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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. V.

TORONTO, AUGUST 8, 1885.

No. 16.

A SUMMER PICTURE.

THERE is a breath of summer in our illustration that brings rest and gladness to the heart as we look upon it. It recalls green fields, cool waters, mountain breezes and tree shadows.

To our young readers, it means romping on the fresh, green grass with no danger of coming across the sign "Keep off the grass" wherever they turn their eyes; riding upon sweet-scented loads of hay; hunting in the woods and meadows for flowers of every hue; splashing in the cool waters; in fact, what does it not mean to boys and girls who have experienced the delights of country life in the summer time? To those who have not no words would convey an adequate idea as to what those pleasures are. I only hope that all such may soon see and know for themselves.

One boy of whom I know, coming into the country for the first time, upon being asked what his impressions were, said to me, "Oh! I have never seen anything like it, only in pictures." He said that the thing which impressed him most was the amount of sky which he saw. It was so wonderful to him. He has enjoyed many happy hours in the country since then, but he can never get over his feelings of awe at the sky.

You who have country homes or who can afford to spend your summer in the country, can you not give at least one heart a taste of its beauty and freshness?

HEALTH IN SUMMER.

We have now reached the hottest part of the year, and the beginning of the season when old and young are peculiarly liable to sudden and malignant disorders. Modern science holds that these diseases are propagated by germs, which are developed by heat. Find-

ing a congenial place of growth in the blood and tissues of the human body, the parasites multiply and affect the working of our organs, injuriously, sometimes fatally.

It is a part of the same theory that a weak or previously diseased body is

food. A vigorous and healthy stomach may digest these germs as well as any other vegetable or animal matter, while a sluggish stomach may give them time to establish themselves in their new quarters.

Possibly this may not be the true

some food only, and by drinking water which has not been polluted.

Furthermore, we know that those who enjoy the best general health are not those who are strongest of muscle, or those who have just the right amount of flesh are less frequently attacked than are others, and that when attacked, they are better able to overcome disease. We also know that violent exertion, resulting in excessive bodily heat, predisposes one to disease.

At the time we write the dreaded cholera has not made its appearance in this country, or in any part of northern Europe. Upon all former visitations it has begun its deadly work in the early spring, or even in the winter. Consequently we may hope that this time the pestilence will not cross the Atlantic, or at least that it has postponed its malignant work among us until another year.

But cholera is not the only disorder to be guarded against, and by taking regularly, every summer, the proper precautions against the ordinary summer diseases, we shall be better prepared for defence against cholera, if it should come.

The rules are very simple. First, as to food. It should be thoroughly cooked, so thoroughly that if it contained any disease-germs, they would be destroyed. Perfectly ripe fruit that has not begun to decay is also approved, but it should be carefully avoided upon the first appearance of an epidemic disease.

Probably more evil is done by our drinks than by our food. Alcoholic drinks will not contain any disease-germs, but they stimulate the stomach, and when the inevitable reaction comes the body is less able to resist the attack of disease. To be avoided always, it is particularly necessary to avoid them in the summer. Unless one is sure that the water supply used



A SUMMER PICTURE.

a more inviting field for the ravages of disease-germs than is a healthy body. Let it be supposed, for example, that the seeds of disease enter the body through the mouth, and are swallowed, either with impure water or with the

explanation of what we observe, but whether it is so or not, the lessons of experience are not less clear or decisive. We do know it as a fact that certain diseases may be almost certainly avoided by the strict use of whole-

ach, and when the inevitable reaction comes the body is less able to resist the attack of disease. To be avoided always, it is particularly necessary to avoid them in the summer. Unless one is sure that the water supply used

in the family is free from vegetable and animal matter, and very little water is free from it, all the water should be boiled before it is used.

For drinking purposes boiled water is very "flat." Heat drives out the air, and a fish cannot live in boiled water. Consequently, when your boiled water has cooled fill a bottle two thirds full of it, and shake it vigorously a few minutes to restore the air to it.

To these rules add three others. Keep the body clean; avoid violent, heating exercise; don't worry. We are aware that it is not easy to observe all these injunctions. There are circumstances when one must take risks. But the nearer one can come to a perfect observance of them, the less danger will there be of falling a victim to the summer diseases.

"SEALED ORDERS."

But she swung from her moorings,
And over the harbor bar,
As the moon was slowly rising
She faded from sight afar—
And we traced her gleaming canvas
By the twinkling evening star.

None knew the port she sailed for,
Nor whether her cruise would be;
Her future course was shrouded
In silence and mystery;
She was sailing beneath "sealed orders"
To be opened out at sea.

Some souls, cut off from moorings,
Go drifting into the night,
Darkness before and round them,
With scarce a glimmer of light:
They are acting beneath "sealed orders"—
And sailing by faith, not sight.

Keeping the line of duty
Through good and evil report,
They shall ride the storms out safely,
Be the voyage long or short,
For the ship that carries God's orders
Shall anchor at last in port.
—Helen Chauncey.

"IT KEEPS OUT THE COLD."

THE "why" and "wherefore" of a thing is very dear to Englishmen: and there are few things which have produced a greater crop of "whys" and "wherefores" than the proverbial little drop of liquor. If I meet Tom Stokes, in August, when the sun is very hot upon the head, he will tell me that he must have a little drop because he is so hot; if I meet the same honest soul in January, when the crisp, frosty snow makes music under his feet, he will tell me that he must have a little drop because he is so cold!

Tom, Tom, believe me, this is quite a mistake, for in the words of a distinguished army surgeon, "Alcohol diminishes the power of endurance, and of resistance to both heat and cold." This is, indeed, a case where things are not what they seem to be. It is a great mistake to suppose, because you feel hotter after taking the little drop, that you really are warmer. Listen to the testimony of Dr. Norman Kerr, who puts the point in a nutshell.

"The truth is, alcohol is a deceiver. It makes you feel warmer, while it actually makes you colder. It robs you of heat, and while the stolen property is being hurried through the skin, the skin is heated, as you feel in the alcoholic flushing of the face. Dangerous as intoxicating drinks are everywhere, they are especially perilous in cold weather and cold climates. No one who wishes to stand the brunt of Arctic severity should ever taste strong drink. The gallant men who have

tried to find the North Pole have had indisputable proof of this."

An illustration or two in confirmation of this testimony will not be out of place. A late Vicar of Bradford, the Rev. Dr. Scoresby, was for many years a resident in severely cold climates, and he told a committee of the House of Commons that he was well assured that tea, coffee, or milk and water were in every way superior, both for comfort and health, for persons exposed to the weather or other severity. To quote his own words, "Spirits are decidedly injurious in cold climates."

Sir John Ross, the famous Arctic explorer, relates of one of his expeditions the following experience: "I was the only person who drank no spirits, and was the only person who had not inflamed eyes; and although I was very much the oldest of the party, I bore fatigue better than any of them."

Not long ago I had the pleasure of receiving the testimony of an eminent living explorer, Dr. John Rae, who said with much earnestness, "The greater the cold the more injurious is the use of alcohol."

Away, then, with the popular mistake, "It keeps out the cold." It is a poor prop for the poor little drop, which not only robs one's body of heat, but too frequently makes warm hearts very cold toward those whom they have promised to "love and to cherish." Even on the coldest day in the year—certainly without alcohol—the poorest of us may carry sunshine with us everywhere. "There is beauty all around when there's love at home."
—Frederick Sherlock.

SOAP-BUBBLES.

SOAP-BUBBLES are the playthings of children and the wonder of philosophers. What is a soap-bubble? Nothing but a film of water-molecules held together by the cohesive power of soap in solution. A soap-bubble's size and strength depend upon the right composition of the mixture that furnishes its material. A good rule for making soap-bubbles is this:

Into a quart-bottle of rain-water put four ounces of pure palm-oil soap sliced into thin shavings. Shake the mixture well until the water will dissolve no more soap. Let it stand until it settles perfectly clear. Then add to two volumes of this soap-solution one volume of pure concentrated glycerine.

This preparation will make stout bubbles whose changes in colour and shifting of hues will repay for the trouble.

The colours in a soap-bubble are due to what is known in physics as the interference of light, and depend upon the varying thickness of the film of water.

The observer who watches a bubble as it is blown, will notice the colours rapidly chasing one another over the filmy globe. He will also see that they vary in hue, growing less and less bright at the top of the bubble, because their gravity stretches it downward and makes the film thinnest.

It is a singular fact that the last colour to appear on a soap-bubble, just before it breaks, is a gray tint. The thickness of the film, when this tint appears upon it, is less than one hundred-and-fifty-six-thousandth of an inch.

Suppose a soap-bubble to be magni-

fied to the size of the earth and molecules of water magnified in proportion; then the whole structure, as Prof. Stillman once said, would be as coarse-grained as a globe of small lead shot touching one another at their surfaces.

It may be worth remembering, the next time we blow a bubble, that we are actually stretching a liquid to the extreme limit of its capacity, and coming nearer to a sight of the invisible molecule of matter than we can come in any other way, no matter how elaborate the experiment.

"NO 'IF' IN THE CASE."

JUST before the battle of the Nile, when Nelson was explaining his plan of attack to his officers, one of them exclaimed, "If we succeed, what will the world say?"

"There is no 'if' in the case," replied Nelson, boldly; "that we shall succeed is certain."

He would not admit the possibility of defeat, and no one who served under him would admit it either.

Dear young readers, a great warfare is still going on in the world, ay, even in the hearts of the young, between good and evil, between Christ and Satan. On whose side are you? There is no neutral ground, no middle path. If you have come to Jesus, if you are trusting in his atonement, if you are born again of the Holy Spirit, you are on the Lord's side; but if not, ah! if not, no matter how fair and amiable you may be, you are led "captive by Satan at his will." Know this, that if Jesus has answered for your sins to God, if you have come to him "just as you are, without one plea, but that his blood was shed for" you, that you may "obtain mercy," there can be no doubt of your safety and happiness at last. "He who has begun a good work in you will perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ." You must succeed; you must win heaven; you must be blessed. There is no *if* in the case. Success is certain.

A CHILD'S CHRISTIANITY.

LITTLE Mabel's mother had long been dead, and while her papa was away from home she had no companions but her governess and the servants.

Her father had often told her not to admit to the house any person with whom she was not acquainted.

One cold wintry day a poor ill-dressed woman stopped at the door and asked permission to warm herself by the kitchen fire.

"But," said Mabel, "my papa doesn't know you."

The woman was shivering with cold, and the rain and sleet dropped from her thin wraps.

A bright idea soon entered the child's head.

"Say," said she, "do you know Jesus?"

Tears started to the poor woman's eyes, and she began to tell how kind the Saviour had been to her.

"Well," said the child, "if you know Jesus you may come in, for papa knows him, and I'm sure he won't care."

Thus should the manifestation of a knowledge of the Redeemer's love for him be the countersign by which we are to know all true Christians.—*My Paper.*

THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.

"DO wolves go to poor people's doors, mamma?
That is what the minister said
When he came to ask for money to-day
And told you somebody's mother was dead."

"Yes! They do really, and stand and howl!"
"Then it is dreadful to be poor.
Just think how awful to go to bed
When likely a wolf will be at the door!"

"With rich people too—are you sure, mamma?
But then a policeman might drive them away;
Rich people can have their houses watched,
You know very well, all night and all day."

"Another kind of a wolf, but worse!"
"Worse than the poor people's kind?" Oh, say,
Can it come to us? We are very rich,
I heard a man say we were to-day."

"Ah, darling, 'tis well you are afraid,
The wolf is more frightful than you can guess;
No policeman can drive him away.
His terrible name is selfishness."
—Mrs. M. P. Bull.

HOME POLITENESS.

A boy who is polite to father and mother is likely to be polite to everybody else. A boy lacking politeness to his parents may have the semblance of courtesy in society, but is never truly polite in spirit, and is in danger, as he becomes familiar, of betraying his real want of courtesy. We are all in danger of living too much for the outside world, for the impression which we make in society, not coveting the good opinion of those who are in a sense a part of ourselves, and who will continue to sustain and be interested in us, notwithstanding these defects of deportment and character. We say to every boy and every girl, cultivate the habit of courtesy and propriety at home—in the kitchen as well as in the parlour, and you will be sure in other places to deport yourself in a becoming and attractive manner.

YOU'LL SWEAR WITHOUT ME.

SEVERAL boys in the upper part of New York were playing with their tops, and one of the number, feeling chagrined at his inability to come up to the mark of his playmates, began to swear roundly. A Sunday-school boy promptly said: "Johnnie, if you swear, I won't play with you." Johnnie very earnestly answered: "I don't care, and I'll swear as much as I've a mind to." Willie said: "Well, you'll swear without me;" and picking up his tops he put them into his pocket and moved on for home. Johnnie saw Willie would do as he said, and feeling somewhat ashamed of his conduct, called out: "Willie, if you'll come back and play, I won't swear any more." Willie came back and saying, "Johnnie, my Sunday-school teacher says swearing is very wicked and wrong, and I dare not play with any boy who is wicked," resumed his play. This was a little hero who was not afraid to stand up like a brave soldier for the cause of pure speech and right morals, and in obedience to the commands of God.

A young lady from New York, who is visiting friends at Wethersfield, is mortally afraid of crows; and coming on one suddenly one day, she was too frightened to run. So, poking her parcel at the beast, she stuttered out, "Lie down, sir! lie down!"

A BRAVE GIRL.

BY FLORENCE D. HALLOWELL.

"Now, mind you don't leave the house, Jonny, even for a minute."

"No, ma'am."

"And keep the blinds all closed, and have supper ready for us. There's some chipped beef in the pantry, and you can cut off the rest of that cold turkey. Skim that pan of milk I put in the cellar this morning, and make some dry toast from that stale loaf in the bread-box. And don't let the fire go out. We'll be back by six."

"Yes, ma'am."

Jenny handed her mistress her parasol, and watched her with longing eyes as she climbed up into the spring waggon and seated herself by her husband's side on the front seat. On the back seat sat old Mr. May, Mrs. Denning's uncle, and little Agnes, the only child of the house.

"It seems to me you left a good many directions, niece," said the old gentleman, as the horse, obedient to the touch of the whips started off on a brisk trot. "That child must be smarter than she looks."

"I've trained her pretty well," answered Mrs. Denning, "and she knows well enough what there is to do."

"Do you think it safe to leave her alone all day?"

"Oh, yes; we often do so. She has Towser, and he is so fierce that a stranger can't get within fifty yards of the house. There's no danger as long as Towser is around."

"You got the child from the poor-house, I think you said?"

"Yes; she was only two years old and dreadfully stupid. Of course she wasn't of much use for a year or so, but I've taught her how to work, and I reckon she earns her bread and butter, if nothing else."

"Do you send her to school, at all?"

"I let her go three months of every winter. I can't spare her for a longer time. I don't think it necessary for her to have much of an education, anyhow, for she will never be anything better than a servant."

"But she can read and write better than I can, mamma," said Agnes. "Oh, if uncle would only let her go to school with me."

"What an idea, Agnes," said Mrs. Denning. "Your uncle has something better to do with his money than to use it in educating a charity child. Don't talk nonsense." Then she changed the subject, and the conversation soon drifted very far away from poor little Jenny.

Mr. May, was visiting his niece for the first time and had taken a great fancy to Agnes, and had offered to send her to a good school at his expense, where she could receive advantages her parents found it out of their power to give her, for they were poor, and lived on a small farm. The only school Agnes had ever attended was the one taught in the district school-house by a youth eighteen years of age. She was delighted at the idea of going away. She was eager to learn, and the prospect of being out of the reach of her mother's frequent reprimands was very pleasant. Mrs. Denning was the unfortunate possessor of an ungovernable temper, and the members of her small household suffered in consequence.

But on poor little, overworked Jenny her wrath fell more frequently than on

anyone else; and many a night did the child sob herself to sleep in her little attic room, and wish herself back in the poor-house. She was more unhappy than ever now that Agnes was going away, for the two girls were firm friends.

"If you were only going too, Jenny," Agnes said sorrowfully, and Jenny echoed the wish, for she had a keen thirst for knowledge, and read everything that came in her way.

There were tears in her big blue eyes as she stood in the doorway this autumn morning and watched the spring waggon and its load disappear in the dust of the country road. Mr. May had invited his niece and her husband and Agnes to go to an exhibition of a circus in a neighbouring town. He had suggested that Jenny should go too, for he was a kind-hearted old gentleman, and liked to give pleasure, but Mrs. Denning had said it was out of the question. Some one must stay at home to keep house, and Jenny could go some other time.

Jenny thought there wasn't much likelihood that the "other time" would ever come, but she didn't say anything. And after she had seen the last of the spring waggon she went back into the kitchen and went soberly to work washing the dishes, trying to enjoy the prospect of a long quiet afternoon, undisturbed by any scolding or fault finding. She made such a clatter with the dishes that she did not hear steps on the porch outside, and started violently when a voice sounded close behind her.

"Folks all away to the circus, I guess."

She turned, and the big dinner-plate she was in the act of lifting from the sink to the draining-pan, fell with a crash to the floor, as she saw standing in the doorway two rough-looking men, dressed in shabby, dirty clothes, and wearing dilapidated felt hats pulled over their brows. She saw at once that they were tramps of the worst kind.

"Yes, they're away," she said, trying to speak bravely, and wondering where Towser could be that these men had entered the yard unmolested, "but I can give you something to eat, if that's what you want."

"It ain't all we want, by a long sight," said one of the men, with a short laugh, "but it'll do to begin with. Set us out the best you can and after that we'll go through the house like a streak o' lightning 'thout no help from nobody."

Jenny's heart sank. She thought of the silver spoons in the cedar chest upstairs. Mrs. Denning prized them very highly, for they had belonged to her mother. And then there was Mr. Denning's watch, which he had left at home, fearing that if he took it with him he might lose it in the crowd at the circus. And Mr. May's trunk! The tramps would be sure to break it open and find the chain and locket he had bought to carry home to his daughter.

Jenny felt bewildered. She sank down in a chair, too weak to stand.

"What's the matter?" asked one of the tramps. "Come, where's the milk and butter, an' the pies an' meat? Got 'em out, and be quick about it. We ain't got no time to fool round."

"There's a pan of milk down cellar, and the cold turkey's down there, too,"

said Jonny, "but I can't get 'em. I don't believe I could take a step."

Her teeth were fairly chattering from fright, and she was shaking as if with a chill. The men laughed loudly.

"See if you can put that coffee-pot on the fire, and we'll get the milk and turkey for ourselves. Come along, Bill," and the biggest and roughest-looking of the two seized his companion by the arm and started toward the cellar-door.

"Oh, what shall I do?" moaned Jenny, as the men went clattering down the stairs, swearing at the darkness of the cellar.

"Where is Towser?"

She did not dare to call the dog, and sat staring helplessly at the cellar-door, thinking how angry Mrs. Denning would be when she came home and found the house robbed of all its valuables.

"If they would only stay down cellar until I could hunt up Towser," thought Jenny; and then suddenly a bright idea came into her head. The cellar-door was a very heavy one, and was fastened by a strong iron bolt. If she could but close it, and thus imprison the tramps.

Her shaking limbs almost refused to support her, but she managed to get across the room and close the door just as the men began the ascent of the stairs, and as they reached the top her trembling fingers shot the bolt into the catch. The men, laden with the pan of milk and the cold turkey, tried at first to kick the door open, but failing in that, they ordered Jenny to unbolt it at once, or they would kill her. But, frightened as she was at this terrible threat, the child did not obey, and after assuring her that she would suffer for what she had done, the men went stamping and swearing down the stairs again.

"The trap! I forgot the trap!" thought Jenny, fairly sick with fear, and she dragged herself to the window to look out.

She almost cried, so great was her relief, when she saw on the trap-door three barrels of potatoes, which Mr. Denning had rolled there that morning to await removal to the cellar. She felt sure now that the tramps could not make their escape, for the windows to the cellar were very small, and had iron bars across them. She did not think of leaving the house to call for help. In the first place, Mrs. Denning had forbidden her to leave it even for a minute, and in the second place, she knew that the nearest neighbours had gone to the circus.

She went back to the sink and finished the washing of the dinner dishes, in spite of the storming and swearing that was going on below. Again and again the men tried to break down the cellar-door, but it resisted all their attempts. They tried threats, argument, and persuasion on Jenny without effect. She made no reply to anything they said. But she was in constant terror that they would succeed in breaking in the door, and her heart almost stopped beating as she heard the raving of their fierce blows.

Would six o'clock never come? She glanced at the big kitchen clock every few minutes, and it seemed to her as if the hands had never before moved so slowly. She set the table, cut the bread, went to the dairy for milk, and made the toast; and just as the clock

struck six she heard the sound of wheels, and Mr. Denning's voice.

She went to the door as the waggon stopped at the horse-block. Towser, looking fagged and very dusty, was already stretched on the patch, preparing for a nap.

"Towser followed us all the way," screamed Agnes, as her father lifted her out of the waggon, "and we didn't know anything about it until we got there. They couldn't make him go back. Did you miss him, Jenny?"

Jenny didn't answer. She went up to Mr. Denning and touched him on the arm. But though her lips moved, not a sound escaped them.

"What's the matter, child?" asked Mrs. Denning sharply, wondering at this strange pantomime. "Speak up. I hope to goodness you haven't broken anything, but I feel sure you have."

"Only a plate," gasped Jenny, finding her voice at last, "but, but, there are two tramps in the cellar. I locked —" Then suddenly the earth seemed to rise up to meet her, and she fell senseless at Mr. Denning's feet.

Mr. May carried her into the house and laid her on a lounge, Agnes rubbed her hands, and Mrs. Denning poured water over her face, but it was nearly twenty minutes before the child opened her eyes again. Then she managed to tell her story, and Mr. Denning went for help. A couple of hours later the two tramps were in the county gaol.

A full account of Jenny's heroism was published in the county paper, and for weeks everyone was talking of her. But Jenny didn't know this. She was far away from her old home and all its unpleasant associations. For Mr. May had sent her to school.

"Such a brave girl deserves to be something better than a kitchen drudge all her life," he said. "I'll give her a chance, anyhow, and we'll see what she can do."

Mrs. Denning did not like the idea of parting with Jenny; but she stood too much in awe of her rich uncle to say so, and so let the child go without protest.

"She was a good deal of help, after all. I see that, now she's gone," she admitted to a neighbour, who asked her if she missed Jenny. "I'm going to the poor-house to hunt up another, but I don't suppose I'll get one as good."

"You certainly don't stand much chance of getting one as brave," said the neighbour.—Standard.

I WILL NOT.

"I WILL not!" said a little boy stoutly, as I passed along. The tone of his voice struck me.

"What won't you do?" I stopped and asked.

"That boy wants me to 'make believe' something to my mother, and I won't!" he answered in the same stout tone.

The little boy is on the right track. That is just one of the places to say "won't." I hope he will stick to it. He will, I feel sure.

"Will you please give me an almanac, sir?" asked a six year-old at the door of a grocer's shop. "Does your mother buy her tea here?" was the proprietor's cautious reply. "No, sir, but she sometimes borrows your handcart!"

CHILDREN'S HYMN TO JESUS.

BY SAMUEL B. IVER.

INTO Thy temple, like children of old,
Eagerly enter we, Thee to behold!
Jesus, we see Thee, our Saviour and Lord,
By nations, by wise men, and princes adored.

How shall we hail Thee, O Master divine!
How catch the gleam from those dear eyes of
Thine!

How, mid the multitudes surging, receive
The blessing we know Thou desirest to give!

Trembling, we praise Thee, and with the
wild throng

Sowed earth with our branches and air with
our song;

But the crowd came between us, despairingly
then,

We lost Thee, who loved Thee, O Saviour of
men!

Though lost from Thee, called by Thee, joy-
ous we come,

As a dove to its cot, or a child to its home;
Thy bosom, O Jesus, though worlds should
molest,

Will ever to children bring shelter and rest!

So into Thy temple, like children of old,
Eagerly enter we, Thee to behold.

Hosannah! Hosannah! we cry to Thee, Lord,
By nations, by wise men, by children adored!

—Auburn, Ill.

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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 8, 1885.

NEW SCHOOLS.

SINCE the Conferences a large number of new schools have been established through the help of the Sunday-School Aid Fund. The following is a specimen of many letters received:

"We will want books etc., for the school, but think we will be able to do for a time with the papers and Hymnals asked for in the form. When we get well started we expect to pay our way and help others. One of the grants asked for we promise \$5.

"We have just organized another school with very fair prospects. About the same size and wants as that mentioned in the form. Would you kindly duplicate the order? They will also raise, say, \$5.

"We hope to start another school soon. These, we think, will all pay their way after this season. There was no Methodist school on this mission till now. One union."

We believe that in no way can we so effectually help the cause of God as in planting all over the land these nurseries of piety.

A SHORT SERMON.

You are the architects of your own fortune. Rely upon your own strength of body and soul. Take for your motto, Self-Reliance, Honesty and Industry. For your star, Faith, Perseverance and Pluck, and inscribe on your banner, "Be just and fear not." Don't take too much advice; keep at the helm and steer your own ship. Strike out. Think well of yourself. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Assume your position. Don't practice humility, you can't get above your level—water don't run up hill—put potatoes in a cart over a rough road and small potatoes will go to the bottom. Energy invincible—determination with a right motive—are the levers which move the world. The sure art of commanding is to take a fair share of the work. Civility costs nothing and buys everything. Don't drink. Don't smoke. Don't chew. Don't swear. Don't gamble. Don't lie. Don't steal. Don't deceive. Don't tattle. Be polite. Be generous. Be kind. Study hard. Play hard. Be in earnest. Be self-reliant. Read good books. Love your fellow-man as well as God. Love your country and obey the laws. Love truth. Always do what your conscience tells you to be a duty and leave the consequence with God.

The *Christian Guardian* adds to the increase in membership in the Western Conferences the increase in the Manitoba Conferences, which swells the number to 18,604. The net gain in the Manitoba Conference was 1,386,—a growth of a little more than forty per cent. in a single year. To the large number given above can now be added again of 769 members in the Nova Scotia Conference and of 675 in the N. B. and P. E. I. Conference, making the surprising gain in the nine Conferences of 20,048, with Newfoundland, where extensive revivals have taken place, yet to be heard from—*Wesleyan*.

SENATOR Almon, the notorious anti-prohibitionist, thus slapped the "free and independent" in the face, when Senator Vidal reminded him that a hundred thousand people had petitioned Parliament against the mutilation of the Scott Act:—"We are not here to do what the people think best; we are here to do as we please." It was an undoubted piece of impudent hardihood for a legislator thus to defy public opinion, but the statement is nevertheless true, so far as it relates to the utter irresponsibility of the Canadian Senate, save to the Government which appoints them. It is to be seen how many insults of this kind the Canadian people will bear.

The *Canadian Methodist Magazine* with its issue for July commences its 22nd volume, and stands, we believe, as the patriarch of Canadian Magazine literature. The editor's illustrated paper on "Walks about Rome" is like all articles from his pen, readable and instructive. John Macdonald, Esq., contributes a paper of interest, entitled, "Leaves from the Portfolio of a Merchant." Other articles complete an excellent number.—*Evangelical Churchman*.

"WHAT is an epistle?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of her class. "The wife of an apostle," replied the young hopeful.



THE BOYS' DINNER.

THE BOYS' DINNER.

MR AND MRS JONES were not rich, in fact many people would have called them in "humble circumstances," and yet the number of people to whom they gave pleasure, and upon many of whom they conferred benefits, was astonishing. It seemed as if they continually kept in mind the words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," for they were ever doing something, and still they were always happy and had plenty for themselves. Can you tell me their secret?

"I say, wife, suppose we invite my Sunday-school boys to dinner," said Mr. Jones.

"By all means, do so," said Mrs. Jones, who always assented to her husband's ideas when somebody was to be benefited. "Poor little fellows, I don't believe they have a 'good square meal,' as you call it, once a year. We can't give them a very good dinner, but I will have plenty of good, wholesome food, and Jennie will help me to wait on them."

Seven happier boys I don't believe you ever saw. At first they were a little shy and backward, but soon they wore off under the kindness of their friends, and they thoroughly enjoyed their dinner. One or two of them looked as if they had fasted for a long time.

After dinner came games and stories, and the boys were led unconsciously to reveal their trials and temptations, thus giving their kind teacher an opportunity of knowing better how to deal with them in the future. Very sad were some of the stories of their lives. Before they went home Mrs. Jones played on the organ and they sang carols. With a cordial handshake and a "God bless you," they were sent on their homeward way stronger and better for Christmas Day.—*M. K. H.*

SHOW YOUR COLOURS.

It is well for boys and girls to show their colours to let other people know how they stand, and what side they are on. Thousands of them are to-day wearing the pretty blue badge prepared by the National Temperance Society, a glance at which instantly shows that the wearer is a "true blue," and belongs to the coldwater army. The pretty fountain which is printed on it, encircled by the words, "Beautiful

water my beverage shall be," shows that he does not belong to the army of beer-drinkers. The motto underneath—

"'Tis here we pledge perpetual hate
To all that can intoxicate—"

shows that he is opposed to all kinds of strong drink, and does not intend ever to be overcome by it, nor join the army of drunkards.

Such a boy had great influence with a drinking man, who was seen to wear the blue ribbon, and was asked how he came to put it on.

"How was it I put it on?" said he. "I'll tell you in a minute. You see, I was the worse for drink, and, seated in my cart, was turning the corner of a street, when somehow out I fell upon the road. It sobered me a bit; a boy came up, and I wanted him to help me; but he just looked at me as cool as possible, and said, 'It cost you something to get down there, didn't it?' I wanted to know what he meant. 'Why,' said he, 'how much has the drink cost you to-day that has thrown you on the road?' adding, 'If you had been like me, a teetotaler, and wore the blue ribbon, you wouldn't have been there.' This sobered me altogether. Next day I thought of the boy's words, signed the pledge, and put on the blue ribbon. That's nearly two years ago."

A little child shall lead them. How often true!

In the course of an address at the late Winnipeg Conference, the Rev. E. A. Stafford, last year pastor of Grace Church, Winnipeg, remarked that, "a little while ago he had preached a sermon to the 90th Battalion, in which he had congratulated them as representatives of the grand idea of conflict, though associated with usages that had passed away. His consternation might be imagined when inside of three months he read of those men standing up to be shot at; and when inside of four months three coffined dead of that regiment lay before his own pulpit!"—*Wesleyan*.

The *Toronto News* says it can prove by eighty-one saloon keepers in one building that prohibition does prohibit, and refers to eighty-one saloon keepers who are in the Iowa State prison for selling whisky.



EGYPTIAN DONKEY.

THE LAND OF STORY-BOOKS.

At evening when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes;
And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear land of story-books.

—R. L. Stevenson.

HOW TO HEAR THE GOSPEL.

ROLAND HILL paid a visit to an old friend a few years before his death, who said to him, "Mr. Hill, it is just sixty-five years since I heard you preach, and I remember your text and a part of your sermon. You told us that some people were very squeamish about the delivery of different ministers who preached the same gospel. You said, 'Suppose you were attending to hear a will read, where you expected a legacy left you, would you employ all the time in criticising the manner in which the lawyer read it? No, you would not; you would be giving all your ears to hear if anything was left you, and how much it was. That is the way I would advise you to hear the gospel.'" Good advice, remembered sixty-five years.

EGYPTIAN DONKEY.

WHEN I was in England, a few years ago, I went to a show of donkeys, and there I saw the one whose picture you may here see.

This donkey belongs to the son of the Prince of Wales, whose name is Albert Victor.

Should he outlive his grandmother, the present queen, and also outlive his father, he may be king of England.

But it is of donkeys, and not of kings, that I have now to write. Albert Victor's donkey is a very pretty one. He was brought from Egypt, where donkeys are much in use.

He knows his master so well that he will go to him when Albert calls, will bear him on his back with great care, and will take food from his hand.

He is very kind to the donkey, and will not have him beaten. Though small, the donkey is quite strong, and has a quick, easy gait.

He will drink out of a glass, and do other clever tricks.

A friend of mine, who has a donkey and two horses, says that the donkey is the leader always in mischief. Last summer my friend put them all three in a pasture that was next to a field of corn, and he found that they got into the field and ate much of the corn.

He set a watch; and soon found that the donkey, with his teeth, undid the fastening of the gate, and so let his friends, the horses, out to have a good feast with him. "You are a bright donkey," said my friend; "but I cannot let you steal my corn." So my friend had a chain put on the gate, and then the donkey could not open it.

—Nursery.

"Tommy," said a San Antonio mother to her little boy, "your uncle will be here to dinner to day, and you must have your face washed." "Yes, ma, but s'posin he don't come. What then?"

THE ANCHOR WATCH.

"I OFTEN recall," says an old sailor, "my first night at sea. A storm had come up, and we put back under a point of land which broke the wind a little, but still the sea had a rake on us, and we were in danger of drifting. I was on the anchor watch, and it was my duty to give warning in case the ship should drag anchor. It was a long night to me. I was very anxious whether I should know if the ship really did drift. How could I tell? I found that, going forward and placing my hand on the chain, I could tell by feeling of it whether the anchor was dragging or not; and how often I went forward and placed my hand on that chain! And very often since then I have wondered whether I am drifting away from God, and then I go away and pray. Sometimes during that long, stormy night I would be startled by a rumbling sound, and I would put my hand on the chain and find it was not the anchor dragging, but only the chain grating against the rocks on the bottom. The anchor was still firm. And sometimes now in temptation and trial, I become afraid, and upon praying I find that away down deep in my heart I do love God, and my hope is in his salvation. And I want just to say a word to you boys: Boys, keep an anchor watch, lest before you are aware you may be upon the rocks."

WHAT A HAMMER DID.

WE are constantly finding illustrations of the truth that a wrong, small in itself, if allowed to remain, will cause great trouble. An improper word because "I didn't think;" a task neglected because "I forgot;" or a habit indulged "just this once," will have a greater effect than for the time being.

Several years ago, while a boat was being built, a hammer was nailed up in the bottom. Whether the work man knew it or not, he did not take it out, and the boat was finished and put to service. Every time the boat rocked, the hammer was thrown back and forth, until little by little it wore first a track, and then through the planking down to the copper plating, before any one knew it was there. The copper was all that kept the vessel from sinking.

A little thing, you say, in the beginning; yes, simply the loss of a hammer; but how serious the result! And more serious was it not, because it was hidden away where no one could see it?

The thoughts which we shut in our hearts for fear people will see them are the ones which, some day, we will find the cause of much mischief. The Psalmist says, "Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts;" and then he prays, "O cleanse thou me from secret faults."

BEGINNING AND END.

THE progress of dishonesty is not hard to trace. The only safety of character is in resisting the beginning of evil. There are three hundred and sixty degrees in the circle of a cent as well as in the circle of the equator—and so is there as much dishonesty in a boy's theft of a cent as in a man's theft of a thousand dollars. Two pictures below will illustrate this. Here is the beginning:

A schoolboy, ten years old, one lovely June day, with roses in full bloom over the porch, and the laborers in the wheat fields, had been sent by his Uncle John to pay a bill at the country store and there were seventy five cents left, and Uncle John did not ask him for it.

At noon this boy stood under the beautiful blue sky, and a great temptation came. He said to himself, "Shall I give it back, or shall I wait till he asks for it? If he never asks, that is his look out. If he does, why I can go get it again. He never gave back the money."

The ending: Ten years went by; he was a clerk in a bank. A package of bills lay in a drawer, and had not been put in the safe. He saw them, wrapped them up in his coat and took them home. He is now in a prison cell; but he set his feet that way, when a boy, years before, when he sold his honesty for seventy-five cents.

That night he sat disgraced, and an open criminal. Uncle John was long ago dead. The old home was desolate, the mother broken-hearted. The prisoner knew what brought him there.

—School Journal.

PRAISE THE BOY.

It often costs one quite a struggle to do his simple duty; and when one does his simple duty, in spite of his temptations to do differently, deserves credit for his doing. One has no need to live long in this world before finding out this truth. A bright little boy about two and a-half years old, recently showed that he apprehended it. He was on the eve of doing something that was very tempting to him.

"No," my son; you mustn't do that, said his father.

The little fellow looked as if he would like to do it in spite of his father's prohibition; but he triumphed over his inclination, and answered resolutely:

"All right, papa, I won't do it."

There was no issue there, and the father turned to something else. The boy waited a minute, and then said, in a tone of surprised inquiry:

"Papa, why don't you tell me, 'That's a good boy!'"

The father accepted the suggestion, and commended his son accordingly. A just recognition of a child's well-doing is a parent's duty; even though the child's well-doing ought not to hinge on such a recognition. And as with little folks, so with larger ones. Just commendation is every one's due. Even our Lord himself has promised to say, "Well done," to every loved one of His who does well.—S. S. Times.

THE QUEEN'S WOODEN BED.

THE Queen always sleeps in a wooden bed of a particular shape, and made up in a special way, and whenever Her Majesty goes to a strange place a bed and its furniture are despatched from Windsor for her use. Two were sent off from the workshop at the castle last week, the one for the Queen's cabin in the *Victoria and Albert*, and the other has gone to Aix les-Bains. There is already one of Her Majesty's beds at Darmstadt; it was sent out when she went there last year.—London Truth.

SUNLIGHT ALL THE WAY.

"OUI-BY E, Jennie; the road is long,
And the moor is hard to cross;
But well you know there is danger
In the bog and the marshy moss.
So keep in the footpath, Jennie;
Let nothing tempt you to stray;
Then you'll get safely over it,
For there's sunlight all the way—
Sunlight all the way,
So never you fear,
Keep a good heart, dear,
For there's sunlight all the way.

The child went off with a blessing,
And a kiss of mother-love;
The daisies were down at her feet,
And the lark was singing above.
On, on in the narrow footpath—
Nothing could tempt her to stray,
So the moor was passed at night-fall,
And she'd sunlight all the way—
Sunlight all the way,
And she, smiling, said,
As her bed was spread,
"I had sunlight all the way"

And I, who followed the maiden,
Kept thinking, as I went,
O'er the perilous moor of life
What unwary feet are bent.
If they only could keep the footpath,
And not in the marshes stray,
Then they would reach the end of life
Ere the night could shroud the day.
They'd have sunlight all the way,
But the marsh is wide,
And they turn aside,
And the night falls on the day.

Far better to keep the narrow path,
Nor turn to the left or right;
For if we loiter at morning,
What shall we do when the night
Falls black on our lonely journey,
And we mourn our vain delay?
Then steadily onward, friends, and we
Shall have sunlight all the way—
Sunlight all the way,
Till the journey's o'er,
And we reach the shore
Of a never-ending day.

THE SHIP'S IN THE ICE.

SOME years ago an emigrant ship left England for this country, having on board nearly four hundred and fifty passengers. For ten days they had fine weather and light winds, when a furious gale sprung up from the south and drove them northward. After this gale had lasted for a week, the wind changed to the north and the weather became very cold. One very dark night, the man whose duty it was to look ahead of the ship, to see if there was anything in the way, saw something large and white floating just before them. He at first thought it was a ship, and sung out as loud as he could, "Ship ahead! Starboard! hard a-starboard!" which meant, that the man at the helm must turn the ship to the left, to prevent striking the object in the way. At these words the second mate, who had charge of the vessel at the time, looked out on the dark waters, and at once cried out: "It's no ship. It's an iceberg! All hands wear ship!" The sailors sprang to their posts; the captain and other officers, and those of the crew who had been sleeping below, rushed to the deck, startled by the noise, and all helped by skilful management of the sails to "wear," or turn the ship away from the fearful mountain of ice before them. They were none too soon, for they barely cleared the ice, which, had they struck it, would have broken the ship to pieces.

They remained in this position until morning, fearing to move in the darkness lest they should strike the ice. When the light came they found themselves surrounded by fields of ice having several icebergs on them looking like mountains on a plain. There was

only one way to escape, and that was by a narrow channel leading to the north east; and, fearful to tell, this passage was gradually closing up. But with all sails set, and a fair wind, they managed at length to get through; and they reached the open sea only a few moments before the ice came together and the channel was closed.

In the meantime there was, about three miles to the westward, another ship in a far more dangerous situation, for she was completely surrounded by ice, and it was rapidly closing in upon her. Nearer and nearer it came. There was no way of escape for this as for the other ship. The poor wretches on board fired guns and hoisted signals of distress, but alas! none could help them. Those in the other vessel had as much as they could do to save themselves. So the ice, like a great giant, moved nearer to them with its huge arms, until at last it closed up all around the ship and broke it in pieces as easily as a child would crush an egg shell. The stout timbers were broken, the tall masts tottered and fell, and in a few minutes all was over. Not one of those on board was saved. Prepared or unprepared, they went to meet their God!

Life is a great ocean. Temptations are its icebergs. They close around us and threaten to destroy. What are we to do? Get out of their way as soon as we can. If we linger we shall be lost, as the ship that lingered in the ice. If we look to God for help He will make a way of escape.

If a boy is tempted to do wrong—to lie, or steal, or swear, or break the Sabbath—he must remember the ship in the ice. Conscience will keep a look-out for you, and, when danger comes, will cry, as the man did on the ship, "Starboard! hard a-starboard!" You must then "wear ship." That is, you must turn your heart away from those great icebergs of lying, stealing, swearing, and Sabbath-breaking, and let God's good Spirit guide you to the open sea of righteousness and love.

CAPTAIN SAM'S SERMON.

CAPTAIN SAM was in no mood for jokes or banter, and, being very quick to see which way the wind blew, the kind sailor addressed to a row of very serious young faces what one boy afterward called "a perfect brick of a sermon."

"Boys," he said, "I've been trying every day of my life for the last two years to straighten out furrows, and I can't do it!"

One boy turned his head in surprise toward the captain's neatly kept place.

"O I don't mean that kind, lad. I don't mean land furrows," continued the captain, so soberly that the attention of the boys became breathless as he went on: "When I was a lad, about the age of you boys, I was what they called a 'hard case'—that is, not exactly bad or vicious, but wayward and wild.

"Well, my dear old mother used to coax, pray, and punish—my father was dead, making it all the harder for her, but she never got impatient. How in the world she bore with all my stubborn, vexing ways so patiently will always be to me one of the mysteries in life.

"I knew it was troubling her, knew it was changing her pretty face, making it look anxious and old. After awhile, tiring of all restraint, I ran

away, went off to sea; and a rough time I had of it at first. Still I liked the water, and liked journeying from place to place. Then I settled down to business in a foreign land, and soon became prosperous, and now began sending her something better than empty letters. And such beautiful letters as she always wrote me during those years of cruel absence! At length I noticed how longing they grew, longing for the presence of a son who used to try her so; and it awoke a corresponding longing in my own heart to go back to the dear waiting soul.

"So, when I could stand it no longer, I came back; and such a welcome, and such a surprise! My mother is not a very old lady, boys, but the first thing I noticed was the whiteness of her hair and the deep furrows on her brow; and I knew I had helped blanch that hair to its snowy whiteness, and had drawn those lines in that smooth forehead. And these are the furrows I've been trying to straighten out.

"But last night, while mother was sleeping in her chair, I sat thinking it all over, and looked to see what progress I had made.

"Her face was very peaceful, and the expression contented as possible, but the furrows were still there; I hadn't straightened them out, and—I never—shall! never!

"When they lay my mother, my fair old sweetheart, in her casket, there will be furrows on her brow; and I think it a wholesome lesson to teach you, that the neglect you offer your parents' counsels now, and the trouble you cause them, will abide, my lads, it will abide!"

"But," broke in Freddy Hollis, with great troubled eyes, "I should think if you're so kind and good now, it needn't matter so much!"

"Ah, Freddy, my boy," said the quavery voice of the strong man, "you cannot undo the past. You may do much to atone for it, do much to make the rough path smooth, but you can't straighten out the old furrows, my laddies; remember that!"

"Guess I'll chop some wood mother spoke of; I'd most forgotten," said lively Jimmy Hollis, in a strangely quiet tone for him.

"Yes, and I've got some errands to do!" suddenly remembered Billy Bowles.

"Touched and taken!" said the kind captain to himself, as the boys tramped off in a thoughtful soldier-like way. And Mrs. Bowles declared a fortnight afterward that Billy was really getting to be a comfort instead of a pest; guessed he was "a-copying the captain, trying to be good to his ma—Lord bless the dear, good man!"

Then Mrs. Hollis, meeting the captain about that time, remarked that Jimmy always meant to be a good boy, but he was actually being one now-a-days. "Guess your stories they liked so much have morals to them now and then," added the gratified mother with a smile.

As Mrs. Hollis passed on, Captain Sam, with folded arms and bent head, said softly to himself: "Well, I shall be thankful enough if any word of mine will help the dear boys to keep the furrows away from their mothers' brow; for once there, it is a difficult task straightening out the furrows!"

—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

THE TOBACCO NUISANCE.

In former years, when visiting the United States, we fancied we saw signs of a more frequent use of tobacco than among Canadians. But it seems as if, for the last year or two, there has been a great increase in the use of tobacco throughout Canada. Young men on the street, and on the platforms of our street cars, are seen at all hours with cigar or pipe. Even places of public resort are rendered unpleasant to ladies and non-smokers by the disagreeable fumes of the smoker's tobacco. People who have become used to the scent of tobacco can hardly conceive how very disagreeable the smell of a person whose clothes are saturated with the fumes of tobacco is to those who do not use it. The worst feature of the bad practice is the extent to which young lads indulge in the use of tobacco. It is quite common to see a group of boys, from twelve to seventeen years of age, the majority of whom have cigars or pipes in their mouth. Such a state of things cannot exist without brewing moral and physical harm for the future. Tobacco is a narcotic. Just as intoxicating liquors produce an unnatural excitement, that must be followed by a reaction and conscious prostration, so tobacco produces an artificial lulling of the nerves, which is followed by that restlessness that is popularly called "nervousness," which requires a fresh application of the sedative to quiet the tremulous nerves. It should never be forgotten by the smoker that the soothing effect of the cherished smoke is gained at the cost of lowering the action of the heart; and that cannot be carried on through years without serious danger to the vital force. The fact that in this case, as in some others, "sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily," is no proof that mischief is not being wrought. We remember a case mentioned some years ago by the late Dr. Solly—the eminent London physician, who made diseases of the brain a special study—where a gentleman, who had smoked thirty years without any apparent injury, died suddenly; and on examination it was found that the cause of his death was narcotism of the heart, induced by the use of tobacco. The frequent lowering of the action of the heart had so enfeebled its force that it prematurely stood still.

While we would not charge special wickedness against every young man who smokes, it cannot be denied that the general associations of tobacco are not morally helpful. The young men who love to conduct their fellowship and conversation in a cloudland of tobacco smoke, are not likely to be those who are engaged actively in Christian work. It seems the proper thing in a bar-room, but not in a parlor. We have no doubt that many young men who have formed this habit have been driven out of Sunday-school and other Christian work, by the consciousness that this practice was inconsistent with the character of a Sunday-school teacher. It is a pity, in such cases, that it should not be the tobacco rather than the good work that should be given up.

At the recent meeting of the Toronto Conference, a strong recommendation against tobacco was inserted in the Temperance Report, and afterward passed as a separate motion. It was to this effect:—

"We deprecate in any of our mem-

bers the use of tobacco, which is not only disgusting and harmful to the individual, but also presents an example which, when followed by the young, operates to their serious physical, moral, and spiritual injury.

"We submit for the earnest consideration of those connected with our Church who are engaged in the sale of tobacco, whether the time has not come when it should be discarded from their stock of merchandise."

In view of the growth and evil effects of this practice, the time has come for the Church to take up the matter in good earnest. A great deal of good may be done by instructing the children in our Sunday-schools on this subject, and faithfully warning them against the practice. We earnestly exhort the young to resist all temptation to form this habit; and the old, who have formed the habit, should give it up, in order not to approve by example what they condemn in words. —*Guardian.*

SNARES.

WEAVER sits at an airy loom,
And a wary weaver he!
He sets his frame in the garden gloom,
And his distaff who may see!
He throws his shuttle with craft and care,
A thousand threads for a strand,
And toils are his, and a silken snare,
The finest web in the land!
He lurks unseen, while the winged and fleet
Are caught by his art and guile;
Alas, and alas, in that garden sweet,
For the victims of his wife!

A weaver sits at a darker loom,
And a cruel weaver he!
He sets his frame in a dark world's gloom,
And his distaff who may see!
He throws his shuttle with craft and care,
And dark is his web of sin,
Its warp and its woof a silken snare,
Entangling the souls within.
His hands are strong, for a thousand coils
Are wrought in a single strand,
And clasp the victims in many toils
For the clutch of his cruel hand.
Alas, alas, for the souls that slit,
Unwary into the gloom!
Alas, and alas, for the hidden net
And web of the weaver's loom!

—*Clara Thwaites.*

THE QUEEN'S INFLUENCE.

WHEN Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues were defeated in the House of Commons a few weeks ago, and decided to retire from office, the first thing the Prime Minister did was to tender to the Queen the resignations of all the members of the Cabinet. The Queen, who was at Balmoral, in Scotland, telegraphed her acceptance of the resignations, and summoned the leader of Opposition, the Marquis of Salisbury, to confer with him.

When the Marquis arrived, the Queen "commanded" him to form a new Ministry, which he thereupon proceeded to do. But the Queen might have sent for and issued the same command to any other statesman of either party. She was not compelled to send for Lord Salisbury, but in doing so used her own discretion, while at the same time she followed the usual course in such cases.

Many people, who are well informed in most matters, labour under one of two entirely different mistakes as to the position of the Queen, or the sovereign, in the English political system.

Some persons are under the impression that she exercises a great deal of royal power, and in many ways actually directs the government of her realm. Others regard her as a mere puppet, a

useless ornament, with no power whatever, and wholly subject to the will of her Ministers.

Neither of these views is correct. The truth lies midway between them. Many of the powers and functions which the Queen apparently and nominally exercises, she really does not exercise at all. For instance, according to the laws of England, the sovereign has the power to declare war or conclude peace, to make treaties, to create peers, to expend the revenue, to summon and dissolve Parliament, and to veto bills.

But each and all these powers are really exercised by the Ministry of the day. The Queen only does these things on paper. Her name is used and her signature given to all these acts. But she is obliged to act in regard to them as the Ministers advise her. Should she undertake to do any of these things against the will of the Ministers, she would probably provoke a revolution.

On the other hand, the Queen is far from being a nonentity in the English system. She has, indeed, no real, arbitrary power to direct the policy of her State; but, as Mr. Gladstone has pointed out in his "Gleanings of Past Years," she has a very great "influence." She reigns, but does not govern. While she cannot really command, she can do much, by reason of her exalted place and her social supremacy, to influence the course of political events.

The Queen is always informed of every step her Ministers intend taking in public affairs. She discusses these steps, and gives her views upon them, and her views are always listened to with deference. Ministers will strive, if possible, to accede to her wishes. Though without power, the Queen thus has an important influence.

This influence, too, is largely measured by the personal qualities and character of the sovereign. Her prudence, experience, zeal for the welfare of the people, and familiarity with public affairs, if such qualities she has, will greatly increase her influence. On the other hand, a weak, foolish, dissipated, capricious, or inexperienced sovereign would have much less weight in public affairs.

Queen Victoria has reigned so long, has shown such sensible and patriotic qualities, and is known to be so earnestly devoted to the well-being of her empire, that her opinions and wishes are an important factor in British policy. Should her successor fall in these traits, he would be far less influential than Victoria now is in the English realm.

COLLEGE AND CLERKS.

MANAGERS of daily papers are averse to engaging as a reporter a young man who has just graduated from college. "It takes several months to knock the nonsense out of the head of a graduate," says the manager, when applied to, "and we can't lose so much time." Then, perhaps, he will tell the story of a new reporter, a graduate, who was sent to report a coroner's inquest. The youth described the corpse, the coroner and the jurymen, but not a word did he write about the verdict.

College graduates who seek clerkships find that merchants also are reluctant to engage them. Nine merchants out of ten believe that a classical education unfits a young man for

business. They cling to their belief in defiance of the fact that some of the most eminent merchants passed through college into the counting room.

A young man, a Bostonian, graduated from Harvard a few years ago, with honour. He looked over the professions and himself, and decided that his vocation was business. He applied to several merchants, through his father, for employment as a clerk. One reply met the application—"We don't want a college graduate for a clerk, we prefer a boy who comes from the English High School."

At last, the father asked a merchant on whom he had a claim for consideration, to receive the young man as a salesman. The merchant did not absolutely refuse, but hesitated.

"I would like to oblige you," he answered, "but, to speak frankly, I don't believe in college graduates. They are too uppish, and they don't know anything but a little Greek and Latin, and less arithmetic. They can't sell goods, and they don't like to bone down to hard work."

"Try him for six months," said the father, "and then, if he don't suit, discharge him. But I want you to give him a fair chance to show the stuff that's in him."

The young man was taken on trial. He was observing, eager and obliging, ready to do even the most insignificant duty that pertained to his business. The goods of his house he made his constant study, eagerly assisting in every department that he might acquire the knowledge he sought. The result was that with a mind trained and receptive he learned in twelve months' time what would have cost an untrained clerk two years of apprenticeship.

At the end of that time he was put upon the road as a salesman. A good salesman's strong point is his knowledge of human nature. The young man had studied human nature where there were several hundred specimens of all sorts. Thus equipped, and with the address and manners of a gentleman, he went out among buyers.

He made failures, of course, but they taught him more than his successes. Experience gave him confidence, and soon the employer complimented him. The four-months' salesman sold large bills to paying customers, at satisfactory prices. One day the merchant said to the youth's father:

"I am satisfied; he is a better salesman than some men we have had in our employ for several years. I believe now in college men—at least, I should say, perhaps, in college men who have good common-sense, and are not afraid of hard work." —*Youth's Companion.*

MAGGIE'S SIXPENCE.

A MISSIONARY told us the other day a very affecting little incident. He had been preaching a mission sermon in Scotland, and telling of the condition of the poor women of India, and he observed that many of the audience seemed quite affected by his account. A few days afterwards, the pastor of the church where he had preached met on the street one of his parishioners, a poor old woman, half blind, who earned a precarious livelihood by going on errands, or any other little work of that kind that came in her way. She went up to him, and with a bright smile put a sixpence into his hand,

telling him that was to go for the mission work in India. Her minister, knowing how very poor she was, said, "No, no, Maggie; this is too much for you to give, you cannot afford this." She told him that she had just been on an errand for a very kind gentleman, and instead of the few coppers she generally received, he had given her three pennies and a silver sixpence, and said she—"The silver and the gold is the Lord's, and the copper will do for poor Maggie." How many lessons do God's poor teach us! "Poor in this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom!" —*At Home and Abroad.*

HER TREASURES.

SHE had put her little children to bed,
And was sitting before the fire,
Watching the sparks from the back logs fly,
Then fall on the hearth and expire.

She was sitting alone, for her husband was late,
Detained at the little store
Which he kept in the mining-camp. But—
hark!
Is not that his step on the floor!

She turned with a smile, then her face grew pale;
For she saw in the lamplight's glare
Two men, with fierce and menacing looks,
Who were standing behind her chair.

She did not scream, but she paused to think:
Then she prayed to heaven for aid.
When one of the men, in a rough voice, said:
"Well, you don't seem much afraid!"

"You're a sensible woman. Just show us the place
Where you keep your silver and gold,
And no harm shall befall you, but if refuse
No power our wrath shall withhold."

"Come show us your treasures," the other said,
Then a sudden smile lighted her face.
"I will," she replied, as she took up the lamp,
"Follow me; I will show you the place."

She led the way to the children's room,
And there pointed to the bed
Where, nestling on either pillow, lay
A beautiful curly head.

"These are my treasures; I have no more,"
She said, "neither silver nor gold."
As she spake, down the foremost robber's cheek
A glittering tear-drop rolled.

"I cannot stand this, let us go," he said,
"Little woman, you put us to shame
Your treasures are safe." And they stole away
As quietly as they came.

NEATNESS.

A GIRL'S every-day toilet is a part of her character. The maiden who is slovenly in the morning is not to be trusted, however fine she may look in the evening. No matter how humble your home may be, there are eight things it should contain—a mirror, washstand, water, soap, towel, hair, nail and tooth brushes. These are just as essential as your breakfast, before which you should make good use of them. Look tidy in the morning, and after the dinner work is over improve your toilet. Make it a rule of your daily life to "dress up for the afternoon." A girl with sensibilities cannot help feeling embarrassed and awkward in a ragged, dirty dress, with her hair unkempt, if a stranger or neighbour should come in. You should make it a point to look as well as you can, even if you know nobody but yourself will see you —*Philadelphia Call.*

BAND OF HOPE BATTLE SONG.

TEMPERANCE soldiers! see the signal,
Flame from height to height!
Bands of Hope to battle marching;
Arm you for the fight!

CHORUS.

Raise on high the temperance banner!
Forward to the fray!
Truth has ever vanquished error,
We shall win the day.

Hosts are in the field opposing,
"Satan leading on!"
Courage soldiers! but be valiant,
And the day is won.
CHO.—Raise on high, etc.

Many fortresses have fallen;
Battles fierce and long,
Have in glorious victory ended,
And triumphant song.
CHO.—Raise on high, etc.

States and empires are uprising,
To efface the stain
Of the countless human victims
By intemperance slain.
CHO.—Raise on high, etc.

See the Church of Christ advancing,
In her King's great might!
Soon will her victorious legions
Put the foe to flight.
CHO.—Raise on high, etc.

Forward! then, march on to conquest,
To our pledge be true,
So shall we be crowned as victors
"In the grand review."
CHO.—Raise on high, etc.
—W. H. R.

DISAPPOINTED.

CHILDREN, oftener than grown people, tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Dissimulation is not a characteristic of early childhood. If children speak at all, they ought at all times to be truthful. Mortified parents often feel, however, that children should indeed be seen and not heard.

An English lord was at a dinner given in his honour at a private residence in San Francisco. A little daughter of his host who was too well bred to stare, but who eyed him covertly as the occasion presented itself, finally ventured to remark,—
"And are you really and truly an English lord?"

"Yes," he responded, pleasantly, "really and truly."

"I have often thought that I would like to see an English lord," she went on, "and—and—"

"And now you are satisfied at last," he interrupted, laughingly.

"No, no," replied the truthful little girl. "I'm not satisfied. I'm a good deal disappointed."

The face of the lord also wore a look of "disappointment" at the unexpected answer, and the host's face had the colour of something more alarming than disappointment.

A PROMOTER OF PEACE.

JOHN BRIGHT has written a letter to Deputy Passy of Paris, in which he says:—"If European nations would accept commercial liberty, that is moderate, or abolish customs, Europe might soon tend to an era of perpetual peace. At present all the resources are swallowed up by military exigencies, and the people's interests are sacrificed to most miserable and culpable fantasies of foreign politics. The real interests of the masses are trodden under foot in deference to the false notions of glory and national honour. I cannot help thinking that Europe is marching toward some great catas-

rophe of crushing weight. The military system cannot indefinitely be supported with patience, and the populations driven to despair may possibly before long sweep away the royalties and pretended statesmen who govern in their names. I hope your country and mine will remain at peace and be real friends."

BE KIND TO THE HORSE.

THE Arabians never beat their horses; they never cut their tails; they use them as friends; they never attempt to increase their speed by the whip, or spur them, but in cases of great necessity. They never fix them to a stake in the fields, but suffer them to pasture at large around their habitations; and they come running the moment they hear their master's voice. In consequence of such treatment these animals become docile and tractable in the highest degree. They resort at night to their tents, and lie down in the midst of the children, without hurting them in the slightest manner. The little boys and girls are often seen upon the body or neck of the mare, while the beasts continue inoffensive and harmless, permitting them to play without injury.—*The Economist*.

ONE swallow does not make a summer, but it may make one fall if the liquor is strong enough.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

B.C. 907.] LESSON VII. [Aug 16.

THE PROPHET OF THE LORD.

1 Kings 18. 30-46. Commit to mem. vs. 36-39.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord, he is the God; the Lord, he is the God. 1 Kings 18. 39.

OUTLINE.

1. The preparation, v. 30-35.
2. The Prayer, v. 36, 37.
3. The Answer, v. 38-46.

TIME.—B.C. 907, immediately following the last lesson.

PLACES.—1. Mount Carmel; 2. The Brook or River Kishon, north of Carmel; 3. Jezreel, at the foot of Mount Gilboa.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Come near unto me*—That they might see there was no deception practised. *Repaired the altar*—This was necessary, as the worship of God had been neglected. *Twelve stones*—Showing that every one of the tribes had part and interest in the worship of God. *Two measures of seed*—The Hebrew for measure is *seah*, which is the third of an ephah. *Four barrels*—The Hebrew is *koad*, which means an earthen jar. *With water*—The scarcity of water on account of the drought may seem to be contradicted by this statement until we are reminded that this water was obtained from the sea, which was close at hand. *The prophet came near*—From which it is evident that he had permitted others to make the preparations that they might know there was no stratagem nor deception. *All these things at thy word*—Showing that his instructions were from God. *Turned their heart back again*—The object of the miracle was to convince them. *The fire of the Lord fell*—It was sundown, and the miracle could not be ascribed to the sun, or Baal. *Licked up the water*—Unlike natural fire. *Abundance of rain*—As soon as they had acknowledged God the drought ended. *Face between his knees*—Kneeling with his head to the ground. *Like a man's hand*—Probably in size more than appearance. *Ran before Ahab*—To show his allegiance, as heralds ran before the king.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That faith in God knows no impossibilities?
2. That God honours the faith of his servants?

3. That true faith is patient in waiting for answer to prayer!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Elijah do when he had called all the people to him? Made an altar of twelve stones. 2. When he had prepared the sacrifice, what did he have done? Water poured on it three times. 3. What did Elijah pray the Lord to do? "Let it be known . . . that thou art God." 4. What followed Elijah's supplication? "The fire of the Lord fell." 5. What did the people say when they saw the fire of the Lord consume the burnt sacrifice? "The Lord, he is the God." 6. What was done with the prophets of Baal? They were slain.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The power of prayer.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

25. And what is your hope for future obedience?

That being regenerated by the Holy Spirit, I shall be enabled, by his help, thenceforward to please God and keep his commandments. [Romans, viii. 4; 1 John iii. 9.]

B.C. 907.] LESSON VIII. [Aug. 23.

ELIJAH AT HOREB.

1 Kings 19. 1-13. Commit to mem. vs. 11-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And after the fire a still small voice. 1 Kings 19. 12.

OUTLINE.

1. The Flight v. 1-8.
2. The Vision, v. 9-14.
3. The Command, v. 15-18.

TIME.—B.C. 907, immediately following the last lesson.

PLACES.—1. Beer-sheba, in the south of Judah; 2. Mount Horeb, in the Sinaitic wilderness; 3. Damascus, the capital of Syria; 4. Abelmeholah, in the Jordan valley.

EXPLANATIONS.—*So let the gods do to me*—A heathen oath. *If I make not thy life*—If I do not kill thee as thou hast killed them. *Went for his life*—Escaped in haste. *A day's journey*—About thirty-three miles. *Juniper-tree*—Probably that known as the Spanish broom—the largest bush in the desert, giving shade from the sun and shelter from the rain. The "coals of juniper," mentioned in Psa. 120. 4, shows that the custom of the Bedouins of making charcoal from its twigs was very ancient. *Cake baked on the coals*—This seems to be evidence that the wood of the juniper was especially excellent for charcoal fire. *Cruse of water*—Literally, flask, small earthen vessel. *At his head*—Literally, at his bolster. *The journey is too great for thee*—About two hundred miles. *Forty days*—Does not mean that that was the time required to reach Mount Horeb, but that he went in the "strength of that meat" for that length of time. *They seek my life*—The fearless man had suddenly become fearful. *The Lord was not in the wind*—That is, did not manifest himself through that to Elijah. *Earthquake . . . fire . . . still small voice*—A gentle voice, more touching to Elijah than the voice of the elements. *I only, am left*—The prophet had become hopeless, but God showed that there were seven thousand who were faithful in Israel, and directed him to one, Elisha, who should succeed him in the prophetic office.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That God is nearest us in our greatest needs?
2. That the Lord knows and numbers his people?
3. That the righteous are held in divine remembrance?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Jezebel threaten to do? Kill Elijah. 2. What happened to Elijah as he lay sleeping under the juniper-tree? "An angel touched him." 3. What did the angel bid him do? "Arise, and eat." 4. How long did Elijah subsist on what he ate and drank under the juniper-tree? "Forty days and forty nights." 5. Whom did the Lord tell Elijah to anoint prophet in his room? Elisha.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Personal communion with God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

26. What is the Church of Christ? The society of those whose bond of union is faith in Christ as our Divine Redeemer and our Lord, and who worship God in his name.

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