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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. V.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 5, 1885.

No 18.

THE FRIENDLY TERNS.

ONE day Mr. Edward, the Scotch naturalist, shot at a tern, hoping to secure the beautiful creature as a specimen. The ball broke the bird's wing, and he fell screaming down to the water. His cries brought other terns to the rescue, and with pitiful screams they flew to the spot where the naturalist stood, while the tide drifted their wounded brother towards the shore. But before Mr. Edward could secure his prize, he observed, to his astonishment, that two of the terns had flown to the water, and were gently lifting up their suffering companion, one taking hold of either wing. But their burden was rather heavy; so, after carrying it seawards about six or seven yards, they let it down, and two more came, picked it up, and carried it a little further. By means of thus relieving each other they managed to reach a rock where they concluded they would be safe.

But Mr. Edward did not approve of losing his specimen in this way, and made for the rock. He was soon discovered by the watchful terns, who now surrounded the rock in great numbers, and, with screams and cries, once more bore away their disabled friend right out to sea. Mr. Edward might have prevented them if he had tried; but he had too warm an admiration for the brotherly kindness of the birds, who, as he says, exhibited "an instance of mercy and affection which man himself need not be ashamed to imitate." Indeed, he was rather glad of the disappointment which had given him the opportunity of witnessing the remarkable scene.

THE PITY OF IT.

EDUCATION is certainly a good thing, and it is a good thing in parents to pass to some days in order to give the best training in their power to the children whose special providence they are meant to be. And yet—and yet!

An intelligent girl of our acquaintance half wished, not long since, when she came home from the boarding-school in which she had been well trained in all the "logics," that she

did not know the English language any better than her parents.

"If he haint got nothin' of his own," were the words she heard. How they jarred upon her ear! They made her hot and cold at once. Had her father's language always been as bad as this? Of course it must have been, only she

Margaret suggested, with some spirit "Yes, yes, but eddication aint all. I've known college-learnt men that had hard pullin' to get their bread and butter. But ef you like him, Peggy, why, I haint worked all my life with out gettin' somethin' ahead to help you along, ef a pinch comes."

chosen this other thing: chosen to work for her, that she might have what they had lacked in their young days; that she might be well taught, and wear soft raiment, and keep her hands white and shapely!

And she—she who had never sacrificed one thing for anybody; who had grown like a fruitless flower in the warm sunshine,—she, indeed, had been impatient with their verbs, and scornful of their double negatives, and secretly ashamed of them before her school-fellows.

Something seemed to choke her at the thought, and with moistened eyes she went up to them and tenderly kissed first one and then the other, and said, gently,—

"It shall be as you say, father. If you think Harry and I ought not to marry without more money, we will wait. It shall be just as you wish."

"No, I don't want that," he replied, "I guess you'll have your way now; you pretty much always have; but you're a good girl, Peggy, and I'm willin' to please you."

And so he was, and it is right that parents should make life larger and better for the children God has given them, but oh, the pity of it, when to grow in knowledge, must be to grow away from home!

And yet it is better to be true-hearted and magnanimous and unselfish, than, without these qualities, to have all knowledge. Blessed is that child who heeds the unqualified command of him who possesses all knowledge, "Honour thy Father and thy mother."

YOUR COMPANY.

"A MAN is known by the company he keeps." That is an old proverb, and a very truthful one. But we might make another to put alongside with it, and perhaps it shall be one of even greater importance. Let us put it this way: "A boy is made by the company he keeps." What do

you say to the correctness of this? There are few boys who can resist successfully the influence of evil companionship, or who will not be made better by the influence of good companions. Imperceptibly and unconsciously to ourselves the words, the looks, and the acts of those about us



FRIENDLY TERNS.

did not notice it before those years at boarding-school, during which she had made friends with the Queen's English. "If he haint got nothin' of his own," her father was saying, with reference to a young man who aspired to be his son-in-law.

"He has, at least, a good education,"

Margaret's heart reproached her, then. She looked at the two true-hearted old people who were her parents, and who sat there before her. Yes, that was what they had been doing all their lives. They might have read and have given time and have become more intelligent—only they had

leave their impress upon us, for good if they are good, or for evil if they are otherwise. The books we read enter into us, and become a part of ourselves. The occupations we follow leave their impress upon us, become in some sense a part of us. And so every sort of influence that comes upon us from without assists in fashioning our thoughts, character, and lives. And thus it follows that the companion of the low and vicious and debased becomes like them, while he who seeks his companions among the nobler, the honourable and true, will be lifted up to the higher level of their better life.

LITTLE FEET.

IN castle halls or cottage homes,
Wherever quietness childhood roams,
O, there is nothing half so sweet
As busy tread of little feet.

When forth we go at early morn,
To meet the world and brave its scorn,
Adown the garden walk so neat,
We see the prints of little feet.

At eve, when homeward we repair,
With aching limbs and brow of care,
The voices ring out clear and sweet—
Then comes the rush of little feet.

The knives are lost, the dishes stray,
The tools are spirited away,
And when we go the lost to seek,
We take the trail of little feet.

But when the angel death hath come
And called our darlings from their home,
Oppressive silence reigns complete;
We miss the sound of little feet.

Soft night hath come; all are asleep,
Yes, all but me, I vigil keep.
Hush! hush! my heart, and cease to beat.
Was that the step of little feet?

Yes, mother, 'tis the softened tread
Of him you miss and mourn as dead,
And often when your sleep is sweet,
You'll dream of hearing little feet.

And when this pilgrimage is o'er,
And you approach that blissful shore,
The first to run your soul to greet,
Will be your darling's little feet.

—Charles H. Doty.

TOM'S EXPERIENCE.

THERE was a little look of worried perplexity in Tom Grant's usually merry face as he and his special chum, Joe Howard, fishing rods in hand, wended their way homeward, after a day's sport at Cedar Creek.

Only a few weeks before, while Joe was away on a visit, Tom had enlisted in the service of the King of kings, and as nothing was ever quite complete to him unless Joe shared it, he had longed ever since to have him as a fellow comrade.

But, do you know he found it the hardest thing in the world to tell Joe so; he could talk freely enough to him on any other subject, but somehow when he tried to speak of this, the words seemed to stick in his throat.

All day long he had felt that he must say something, but though they had talked of everything else, not one word had Tom said of his new purposes, and his desire to have Joe share them. He felt ashamed and guilty; he had told Joe about everything else that happened while he was gone, but not one word had he said about what he felt to be the most important of all.

Oh, dear! what was the reason it was so hard? If only Joe would say something he could start from; and yet, if he knew, how strange he must think it because he (Tom) did not

mention it. Tom's face grew more worried and perplexed every step.

"What on earth is the matter with you, old fellow?" asked Joe at length. "One would think that you were in a funeral procession, to judge from your face."

Tom's face flushed crimson, and his heart gave a great bound. Here was his chance certainly. Why not say: "I've found a Friend above all other friends, Joe, and I want you to know Him!" What could be simpler than that? But somehow the words would not come. Suppose Joe should laugh and make fun of him? He did hate to be laughed at so. Of course he ought to say something at some time, but really this did not seem a very good time, and the street was not just the place for such conversation; they were liable to be interrupted. There was Will Adams coming now; he was quite a way off, to be sure, but it would be better, a great deal better, to wait.

"Oh, nothing," said Tom, in answer to Joe's query. "I was only thinking."

Then he tried to be merry and as full of fun as ever, but Joe watched him keenly, and knew the difference.

"I'll see you to-morrow," said Tom, as they parted at the gate.

"And I'll say something then sure," he said to himself as he went into the house.

That night, when he took up his Bible, his eyes fell on these words: "The King's business required haste."

Tom shivered in spite of himself, though of course there was no reason for it; he should see Joe in the morning, and he should certainly speak then.

But when he went to Joe's bright and early in the morning he found that he had gone off on an errand for his father, and would not be back until late in the afternoon.

"The King's business required haste." Do what he would, Tom could not keep these words from ringing in his ears all the morning.

Just a little while before noon Ben Stryker came rushing up the street.

"Heard the news?" he called out to Tom. "Joe Howard's killed; the horse ran and threw him!"

"The King's business required haste." It seemed to Tom that the words were just shouted in his ears.

He staggered into the barn upon the haymow, as far out of sight as he could get. He could not bear to see anyone for a while. Joe—dear old Joe—dead—it could not be!

And oh, to think he had never said a word to him! If he had only known; if he had only spoke last night! "The King's business required haste."

All that long afternoon Tom crouched there in the hay mourning his friend and his lost opportunity, while those accusing words rang persistently in his ears.

Suddenly there was the sound of a quick, bounding step on the driveway, and some one came to the barn door.

"I say, Tom," called out a familiar voice, "are you anywhere in this region, or have you been spirited away?"

Tom sat upright. What could it mean? That certainly was Joe's voice.

"Tom!" it called again.

Tom gave one bound to his feet and to the floor.

"Aren't you dead, Joe?" he gasped rather than spoke.

"Is the lad crazy? Dead? No, indeed, not half so much as you look, old boy. What do you mean?"

"O, Joe! Ben Stryker—said that you—had been killed!"

"Bless your heart, lad! Didn't you know that you should not take any stock in what Ben says? A story always increases tenfold at least in his hands. One of the store horses did run, but no one was hurt."

"Joe," said Tom resolutely, "it was awful to think of having lost you, but what made me feel worse was that I hadn't said a word to you about my having found Christ. I am so glad that I have. You don't know what a friend he is. And—oh, Joe, won't you love Him, too?"

"Thank you, Tom," said Joe gravely. "They told me about you, and I've been wishing you would say something. It seemed to me that if there was anything in it, if you had found anything that you thought was worth having, you would. I could not understand your silence, and had about concluded the whole thing was a pretence, and I would not trouble myself about it."

"It isn't, Joe, it isn't! I cannot begin to tell you how much happier I've been. Just see for yourself, won't you?"

"If you will help me," said Joe huskily, as he stretched out his hand to Tom. "I've—been thinking about it for some time, only somehow I waited for you."

"And to think," said Tom afterward, "that I was afraid to say anything to you, while all the time you were wanting me to. I believe that it was Satan that kept me from it. Well, I learned a lesson that awful afternoon, and I don't believe he will ever coax me to risk waiting again, because you can't tell what may happen even in a day. But O, Joe, I am so thankful!"

"So am I, too, old boy. So don't think any more about it; we're together now."—*Kate Sumner Gates, in Zion's Herald.*

WHAT A VERSE CAN DO.

A LITTLE boy came to one of our city missionaries, and holding out a dirty and well worn bit of printed paper, said: "Please, sir, father sent me to get a clean paper like that."

Taking it from his hand, the missionary unfolded it, and found it was a page containing that beautiful hymn, of which the first stanza is as follows:

Just as I am without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

The missionary looked down with interest into the face earnestly upturned to him, and asked the little boy where he got it, and why he wanted a clean one.

"We found it, sir," said he, "in sister's pocket, after she died; and she used to sing it all the time when she was sick, and loved it so much that father wanted to get a clean one to put in a frame to hang it up. Won't you give us a clean one, sir?"

This little page, with a single hymn on it, had been cast upon the air like a fallen leaf, by Christian hands,

humbly hoping to do some possible good. In some little mission Sunday school, probably, this poor girl had thoughtlessly received it, afterward to find it, we hope, the gospel of her salvation. Could she, in any probability, have gone down into death, sweetly singing that hymn of penitence and faith in Jesus to her latest breath, without the saving knowledge of him whom the Holy Spirit alone imparts?

JOHN GOUGH AND THE CHILDREN.

A GENTLEMAN in the city of Boston who was in the habit of using wine was asked by one of his promising boys if he might go to one of our meetings. "Yes, my boy, you may go; but you must not sign the pledge." Now, in our cold-water army we don't allow the children to sign the pledge without the consent of their parents. We believe the boy's first duty is to obey his father and mother. Well, the boy came. He was a noble little fellow, full of fire, and life, and ingenuousness. We sung and sung, and the chorus was shouted by the children—

"Cheer up, my lively lads,
In spite of rum and cider;
Cheer up, my lively lads,
We've signed the pledge together."

We sung it eight or ten times, and the little fellow I speak of sung it too. As he was walking home, however, the thought struck him that he had been singing what was not true—"we have signed the pledge together." He had not signed the pledge. When he reached home he sat down at the table, and on it was a jug of cider. "Jem," says one of his brothers, "will you have some cider?" "No, thank you," was the reply. "Why not—don't you like it?" "Oh, I'm never going to drink any more cider—nothing more that is intoxicating for me!" "My boy," said his father, "you have not disobeyed me—you have not signed the pledge?" "No, father," said he, sobbing, "I have not signed the pledge, but I've sung it, and that's enough for me" (Loud cheers from the children.)—*Christian Chronicle.*

A STRANGE TIME-PIECE.

A GRENADIER belonging to the regiment of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, used to carry in his pocket, instead of a watch, a large ball attached to a chain. Frederick was told of this, and one day at parade asked to see the soldier's watch. To this, the latter at first objected; but meeting a stern look, at once obeyed the command, and produced his strange time-piece.

"Well," said the king, "how can this tell any hour?"

"It tells me," replied the soldier, "that at each hour I should be ready to die for your majesty."

Struck by this noble reply, Frederick took out his own richly-jeweled watch and presented it as a reward of fidelity to the soldier.

Dear Christian readers, Jesus says unto every one who believes in him: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Live for the Lord who redeemed you, and then you will not fear to die at his bidding and in his service. You will, though, it may be, weak and failing children, be as true to the King of kings as the stout grenadier was to his lawful sovereign.

THE SKIN.

We reprint this for the wise counsel it gives for the preservation of health.—(Ed.)

HERES a skin without, and a skin within,
A covering skin and a lining skin;
But the skin within is the skin without,
Doubled inward and carried completely throughout.

The palate, the nostrils, the windpipe, and throat
Are all of them lined with this inner coat,
Which through every part is made to extend,
Lungs, liver, and bowels from end to end.

The outside skin is a marvellous plan
For excluding the dregs of the flesh of man,
While the inner extracts from the food and the air
What is needed the waste of the flesh to repair.

Too much brandy, whiskey, or gin,
Is apt to disorder the skin within;
While if dirty and dry, the skin without
Refuses to let the sweat come out.

Good people all, have a care of your skin,
Both that without and that within;
To the first give plenty of water and soap;
To the last little else but water, we hope.

But always be very particular where
You get your water, your food, and your air,
For if these be tainted or rendered impure
It will have its effect on the blood, be sure.

The food which will ever for you be the best
Is that you like most and can soonest digest.
All unripe fruit and decaying flesh
Beware of, and fish that is not very fresh.

Your water, transparent and pure as you
Think it,
Had better be filtered and boiled ere you
Drink it,
Unless you know surely that nothing un sound
Can have got to it over or under the ground.

But of all things the most I would have you
Beware
Of breathing the poison of once-breathed air—
When in bed, whether out or at home you
May be,
Always open the windows, and let it go free.

With clothing and exercise keep yourselves
Warm,
And change your clothes quickly if caught in
A storm,
For a cold caught by chilling the outside
Skin,
Flies at once to the delicate lining within.

All you who that kindly take care of your skin,
And attend to its wants without and within,
Need never of cholera feel any fears,
And your skin may last you a hundred years.
—*Full Mall Gazette.*

BECKY'S FAITH.

MRS. M. E. BRADLEY.

"It's no use trying to deceive me," said Miss Julia. "Nobody else could have taken it, Becky; for you were the only person in the room. You helped me to undress, and I gave you my ring to put on the dressing-table. If you did as I told you, it ought to be there. If you didn't—well, you see what I'm obliged to think, Becky."

"You think I've stole your ring, Miss Julia?"
"I am very sorry that I have to, but how can I help it? If you'll bring it back, I'll excuse your fault this time. But, if you don't, you will have to go away from here. We can't keep a thief in the house, and nobody else will want to hire one. Remember that, Becky."

Miss Julia turned away, and the poor negro girl looked after her with a heart full of dismay. She knew that she was innocent; but appearances were against her, and she had no means of proving that Miss Julia was mistaken.

"She nobber gib me dat ring to lay down for her. She thinks she did;

but de Lord knows I nobber toched it. He knows fo' certain tho' I didn't, an' I've jes' gwine to ax him to prove dat fo' me. I kaint prove it; but he kin; an' I've a gwine to ax him dis minnit."

Becky dropped on her knees as she came to this conclusion, and prayed aloud, in simple words, but with full faith that the Lord would hear and help her. Then she went about her work, and waited patiently till her innocence should be proved. Miss Julia had given her "three days' grace," in which to make up her mind, as she said, to tell the truth; and she too waited, though not so patiently, to see if her ring would be brought back to her. The days went by, however, and Becky did not confess.

"I wonder how you can sing hymns," said Julia, one morning, "when you have such a sin on your conscience. I should think you would be afraid."

"But I ain't," said Becky, "bekase de Lawd knows de trufe. He gwine to show you befo' long dat I nobber toched dat ring, Miss Julia."

"I wonder how?" asked Miss Julia.

"I dunno," said Becky; "but he'll do it jess as sho's you bohn. I ain't afeared."

That night a mouse was nibbling in Miss Julia's room, and Annie, her younger sister, called Becky to look for it, and set a trap. Becky came, listened for a minute or two, then went to the corner cupboard, where she presently discovered a mouse-hole. Something white, like a bit of rag, was in it. Becky pulled it out, and held it up to view. It was an embroidered handkerchief, smeared with something sweet and sticky, and nibbled into rags. Miss Julia gave a start at the sight of it. "Oh!" she said, "I remember something now. I spilt honey on my hand the other night, and wiped it off with my handkerchief. I wonder if my ring came off with it?"

She ran to the mouse-hole, poked into it with a long crochet needle, and presently drew out upon the hook something hard and round and shining. It was the gold ring! And poor Becky's faith in the Lord was justified. Her innocence was proved.

Miss Julia learned two useful lessons—can you guess what they were? And poor Becky, who had trusted in the Lord when everything seemed against her, trusted him still to the day of her death, and never found herself forsaken.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF BOYS IN TEMPERANCE WORK.

MISS ELIZABETH CLEVELAND, the sister of the United States President, writes: Boys have a responsibility in temperance work which girls do not and cannot have—a responsibility which is theirs, and theirs only because they are boys.

John, in one of his epistles, says, "I write unto you, young men, because ye are strong." Because ye are strong! Strength is, always has been, always will be, the peculiar, ideal virtue of manhood.

I say peculiar virtue, because men are set apart as it were, to be strong. Women are not so characterized. I say ideal virtue, because while it may exist and ought to exist in every boy and every man, I know it does not exist in every man, that is not the

actual attainment, the real possession, but an ideal one, realized in its perfection only in those few foremost men who are the patterns for all others.

Now, just what did John, and just what do we mean by making your strength your responsibility, and the reason for writing to you especially? What kind of strength is your peculiar and ideal virtue?

Is it physical strength? If so, then the Cornell or Harvard student who can run the longest and farthest, though he fail in all his examinations and stand as the foot of his classes, is stronger than the man who takes the valedictory, and not so strong as the wild Indian who can row farther and run faster, and fast longer. You know men and boys, as I do, who have cordy muscles and can lift enormous weights; great big fellows it does one good to see, yet who are not strong enough to be laughed at; who in the company of liquor men are not strong enough to utter one word in defence of temperance. Fancy John writing to such men because they are strong! No, the strength he meant and we mean is not only physical strength.

Is it intellectual strength? You and I know men who are "smart"—smart enough to raise a great, coarse laugh at the man or woman who attacks their terrible traffic. Lord Bacon had, perhaps, the finest intellect ever let into the world, yet he was not saved by his supreme intellectual strength from taking bribes in his law cases, and is immortalized in the lines of a great poet as "the greatest and meanest of mankind." All over the country we can find men, not quite so great intellectually, but quite as mean, who win case after case for liquor men for the bribes that are paid them. Fancy John writing to such men "because they are strong!"

Very clearly the strength which he attributes to young men as their special, ideal virtue is not one of muscle or brains. We all know what it is. It is moral strength. It is that pluck and principle which will defy the threats of the bullies and the wit of the smarties in defence of the right. It is because you, boys, can be thus strong, and ought to be thus strong, that so many eyes, some of them dim with tears, are turned to you and are watching your young manhood as the hope of the nation and the world against this awful enemy, alcohol. It is because its overthrow demands and must have your manly strength that your responsibility is great, and something for which God will surely call you to account.

A BOY NEEDS A TRADE.

WHAT about the boy who does not take up with a trade or profession? Look around you, and the question is speedily answered. He must cast his hook into any sort of pond, and take such fish out as may easily be caught. He is a sort of tramp. He may work in the brick-yard to-day, and in the harvest-field to-morrow. He does the drudgery, and gets the pay of the drudge. His wages are so small that he finds it impossible to lay up a dollar, and a fortnight of idleness will see him dead-broke.

The other night I saw a man dragging himself wearily along, carrying a pick on his shoulder. "Tired, John?"

"More so than any horse in Detroit." "What do you work at?" "I'm a digger. Sometimes I work for gas companies, but oftener for plumbers." "Good wages?" "So good that my family never have enough to eat, let alone buying decent clothes. If it wasn't for the wife and children, I'd wish for that stroat car to run over me." "Why didn't you learn a trade?" "Because nobody had interest enough to argue and reason with me. I might have had a good trade and earned good wages, but here I am, working harder for \$8 or \$9 a week than many a man does to earn \$18."

And now, my boy, if men tell you that the trades are crowded, and that so many carpenters, and blacksmiths, and painters, and shoemakers, and other trades, keep wages down, pay no attention to such talk. Compare the wages of common and skilled work men. Take the trade which you seem fitted for. Begin with the determination to learn it thoroughly, and to become the best workman in the shop. Don't be satisfied to skin along from one week to another without being discharged but make your services so valuable by being such a thorough workman that your employer cannot afford to let you go.

AN ARAB'S OFFERING.

THE good Caliph, in the following little story, set an example of thoughtfulness for another's feeling which every one would do well to follow:

A poor Arab was once travelling in a desert, when he met with a spring of clear, sweet, and sparkling water. Accustomed as he was to brackish wells, it seemed to his simple mind that such water was worthy of a monarch; so, filling his leather bottle from the spring, he determined to go and present it to the Caliph.

The poor man travelled a considerable distance before he reached the presence of his sovereign, and laid his humble offering at his feet. The Caliph did not despise the gift brought to him with so much pains. He ordered some of the water to be poured into a cup, drank of it, and, thanking the Arab with a smile, ordered him to be presented with a reward.

The courtiers around now pressed forward, eager to taste of the wonderful water; but, to the surprise of all, the Caliph forbade them to taste even a single drop!

After the poor Arab had quitted the royal presence with a light and joyous heart, the Caliph turned to the courtiers and thus explained the motives of his conduct:

"During the travels of the Arab," said he, "the water in his leathern bottle had become impure and bitter. But it was an offering of loyalty and love, and as such I received it with pleasure. I well knew that, had I suffered another to drink of it, he would not have concealed his disgust; I therefore forbade you to taste the draught, lest the heart of the poor man should have been wounded."

"LITTLE boy, do you understand what is meant by energy and enterprise?" "No, pa, I don't think I do." "Well, I will tell you. One of the richest men came here without a shirt to his back, and now he has got millions." "Millions! How many does he put on at a time, pa?"

THE ANGEL'S LADDER.

"If there were a ladder, mother,
Between the earth and sky,
As in the days of the Bible,
I would bid you all good-bye,
And go through every country,
And search from town to town,
Till I had found the ladder,
With angels coming down.

"Then I would wait quite softly,
Beside the lowest round,
Till the sweetest-looking angel
Had stopped upon the ground;
I would pull his dazzling garment,
And speak out very plain:—
'Will you take me, please, to heaven,
When you go back again?'"

"Ah, darling," said the mother,
"You need not wander so
To find the golden ladder
Where angels come and go.
Wherever gentle kindness
Or pitying love abounds,
There is the wondrous ladder
With angels on the rounds.

—Wide Awake.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK:
Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.
TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 5, 1885.

CHRIST WITH MEN.

REPENTANCE towards God, faith towards the Lord Jesus Christ. This is the old gospel. It is the new gospel. The gospel for all time; for all people; for all men, however high or low. Believe in Christ, take him as your Saviour, take him as your Redeemer, take his atonement for your sins as your only trust. He is the only Mediator between God and man. If he is God his mediation is enough. We need no saint's intercession; no priest to come between us and the great sacrifice. He was offered once for us—Jesus, our Great High Priest, has gone into the heavens and ever liveth to make intercession for us. It is only because of that intercession that you and I are here this morning. It is only because he pleads that we live. O, our sins would have cut us off, long ago, but Jesus pleads, "Spare them a little longer." Now, then, after this exercise of faith, Christ comes and dwells in our hearts. I can't tell precisely how he comes to dwell in our hearts; I don't know how he comes to dwell in a human body; I don't understand that; I do know that he came from heaven and was incarnated on earth; did dwell in the human body for thirty-three years, then offered himself as a sacrifice for sin.

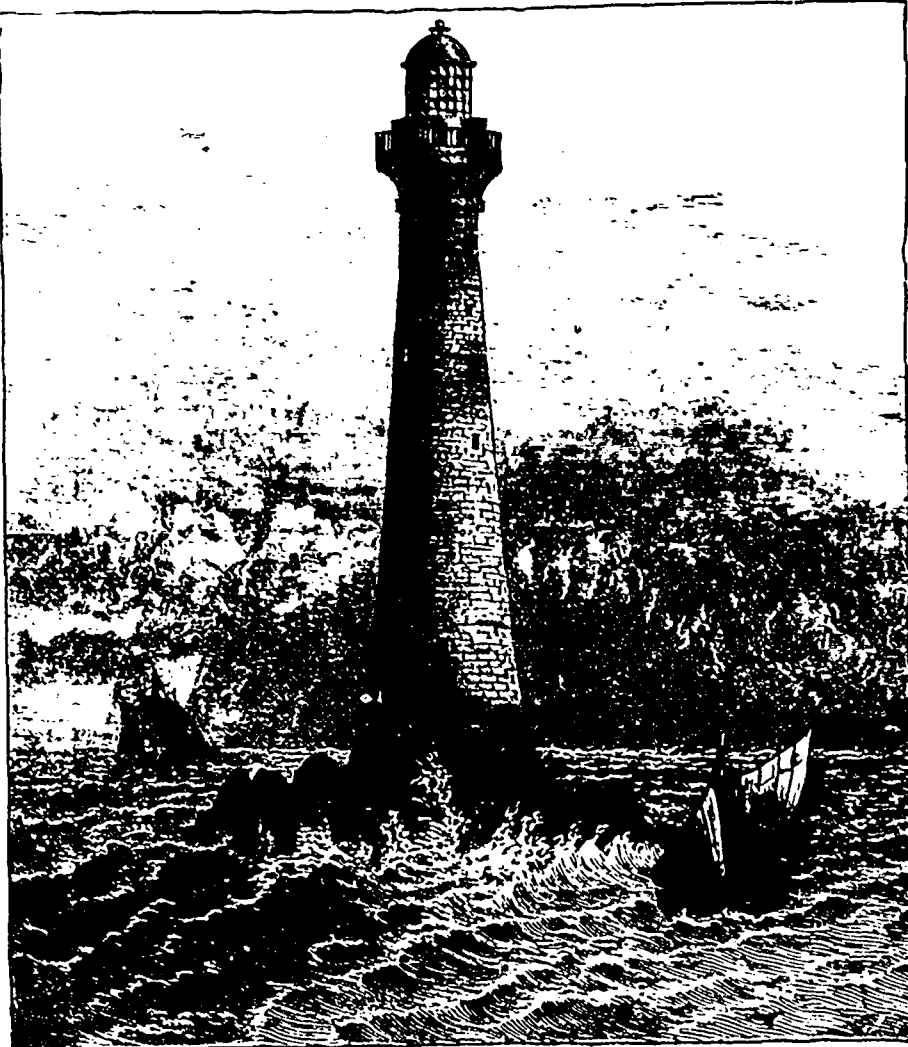
He knows how to dwell in the human body; knows how to come to the soul of man. He promises to come and make his abode with us, dwell with us. "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come again." Now, if Christ comes and dwells with us, is there not pretty good ground that we may be saved from sin here? Did he not keep our body from sin? Is he not the same if he comes and dwells with us? If he comes tempests may rock the oceans with fearful violence around us. It is only for Christ to say, "Peace, be still," and all is well.—*Bishop Matthew Simpson*

THE POWER OF A KISS.

MRS. JENNIE F. WILLING, in a recent missionary address before the New York Conference, related the thrilling interesting story of a missionary and his wife in one of the South Sea Islands, where Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Cocker, of the Michigan University, narrowly escaped being eaten by cannibals. Dr. Cocker and his mate lived to tell the story of their adventures in England. Moved by pitying love, and under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, a preacher and his wife volunteered to go out as missionaries to that very island. Embarking on a merchant vessel, they succeeded in inducing the captain to put them ashore when none of the inhabitants were visible. Seating themselves on a box that contained all their earthly possessions, they wistfully watched the ship spread her white wings and disappear below the horizon. When the savages, accompanied by their chief and his daughter, came on the scene, they felt the limbs of the missionary, and evidently thought that in him was material for a toothsome banquet. The daughter ran her fingers through the long, silky hair of the lady, who, impelled by godly emotion, drew the girl to her and imprinted a hearty English kiss upon her lips. That natural act won the heart of the daughter. For three days the debate on eating those unexpected guests went on, and at last was decided in the negative by the passionate, pleading eloquence of the chief's favourite child. The missionaries lived long enough to see all the people on the island converted to Christ, and sending out missionaries of their own blood to other communities lying in heathen darkness.

THE BLOOD.

AN old warrior, lying at the point of death, said to the missionary who stood at his side: "Oh! I have been in great trouble this morning; but I am happy now. I saw an immense mountain, with precipitous sides, up which I endeavoured to climb; but when I had attained a considerable height, I lost my hold, and fell to the bottom. Exhausted with perplexity and fatigue, I went to a distance and sat down to weep, and, while weeping, I saw a drop of blood fall upon the mountain, and in a moment it was dissolved." "This was certainly a strange sight," remarked the mission-



EDDYSTONE LIGHT-HOUSE.

ary. "What construction did you put upon it?" The dying chieftain seemed astonished at the missionary's question and replied, "That mountain was my sins, and the drop of blood which fell upon it was one drop of the precious blood of Jesus, by which the mountain of my guilt must be swept away."—*Pulpit Treasury.*

EDDYSTONE LIGHT-HOUSE.

EDDYSTONE is the name given to a group of rocks off the Cornish coast, about 14 miles S. S. W. of Plymouth breakwater. The water all around this reef is very deep. Before there was any light-house upon these rocks it was considered one of the most dangerous places in the English Channel, and many vessels were wrecked there every year. The first light-house was built by a Mr. Winstanley, and completed about the year 1700. It was a fanciful polygon wooden structure, 100 feet high, with a stone base. Mr. Winstanley, the eccentric and learned architect, had its sides labelled with various boastful inscriptions. And it is said that from its lofty balcony he used to defy the winds and waves. But one night the raging sea engulfed the tower and its builder. A second light-house of wood and stone was erected in 1706-9 under the superintendence of Mr. Rudyerd, and was 92 feet high. The structure stood for nearly fifty years, and was then demolished by fire. The present building known as the Eddystone light-house, is noted for its strength and symmetrical appearance. It was constructed by Mr. Smeaton, and is a monument of his engineering skill. It was finished in 1750, and is said to be

built on the model of the trunk of an oak tree. It rises cone-like from the solid rock upon which it is built, and is riveted to the rock as the oak is fastened to the earth, by its roots. The tower is 85 feet high, being nearly 27 feet in diameter at the base, and contracted to 15 feet diameter at the top. The light is 72 feet above the water, and can be seen at the distance of 13 miles. In consequence of the rock on which it is built being frittered away and greatly weakened by the action of the ocean, it is reported that the present light-house is to be taken down and another erected on another part of the reef.

The noble Smeaton went at his work in a different spirit from that of the boastful Winstanley. Smeaton had engraved upon one of the great blocks of granite at its base, "Except the Lord build the house they labour in vain that build it." And on the key-stone the adoring inscription, "Laus Deo"—Praise God—and still it stands holding up its beacon light to the tempest-tossed mariner; its foundation and topmost stones expressing the faith and gratitude of its builder.

Fellow-workers for the salvation of men! Christ, the true light, must be kept up before men, or they will perish. Let us, then, place him on no superstructure of our own device. Let us rear no tower of wood, or wood and stone, but taking the word of God for our foundation, let us build our structure upon its massive, solid truth, and on every course put Smeaton's humble, trusted inscription, and then we may be sure that the light-house will stand.

ONE who knows says that in the country they blow a horn before dinner, but in town they take one.



BOATING IN CHINA.

THE BOY THAT LAUGHS.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

KNOW a funny little boy—
The happiest ever known;
His face is like a beam of joy,
Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,
And waited for a groan;
But how he laughed! Do you suppose
He struck his funny bone?

There's sunshine in each word he speaks;
His laugh is something grand;
Its ripples overrun his cheeks,
Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done;
The school-room for a joke he takes—
His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,
You cannot make him cry;
He's worth a dozen boys I know,
Who pout, and mope, and sigh.

BOATING IN CHINA.

It appears that they believe in woman's rights in China—at any rate, this woman seems to be practising woman's rights. If any one supposes that the women of China never do any work out-of-doors, let it be said that such a supposition is a wrong one. In the cities and larger towns women do remain within the home most of the time; indeed, it is regarded as improper for any but old ladies to be seen in the street at all, unless they be those who work for wages. But out in the country and in the small villages women have far more liberty.

It is not an uncommon sight for women and men to be seen working in the same field; occasionally a man, his wife, or slave-woman, and an ox or cow, are seen in the same field trying to plough. At first the man and the ox are yoked together, the woman holding the plough, and then the woman is yoked with the ox, the man taking her place; but the poor ox is not allowed to drive at all. Thus a man and his wife may have a boat together, he being captain and she mate, but each taking a full share of the work. If, on account of low water, the boat run aground, both jump into the river and put their shoulders, not to the wheel, but to the boat, trying to force it into deeper water; falling in this, they, by using a curved board, dig the channel deeper, the wife with traces pulling the "digger," and the husband pressing it down into the sand and gravel at the bottom.

In some places women do most of

the boating, and are as skilful at the oar as are the men; nor is this strange, for they spend most of their lives on the water. On the canal and river running through the city of Canton it is said that as many as eighty thousand people live in boats. Children are born and live there until they grow up, and it is not an unusual thing for women to spend their lives in boat-homes without living a week at a time on land. Born on the water, they grow to womanhood; they marry and move into another boat, and thus live boatwomen until old age. Nor are their lives as uncomfortable as might be supposed. Their boats are, as a rule, clean—cleaner than the houses, and not near as dark and close. They have usually but small cabins; so are the houses very small, and the advantage in size is not always in favour of the house. These boat-homes can be moved about as desired, and the owners may go visiting and take their homes along. Of course the men do not stay on the boats all day; they go ashore to work, returning at night to sleep. During the day, the mother, daughters, and smaller boys, sail about or remain in one place, with the boat fastened to a large rope that holds many others, and do a vast amount of talking and visiting. Some of these home-boats are passenger-vessels during the day if the mother can find any one wanting to hire a boat.

Some may ask: "Is it not dangerous for the children to be on these boats? Do they not often fall into the water?"

Yes, it is dangerous. The little ones do fall into the water, and it is not uncommon to hear of little ones being drowned. But fatal accidents of this kind do not happen as often as may be supposed, and for a good reason: little babies, before they can even creep, have a small float, usually of bamboo, fastened to their backs, so that if they fall into the water they cannot sink; besides this, a small rope is tied to the little one to keep it from floating away if it falls into the water. It is rather amusing to see the children thus "tethered" to the boat and carrying on their backs what seems to be a small keg. The little ones soon become used to this, and they take it as a part of their duty to be tied and carry the bamboo float.

But look at that little child strapped to its mother's back. It seems as contented as if in the nicest of cradles. It is not unusual for mothers to carry

their children in that way, and the little ones are sometimes thus strapped to the backs of their older brothers or sisters. This way of taking care of children is very common in Japan. Sometimes a boy or girl not much more than six years old may be seen with other children in the streets playing, yet having a little brother or sister strapped to the back. The Japanese know that boys and girls are good for at least one thing. But you who have little baby brothers and sisters need not tell your parents about this heathen custom. Carriages are better for the little ones.

See those two larger children! They seem to be enjoying the sail too. One is looking at something in the distance, and the other telling his mother about it. As this boat is not shaped as the Chinese build their boats, it is quite likely that these children do not live in it, and probably are only taking a sail while their mother is earning some money by taking a passenger in the boat on some business or on a journey. The boat in the distance is a Chinese-built vessel, although a freight-carrying one rather than a dwelling-boat.

Farther back in the picture is a pagoda with a small temple. Pagodas are considered by the Chinese as bringing good luck to a place. They are usually not meant as temples or places for idol-worship, but they are monuments that mark a superstitious and heathen people.

The lives of this strange people are far from happy, and their superstitions make them more miserable; nor do those superstitions give them anything better in the life to come. Without the true God they are godless; without Christ they are helpless.—*Sabbath School Visitor.*

WHAT A BOY CAN DO FOR MISSIONS.

LOOKING through a missionary treasurer's report, I noticed this clause, "Miss Rags, 25 cents;" and I said to myself, "That young lady has a queer name, and not a very pretty one, either." A little farther down the report I noticed again, "Miss Rags, 45 cents," and thought, "Why, there is a family of rags in that town also." But when I came to the third "Miss Rags, 31 cents," I then noticed that there was a period after the Miss, and then I saw that instead of it meaning a young lady it was a short way of writing "missionary." I then understood that here and there some one had carefully put all the rags and waste-paper, not into the fire, but into the rag-bag, and the money received from the rag-man had been sent to the missionary society. Here seemed to be one answer to the question, "What can a boy and girl do for missionary money?"

On further study of the subject I discovered that rags were not the only things to have the title Missionary. I found Miss Patchwork, Miss Berries, Miss Flowerseeds, and even Miss Hens.

Two little girls in New England raised sage, and sold enough to send three dollars to the Missionary treasurer. One little girl gathers the eggs carefully, and says, "Mother gives me one egg for every dozen I find, and when I have a dozen I sell them and put the money into the missionary box." All over the country we find earnest, eager groups of boys and girls

who have found that interest and enthusiasm belong to that strange class of which the more you give away the more you have left. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth."—*Home Missionary.*

WHAT IS THE TONGUE FOR?

"SINCE God made the tongue, and he never makes anything in vain, we may be sure he made it for some good purpose. What is it, then?" asked a teacher one day of her class.

"He made it that we may pray with it," answered one boy.

"To sing with," said another.

"To talk to people with," said a third.

"To recite our lesson with," replied another.

"Yes, and I will tell you what he did not make it for. He did not make it for use to scold with, to lie with, or to swear with. He did not mean that we should say unkind or foolish, indecent or impatient words with it. Now, boys, think every time you use your tongues, if you are using them in the way God means you to. Do good with your tongues, not evil. It is one of the most useful members in the whole body, although it is so small. Please God with it every day."

THE QUESTION.

It is related of Thomas Hoopoo, a young Sandwich Islander, that on one occasion, while in the United States, he was introduced to a numerous company, who were much entertained and amused by his replies to questions which a gentleman present put to him about the religion and customs of his country.

At length the gentleman was silent, and Thomas addressed him, saying: "I am a poor heathen boy. It is not strange that my blunders should amuse you; but, sir, there will be a larger meeting than this; we shall all be there; they will ask us all one question: 'Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?' Now, I think I can say 'Yes;' what will you say, sir?"

He ceased, and no answer was given. The company soon separated, but Thomas' question rang in the ears of him to whom it was put—"What will you say, sir?"—and he could find no rest till he sought it in the Saviour.

And surely it behooves every one to inquire: "What shall I say to that momentous question, Do I love the Lord Jesus Christ? Do I believe in him as my Saviour, and thus enjoy a living union with him?"

GENERAL GORDON'S PRAYER-BOOK.

It is related of the late General Gordon that at a dinner in a London club, one of the members jokingly accused him of secreting a bottle of wine in his pocket. Others observing that his pocket bulged out, made bets that they could guess the brand, and challenged him to produce the bottle. In indignation he drew from his pocket a Prayer-book and said: "This little book has been my companion for years, and I sincerely trust that you may find a comforter and supporter in the trials of life that will prove as true to you as this has been to me." Then he withdrew from the company, and the next day received many apologies.

THE FIRST TANGLE.

NOTE in an eastern palace wide
A little child sat weaving;
So patiently her task she plied
The men and women at her side
Flocked round her, almost grieving.

"How is it, little one, they said,
"You always work so cheerily;
You never seem to break your thread
Or snarl or tangle it, instead
Of working smooth and clearly.

"Our weaving gets so worn and soiled,
Our silk so frayed and broken,
For all we've fretted, wept, and toiled,
We know the lovely pattern's spoiled
Before the King has spoken."

The little child looked in their eyes,
So full of care and trouble;
And pity chased the sweet surprise
That filled her own, as sometimes flies
The rainbow in a bubble.

"I only go and tell the King,"
She said, abashed and meekly,
"You know He said in everything"—
"Why, so do we!" they cried, "we bring
Him all our troubles weekly!"

She turned her little head aside;
A moment let them wrangle;
"Ah, but," she softly then replied,
"I go and get the knot untied
At the first little tangle!"

O little children—weavers all!
Our broidery we spangle
With many a tear that need not fall,
If on our King we would but call
At the first little tangle!

THE SANKATY'S BRANCH
ROAD.

It seemed very strange to have the Sankaty Branch express train whizzing and shrieking through their huckleberry pasture and south meadow and almost running into their potato patch.

Neb was afraid that a spark from the engine would set the buildings on fire, or that some of his poultry, or even his spotted calf would be run over and his mother was afraid the engine would get off the track and run into the wood-shed.

It was undeniably a great inconvenience to have a railroad track laid across a quiet little farm and Neb and his mother, who owned the farm and lived alone upon it, had almost gone down upon their knees to Mr. Fenton, the president of the road—who lived about a half mile from them, in a fine mansion surrounded by stately grounds, begging that the track might be laid a little to the eastward upon some unused pasture land where it would annoy nobody. But it was a little more convenient to build a bridge across the Sankaty River at this point and Mr. Fenton thought it was of very little consequence that the Pennymans, who lived on a little farm that was hardly worth a thousand dollars, stock and all, should be annoyed. He was not a polite man, and he dismissed them with a sneer that made Neb's blood boil.

But what could he do? He was only fifteen and small of his age and one of his legs was twisted, the result of a disease he had suffered from in babyhood, so that he walked with great difficulty. He was the only protector his mother had, and for her sake he must make the best of things. He was the man of the family, and not only manager of the farm, but the only workman, except in haying time, when he had to hire a helper. The farm was all they had, and they must still get their living from it even though the railroad had taken its way through it "by right of eminent

domain"—a phrase which awed Neb and his mother, but which simply meant that the law requires private persons to part with their property when it is wanted for public uses.

Neb resolved to sleep with one eye open until after the midnight train had passed, but he found that he could not do that, and after a few weeks, when they had become accustomed to the noise and no calamity had occurred except the untimely death of the lame duck, Neb began to think the railroad might not be so bad after all, and his mother said the trains were "kind of company for her in the night when she couldn't sleep."

But when haying time came Neb was constantly anxious lest a spark from the engine should chance to alight upon one of his hay-stacks. The hay in the south meadow, his best and largest crop, was always a weight on Neb's mind from the time it was cut until it was safely stored in the barn. He watched every cloud in the sky and walked every night to the corner to see, in the daily paper, Old Probabilities' weather prophecies.

The very next day Old Prob. predicted rain, but Zeb Higbee, the tin peddler, came along and said he "forgot more weather larnin' every night when he went to bed than Old Prob. ever knew, and it wa'n't agoin' to rain."

Neb wanted to believe that, because that south meadow hay needed to stay out longer, and he could see no signs of rain except a tiny black cloud away over in the west that seemed likely to be swallowed up by a huge white cloud soon. And so he did not get the hay in. But, lo and behold! when he went out after supper, the little black cloud had swallowed the big white one and it was now swallowing every other cloud in the sky.

Neb hurried to the barn just as fast as his crooked leg would let him, pulled out the hay-cart, drew poor Bucephalus, surprised and unwilling, away from his well-earned supper, had him harnessed and was rattling away to the south meadow, in, as he would have said, less time than it takes to say "Jack Robinson." Roy Fenton, a boy of about his own age, coming up from the river, stopped him.

"Have you seen anything of my little sister Daisy?" he asked. "She ran away from her nurse and followed me down to the river, and I said I'd look after her, but the fish were biting splendidly and I forgot her and she strayed away. It's getting dark awfully fast and they're almost crazy about her at home."

Neb chirruped to Bucephalus, and the old horse tore along as if he understood that Neb wanted to get his hay in quick and join in the search for Daisy. She was a flaxen-haired mite, not four years old. If Neb didn't like her father, he wanted to find Daisy.

Neb worked with a will, but he couldn't help pausing occasionally to look around in search of Daisy. He knew there must be many people seeking her, but still he felt as if he were selfish to be attending to his hay when she might be wandering round the fields and woods frightened in the fast-gathering darkness, or perhaps falling down the river's high, steep banks.

The distant whistle of the train struck on his ear: the 6.55 express was coming. It was not seven o'clock yet, but it was almost as dark as night.

Neb was on the bank of the river now, and his hay-cart was full and running over. As he turned Bucephalus homeward, the fluttering of something white on the other side of the railroad bridge caught his eye. It might be—yes, it was Daisy's white dress. She had spilled her basket of berries on the track and was sitting composedly down picking them up.

For an instant Neb stood motionless with terror. Then he rushed toward her. But the railroad bridge over the river lay between them, and the space between its planks was so wide that Neb, with his twisted leg, could not cross. He might possibly crawl over on his hands and knees, but that would take too long.

He shouted to the child to get off the track, but the wind carried his voice away from her. He cried in agony, "Help! help!" but there was no answer.

How could he stop the train whose rush and roar he could already hear? It was too dark for him to make himself seen if he should rush before it. If he only had a lantern! But there was not time to get one from the house. A sudden thought struck Neb like an inspiration. He might have—he had—a match in his pocket! It had been there for two or three weeks, since he burned the brush heaps behind the barn. He backed Bucephalus up to the track and tipped up the cart. The whole load of hay lay on the track, and when Neb touched a lighted match to it instantly it blazed up.

He had not ceased to shout for help—the train might not be stopped in time—and Roy Fenton came running up, with his father not far behind, panting and breathless.

"She's over there on the track—Daisy!" cried Neb, his face deathly white in the glare of the fire.

The train came whizzing on—it all happened in so much less time than it takes to tell it!—through the pine grove into the huckleberry pasture.

"What on earth does it mean—that fire on the track?" cried the engineer and whistled for "down breaks." Within a few rods of the fire, so near that the smoke of the engine mingled with its smoke, the train came to a stop. Roy Fenton, who had stood as if petrified with horror, ran to the bridge and made his way over. The fire lighted up every timber and rail of the bridge and Roy was lithe and agile, and he was soon back again with Daisy in his arms—Daisy, who was mourning for her lost berries, but delighted with the "pretty fire," and perfectly unconscious of the great peril from which she had been rescued.

The people had come thronging out of the cars, and the story of what had happened spreading rapidly, they crowded around the little flaxen-haired girl, now safe in her brother's arms, and they made the air ring with shouts for Neb, who hadn't the least idea that he was a hero.

Mr. Fenton, hard and proud man as he was, burst into tears when he tried to thank Neb, and could only put a trembling hand on his shoulder.

The people on the train insisted upon making up a purse to pay Neb for the load of hay he had burned and for the cart which had also taken fire and was almost ruined. Bucephalus had kicked up his heels to such purpose at the first sound of the train as to clear himself from the cart and had

departed for parts unknown, not returning until the next morning.

Mr. Fenton declared that it was his privilege to make good Neb's losses, and Neb said he didn't want any pay, but nevertheless the money was collected and thrust into his hands as the train started on again—more money than the whole harvest of Neb's little farm would amount to.

Mr. Fenton discovered that farm work was not suitable for Neb, on account of his lameness, and that the railroad company was in need of a trustworthy boy for a responsible position in its office at Sankaty.

Sankaty being only five miles away, Neb is not obliged to leave home, but goes up and down on the train every day. And he is able to hire a strong and capable man to manage the farm, so the crops are twice as large as they used to be. But there never has been a crop that did so much good as that south meadow hay, although all that was not burned was spoiled by rain that night.

LOST A BOY.

HE went from the old home hearthstone,
Only six years ago,
A laughing, frolicking fellow,
It would do you good to know.
Since then we have not seen him,
And we say, with nameless pain,
The boy that we knew and loved so
We will never see again.

One bearing the name gave him.
Comes home to us to-day,
But this is not the dear fellow
We kissed and sent away.
Tall as the man he calls father,
With a man's look in his face,
Is he who takes by the hearthstone
The lost boy's olden place.

We miss the laugh that made music
Wherever the lost boy went;
This man has a smile most winsome,
His eyes have a grave intent;
We know he is thinking and planning
His way in the world of men,
And we cannot help but love him,
But we long for our boy again.

We are proud of this manly fellow
Who comes to take his place,
With hints of the vanished boyhood
In his earnest, thoughtful face;
And yet comes back the longing
For the boy we henceforth must miss,
Whom we sent away from the hearthstone
Forever with a kiss.

DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

As you cannot sweeten your mouth by pronouncing the names of sweet things, but must actually taste them in order to enjoy the sweetness, so you will not grow virtuous or good by merely talking about virtue or goodness or professing the possession of such qualities. It avails nothing to talk of truth if you are not truthful, of honesty if you are not honest, of charity if you are not charitable. You must practise every pure and noble virtue if you would grow into an honourable and worthy character and life.

A LIFE LESSON.

I SAW in a house in which I was staying a printed card. That printed card says to every one that reads it: "I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good thing therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show, to any fellow human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again." May we all bear this in mind. We have but one life to live. May that one life, that brief, uncertain life, be well spent by us all.

KEEP NOTHING FROM MOTHER.

THEY sat at the spinning together,
And they spun the fine white thread;
One face was old and the other young—
A golden and silver head.

At times the young voice broke in song
That was wonderfully sweet;
And the mother's heart beat deep and calm,
For her joy was most complete.

There was many a holy lesson,
Interwoven with silent prayer,
Taught to her gentle, listening child,
As the two sat spinning there.

"And of all that I speak, my darling,
From my older head and heart,
God giveth to me one last thing to say,
And with it thou shalt not part.

"Thou wilt listen to many voices,
And ah! woe that this must be!
The voice of praise and the voice of love
And the voice of flattery.

"But listen to me, my little one,
There's one thing that thou shalt fear—
Let never a word to my love be said
Which her mother may not hear,

"No matter how true, my darling one,
The words may seem to thee,
They are not fit for my child to hear
If they cannot be told to me.

"If thou'lt ever keep thy young heart pure
And thy mother's heart from tear,
Bring all that is said to thee by day
At night to thy mother's ear."

HONEST DOGS.

It is related by Prof. Bell that when a friend of his was travelling abroad, he one morning took out his purse to see if it contained sufficient change for a day's jaunt he proposed making. He departed from his lodgings leaving a trusted dog behind. When he dined, he took out his purse to pay, and found that he had lost gold coin from it. On returning home in the evening, his servant informed him that the dog seemed to be very ill, as they could not induce it to eat anything. He went at once to look at his favourite; and as soon as he entered the room, the faithful creature ran to him, deposited the missing gold coin at his feet, and then devoured the food placed for him with great eagerness. The truth was that the gentleman had dropped the coin in the morning. The dog had picked it up, and kept it in its mouth, fearing even to eat, lest it should lose its master's property before an opportunity offered to restore it.

Anecdotes of this character are innumerable, as are also those of dogs reclaiming property belonging, or which has belonged, to their owners. Sir Patrick Walker furnishes a most valuable instance of this propensity in our canine cousins. A farmer, having sold a flock of sheep to a dealer, lent him his dog to drive them home, a distance of thirty miles, desiring him to give the dog a meal at the journey's end, and tell it to go home. The drover found the dog so useful that he resolved to steal it, and, instead of sending it back, looked it up. The collie grew sulky, and at last effected its escape. Evidently deeming the drover had no more right to detain the sheep than he had to detain itself, the honest creature went into the field collected all the sheep that had belonged to his master, and, to that person's intense astonishment drove the whole flock home again!

Dogs are not only honest in themselves, but will not permit others to be dishonest. The late Grantley Berkeley was wont to tell of his two deerhounds, "Smoker" and Smoker's son,

"Shark," a curiously suggestive instance of parental discipline. The two dogs were left alone in a room where luncheon was laid out. Smoker's integrity was invincible, but his son had not yet learned to resist temptation. Through the window, Mr. Berkeley noticed Shark, anxiously watched by his father, steal a cold tongue, and drag it to the door. "No sooner had he done so," says his master, "than the offended sire rushed upon him, rolled over him, beat him, and took away the tongue," after which Smoker retired gravely to the fireside.

THE BEST RECOMMENDATION.

"Let me see the book, my boy," said Mr. Harvey. Raymond started up in surprise. He had opened his satchel, and while taking out his note of reference from his former employer, his Bible fell out on to the floor.

Mr. Harvey looked at the book and said, "This will do; you need not mind about the paper." And Raymond soon found himself engaged as office-boy and under-clerk in Mr. Harvey's office.

What do you suppose made Mr. Harvey so ready to take Raymond in his employ? You think it was his Bible. I suppose Mr. Harvey reasoned like this: If a boy reads his Bible and profits by its teachings, he will be apt to be a faithful worker. The Bible-reader will be honest, and can be trusted alone in the office. His word will always be reliable, and he will not be found in bad company.

Raymond probably obtained his position because he carried his Bible with him. If that book had been a novel or some wild story, Mr. Harvey would not have been so ready to engage him. It is very true that a person is known by the company he keeps; and it is exactly as true that you will be known by the books you read. Never read anything that you are ashamed to have found out. People will think better of you if you read only good, sensible literature. But you ought to have a nobler motive than merely to keep a good reputation. Your reading moulds your mind; you are made either better or worse by it. Get the best, then, by all means; and be sure that you read nothing but the truth.

IMPOSSIBLE.

The great general, Napoleon Bonaparte, used to say that there was one word which could not be found in his dictionary. It was the word "Impossible."

A teacher in a girl's school was one day telling the girls that they could do a great deal more than they knew. Said she, "I can do anything."

"Can you make a clock?" asked one of the girls.

"Yes, if it became necessary for me to make a clock, I would set to work and learn how," replied the teacher.

It is the truth that "all things are possible to him that believeth." If God wants you to do a thing, be sure that you can do it, and never let fear or timidity or indolence turn you out of the way. The way to succeed is to try, and to keep on trying. John Wesley's mother was one day teaching one of her children to read. Her husband, who sat by, said, "My dear, I think you have told that child the same thing twenty times." "If I had stopped with the nineteenth time, he

would not have known it," was the wise woman's reply.

Never, never say, "It is impossible," about anything that is the right thing to do. A thoroughly earnest boy or girl will find a way to do the best thing, if they will just believe in God, and then go ahead steadily and bravely.

THE CHILD AND THE PEARL.

A LITTLE orphan boy, while playing one day on the banks of the Tennessee, picked up a large pearl among the mussel-shells. Returning home he showed it to a gentleman, who asked the little fellow how much he should give him for it?

"I won't sell it," replied the boy, stoutly; "it's too pretty."

"But, my lad," persisted the gentleman, "that glittering pearl is worth a large sum of money. Intrust it to me. I will send it to Nashville to be sold, and the money gained shall be applied for your education."

For a long time the child hesitated, gazing lovingly at his pretty treasure; but overcome at last by the gentleman's persuasions, gave it up with a sigh.

What did he gain in exchange? The pearl was sold for five thousand dollars, and shone, perhaps, on some crowned head. The boy was sent to a good school, where his mind was enriched with the treasures of knowledge which, the wise man says, "are better than rubies," and more to be desired "than choice gold."

Mere earthly knowledge is better than riches; but there is something far more precious; it is the knowledge of salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ. This is as "a pearl of great price," before which all earth's pretty toys and pleasures fade into nothingness. "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Children, can you truly say: "I have found the pearl of great price—Jesus is mine!"

THE RUST-SPOT.

ONCE upon a time an Arabian princess was presented by her teacher with an ivory casket, exquisitely wrought, with the injunction not to open it until a year had rolled round. Many were the speculations as to what it contained, and the time was impatiently waited for when the jeweled key should disclose the mysterious contents. It came at last, and the maiden went away alone, and with trembling haste unlocked the treasure; and, lo! reposing on delicate satin linings lay nothing but a shroud of rust. The form of something beautiful could be discerned, but the beauty had gone forever. Tearful with disappointment, she did not at first see a slip of parchment containing these words:

"DEAR PUPIL,—May you learn from this a lesson for your life. This trinket, when inclosed, had upon it only a single spot of rust; by neglect, it has become the useless thing you now behold, only a blot on its pure surroundings. So a little stain on your character will, by inattention and neglect, mar a bright and useful life, and in time will leave only the dark record of what might have been. If you now place within a jewel of gold, and after many years seek the result, you will find it still as sparkling as ever. So with yourself—treasure up

only the pure, the good, and you will ever be an ornament to society and a source of true pleasure to yourself and your friends."

THE TEMPERANCE BATTLE SONG.

THE temperance cause will win the day,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
The curse of drink be swept away,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Then our land will in truth be free—
No longer slaves to drink we'll be;
A happy temperance nation we;
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

So we'll gird on our armour, and to battle we'll go,
To cope with this mighty, remorseless foe;
With the Lord on our side, we will bring him low,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

We'll hurl the tyrant from his throne,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
The drunkard's name shall be unknown,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Oh! yes, the glorious fight we'll win—
We'll free this darkened land from sin,
And let the light of the gospel in;
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

All ye who wish to see the day,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
When drink no longer holds its sway,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Come, join our ranks—thee's work to do;
Thou's work for us and work for you.
Then let us fight like soldiers true,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

OWLS.

The chief peculiarity of owls is their mode of flying, and their quick sense of hearing. Their food being mostly mice and other small animals which easily hide themselves in the ground, great silence and clear sight are necessary, as well as quick hearing. So we find the wing of an owl is provided with feathers so remarkably soft and pliant that in striking the air they make no rushing sound as the feathers of other birds do.

There is something in the strange appearance and silent flight of owls that has made them often feared, and superstitious people have thought them always ominous of evil. But there is hardly a more useful bird anywhere; its food consists of vermin and insects that would do great harm to the crops; and the farmers ought to be very thankful to the quiet owls who go round the fields in the dark and pounce upon all the mice and insects that would injure the corn.

The owls mostly eat the mice whole, without any attempt to tear them with their claws. But if they have young ones, they carry the mice home to the nest in their mouths; and sometimes they have been known to carry as many as forty mice in an hour to the hungry little ones who were waiting for food.

THE OLD SCORE.

"MARK you," said a pious sailor to a shipmate, "mark you, it isn't breaking off swearing, and the like; it isn't reading the Bible, nor praying, nor being good. It is none of these; for, even if they would answer for the time to come, there's still the old score; and how are you to get over that? It isn't anything that you have done, or can do. It's taking hold of what Jesus did for you, it's forsaking your sins, and expecting the pardon and salvation of your soul, because Christ let the waves and billows go over him on Calvary. This is believing, and believing is nothing else."

GOD BLESS THE FARM.

God bless the farm—the dear old farm,
God bless its every rood!
Where willing hearts and sturdy arms
Can earn an honest livelihood—
Can from the coarse and fertile soil
Win back a recompense for toil!

God bless each meadow, field and nook,
Begemmed with fairest flowers;
And every leaf that's gently shook
By evening breeze or morning showers;
God bless them all—each leaf a gem
In Nature's gorgeous diadem.

The orchard that, in early springs
Blush rich in fragrant flowers,
And with each autumn surely bring,
Their wealth of fruit in golden showers,
Like pomegranates on Aaron's rod—
A miracle from Nature's God.

And may he bless the farmer's home,
Where peace and plenty reign;
No happier spot 'neath heaven's high dome
Does this broad, beauteous earth contain,
Than where, secure from care or strife,
The farmer spends his peaceful life.

Unvexed by toil and tricks for gain,
He turns the fertile mould;
Then scatters on the golden grain,
And reaps reward an hundred fold—
He dwells where grace and beauty charm,
For God hath blessed his home and farm!

LOST WILLIE.

A roon boy employed in Scotland to keep sheep was overtaken on the hills by a severe snow storm. Long and bravely he kept up, and tried to drive his flock toward home by taking note of the landmarks he knew. All in vain; the snow fell fast, and before night all traces of roads and paths were lost, and poor Willie found himself alone in the hills with his sheep. As the night wore on the fatal drowsiness began to creep over him, beyond a power to resist, and without a scrap of shelter he laid himself down among his sheep to sleep and die, for he was sure he would never wake on earth. With a smothered prayer for help he fell asleep, and as he lay there more sheep came and huddled around him. Strange, indeed, as it may seem, the warmth from their bodies kept him from being frozen to death. A party from home went in search of him, and they found him surrounded by a dozen old sheep, whose instinct had saved his life. In keeping themselves warm they had kept warmth and life in him. And he lived for many years to tell the anecdote of his boyhood's peril who lost on the wild northern hillside.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

A SENSIBLE PRINCESS.

HERE is an anecdote of the Princess Royal, when she first went to her home at Berlin. A Prussian princess, for instance, is not allowed by her mistress of the robes to take up a chair, and, after having carried it through the whole breadth of the room, to put it down in another corner. It was while committing such an act that Princess Victoria was once caught by Countess Perponcher. The venerable lady remonstrated with a considerable degree of earnestness.

"I'll tell you what," replied, nothing daunted, the royal heroine of this story—"I'll tell you what, my dear countess, you are probably aware of the fact of my mother being the Queen of England!"

The countess bowed in assent.

"Well," resumed the bold Princess, "then I must reveal to you another fact; Her Majesty, the Queen of

Great Britain and Ireland, has not once, but very often, so far forgotten herself as to take up a chair. I speak from personal observation, I can assure you. Nay, if I am not greatly deceived, I noticed one day my mother carrying a chair in each hand, in order to set them for her children. Do you really think my dignity forbids anything which is frequently done by the Queen of England?"

The Countess bowed again and retired, perhaps not without a little astonishment at the biographical information she had heard. However, she knew her office, and resolved to prove not less staunch to her duties than the princess to her principles.

DID JESUS SING?

At a gathering of children on Christmas day, a gentleman present related a very interesting incident.

A little girl, about three years of age, was very anxious to know why Christmas greens were so much used, and what they were intended to signify. So Mr. L. told her the story of the babe at Bethlehem—of the child whose name was Jesus.

The little questioner was just beginning to give voice to the music that was in her heart, and after Mr. L. had concluded the narrative, she looked up in his face, and asked, "Did Christ sing?"

Who had ever thought of that? If you will look at Matthew, twenty-sixth chapter and thirtieth verse, you will find proofs that Jesus sang with his disciples.

Is not that encouragement for us to sing? not with the understanding only, but with the heart also.—*Selected.*

A DANDY with a cigar in his mouth entered a menagerie, when the proprietor requested him to take the weed from his mouth lest he should teach the other monkeys bad habits.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

B.C. 885] LESSON XI. [Sept. 13.

THE SHUNNAMITE'S SON.

2 Kings 4. 15-37. Commit to mem. vs. 32-35.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am the resurrection, and the life. John 11. 25.

OUTLINE.

1. The Child and the Mother, v. 18-21.
2. The Mother and the Prophet, v. 22-31.
3. The Prophet and the Child, v. 32-37.

TIME.—Uncertain, but probably about B.C. 885.

PLACES.—1. Shunem, three miles north of Jezreel; 2. Mount Carmel.

EXPLANATIONS.—*When the child was grown*—That is, past the perils of infancy. *My head*—A case of sun-stroke. This was a common occurrence in the East—sometimes, but not always, fatal. *Shut the door upon him*—Determined to keep the matter secret. *New moon*—Marked the commencement of each month, was a holy day, offerings were made and all business was suspended. The day of the new moon was recognized as a family festival, and was proclaimed with the sound of a trumpet. *It shall be well*—She did not give any reason. *Slack not thy riding*—Make haste. *Caught him by the feet*—An act of despair. *Gird up thy loins*—Prepare for the journey. *Salute him not*—Oriental salutations consumed time, and messengers in haste were exempted from them. *Lay my staff*—As the woman seemed to have little faith unless the prophet accompanied her, this expedient failed. *Nor hearing*—Hebrew, *attention*. *Is not awaked*—Death is

here likened to a sleep. *Upon them twain*—Shutting out the woman and Gehazi.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. That death comes to the young as well as the old?
2. That God is the only refuge in trouble?
3. That out of our greatest griefs may come our greatest joys?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What happened to the Shunnamite's son? He died. 2. What did his mother do with him? Laid him on Elisha's bed. 3. What did she then do? Went to Elisha to Mount Carmel. 4. When Elisha had gone into the room where the child was what did he do? "Prayed unto the Lord." 5. When the child had opened his eyes what did Elisha say to the mother? "Take up thy son."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The resurrection.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

30. Is it the Lord's will that all should belong to the visible Church of Christ? Throughout the New Testament this appears to be his will. Acts ii. 46, 47; Matt. xvi. 18; xviii. 17, 20; Acts xiv. 23; 2 Corinthians viii. 5; Hebrews x. 25.

B.C. 894.] LES. XII. [Sept. 20.

NAAMAN THE SYRIAN.

2 Kings 5. 1-16. Commit to mem. vs. 10-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Psa. 51. 7.

OUTLINE.

1. Naaman's Captive, v. 1-4.
2. Naaman's Journey, 5-10.
3. Naaman's Rage, 11-13.
4. Naaman's Cure, v. 14-16.

TIME.—Supposed to be about B.C. 894.

PLACES.—1. Damascus, the capital of Syria; 2. Samaria, the capital of Israel; 3. The residence of Elisha, perhaps at Samaria; 4. The river Jordan.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Deliverance unto Syria*—Heathen nations were indebted as much for victory to the Lord as was Israel. *But he was a leper*—In every earthly post of honour there is some drawback. *Come out by companies*—Skirmishing parties. *Ten talents of silver*—About three hundred and forty-one pounds sterling per talent. There were three thousand shekels in a talent whether the talent wore of weight or money. *Ten changes of raiment*—The gift of raiment was always an acceptable one in the East. *Seeketh a quarrel*—By asking an impossible favour. *Stood at the door*—Expecting Elisha to come out. *Sent a messenger*—Showing that the captain, not the prophet, was favoured. *Go and wash*—Naaman was indignant that he was required to do any thing. *Stand, and call*—He expected an impressive ceremony. *Better than all the waters of Israel*—Forgetting that it was not the quality of the water, but the deed. *Servants came near*—They had more common sense than he, and showed that since he would be willing to do a great thing for a cure he should be willing to do a small. *Take a blessing*—Referring to the gifts he had brought with him.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson is it shown—
1. That good service may be rendered by the humblest?
2. That there is only one right way?
3. That cleansing comes through obedience?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What great man of Syria was afflicted with the leprosy? "Naaman, captain of the host." 2. What did the little captive maid of Israel say the prophet in Samaria would do? "Recover him of his leprosy." 3. What did Elisha tell Naaman to do? "Wash in Jordan seven times." 4. How did Naaman receive this command? "Naaman was wroth, and went away." 5. But obeying his servants' behest what did he do? Washed, and was clean.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Cleansing from sin.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

31. What are the chief marks by which Christian Churches are known in the world? Assembling to worship in the name of Jesus, and observing the sacraments appointed by him.

[Luke xxii. 19; 1 Corinthians i. 2; xi. 26.]

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