down. "But didn't it help your headache?" "I havn't any headache," gasped the man, "It's my wife has the headache."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

B.C. —.] LESSON IX. [Aug. 31.

GOD'S WORKS AND WORD.

Psa. 19. 1-14. Commit to memory vs. 7-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name. Psa. 138. 2.

OUTLINE.

1. God in Nature, v. 1-6.
2. God in Grace, v. 7-14.

EXPLANATIONS.—This psalm gives praise to God for his glory as shown by his works in the heavens, and for his greater glory as revealed in his written word, the law. Firmament—The arch of the sky. Handywork—The work of God's hand. Day unto Day—One day tells God's glory to another. No speech—In every land the sun, moon, and stars tell the glory of God. Line is gone out—The rays of the heavenly bodies. Tabernacle for the sun—The sun's tent in the heavens. A bridegroom—One newly married and in the strength of youth. Nothing hid from the heat—All places feel the sun's heat. The law of the Lord—From the works the psalmist turns to the law of God. Testimony—The words or truths given in God's word. The simple—The ignorant who desire to learn knowledge. Statutes—Laws. Rejoicing the heart—The right heart is always glad to do right. Clean—Pure, without evil in it. Judgments—The acts of the Lord with regard to men. By them—By God's laws. Presumptuous sins—Those that are done openly in defiance of God's law. My redeemer—God who redeems us by his Son.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we shown—

1. Knowledge of God's power through his works!
2. Knowledge of God's love through his word!
3. Knowledge of ourselves through his word!
4. Need of divine grace to aid us in living?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What declares the glory of God? His works. 2. What is the law of the Lord? "Perfect, converting the soul." 3. What are the judgments of the Lord? "True and righteous altogether." 4. What does David ask of the Lord? "Cleanse thou me from secret faults." 5. What does David say the Lord is? "My strength, and my redeemer."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God the Creator.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

89. Why did the Son of God become man? That He might teach us His heavenly doctrine, set us a pattern of perfect holiness, and lay down His life as the price of our redemption. John xv. 15; 1 John ii. 6; 1 Peter ii. 21; 1 Peter iii. 18; 1 Corinthians vi. 20. [John iv. 34, vi. 38; Hebrews i. 1, 2, ix. 28; 1 John iv. 9, v. 11.]
90. What do you call this wonderful mystery? The Incarnation of the Son of God.
91. Where is the Redeemer called a Mediator? 1 Timothy ii. 5.

B.C. —.] LESSON X. [Sept. 7.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

Psa. 27. 1-14. Commit to memory vs. 4, 5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? Psa. 27. 1.

OUTLINE.

1. Resting in the Lord, v. 1-3.
2. Waiting upon the Lord, v. 4-7.
3. Walking with the Lord, v. 8-14.

EXPLANATIONS.—To eat up my flesh—This is, to destroy or kill. They stumbled—Failed in their plans. My heart shall not fear—Because of its trust in God. Dwell in the house of the Lord—To be so near the tabernacle as to worship there often. Beauty of the Lord—God's beauty is in his goodness, as ours should be. Pavilion—His tent. Sacrifices of joy—Offerings in token of gladness. Hear, O Lord—The psalm now changes its tone from praise to prayer. My heart said—True obedience is of the heart. Hide not thy face—The servant of God longs to be ever at peace and in love with God. Anger—David knows that his sins deserve God's frown. When my father—Not that David's father and mother had forsaken him, but he names this as the strongest possible case. Take me up—Care for me. Plain path—Where the way of duty is easy to know. False witnesses—Those who tell falsehoods. I had fainted—David could not see any hope except in God's goodness. Wait on the Lord—By earnest prayer.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we shown—

1. The source of spiritual courage?
2. The joy of spiritual communion?
3. The need of spiritual strength and guidance?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What does David say is the strength of his life? The Lord. 2. What one thing did David desire? To dwell forever in the Lord's house. 3. What does David entreat of the Lord? "Leave me not, neither forsake me." 4. Who will take us up when our father and mother forsake us? The Lord. 5. What are we urged to do? "Wait on the Lord."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The providence of God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

92. Did the Redeemer give His life for all men? 1 Timothy ii. 6.
93. What was the course of our Saviour's history as Mediator? First He humbled Himself, and then He was exalted to glory. Luke xxiv. 26; 1 Peter i. 11. [Philippians ii. 6-11; Hebrews v. 7-10.]
94. What was the humiliation of Christ? He was made man and lived a life of poverty, suffering and neglect. Isaiah lii. 3; Philippians ii. 7. [Matthew xx. 28; 2 Corinthians viii. 9; John xvi. 32; Hebrews ii. 18, v. 7. xii. 3.]

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