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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, JUNE 25, 1892.

[No. 26.

## QUEENSTON HEIGHTS AND LUNDY'S LANE.

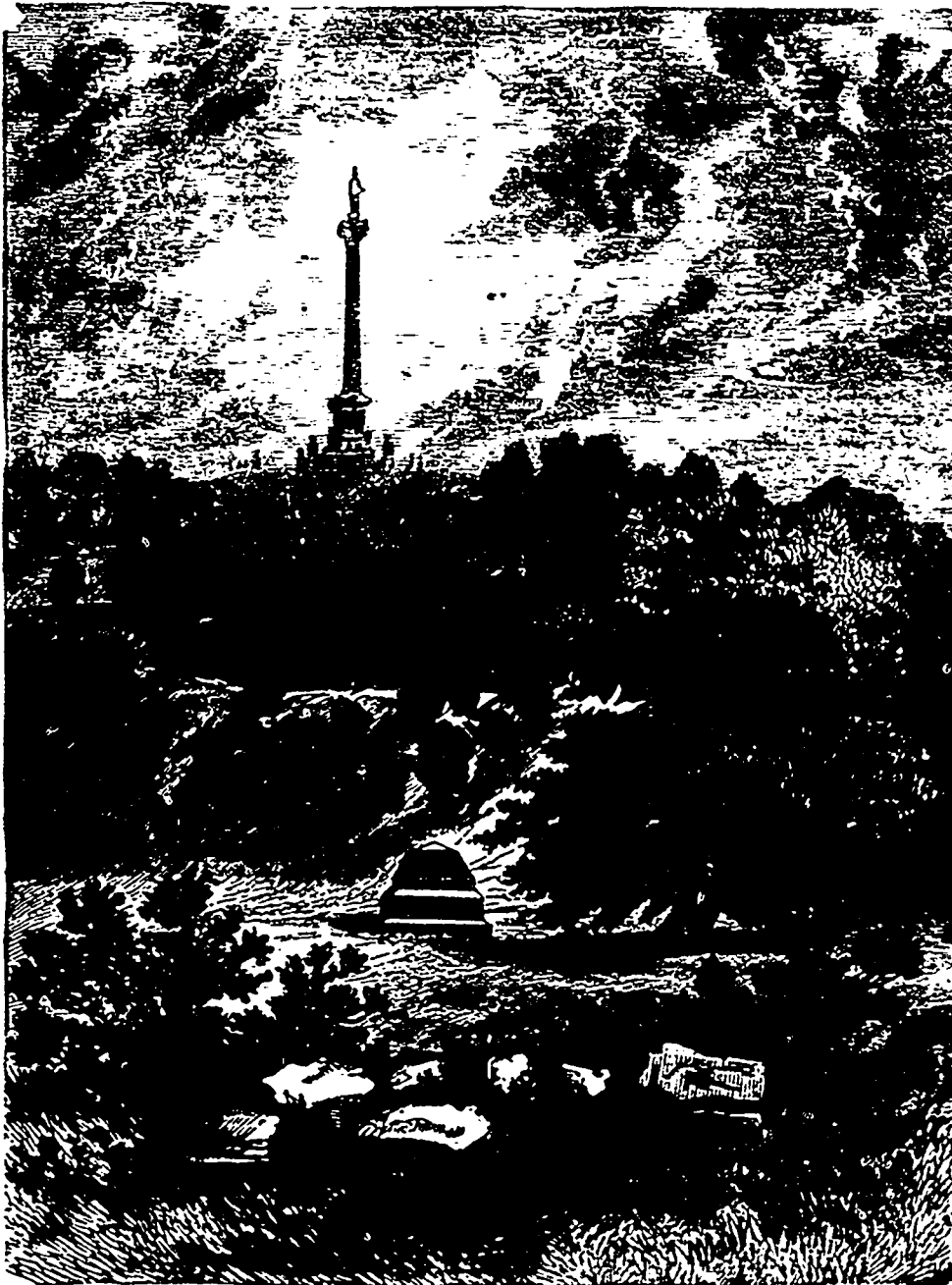
THE sail up the broad and rapid river, seven miles to Queenston or Lewiston, is one of surpassing beauty, and the whole region is rife with historic memories. To the right rises the steep escarpment of Queenston Heights, in storming which, on the fatal night of October, 1812, fell the gallant Brock. A noble monument perpetuates his memory. From its base is obtained a magnificent view of the winding river—the fertile plain and the broad, blue Ontario in the distance. Every step of the way between Niagara and Queenston is named in honour of Queen Charlotte—is historic ground. But a few short hours after leading his hastily summoned militia up Queenston Heights, with a cry, "Push on, York Volunteers!" Sir Isaac Brock again passed over this road, when his body, with that of his brave aide-camp, was brought back, the enemy's minute-guns all along the opposite river-bank firing a salute in respect.

From the summit of Brock's monument—a Roman column extended in height only by that Sir Christopher Wren erected in London to commemorate the great fire—obtained a grand view of the river. Here we see not only the Whirlpool and the spray of the cataract, but all the near towns, with a distant glimpse of the historic field of Lundy's Lane. Broad, smiling farms, and peach and apple orchards, stretch away into the distance, and adorn every headland on either side. The full-tided river runs on in might and majesty, and pours its flood into the blue, unaltered sea, Ontario, which, studded with many a sail, forms the long horizon. Few lands on earth can exhibit a scene more fertile or more beautiful, or one associated with grander memories of patriotism and valour.

### LAURA SECORD.

Near Thorold, at Beaver Dam, occurred one of the most dramatic episodes of the war of 1812-14. Laura Secord, a brave Canadian woman, during that stormy time walked alone through the wilderness from her home on the Niagara river to a British Post at Beaver Dam, a distance of twenty miles, to give warning of the invasion of an American force. In consequence of this heroic act nearly the whole of the invading party were captured. The Prince of Wales, when in Canada, visited Laura Secord, then a very old lady, and gave her a handsome present. The following stirring poem by Dr. Jakeway records her brave deed:

On the sacred scroll of glory  
Let us blazon forth the story  
Of a brave Canadian woman, with the fervid  
pen of fame;  
So that all the world may read it,  
And that every heart may heed it,  
And rehearse it through the ages to the honour  
of her name.



BROCK'S MONUMENT.

The small monument in the foreground shows the spot where Brock fell.

In the far-off days of battle,  
When the muskets' rapid rattle  
Far re-echoed through the forest, Laura Secord  
Sped along;  
Deep into the woodland mazy,  
Over pathway wild and hazy,  
With a firm and fearless footstep and a courage  
Staunch and strong.

She had heard the host preparing,  
And at once with dauntless daring  
Hurried off to give the warning of the fast-  
advancing foe;  
And she flitted like a shadow  
Far away o'er fen and meadow,  
Where the wolf was in the wild wood, and the  
lynx was lying low.

From within the wild recesses

Of the tangled wildernesses,  
Fearful sounds came floating outward and she  
fastly fled ahead;  
And she heard the gutt'ral growling  
Of the bears, that, near her prowling,  
Crushed their way throughout the thickets  
for the food on which they fed.

Far and near the hideous whooping  
Of the painted Indians, trooping  
For the foray, pealed upon her with a weird,  
unclearly sound;  
While great snakes were gliding past her,  
As she sped on fast and faster,  
And disaster seemed to threaten  
all around.

Thus for twenty miles she travelled  
Over pathways rough and ravelled,

Bearing dangers for her country like  
the fabled ones of yore;  
Till she reached her destination,  
And forewarned the threatened sta-  
tion  
Of the wave that was advancing to  
engulf it deep in gore.

Just in time the welcome warning  
Came unto the men, that, scorning  
To retire before the foemen, rallied  
ready for the fray;  
And they gave such gallant greeting,  
That the foe was soon retreating  
Back in wild dismay and terror on  
that fearful battle day.

Few returned to tell the story  
Of the conflict sharp and gory,  
That was won with brilliant glory  
by that brave Canadian band,  
For the host of prisoners captured  
Far outnumbered the enraptured  
Little group of gallant soldiers fight-  
ing for their native land.

Braver deeds are not recorded  
In historic treasures hoarded,  
Than the march of Laura Secord  
through the forest long ago;  
And no nobler deed of daring  
Than the cool and crafty snaring  
By that band at Beaver Dam of all  
that well-appointed foe.

### "IN HERE."

A STRING of young men were going  
into a whiskey shop as we passed  
by. An imagined conversation arose  
in our mind about as follows:

"Where are you going, young  
man?" said we.

"In here," said he.

"In where?" we continued.

"In this saloon," he replied.

"Do you call that a saloon? Our  
idea of a saloon proper has some-  
thing nice, safe, pure, wholesome  
about it. In that place they drink,  
gamble, talk indecently, or are pre-  
pared to do these," was our reply.

"Well, but I don't do all that.  
I am a gentleman," he responded.

"Yes," we said, "that may all  
be so; but listen a moment. Do  
you forget that old childish story  
about the spider and the fly? Did  
you know young Knowlton, who  
lived here some years ago?"

"Well, no; let me see; yes, I  
believe I did," he answered.

"He was as bright and clever a  
young man as ever lived in the city;  
but he liked company, and began

dropping into "nice saloons." He laughed  
at the suggestion of danger, and continued  
to visit gin-shops, man-traps, death holes,  
which are termed "saloons." Time and  
association told the tale on this "gentle-  
man." After being repeatedly picked up  
out of the gutter, and finally kicked out by  
the keeper of the man-trap, he fell into  
utter ruin and died in horror. He lies in  
Mount Olivet, buried out of sight by pitying  
friends, of whom not one was a saloon  
keeper. What will be your fate, young  
man?"

"O, I don't know, I don't drink much."

"One more word, my dear friend, this  
drink habit grows stealthily, but surely, if  
indulged. There is no safety but in self-  
denial. Quit, quit now, quit forever."

Long Ago.

BY ROOSE FIELD.

I ONCE knew all the birds that came  
And nested in our orchard trees,  
For every flower I had a name—  
My friends were woodchucks, toads, and  
bees.

I know where thrived in yonder glen  
What plants would soothe a stone-bruised  
too;

Oh, I was very learned then—  
But that was very long ago.

I knew the spot upon the hill  
Where checkerberries could be found;  
I knew the rushes near the mill  
Where pickorel lay that weighed a pound;  
I knew the wood, the very tree,  
Where lived the poaching, saucy crow;  
And all the woods and crows knew me—  
But that was very long ago.

And, pining for the joys of youth,  
I tread the old familiar spot  
Only to learn this solemn truth:  
I have forgotten—am forgot.  
Yet here's this youngster at my knee  
Knows all the things I used to know;  
To think I once was wise as he—  
But that was very long ago.

I know it's folly to complain  
Of whatsoever the fates decree;  
Yet, were not wishes all in vain,  
I tell you what my wish should be:  
I'd wish to be a boy again,  
Back with the friends I used to know,  
For I was, oh I so happy then—  
But that was very long ago.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITHEROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JUNR 25, 1892.

OUR CANADIAN HERITAGE.

BY H. A. M'KOWN, M.P.P., HALIFAX.

ON the shore of the Pacific sits the western member of this great confederacy, and into her lap are pouring the boundless treasures of the East, and rich and fertile is she in mines, in fisheries, in field and in forest. The granary of the world lies between the Rocky Mountains and the older provinces of Quebec and Ontario, whose farms, gardens and the busy life of whose cities exhibit at its best Canadian genius and industry. Here, at the gateway of the land, enthroned as a queen amid hills and streams, with the ocean at her feet, sits the province which breathes to us the mes-ago of home and country, and has for us a tender charm which no other land can give.

The lecturer remarked that no nation could ever grow to great power and promise which was not endowed with a rich and fertile soil, with the resources which will reward the industry of those who live within the confines of her land. He dwelt on Canada's great heritage in this respect. He showed that not only a

rich country was needed, but they who dwell therein must be of good national stock. Some countries, favoured with beautiful climate and fair and fertile fields, whose great natural advantages should inspire the natives with earnestness in the race for position, are by the vice and indolence of their inhabitants a reproach and shame to civilization, instancing in this respect Turkey, which is more of a blemish than a credit to the face of the civilized world.

Our country has been peopled with a race which unites in itself all that is most favoured and most creditable in that regard, and the strong race has for its home the strong country, and from the union of these two essentials shall be brought forth a nation the limit of whose advancement knows no bounds save those which they may themselves set up.

He dwelt upon the feeling of security which we possess under the British flag, which floats in every part of the globe, and under whose protecting folds are gathered one fifth of the whole human race. No-where is the citizen of Great Britain a stranger, in no land is he unknown. In this part of the globe we are outnumbered by our competitors of the south, but in those lands whose natives rise to labour as we lay off the garments of toil, and where the American flag is unknown, floats the banner of our country as well as here. He pointed out that between the different branches of the Anglo-Saxon family there should exist the most cordial relations and that it was ever the aim of our country to foster and to develop such sentiments, and to give other nations to understand that we rejoice in the prosperity of our neighbours. In this connection the lecturer instanced the incident which occurred a few weeks ago in South America, when the British officers present at a banquet declined to drink the toast to the speedy destruction of the North American republic, and yet with all this she allowed no entrenchment upon the rights of her own citizens, for when two months ago a Nova Scotia schooner was, for an imaginary cause, forbidden to depart from the port of Valparaiso under the threat that if she should dare to move the guns of the citadel should blow her from the water, the captain having laid his complaint before the commander of a British man-of-war then near at hand, the English gun-boat towed the Canadian vessel out from under the guns loaded to destroy her, but which in the face of the emblem of British power were as silent as the rocks on which they stood.

We wish to cultivate in Canadian boys and girls a spirit of Canadian patriotism and love for the noble land which God has given them for a heritage. We therefore give a number of patriotic cuts and poems, and estimates of our country by a patriotic Nova Scotian.

THE MARKED TEXT.

"ISABEL, this is the key of your mother's wardrobe," said a father to his motherless daughter and only child, on her eighteenth birthday. "Take it, and, at your leisure, look over your sainted mother's things. You are at an age now to value them."

With these words the father, a great scholar and "bookworm," left the room.

Isabel was soon busy looking over her young mother's possessions. She could just remember being taken as a tiny child to kiss a sweet, pale lady in bed, and next day being told that her mother was in heaven, and, as she looked on the long-unused things, she yearned to have that fair mother by her side, for she was often lonely and cheerful.

Suddenly Isabel came upon a well-worn book, bound in red morocco, with a silver clasp. It opened at once to the middle, the page being marked by a bunch of dry and colourless flowers. She saw at once that it was a Bible, that it opened at a place where was a verse strikingly marked in red ink. That verse was, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you, and ye shall be comforted," and by the side was written, "My little motherless Isabel."

It is almost like my mother speaking to



THE ASCENSION.—To illustrate Lesson for July 3.

me from the dead," Isabel said, solemnly; "she must have known I should find this some day; and eagerly she kissed the page again and again.

The young mother had known that sometime her daughter would probably find those words, watered by her dying prayers. And richly God answered those prayers; for that well worn Bible soon became her child's greatest treasure, and from it she learnt the plan of salvation, and from it she drew heavenly comfort and joy that lighted up and brightened her solitary life. So true is it that "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand forever." (Isa. 40, 8.)

TEMPERANCE STORIES.

BY JOSIAH NIX.

The following extracts are from a speech by Mr. Nix, of the London Wesleyan Mission, at the Annual Meeting of the National Temperance League, held at Exeter Hall:

GOOSE CLUB NEW RELIGION.

"The place where I work mostly is in Wardour Hall, in Soho. We had not been there many weeks before the publican put out a very large bill stating, 'Our annual goose club has commenced.' I thought, 'What is that for? That must be to get the working man's money; and if the publican can get the working man's money with a goose club, why should not the totalers?' I had a large bill printed at once—one a little better looking than the publican's—and I put it up announcing that our annual goose club would commence on a certain day. I made enquiries in the neighbourhood of a man who knew about it. In nine weeks the people in that district paid into my hands no less a sum than £95 18s. Most of that money would have gone into the publican's till, but it came into the hands of temperance reformers; and, instead of handing the people back their money, because I thought that perhaps they might then spend it in drink, I said 'We will spend the money for you. If you will come on a certain night and give your orders for whatever you want, we will purchase the things for you.' We purchased 1,324 articles, and the purchases gave satisfaction. The publicans became angry, they were very much annoyed. They said, 'This is a new religion.' The old religion I found they had profound respect for—the religion of going to church once a week. They seemed to admire that very much, but this new religion of a goose club they could not understand it, and they made up their minds that they must do something if they wished to keep level with the new religion."

COLD WATER FROM A PUBLICAN.

"One Sunday, two or three weeks after

Christmas, instead of going into the streets, I said, 'We will go into such and such a court.' Of course I found a public house, opposite which we took our stand, and I gave out a hymn. The publican came out and said, 'You must move off.' 'No, thank you,' I replied, 'we will stand still.' 'But,' he said, 'You must move.' I replied, 'We are not going to move; we will go on with our singing.' The publican said, 'If you do not go I shall have to take the law into my own hands; I will go up stairs and throw some water on you.' Of course we did not move, and the publican went upstairs—he to one window and his wife to another—and when we were busy preaching, singing, and exhorting the people to sign the pledge and to become Christians, down came the water. That was a grand day for us. I believe in cold water. A group of little children were standing round, and they had not several changes of clothes. They had only one lot, and the dear children were saturated to the skin with the publican's water, and they ran home crying, and down came their mothers. Well, it was a grand sight to every one of us. We had no need to fight any more; these women did the fighting—and those who could not fight with their fists fought with their tongues, and I will tell you what they said. 'We will never come into your house (the publican's) any more. We have spent our money at your house and this is the way you are serving us in return—we will never come in again.' And here let me say that that public-house is closed to-day."

AN OXONIAN MADE LUNATIC BY DRINK.

"Two or three days after that a tradesman living very near to me—a man who had recently married a beautiful woman, and a large fortune had come into his hands—was at the Epsom races, and had won a lot of money at the Derby. All the day long he had been going to and fro to the drinking place, and I said to him, 'You had better leave off drinking, my friend, or I am afraid it may bring you into trouble.' He said, 'You mind your own business.' I replied, 'That is my business. My business is to get you to sign the pledge.' He paid no heed, but went again to the drinking place. I saw him afterwards and begged him to sign the temperance pledge, and he was on the point of striking me. I again urged him, but he refused. He got up into his carriage but would not allow his man to drive him, and as he was going down High Street, Oxford, he came into collision with a doctor's carriage. He was thrown out, and he is in a lunatic asylum at this moment. Then my eyes began to be opened. I saw what an awful thing the liquor traffic was, and I found that within me a fire had been kindled—a fire of hate to this abominable traffic, and it is burning more brightly to-day than ever."—Christian Herald.

The Song of the Red Cloak.

Founded on an incident in the history of  
Chester, Nova Scotia.

BY GEORGE P. BAKER.

Come listen, good folk, to the song of the  
cloak,

The cloak of red and gray;  
Hear how it saved the little town  
That nestles where the hills slope down  
To deep blue Chester Bay.

'Twas in times of strife far unill'd the life  
That Chester knows to-day;  
The resolution then was near,  
And oft some bold New England crew  
Came into Chester Bay.

Then was time of dread, for the strangers led  
The flocks and herds away;  
And old men rag'd, while women wept  
For husbands strong whom battles kept  
Afar from Chester Bay.

So old Captain Mill, on Blockhouse Hill,  
One bright, cool day in May,  
Seeing a Yankee vessel sweep  
By Tanook's Isle, whose low shores keep  
The mouth of Chester Bay,

Cried aloud in wrath. "Since this village  
hath  
But weak old men to say  
That Chester still shall keep her own,  
We'll man the blockhouse all alone,  
For King and Chester Bay."

Even as he spoke, there suddenly broke  
From children at their play,  
A wild, shrill cry—"A Privateer,"  
Echoed by voices hoarse with fear  
For peaceful Chester Bay.

From houses and stores, the people in scores  
Poured forth in their dismay;  
The old men turned to Blockhouse Hill,  
Longing for strength and old-time skill,  
To guard their Chester Bay;

While the women sad,—some quickly clad  
In their long, soft robes of gray,—  
Hushing the wailing children, fled  
To woods beyond the harbour's head,  
The head of Chester Bay.

As into this throng, with his purpose strong,  
The Captain made his way,  
His quick eye saw the linings red  
Of the women's cloaks, as on they sped  
Away from Chester Bay;

And his face grew bright with a sudden  
light;  
His words were almost gay:  
"Quick, quick, good women, turn your cloaks,  
Here's a chance for a right good hoax,  
To aid our Chester Bay."

The women obeyed. As they stood arrayed  
In red instead of gray,  
The Captain spoke,—and up and down  
They bore a message through the town  
That lies by Chester Bay.

Then to Blockhouse Hill strode old Captain  
Mill,  
And where the cannon lay,  
He helped the few old men and weak  
To load the weapon that should speak  
For lonely Chester Bay:

While from every street came the sound of  
feet  
From squads, in scarlet gay,  
Of women marching calm and still  
Along the shore, and up the hill  
That guards blue Chester Bay.

Then the cannon spoke, and the water broke  
Before the ship in spray,  
As—sails half-furled, the long-boat manned—  
Swiftly she glided toward the land,  
The point in Chester Bay

Oh but could it be that the crew did see  
The brilliant red array?  
The sails, half-furled, fast fluttered out,  
With helm hard down she came about,  
One ship in Chester Bay.

Now God be praised, and the Captain  
raised  
His hands in solemn way,  
"The Yankees think the Red-coats here,  
Every woman a grenadier,  
And saved is Chester Bay."

'Twas just as he said, for with sails outspread  
The vessel stood away;  
But, e'er another-noon went down,  
Burnt and sacked was Lunenburg town,  
Across aul Chester Bay.

Now ended, good folk, is the song of the  
cloak,

The cloak of red and gray;  
'Twas thus it saved the little town  
That nestles where the hills slope down  
To deep blue Chester Bay.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

LOST IN LONDON

By the Author of "The Man Trap."

CHAPTER IV.

LOST IN JERUSALEM.

FOUR days after this Sandy was still seeking his lost Gip, but with a forlorn and despairing heart. Never until now had London seemed so big to him; never before had he felt how crowded it was with people, all strangers to him, many of them, as it appeared, enemies to him. He did not know a single friend among them. There were a few fusco boys who were good to him when they were in luck, but they did not altogether approve of Sandy's plan, that he should do nothing but search for Gip, whilst they worked to feed him. There had been some hard words already spoken to him about it; and Sandy could see close at hand that even these old comrades would forsake him.

It was Sunday afternoon; but that did not make much difference to him, except that the streets were clearer again, and there was a better chance of seeing Gip. It was quieter, too, with less rattle of wheels, and she could hear him if he shouted to her. The day was fine, and the low autumn sun was shining behind the smoke and the mist. Sandy had lost his eager, deep and searching look; and though Gip was still all he lived for, he was sauntering along with languid feet and an aching heart. Sunday had had its pleasures, even for him, in former days. He had carried Gip often on to London Bridge, where the fresh air from the river had blown about them, and made her laugh many a time. He was on his way thither now; but by-and-bye he saw a cluster of people gathered in an open space, and he quickened his footsteps, for always in a crowd like this there would be some small figure about the side of Gip, which made him fancy for a moment that he had found her. There was a chair in the centre of the knot set against a wall, and a young man stood upon it, speaking in a very clear and very earnest voice. His face was pleasant, and his bright eyes seemed to single out every face among those around him.

"The child was lost!" he said, just as Sandy came within hearing, and the words drew him at once into the circle of listeners. "The child was lost, only think of that! He was with them when they left the city in the morning; he had walked the streets with them, talking to his mother and father. Then they lost sight of him; but they thought, 'He has gone with some of the neighbours' children;' and they went on their way without feeling any trouble. But when the night came, and they were going to have supper at the inn, Mary would say to her husband, 'Have you seen Jesus?' She would say it quite calmly, never thinking that he was lost. 'Have you seen Jesus?' And most likely he would answer, 'No, but he is sure to be with the other children; I will go and call him.' But he was not with the other children. Then they became frightened, and they went from one to another among the friends and relations, asking, 'Do you know where our son Jesus is? we have lost him!' Everybody answered, 'No; he was with us this morning when we left the city, but it is a long time since we saw him.'

"It was night then, and they could not return to the city before the morning came. Do you think Mary slept that night? Do you suppose she could lie down peacefully, and close her eyes, and forget her great and sudden trouble? Oh, no! She would be wondering where her lost child was, where he was sleeping, and if he were hungry and homeless in the great city they had left, or perhaps, wandering about in the fields and woods outside, with no place to lay his head. She watched for the morn-

ing, and at the very first glimmer of light she was on her feet, ready to run all the way back to the city.

"And all the way back they would ask everyone they met. 'Have you seen our son Jesus of Nazareth?' Those who did not know them would say, 'Tell us what your son is like.' Then Mary did her best to describe him as exactly as she could; for she knew every look upon his face, and every tone of his voice. But very likely the clearest thing she could say, the thing most people would know him best by, would be, 'He wears a little coat which I made myself, and it is all in one piece, without seam, woven from the top through-out. Most folks see clothes plainer than faces. But she did not get any news of Jesus before they reached the city.

"They wandered up and down the streets, seeking everywhere for the child Jesus. They sought him sorrowing, sorrowing. Think what it would be to lose your child, perhaps the only one you had, in this great city of London, never to know where it had wandered, or whose hands it had fallen into, by night not to know whether it is sleeping under any shelter, and by day not to know whether anyone was giving it bread to eat."

"Why, that's like me and Gip!" cried Sandy, pushing through the circle to get closer to the speaker, and listening with all his might lest he should miss a single word.

"At last," he continued, "Mary said suddenly, 'How foolish we are! When we were here with our boy, we went scarcely anywhere but to the Temple, and that was where Jesus always liked best to go. Let us look for him there.' So they went up to the Temple, where Jesus loved most to go, and there they found him! Try to think how all their sorrow was turned in a moment into great joy, and how, as they were going home to Nazareth with their child, their hearts would dance for very gladness, whenever their eyes fell upon him.

"And now Jesus, who was a lost child then, is seeking us, who are all like lost children, wandering away from the house and home of God, our Father. You know you are a long way off from God; you have lost your way, and do not know how to get home to him again. We are like foolish little children, who follow some show along the streets till they lose sight of the way back, and can only wander on and on, farther and farther away, till in time, if they are not found they will forget all about their old home, or that they ever had one. Have you forgotten your home with God? or do some of you wish and long to get back to him? Well, God has sent Jesus to seek for you, and to show you the way back. He is seeking for you now, as Mary sought for him sorrowing; and if he finds you, all his sorrow will be turned into great joy. He will be satisfied for all the sore pain you have given him.

"You cannot see him, you cannot hear his voice; but he is here amongst us, close beside us. I am speaking for him, because you can hear my voice, and see my face. And I say to every one of you, Jesus Christ is seeking you, is calling to you. Are you willing to be found? That is the question. He cannot force you to go home. Do you wish to have a home with God?"

"Lost, are you? Yes, you are lost. Some of you in drunkenness, perhaps, some of you in thieving, all of you are lost in sin and misery. But I have this message for every one of you, 'Jesus is come to seek and to save those who are lost.' You have only to speak to him, to call to him, as a lost child calls to his mother, and he will save you."

Sandy did not miss a word; though he could not understand them all, simple as they were. There was a hymn sung, and a short prayer uttered, and then the small congregation melted away, and Sandy strolled on to London Bridge. He turned aside then, into one of the abutments, and stood leaning over the parapet, as if he were watching the river beating and whirling against the great pillars below him. The water was flecked with light from the setting sun, but he saw neither the river nor the sky. His mind was full to bewilderment of new ideas. His brain was pondering over the story of a child who had been once lost like Gip, but who was now

seeking those who were lost. A person whom nobody could see, but who went up and down the streets always to take people home to God. Could not this Jesus help him to find little Gip?

"You was lost once yourself," he said, speaking half aloud without knowing it; "and you was found again all right. When you're going about lookin' for folks now, maybe you'll come across little Gip, and please to take care of her for me."

"Who are you speaking to?" asked a voice as quiet as his owl, close beside him. Sandy turned round quickly, and almost angrily, as if afraid of having been overheard. Behind him stood a boy, of his own height, supported upon crutches, with a face as wan and pinched as little Gip's. But there was a pleasant smile in his eyes as he gazed straight into Sandy's face. His clothes were shabby, but warm, and he had a red woollen coat over his round neck, and a pair of gloves on his hands. He seemed about a gentleman to the ragged and lathered boy, who was about a foot away, half shy and half angry, when the stranger stepped out his hand to stop him, and, holding it, said, "I lost me this crutch." He would have fallen on the hard stone pavement, if Sandy had not caught him in his arms.

(To be continued.)

"DON'T YOU LOVE HIM FOR THAT?"

ONE Sabbath a father called his children around him, and asked them what they had learned at the school that day. He was not a Christian man himself, but he had a pious wife, and the children went regularly to the Sunday school.

In their own simple way, the little ones began to tell what the teacher had been saying of the beautiful home in heaven that Jesus had set before of a home for sinners. Nellie, the youngest, had crept upon her father's knee, and, looking full into his face, and said, "Jesus must have loved us very much to do that. Don't you love him for it, father?"

Then they went on to describe the Saviour. How he was betrayed by Judas, and led before the high-priest and the Jews, and how the wicked soldiers crowned him with thorns, and mocked, and scourged, and buffeted him. And again the little one looked up and said, with tears in her eyes, "Don't you love him for that, father?"

At last the children came to tell of the dreadful death of Jesus on the cross, and once more little Nellie looked up into her father's face, and said, the third time, "Now, don't you love him, father?"

The father could not bear any more. He put his little girl down, and went away to hide his tears, for the words had gone home to his heart. Soon after he became a true Christian, and he said that little Nellie's questions had more effect upon him than the most powerful preaching he had ever heard.

PROHIBITION AND PROSPERITY.

LICQUOR DEALERS and anti-prohibitionists who are constantly harping on the blighting effects of prohibition on the prosperity of a city, will not be able to draw much comfort from the experience of Des Moines, Iowa. Des Moines is a city of sixty thousand people, and has but one open saloon within its limits, not within the county in which it is situated, and yet it is just now enjoying an era of the most remarkable prosperity. Such a thing as a house or store room to rent, can scarcely be found at any price, while more than a thousand new residences and more than a million dollars' worth of new business blocks, some of them the finest in the west, are in process of erection. Bank clearances run from twenty-five to fifty per cent. higher than a year ago. Its manufactured products for 1890 exceed those of 1889 by more than \$5,000,000. Every kind of business is extremely prosperous, and the actual statistics of the transfer companies show that the population is increasing by new arrivals alone at the rate of a thousand per month. A good many other cities would like to be killed in the same way that prohibition has killed Des Moines.



GREAT BRITAIN.

FRANCE.

RUSSIA.

ITALY.

GERMANY.

AUSTRIA.

UNITED STATES.

RELATIVE SIZE OF NAVIES OF THE WORLD.

This picture brings out very strikingly the superiority of the navy of Great Britain to that of all other countries. The stalwart marine who leads the procession is a true type of British superiority on the seas. But still more striking than this is the supremacy of the British commercial navy. Her consuls are in every port, her ships are on every sea, her flag floats in every breeze that blows and is everywhere the sign of prosperity and progress. Secure from invasion in her "tight little island," and protected, as Burke has said, by "those ancient and unsubsidized allies, the winds and waves that guard her coast," she makes the sea a highway for her trade and commerce to all the world. It is greatly to her advantage of the United States that her isolated position in this western continent has made it unnecessary to have either an army or navy worth the name—only some 25,000 soldiers, and some dozen of war vessels. Britain's superiority at sea is not purchased without heavy cost to the nation, as many of her ships cost over £1,000,000 sterling each, and some of the largest two or three millions. But they are a sort of police of the seas and in the present state of the world are necessary for the protection of her far extended commerce and her many colonies throughout the world.

OCEAN ICEBERGS.

DURING a recent passage of the steamer *Helvetia* from Antwerp to New York, the wind blowing a nice breeze from the westward, a sudden change in the temperature was noticed. An hour before the weather was quite sultry, awnings being spread fore and aft; but at about three o'clock in the afternoon, although the sun was shining brilliantly, a cold blast from the north west set in. The rapidity of the change from a sweltering summer day to an Arctic frost naturally caused considerable amazement, especially among the greenest members of the crew. The more experienced knew what was coming; and when the cry was heard of "Icebergs on the starboard bow!" followed immediately by notification that others were visible on the port side, the mystery was explained. Then, right in the track of vessels, were seen monstrous mountains of ice, some of them pure white, others crossed in many directions by broad stripes of blue. Some of them were two hundred feet high and one thousand feet long. There were at least thirty of them, extending for many miles. The sea broke against them, forcing torrents of spray up the steep acclivities of their sides. The rays of the sun had melted the upper surface of many of them into the most fanciful shapes, and imaginary likenesses of crags, cliffs, and castles could be traced in those parts more exposed to the lines of the heat. Streams of water in picturesque cascades were flowing down into the sea, and the huge majestic masses seemed to be moving slowly to the south-east. The *Helvetia* passed near enough to several of them to distinguish plainly the noise of the waves as they broke against the rugged sides of the berg. As night closed in, and the moon arose, the sight was indeed beautiful.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

A. D. 30.] LESSON I. [July 3.

THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

Acts 1. 1-12. Memory verses, 8-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

When he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight.—Acts 1. 9.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The Jesus who lived and taught on earth is still our Saviour and Lord in heaven.

INTRODUCTION.

Jesus was crucified on Friday, April 7. He rose Sunday, April 9, and then for forty days appeared to the disciples on various occasions, teaching them and fitting them for the great work of founding the Church. The lesson to-day reviews these forty days, and gives an account of Jesus' last words on earth.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

*Former treaties*—The Gospel of Luke. *Shed himself alive*—He appeared ten or twelve times. *Infallible proofs*—He ate and drank and walked and talked with them. They could not be mistaken. *The promise of the Father*—The Holy Spirit, the sum of all the promises. (See Joel 2. 28, 29; Isa. 44. 3.) *Not many days*—Ten days. *Come together*—At Jerusalem, or on the Mount of Olives, where he led them from Jerusalem. (Luke 24. 50, 51.) *Restore again*—They were looking for the promised time when all the world should be subject to the Jews, and the reign of peace and of God should come to all the world. *In his own power*—Under his own authority. God controls, and he only knows. *He was taken up*—His last act and words were of blessing. (Luke 24. 50, 51.) *Two men—Angels*. (Luke 24. 4, with Matt. 28. 2-5.) *Jesus . . . shall so come*—It is not stated when this will be, but the fact is certain. It shows that Jesus still lives—the same Jesus as he was here; the same in his nature, his love, his power. We worship a living and not a dead Saviour. *Sabbath day's journey*—Two thousand cubits—three-fourths of a mile.

Find in this lesson—  
The proof that Jesus is still living.  
Two promises from God.  
What we all most need.  
What we should all be.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. How long did Jesus remain on earth after his resurrection? "Forty days." 2. How did he prove that he was alive? "He appeared eleven times in various places; ate, drank, spoke, and was touched by his disciples." 3. What then took place? "He ascended to heaven." 4. From what place? "From Mount Olivet." 5. What did the disciples do? "They waited in Jerusalem for the promise of the Father."

CATECHISM QUESTION.

28. What benefits do Christ's people receive from him at death?  
Their souls immediately pass into the presence of the Lord, while their bodies rest in their graves till the resurrection.  
Having the desire to depart and be with Christ.—Philippians 1. 23.

Canada.

BY WILLIAM H. ROSEYEAR.

HAIL, Canada, home of the free!  
Long may thy flag with Britain's wave  
O'er the fair land, whose liberty  
Has ne'er been marred by foot of slave.

A glorious heritage is thine—  
Of noble deeds and lofty aim—  
Source of a power almost divine  
To inspire the soul with patriotic flame;

Heroes alike who battles gained,  
Or for United Empire, lost,  
Who naught but loyalty retained,  
And for thy flag the border crossed.

O, patriot hosts! your fame how fair!  
Brightening as age on age tolls on;  
Be ours to guard, with grateful care,  
The treasures by your conflicts won.

Endowed with full self-government,  
Vast realms whose bounds three oceans lave;  
Thy task their grand development,  
What more can nation have?

On every sea, by every coast,  
Thy ships sail forth, fair climes to greet;  
Of rank the third thy seamen boast  
In wide world's merchant fleet.

Free to retain the ancient tie—  
Love's golden link—to Britain's throne,  
For which thy patriots dared to die:  
Yet free to stand alone.

Conscious of manhood's ripening power,  
The heroes of thy storied past  
Are reproduced in danger's hour,  
When sweeps rebellion's blast.

Yes, 'mid the leaden storm, thy call  
Fired loyal souls, like flaming torch;  
Victors to be, or nobly fall—  
Witness their charge, Ratoche!

Self-sacrificing, valiant, strong  
To guard with life their country's fame;  
What nobler traits to those belong  
Who boast a nation's name?

O Canada, speed on thy course  
True to thy past; bid changelings wait  
Till federation's growing force  
Unites an empire great.

For Britain shall her lustre shed  
On myriad states in compact bound,  
Not colonies, but empire, spread  
Wherever British hearts are found.

In that grand phalanx, thine shall be  
A foremost place, high in esteem;  
And thy brave sons shall glory see,  
Surpassing far their proudest dream.

O Canada, thy destiny  
Of splendour may thy statesmen find,  
Pledge of the coming harmony,  
"The federation of mankind!"

BIRD LIFE IN WINTER.

How do birds obtain their food supplies for the winter, is a question we have often thought upon. It is indeed surprising that during the long winter season, with the ground much of the time covered with snow, and hard frost everywhere, they should be able to keep them alive until the spring. It is to be remembered, too, that most all the birds are great consumers. The amount of food taken by them sur-

passes, in proportion to their own weight, that of all other creatures whose habits are familiar to us, unless indeed some species of insects be an exception.

By far the greater number of our birds are but summer visitors to our wintry homes. They come during the season when food is plenty, build their nests and rear their young, and in the fall go off again to their haunts in far-away southern or tropical regions. Many of them, indeed, go beyond the United States in their summer visits, penetrating far into the northern regions of British America, as in the case of the Canada warbler, which again they seek retreats far beyond the southern borders of our country. But many other birds remain with us during all the winter, no matter how severe the cold may be. Among these are the quail, the pheasant—the latter now rare in the more populated countries—the blue jay, few species of woodpeckers, and numerous others; among the last, the now universal English sparrow. The last named of secure food wherever larger animals, horses, are found; but the others must obtain their sustenance from the bark of trees or shrub, from seeds upon the dried stalks of weeds, or from the surface of the frozen earth. Occasionally birds frozen to death are found; but it is a cause for surprise that they are so few. The freezing doubtless often occurs as a result of hunger, the vitality goes so low to resist the piercing power of cold.

The fact that the birds are fed and sustained during the winter is one of the marvels of nature. To our human eyes there are but slight supplies in sight; but in the great storehouse of God, whose sources are often invisible to our eyes, there are supplies provided for them. Jesus in his beautiful sermon on the mount, told us how it is. "Behold the fowls of the air," he said, "for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet yet heavenly Father feedeth them." And so, also, but by other means, he provides for us.

A THING is never too often repeated which is never sufficiently learned.



LOOK HERE! LOOK HERE!

THERE is a book we want every boy and girl in Canada to read. It is Panay's new Temperance story, *John Remington, Martyr*, and a grand and interesting story it is.

Boys and girls! if you read this notice ask your parents to buy the book for you, and read it aloud while you gather round. Ask your teacher to have it placed in the school library. The book sells at 70 cents, postpaid. It is a beautiful book, in large, clear type and handsome binding.



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