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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VI.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 4, 1886.

No. 18.

BRITISH INDIA.

INDIA! What a brilliant pageant the very word suggests! The ivory palaces, the gilded temples, the gaudy idols, the broad leaves of the palms, and the bananas, the sky-piercing Himalayas, the vast sun-lined coast, the dark skins and the snow-white robes of the natives, the rice fields and the tanks, the elephants and palanquins, "the bazaars, humming like beehives, and the jungle where the lonely courier shakes his bundle of iron rings to scare away the hyenas." But the most stupendous thought of all is that of the two hundred and fifty millions of immortal souls,—the devotees of a dark and degrading superstition, or the followers of the false prophet Mahomet.

The British East India Company, though formed in 1600, had up to the middle of the last century only six factories scattered over the peninsula. The real beginning of English political ascendancy was in 1757, when on the banks of the Indus, where the foot of an Alexander had faltered, a merchant's clerk conquered an Empire. With three thousand troops, on the Plains of Plassey, Robt. Clive routed an army of sixty thousand and laid the foundation of our Indian Empire of 250,000,000 souls. The almost uniform success of the English Company attracted alliances with the native chiefs, and gradually the British Empire became extended over nearly the whole country. Not all the annexations can be justified, yet on the whole the vast extension of territorial sway has been a providential responsibility which could not be avoided.

Step by step the dominion has mostly been forced upon the British government. And especially since, with the suppression of the mutiny, the power has been taken back by the Crown from out of the unworthy hands of the great commercial company, all Christendom has overwhelming reasons for gratitude that the sovereignty of England extends over India.

India presents one of the most im-

portant mission fields in the world. With a civilization going back to the time of Alexander and a literature to that of Zoroaster, with its highly-cultivated Brahmin caste and a vast substratum of human wretchedness, it presents at once extraordinary difficulties and remarkable facilities for the diffusion of the Gospel. While

over 700,000 inhabitants. Here are the superior law courts, the magnificent residence of the Viceroy, and splendid public buildings that would do credit to any capital in the world, Bombay, the chief port on the west coast, has over 500,000 inhabitants. Its crowded streets present a strange concourse of many races and tribes. It is more

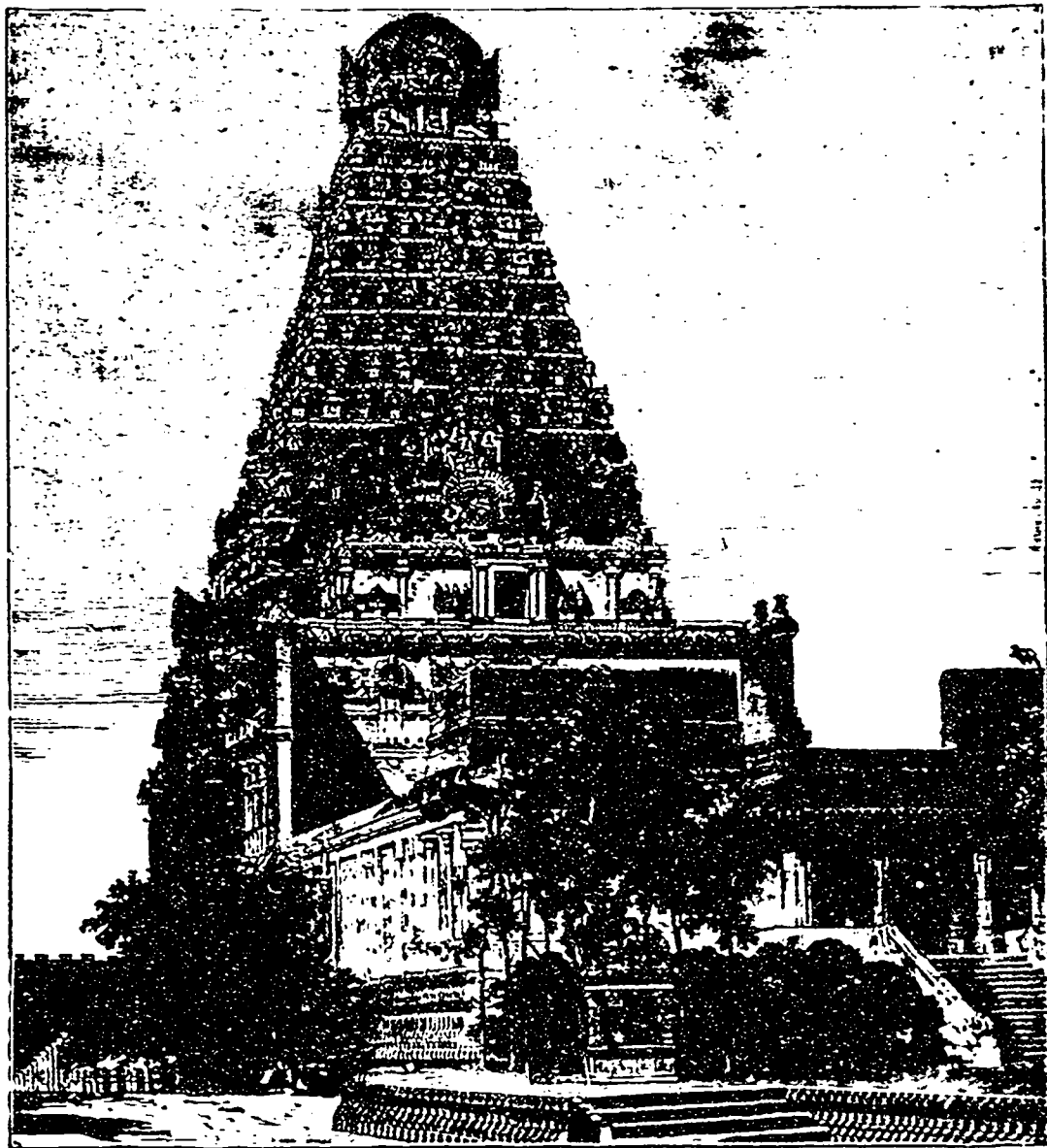
temples, Lucknow, the capital of Oude, with its thrilling memories of the mutiny, Delhi, the metropolis of the Mohammedan Empire, with its exquisite Saracenic mosques and palaces, Lahore, Poona, Hyderabad, Agra, Allahabad and many more, all containing over 100,000 inhabitants each. The engraving of the Hindu Temple on this page is a fine specimen of the native architecture—a confused mass of mythological sculpture.—From *Methodist Magazine* for August.

—30—

CHINESE FINGER NAILS.

THE Rev. James W. Lambuth, D.D., writes from China:

"The ladies of China allow their finger nails to grow very long—sometimes two, three, and four inches—and they protect them by wearing long sheaths made of gold and silver. They take good care, when they can, to make a display of them to those who may be near them. Chinese gentlemen allow those on the left hand to grow, while those on the right hand are cut short. The nails on the left hand of the Chinese gentleman are left to grow, twist, and turn any shape they like, and are then greatly admired by the people. If he is ever accused of theft, he immediately exhibits the long nails on his left hand to prove that he is a scholar, and therefore not a thief. When the nails are broken off, as they are sometimes, they are at once taken to the drug shop and sold for medicine. At one time I had a Chinese teacher who had long nails on his left hand, and I had often reminded him that we foreigners thought only wild



HINDU TEMPLE.

the proud Brahmin looks down from the heights of a lofty scorn on his conquerors, who were naked savages at a time when the ancient pundits of India were learned sages, yet now, as in the days of the personal ministry of our Lord, the common people, weary with waiting for a hearer of their woes, hear gladly the word of life.

India is a country of great cities, Calcutta, the capital, in Bengal, has

oriental-looking than even Calcutta. Madras, on the Coromandel coast, is nearly as large. No great seaport ever had so wretched a harbour, or rather, it has no harbour at all, only an open roadstead, where every person and every thing must be transhipped in surf-boats through the "league-long rollers tumbling on the shore." In the interior are Benares, the Holy City of the Hindus, with its fourteen hundred

animals caught to have long nails, and that they did not become a man, and especially a learned man. But my remarks had no effect upon him, for he treasured up those long finger nails as something very precious. On one occasion one of them was broken, and he brought it to me, nicely wrapped in a bit of paper, as a present. While he was opening up this treasure I wondered what he had in mind, that

was so precious, and when he offered it to me I told him I had no use for it. He looked at me as if astonished at my refusal, and replied, 'Well, if you do not want it, I can take it to the drug store, and they can use it for medicine.'

THE OLD COFFAGE CLOCK.

Here the old, old clock of the household
 stood

Was the brightest thing and the neatest;
 Its hands though old, had a touch of gold,
 And its chime ran still the sweetest.
 'Twas a moment, it is, though its words were
 few.

Yet they lived though nations altered,
 And its voice, still strong, warned old and
 young.

When the voice of friendship faltered;
 'Tick, tick,' it said—'quick, quick, out of bed—
 For five I've given warning;
 Up, up and go, or else you know,
 You'll never rise soon in the morning.'

A friendly voice was that old old clock;
 As it stood in the corner smiling,
 And blessed the time with a merry chime,
 The wintry hours beguiling;
 But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock
 As it called at daybreak boldly,
 When the dawn looked gray on the misty
 way.

And the early air blew coldly;
 'Tick, tick,' it said—'quick, quick, out of bed—
 For five I've given warning,
 You'll never have health, you'll never get
 wealth,
 Unless you're up soon in the morning.'

Still hourly the sound goes round and round,
 With a tone that ceases never;
 While tears are shed for the bright days fled,
 And the old friends lost forever;
 Its heart beats on, though hearts are gone
 That warmer beat and younger:
 Its hands still move, though hands we love
 Are clasped on earth no longer!

'Tick, tick,' it said—'to the churchyard
 bed—
 The grave hath given warning—
 Up, up and rise, and look to the skies,
 And prepare for a heavenly morning.'

EMIL'S GIFT.

BY THE REV. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, D. D.

I.

A stout, ruddy-faced boy of eighteen, with blue eyes and light-brown hair, is standing on the forward deck of a westward-bound North River ferry boat, looking wistfully about him. The scene is evidently new to him, and he is taking it in with a boy's alert and insatiable curiosity. Some of us too quickly forget, and do not soon enough remember again, that a boy is as hungry for sights and sounds as he is for beefsteak and batter-cakes. But this boy has reasons for being wide-awake and watchful that the fellows near him, who are leaning lazily against the rail and chatting about the last night's play, have not. He is in a foreign land. The great ships and steamers are not strange to him, for he has seen them often at the wharves of his own city; but multitudes of queer little tugs and fleets of unfamiliar craft are plying hither and thither, puffing and coughing and snorting as they go; while the massive ferry-boats, with their decks black with passengers, and the great white river steamers, and the long, low docks and the great grain-elevators there in front, and the towering piles of architecture in the great city behind, all make a picture that this boy is doing his best to see in the ten minutes permitted him by the swiftly crossing boat. He thinks it the fairest picture he has ever seen—this wide, quiet river, lying so calm under all this moving to and fro, the silent burden-bearer of so much noisy traffic, giving back the

greeting of the bright December sun with smile as bright as if it had never known trouble or turmoil; this brave old river holding on its course serenely between those two great roaring cities; with the titanic masonry of the Palisades above these on the left, and the lovely slopes and groves of Riverside Park on the right; and, far away to the southward, the heights of Staten Island; and he turns, with a look of regret, when the boat bumps against the tough timbers of the slip, and, grasping his travelling bag, is hurried along with the crowd over the clattering chains, and past the creaking windlass of the bridge upon the pier. Showing his railway ticket to a policeman, he is pointed through a gateway to the waiting train, and soon he is whisked through the purlieus of a town, and whistled through the heart of a hill, out of which the train goes flying over a wide expanse of salt marshes, which make him think of home; and so, before he knows it, his head drops upon the window-pane, and the tears come into his eyes.

No. He is not a baby-boy at all; he is just as plucky a little German as ever stood on two legs. Wait and get acquainted with him, and you will see. If any boy of my acquaintance shows clear grit, Emil Keller is the boy. If you had been in his place you would have cried a little, too, if you could have done it quietly, and not been caught at it. If you would not, I wouldn't give much for you.

It is not many minutes, however, before Emil lifts up his head quickly and proudly, and dashes the tear from his cheek, and glances slyly around to see if anyone has observed him. A gentle-faced lady is in the seat behind him, and is not looking at him now; but he is sure that she has been watching him, and she only withdrew her gaze when he turned about; for her look is compassionate, and in her eyes there is a trace of moisture. Emil sits upright and looks out of the window; he does not want any pity; but, somehow, it has comforted him to look into that lady's face; she has not offered him any sympathy, but he feels sure that she is sorry for him, and would be glad, if she could, to help him bear his trouble. He wonders how far she may be going on the train. Is he likely to find many faces as kind as hers in this strange land? Will she speak to him? He begins to wish that she would. Perhaps she might give him good counsel. Perhaps she could aid him in finding a home. As soon as he can, without seeming inquisitive, he turns his eyes back toward again, and this time meets the look of the kind lady searching his own face. Emil knows that he is not mistaken. The delicate sympathy, the tender solicitude, the readiness to help are all there. No words could have made it half so plain. No one but his mother ever looked upon him with such eyes as those. His mother! That thought is too much for him; and once more he leans up against the car-window, and hides his face.

Meantime the gentle lady has been studying him, with eyes anointed by compassion, and she has made up her mind that she cannot be mistaken. A good lad, innocent but manly, alone and sorrowful. Not an American; the face shows that; the plain, but clean attire, in cut and seam also discloses its foreign manufacture. Almost certainly he needs a friend, and that

last wistful look seems to mean that he wants one. She will find out.

"Would you like to look at the pictures?" she says, as she hands him a copy of the new magazine.

"You are very kind."

That is pretty good English, far better than the curt and haughty "Thanks!" which is all that Americans of the present generation find time to say.

The bright pages fasten the boy's eyes for an hour or so; then he fixes upon one of the illustrated articles and tries to read. It is evident that he has some knowledge of English. By and by he returns the magazine to its owner with a bow and a smile.

"I thank you very much. You have beautiful books in your country," he ventures, blushing.

"Indeed we have," answered the lady. "Have you ever seen this one before?"

"Yes; I have seen one like it. Mine father has one sent him sometimes from America."

"Your father does not live in America, then?"

"Nein," answers Emil, winking hard, and crowding down the tremor in his voice. "Mine father lives not now any more; mine father was det one year ago almost."

"Oh! pardon me for bringing your trouble to your mind," answered the lady, gently.

"Nein; it is not you that bring it; it is I that spoke first his name." Emil will not let the kind lady blame herself; he knows that she is careful to spare him pain. And, lest she may again reprove herself unjustly, he determines to open his heart to her.

"It is not mine father only; it is mine mother too. That was hardest drooble. She was det one month ago."

"My poor boy!" cries the gentle lady, softly. "Are you all alone in the world?"

"Yes; I haf no fater, no mutter, no bruder, no schwester; I haf myself only."

Both are silent for a little; the lady does not wish to draw from this poor lad all the secret of his sorrow, and the boy's heart is too full to venture upon speech. Presently she asks him:

"Where was your home?"

"At Hamburg."

"In Germany?"

"Yes; Hamburg on the Elbe."

"Was it there that your mother died?"

"Yes; mine fater und mine mutter." "Have you any friends there—any kindred?"

"Nein; mine gross-mutter's bruder is dere, but he dinks of me nothing at all; he came to see my mutter when she was sick not one time; he will be blessed to hear that I am not dere any more."

"But where are you going now? Forgive me, my boy; I do not want you to tell me what I have no right to know. I would not be meddling—you understand?—but you have made me care for you, and desire to help you, if I can. I wish you would tell me all about yourself that you are willing to tell one who would like to be your friend."

The lady speaks so earnestly, and with such assurance of sincere sympathy, that Emil cannot doubt her. Perhaps he will be more skeptical when he is older; it is well for him now that he has not learned that bitter lesson; for this is a friend worthy of his

trust, and he would be the last if he should refuse to confide in her. If he pauses before answering, it is not because he is afraid to speak, but because the lady's kindness makes him so glad and happy that he cannot quickly find his voice.

"This is my name," adds the lady, as she hands Emil her card. "You speak English a little; can you not read it, also?"

"Yes, Madam. I can read it mooch besser as I can spick it," answers Emil. "And you are most kind, Frau Baker," he adds, blushing, as he reads the neatly engraved card. "My words are poor when I try to tell you how mooch help in your kindness already I find. My name is this;" and he takes from the side-pocket of his coat a little diary, on the fly-leaf of which is written in a round German hand, but in English letters, "Emil Lincoln Keller."

"Lincoln!" exclaimed Mrs. Baker. "You have the name of our great President."

"Ya wohl, Madam. Mine fater gave it me. He loved the Herr Lincoln, best of all men. He was often in Washington, when Herr Lincoln was there. Ya, he was there on the day when the—what you call—assassin killed him. Ach! It was a day of sorrow for mine fater. He oft told me the story."

"So your father once lived in this country?"

"Yes; he was a boy so young as me when first he came, five years before the great war was making; and his fater and mutter they were det, in three years; and then he was a soldier in the great war; and when the war was done he went back to Deutschland."

"Did he never return to America?"

"Nein; he came not. It was not possible. He was not to mine mutter married until he went back to Hamburg; mine gross-mutter she was old, and she was not willing that mine mutter shall come; so they wait, and when mine gross-mutter was det mine fater was sick, and so they come not at all."

"He would have come, then, if he could?"

"Ya wohl, Madam. It was in this land that his heart was at home. He was telling me always stories of this land; he was trying to teach me English. He was saying to me always: 'Emil, you shall to America go,' one day. And when he was sick he made mine mutter to him promise that after he is gone she shall to America come mit me. 'It is the best country for the boy,' he said. 'He shall find de friends and a home.' But when he was gone, mine mutter was sick, and every day she grew white and weak, and she cannot come mit me. But by her own hands, while she lay dere on the bed, she make all my clothes ready."

Poor Emil turned suddenly round in the seat and covered his face with his hands, and his sturdy little frame quivered with the intensity of his grief. It is some minutes before he can command himself to go on with his story.

"You will forgive me," he says, as he turned back again, and meet the tearful eyes of his new friend, "but the looks and the words of the mutter, so dear came back to me, and I could not hold still my heart."

"I know it, my boy. I wonder not," answers the lady, reassuringly.

"She made me all ready," Emil con-

found "and told me how to pack my clothing in the old box that was mine father's and she said to me: 'Dere is enough Emil, for one year, if you keep it in care:' and she told me where, in a little coffer, was money, long saved, to pay for her burial, and plenty left to buy my ticket to America, and something more to keep me, that I may not starve until I can find work to earn mine bread."

"But this is a wide, wide land, my lad. How do you know where to look for a home in it?"

"Mine mutter told me that I shall go to the town that was the home of mine fater. It is dere I will go to-day."

"What town is that?"

Emil produced his railroad ticket. "Ah!" cried the lady, with a brightening face, "Onantico!" Then, after a moment's pause: "Do you know the name of any one in Onantico?"

"Nein, M' d'm. Mine fater often was speaking the names of the good men in Onantico; but I haf them not any longer in my thoughts. I fear that I shall find not many who will remember mine fater; it is now dre and twenty years when he went away to the way, and he was not after wards many days in Onantico."

"Perhaps not," answers Mrs. Baker; but that is the one place of all places to which I would have you go. I know a good man there; he is the husband of my sister; he will surely be a friend to you. I will give you a letter which you shall carry to him." And the lady takes from her pocket a little tablet and a telegraph, and writes a note which she folds, then addresses it to Mr. Charles F. Holden, 75 Front St., Onantico, and hands it to Emil.

"Take this note," she says, "and give it to Mr. Holden this very afternoon. You will reach Onantico about two o'clock. Any one will show you the way to his office. Tell him all your story. He will find it all out himself. I know him. You will not want to keep anything from him. Perhaps he knew your father. He was in the war."

"Of my heart, Frau Baker," cries Emil, "I thank you. You haf made me more happy as I ever hoped to. Mine mutter prayed to the good God that he would keep me and watch me over, and I know that he has sent you to me."

"I hope so," says Mrs. Baker, smiling. "It is good to go on his errands. I would like to be always ready."

All this time the train had been speeding on through beautiful suburbs and lovely valleys, making few stops and leaving the noisy centres far behind. The little pilgrim journeying along, by faith, into a far country in search of a home, and the generous woman whose heart has been so deeply enlisted in the strange story to which she has been listening, have both been so absorbed in the subjects of which they have been communing, that the sights without the car and the movements within have been like the scenery of a dream. Now the boy turns quietly around, in chaise seat, places the precious letter carefully in his diary, and leans against the window. His heart is full of quiet content, and joyful expectation. A great burden of doubt and anxiety has been lifted from his spirit. He leans upon the goodness of the guardian angel who so strangely appeared to him in

the way for his guidance and help, and his faith in the God to whom his mother commended him in her dying prayer is very strong. The relief from the anxiety that has never departed from his heart for an hour since his mother died, is so great that every muscle of his body seems to relax its tension, and he leans his head against the window and drops into a sleep, the most peaceful and natural that he has had for many a day.

At length the hand of his benefactor is gently laid on his shoulder.

"I am sorry to awaken you," she says; "but we shall soon be at Weston, which is my home; and I wanted to ask you, before we part, to write me a letter soon, and let me know how you are getting on."

"Ya wohl, allerdings," answers Emil eagerly. "Most sure y will. Ach! that I slept! It is not a good way to make you see how grateful and happy I haf been made by you."

"Indeed, it is the very best way," answers Mrs. Baker. "I saw by the smile upon your face that your heart was at rest, and it made me more glad than anything you could have said to me."

"Oh! it was a dream! *selbst schon!* most lovely!" says Emil, smiling. "It was mine fater who at the *Bahnhof*—what is it in the English 'station'?" suggested Mrs. Baker.

"Ya! At the station, not me, and was leading me to Herr—what is the name?—Holden; and then I waked."

"You will find Mr. Holden easily," answers Mrs. Baker. "And you will write and tell me what he says to you. I shall sometimes visit my sister at Onantico, and I shall want to see you then. I shall think of you very often; and I hope you will not forget me."

"Nein; forget you I cannot; I shall not; I must not," cries Emil, passionately, struggling with the English auxiliaries. "And I shall wish to see you many times before ever you will come to Onantico."

There is a long whistle from the locomotive, and the train soon slackens its speed for the Weston Station.

"Good-by, Emil," says the kind lady cheerily, giving him her hand. "It is almost noon. You will be in Onantico in two hours. You are a good lad, and I know you will find friends and a home."

The boy cannot speak, but his look of gratitude is far more eloquent than words. His eyes follow her to the door; she waves her hand in another farewell from the platform of the station; and soon the train pushes on and he is once more alone.

(Concluded in our next)

GIVE ME BACK MY HUSBAND.

Not many years since a young married couple from the far "fast, frothy, and" sought our shores, with the most genuine anticipations of prosperity and happiness. They had begun to realize more than they had seen in the visions of hope when in an evil hour the husband was tempted to look upon the wine when it is red, and to taste of it "when it gives colour to the cup." The charming faculty spread its victim all the sorpest spells of its sorcery, and he fell, and at every step of his degradation from the man to the brute, and downward,

a heart-string broke in the bosom of his companion. Finally, with the last spark of hope flickering on the altar of her heart, she threaded her way into one of those shambles where man is made such a thing as brasts of the field would bellow at. She pressed her way through the bacchanalian crowd who were reveling in their own ruin. With her bosom full of that "perilous stuff that prays upon the heart," she stood before the panderer of her husband's destiny, and exclaimed in tones of startling anguish, "Give me back my husband!" "That's your husband," said the man. "That my husband! What have you done to that noble form that once, like the giant oak, held its protecting shade over the fragile vine that clung to it for support and shelter? That my husband! With what torpid chill have you touched the sinews of that noble brow, which he once wore high among his fellows, as if it bore the superscription of the Godhead? That my husband! What have you done to that eye, which he was wont to erect to heaven, and see in its mirror the image of his God? What Egyptian drug have you poured into his veins, and turned the fountains of his head into black and burning pitch? Give me back my husband! Undo your basilisk spells, and give me back the man that stood with me beside the altar." — *Edgar, Burville's Sparks from the Anvil.*

DEAR AT HALF PRICE.

How often we have felt in our inmost hearts, and yet how we have hated to acknowledge, it, that the pleasure for which we sacrificed so much would have been dear at half price! We were so anxious to go on that excursion, so willing to be beguiled from the path of duty, so ready to brush aside every obstacle that stood in the way, and after all it yielded so little pleasure and proved so profitless an affair!

Franklin is not the only one who has paid too dear for a whistle. Every day, if ye are at all thoughtful or observing, we discover some flaw in the toys for which we have spent considerable money. The jewels we thought to be diamonds turn out to be paste. What we fancied pure metal is nothing but plated ware. The fine scheme which allured us bursts like the bubble it was. We are deceived and cheated at every turn. The coveted joy shines brightly in the distance, and has for us a fictitious value. We estimate it too highly, and realize—perhaps too late—that it would have been dear at half price.

A glass of wine, a cheap amusement—how little they cost in dollars and cents! But, O! how many can look back and trace their downfall from their indulgence in that which was dear at half price!

Chesapeake is not always a recommendation. The cheap never may spoil the party of the soul. It is dangerous to handle. Cheap drugs are worthless, cheap help is generally poor help. If we pay regard to the quality of our amusements and our associates, we shall learn how to discriminate between good and evil, we shall elevate our taste, and find fewer occasions to bewail our having been betrayed into appropriating anything dear at half price.—*Glassmate.*

GOING TO SCHOOL.

SEE the little children, running, running, down the long hill side to the village school. With slow, reluctant feet, and almost unwilling to end glad summer with the stern rule of tasks and hours, and waste October weather Pent up in irksome study all together.

I see the little children, running, running. When school is over, to resume their play. Or in the late sweet warmth of twilight, strolling. Their little discontented away, "How long will it be grown up, so they are saying." "And now study, but it's always playing!"

Ah, foolish little children! if you knew it, grown folks must study, just as children must practise at school, or else they rust. And learn a harder lesson yet than you. Early they set to work, and toil all day; The school lets out too late for any play.

Their school room is the world, and life the master; A stern hard master he, and hard to please. Some of the brighter children study faster than on the others who are dull; and these, When they've reached, if they stand the test The master suffers to go home and rest.

But we must learn a lesson soon or later, And all must answer at the great review; Until at length the lost discouraged waiter has done his task, and read the lesson through, And with his swollen eyes and weary head, At last is told he may tie home to bed.

So little children, when you feel like crying That you are forced to learn to read and write, Think of the many harder lessons lying In the dim future which you deem so bright. Grown folks must study, even against their will; Be very glad that you are children still!

FISH THAT ARE CAUGHT WITHOUT BAIT.

On a bank by the side of a stream sat an old fisherman with a hideous countenance, but with a peculiarly knowing and cunning look in his eye. He knew the habits of the great variety of fishes in those waters, and constantly altered his bait to suit this, that, or the other variety. With rare precision he caught, with evident amusement, one species without bait, with merely the empty hook. "Supid fish! This old fisherman is the Evil One, the fishes are the children of Icen," the stream, this world in which we live. We all know that the bait with which he caught Eve was the promise that the fruit, besides being pleasant to the eye and taste, was also one "to make wise" the eaters of it.

We also know the baits he vainly offered to Him who wandered forty days in the wilderness, and how many of earth's children he has, with bitter success, caught by his promises of riches, power, and ease.

But what promise does he make the swearer? Does he make him believe it will add one unit to his stature, one day to his length of life? Does he urge that swearing will add one penny to his possessions? That it will make people think more highly of him, give him influence in society? Certainly not. He flings out the naked hook, and grins with malignant as the stupid fish eagerly catches at it.

If ever you think of uttering a profane word, remember that the swearer bites a naked hook.

BEHOLD I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK.

LORD JESUS, thou art standing;
Outside the fast closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er;
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear;
Oh shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep him standing there.

Lord Jesus, thou art knocking,
And I that hand is scarred,
And thorns thy brow encircle,
And tears thy face have marred,
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
"sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate.

Lord Jesus, thou art pleading,
In accents sweet and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will you treat me so!"
Dear Lord, with shame and sorrow,
We open now the door;
O Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 4, 1886.

REMEMBER
THE
S. S. AID COLLECTION
ON
REVIEW SUNDAY,
SEPTEMBER 26.

This collection, it will be remembered, is ordered by the General Conference to be taken up in each and every Sunday-school in the Methodist Church, and the Review Sunday in September is recommended as the best time for taking it up. This fund is increasing in usefulness, and does a very large amount of good. Almost all the schools comply with the Discipline in taking it up. In a few cases, however, it is neglected. It is very desirable that every school should fall into line. Even schools so poor as to need help themselves are required to comply with the Discipline in this respect to be entitled to receive aid from the fund. Superintendents of circuits and Superintendents of schools will kindly see that in every case the col-

lection is taken up. It should, when taken up, be given in charge of the Superintendent of the circuit, to be forwarded to the District Financial Secretaries, who shall transmit the same to the Conference Sunday-school Secretary, who shall in turn remit to Warring Kennedy, Esq., Toronto, the lay treasurer of the fund. (See Discipline, §§ 354-356)

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

We give extracts from a few out of several hundreds of letters received by the Secretary of the Sunday school Board, showing the nature of the work the S. S. Aid and Extension Fund is doing.

A missionary in British Columbia writes: Yesterday our new church was dedicated, and we praise the Lord it is free of debt. It will seat from one hundred to one hundred and fifty, and cost about \$12,000. After the service I called a meeting of those interested in S. S. work, and we appointed a superintendent and teachers who will go to work at once. Some were in favour of getting American S. S. papers; they said they could get the papers at very low rates through some society, and the papers would get here in time to have the lessons taken up on the regular appointed Sundays. I told them that I had already heard from you and that we could get better papers as a free grant, which offer they gladly accepted, and I am satisfied when once they get our own we will hear nothing more about American papers. It would help our papers in this country if they could be sent out earlier, so as to get here in time to take up the regular lesson on the appointed date. (The newly opened O. P. R. will make this possible.) I look upon it as a matter of great importance that our young people,—and all young people,—and children that we can reach, should read our S. S. papers. There is no work that tells like S. S. work on young minds.

A minister in Nova Scotia writes: Our people are making a big effort to have a Methodist Sunday-school, so please help us as much as you can; as Methodists we are struggling for an existence; our people are very poor; we live in an isolated part of the Province, forty miles from rail or boat.

A missionary in Newfoundland writes: Enclosed please find \$1.50, which is all the money we can raise this spring; times were never worse in this country. We should like to continue the same number of *Berean Leaves*, but I suppose we shall have to dispense with the papers until we can send a larger remittance.

Another missionary in Newfoundland writes: We are a weak, struggling cause, trying to establish a work for God under great disadvantages. But thank God He is for us, and the S. S. Board is going to help us.

A lady in Muskoka writes: In our vicinity there is no place of worship but the _____, and it don't seem to take here. There are about twenty-five little ones running the fields and woods on Sunday; all the neighbors around wish for one to be started, but just now money is very scarce, and as I saw in the *Guardian* of your Aid Society, I thought I would venture to ask help from it. I believe if we can get it started many will be able to help us in the fall. If ever a Sunday-school was needed anywhere

it's here, and at present we cannot do it without help. We can get it from either the Presbyterian or English Church, but our home is the Methodist Church, and we would much rather see it established than any else if possible, and we are praying that great and good results shall follow. The dance is becoming very prevalent around us; the Roman Catholic priest has been in around to make sure none of his goes astray, and we are as Methodists almost starving for the Bread of Life; please send it to us. We do all love Sunday-school; there are eleven of our own family. I am not able to attend on account of very ill health. As I lie in bed, I write you this on a shingle. I want to do something, and have chosen my husband as superintendent for the present.

A minister in Newfoundland writes: Owing to the unusually hard times I have not quite succeeded in raising the \$12 for Catalina. I hope, however, to do so by the end of this month; then will remit to you.

A missionary in British Columbia writes: This is a new settlement, in so far as any effort in this respect is concerned; a few have promised to take an interest in the work, and we hope to win the children for Jesus. Our papers we have found are admirably adapted to aid us in this, and as this is a needy case we trust the Board will endeavour to grant this request.

A superintendent in Muskoka writes: The S. S. papers you sent me for distribution in the lumber camps here have been well received, and I trust have been the means of doing some good. In the camp nearest to our schoolhouse, where we hold our S. S. and preaching services, there have been about seventy Roman Catholics to six Protestants, quite a number of whom have regularly attended the S. S. and other services with evidence of some good result. Some collected the papers, sewed them into books, and quite a number have been mailed to their friends. In a few days the camps break up, and probably we shall see none of them any more in this life. May we meet above.

A missionary in Manitoba writes: There are a few families on this mission who are not able to subscribe for our S. S. papers through lack of finances, owing to frost last fall. I am asking for the real *bona fide* cases, when they are able I seek to have them subscribe. I have been aiming at putting our catechisms and S. S. papers into every family. I don't ask the papers longer than until the harvest will be assured, providing no frosts next fall. The people are very grateful for what they have already received from the fund,—it's amongst the most needed Church societies we have.



PARKER MERCHANT.

From Muskoka: Allow me to thank you warmly, both in behalf of the school and myself, for the papers. Our school is doing well, and we have a good attendance although the people are scattered, some having to walk over four miles through bad roads, and the greater part of the people are in straitened circumstances.

From Newfoundland again: I can assure you they have been of great good in our S. S. work here. Only our fishery for the past two years has been so very poor, the amount paid into the S. S. Aid and Extension Fund would have been much larger. We will do our best in the matter of the collection with increasing success.

A superintendent writes: On behalf of the teachers and children of our Sunday-school, allow me to thank you for the very kind assistance you have rendered us in the way of papers, lesson leaves, etc. We are progressing very favourably; our numbers are increasing, and the interest is growing. We hope, with God's blessing, to make it the means of much good. I desire to thank the ladies at Mr. Gooderham's for their kind _____ of books for our library.

A minister on an Indian mission writes: I have tried several times to start a Sunday-school, but have failed up till now, chiefly for want of a man to lead it. Hope we have a good man in Chief—. One great difficulty is to induce the Indian young people to read. Books are too heavy; would only lie in the church. I hope the bright S. S. papers may induce them to read some.



EASTERN MOURNERS.

THE SEA.

THE sea! the sea! the glorious sea!
What has the earth so fair,
Of hill or valley, grove or sea,
Which may with it compare?
O, I could sit for hours to look
Upon its wide expanse,
And read in its unwritten book
Fresh charms at every glance!

The sea! the sea! the solemn sea!
It has a voice for all,
And e'en to hearts of happiest glee
May sober thoughts recall.
To me it speaks of distant days,
Of vanished hopes and fears;
Who silently can o'er its gaze
With eyes undimmed by tears!

The sea! the sea! the changeless sea!
Of tears I take my leave;
It half recalls a smile from me
To think for what I grieve;
The hopes and fears I sorrowed o'er
Were hopes and fears of time;
Thou art the type of something more
Unchanging and sublime.
—Bernard Barton.

THE PARSEES.

ONE of the most important sects in India is the Parsees. They are worshippers of fire, and profess to be followers of Zoroaster, who founded the sect in Persia 2,090 years ago. He taught that the sun was to be worshipped as an emblem of God's power, and his followers now, in addition to the sun, worship fire, wells of water, spirits of the air, and so on, thus paying the honour to the elements of nature that is due to God only.

A Parsee believes that to extinguish fire is a great misfortune, on which account many are unwilling to snuff a candle or trim a lamp, lest they should put it out. If their house is on fire, they will lend no assistance to quench it, and sometimes not even allow others to do so. Each head of a family is bound to keep up a perpetual sacred fire in his dwelling. The principal hours of worship are at sunrise and sunset; and it is a painful sight to the Christian, as he takes his evening walk outside of a city in India, to see numbers of these people adoring the sun as he sets in the western sky.

In the city of Bombay there are 75,000 of these people, and interesting cases have occurred in which missionaries have successfully endeavoured to

lead them to adore him who is the true Father of Lights, and to trust in him who is the only Saviour of sinners. The Parsees are among the most intelligent, enterprising and cultured of the people of India. They are largely adopting European costumes and customs, and elegantly dressed Parsee ladies may be seen driving in their carriages at the fashionable hour on the Boulevards of Bombay.

It is perhaps in consequence of his belief that the Parsee is so careful in preventing the pollution of the other elements, and that after death his body is placed in an open tower, usually on some eminence, where it is devoured by vultures. These open sepulchres have been appropriately named the "Towers of Silence." In every Parsee dwelling-house there is an aperture in the upper or sleeping story, which is usually covered by grating; but when a member of a household dies, his body is placed on a bier and lowered through the aperture to the ground floor, where it is cared for by a set of priests called Neer-ser-sala, or death men. The death men have no contact with the world at large, and on no account are they admitted to the house, as their presence would pollute it. Hence it is that the body is lowered to them, in order to make their entrance unnecessary. A procession is then formed, the friends of the dead following the priests to the Towers of Silence, on Malabar Hill. Arriving at the entrance of the grounds, the body is taken in charge by another set of priests, with long beards, who carry it to whichever of the five towers may be selected by the last set of priests. The body is taken through an aperture in the wall of the tower and deposited on a grating. There are three sets of these, one for men, signifying good deeds, one for women, representing good words, and one for children, indicating good thoughts. The clothing is then removed and torn into pieces, after which it is thrown into another tower and the bodies exposed to the vultures. In a few minutes the birds have stripped all the flesh from the bones. Everything about the grounds is kept as neat as possible, and flowers grow in pretty gardens near the entrance. It is very curious that a religion, which otherwise contains so

much that is elevating, should countenance a mode of burial at once so unnatural and repulsive.—*Methodist Magazine for July*

THE SOWING AND THE REAPING.

THE harvests of a great portion of the world are now being gathered. Many months ago millions of acres were sown with seed. In due time it sprang up. The rains and the dews watered it, and the sun shone upon it. The blade and the stalks were formed, and the full-grown ear and ripened grain appeared in due time. And now the harvest-time has come, and hundreds of millions of bushels will be gathered into the garner.

In every field that was sown, whether in America, in Europe, or elsewhere on the globe, the kind of seed that was sown is gathered again. And so it is in all our sowing. If we sow the seeds of sin we shall reap sin and sorrow. "He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." He that soweth to the wind shall reap the whirlwind. But there are many who do not think so. They sow to evil habits, to drunkenness, to profanity, to falsehood, to many other vices and sins, and expect somehow by and by to reap harvests of purity and blessedness. There can be no greater mistake. "Whoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" asked the Saviour in the sermon on the mount. Yet there are men planting thorn trees and sowing thistle-seed who think they shall gather these luscious fruits. "A good tree," said Jesus, "can not bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit."

What are you sowing to-day? Have you filled your hand with the seed of the thistle,—with the seed of anger, hate, falsehood, bitter words, evil passions and habits,—or are you scattering the seeds of love of gentleness, of forbearance, of purity, of sweetness, of noble thoughts and deeds? The harvest will be by and by.—*Children's Friend.*

"HE FIRST FINDETH HIS OWN BROTHER SIMON."

Andrew had found the Lord Jesus, and was himself convinced of his Messiahship. But he was not satisfied to enjoy this now and blessed experience alone. As soon as he could, he sought out his brother Simon, and, telling him of his now found hopes, brought him to the Saviour. He, too, was speedily convinced, and, as we know, became one of the most earnest and useful members of the Apostolic company.

We may learn an important lesson from this. As soon as we have found Jesus, we should first seek out our own brothers, or others, that are dear to our hearts, and urge them to come to the Saviour too. It is this sort of personal work which our age is specially needing. We have gotten too much in the habit of depending on the minister, or upon the committee that may have been appointed to speak to the unconverted. We allow our timidity, or our fear of what others may say, to deter us from our manifest duty. We are too apt to content ourselves with selfishly enjoying the sweet experience into which we have come, and to shut our eyes to the danger and need of those who are still out of the ark of safety. Alas, that this should be so generally the case! Let us, like Andrew, first find our own brothers, and never rest satisfied until they too are followers of our Lord.

Since Jesus has found you, tell here the story,
That your loving Saviour is their Saviour too;
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory,
And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you.

EASTERN MOURNERS.

THE people of the East have a very demonstrative way of expressing their grief. Often a band of hired mourners are engaged for a funeral, and their wailings and lamentations are very distressing to hear. The picture shows a scene in India, but the same custom prevailed in Palestine, and many allusions are made to it in Scripture. It will be a good plan to turn to them and read what is said about the custom.

BETTER BE SURE THAN SORRY.

"BETTER be sure than sorry!" said a garden-worker, when his employer expressed a doubt whether it was necessary to cover a certain vegetation to protect it from the frost. "Better be sure than sorry!"

A man who is not sure is very likely to be sorry. He who takes things on trust will be quite likely to be cheated and disappointed at last. The business man who treads in uncertain paths, who is not sure of his course, is very likely to be sorry he has taken it.

Keep on the safe side. Be sure rather than sorry. Do not give yourself the benefit of every doubt. Be lenient to others' faults, but strict regarding your own. If there be an act, which in your own mind is doubtful or questionable in its character, take the course of wisdom and prudence. It would be a terrible thing to be mistaken in the final day; it is better to be sure than sorry at the judgment-seat of Christ.

ONE OF HIS LITTLE ONES.

"As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." (Isaiah 66: 13.)

DREAMY child, with the sorrowful eyes
Are you growing so early old and wise?
Softly the light of the evening glides
On your forehead, child.
But it surely is morning still with you;
Why will you play as others do?
See pussy looks as if she thought, too,
I was time you smiled.

As you stand there watching the setting sun,
You poor little lonely motherless one,
Are you so glad that the long day is done?
And you tired so soon?
Do you wait the touch of a tender hand,
And the loving eyes that could understand
All the visions your childish fancy planned
Morning, night, and noon?

From the old church-spire came the evening
time,
And up over the clouds the first stars climb;
God comforts his little ones all the time,
As a mother would.

His sunshine falls like a kiss on your face,
And the sound of the bells, that fill the
place,
Steals into your heart like a sweet embrace
Hardly understood.

He who cares for the wounded birds that
fall,
And clothes all the lilies both great and
small,
Watches over the children most of all
With a mother's love.

He counts the pain of the joys you miss,
And for every gladness you lose in this
he will give you some deep and sacred bliss
In the life above.

THE CONTRAST.

"He's such a little fellow!"
"Little or big, the boy's been steal-
ing, and prison's the place for thieves."
"I didn't mean to steal; I only
just took two rolls 'cause I was so
hungry," robbed the boy.

"But didn't you know it was wrong
to take them?" asked a gentleman
who was looking quietly on while the
constable grabbed little Jake Follows
by the collar and shook him till the
little fellow's teeth chattered in his
head. Perhaps they shook from cold
also, for the snow lay thick upon the
ground and roofs, and the old clothes
which covered him let the north wind
in through many a hole.

"Don't know," said the boy dogged-
ly; "can't starve."

"Why, he's Mr. Fellowes' boy,"
said the baker's wife, coming out of
the shop, "and she's lying dead and
cold in her grave. Sure he's welcome
to a bite from me any time. Ours'able,
let him go; I'll see that he's taken
care of." And the kind-hearted
woman took the frightened little fellow
away, to warm and comfort him as his
mother might have done.

But across the street stood another
miserable looking object, a man with
blear eyes and slouching gait, who only
a few years ago had held Jake, then a
fair little baby, in his arms, while the
baby's mother looked on with delight,
and thought of the time when her boy
would be as fine a fellow as his father.

Now she was dead, and her poor little
boy, with no one to care for him or
teach him any better, wandered about
the cold streets, and stole his breakfast
when he could not stand his hunger
any longer.

"Do you know what makes the
difference?" said the gentleman, who
had before spoken to his own two
warmly-dressed boys at his side.

"Drink," said one of them, with an
expression of contempt, "John Fel-
lowes is a regular old sot."

"Yes, but there was a time when he
was as fine and well-dressed a boy as
either of you. I went to the same
school with him, and there wasn't a
smarter fellow in the class. But he
thought it manly to smoke cigarettes
and to drink cider, and then, when
these were not strong enough, as he
grew older, cigars and jugs. After
he was married and had a boy of his
own, he couldn't make money enough
to support his wife and baby and pay
for smoking and drinking too; so he
first broke his wife's heart, and now
lets his boy go round the streets neg-
lected, while he gets more and more
worthless every day. Do you wonder
when I look round my pleasant home
and note the contrast, I am very un-
willing that my boys should learn to
smoke cigarettes or drink cider?"

MIND THE DOOR

Did you ever observe how strong a
street door is? How thick the wood
is—how heavy the chain is—what
large bolts it has—and what a lock!
If there were nothing of value in the
house, or no thieves outside, this would
not be needed; but as there are pre-
cious things within, and bad men with-
out, there is need that the door be
strong, and we must mind the door.

We have a house. Our hearts, dear
children, may be called that house.
Bad things are forever trying to come
in and go out of our hearts. I will
describe some of these bad things to
you.

Who is that at the door? Ah, I
know him; it is Anger! What a
frown there is on his face! How his
lips quiver! How fierce he looks! I
will hold the door, and not let him in,
or he will do me harm, and perhaps
some one else.

Who is that? It is Pride. How
haughty he seems! He looks down
on everything as if it were too mean
for his notice. Ah, wicked Pride! I
will hold the door fast and try and
keep you out.

Here is some one else. I am sure
from his sour look, his name is Ill
Temper. It will never do to let him
in, for if he can only sit down in the
house, he makes everyone unhappy,
and it will be hard to get him out
again. No, sir; we shall not let you
in, so you may go away.

Who is this? I must be Vanity
with his flaunting strut and gay clo-
thes. He is never so well pleased as
when he has a fine dress to wear, and is ad-
mired. You will not come in, my fine
fellow; we have too much to do to
attend to such folks as you. Mind the
door!

Here comes a stranger. By his
sleepy look and slow pace I think I
know him. It is Sloth. He would
like nothing better than to live in my
house, sleep or yawn the hours away,
and bring me to rage and ruin. No,
no, you idle drone, work is pleasure,
and I have too much to do. Go away,
you shall not come in.

But who is this? What a sweet
smile! What a kind face! She looks
like an angel. It is Love. How
happy she will make us if we ask her
in. Come in, come in; we must open
the door for you.

Others are coming. Good and bad
are crowding up. Oh, if men keep the
door of their hearts closed, bad thoughts
and bad words would not go in and out
as they do. Welcome to all things

good—war with all things bad. We
must mark well who come in, we must
be watchful and in earnest. Keep the
guard! Mind the door! — *Children's
Magazine*

THE BEST WAY TO MANAGE
FIRES ON THE FARM.

"A good way to manage fire on a
farm, say in the fields," remarks
Farmer Rosy Face, "is to put a lot of
men about the fire, with boughs in
their hands, and let 'em beat down the
flames wherever they're inclined to
spread. Of course, the old fire will
burn out for want of food."

"A good way in my way," says
Neighbour Solomon, "and that is to
plow a trench all about the fire where
who's a fire, and not let the fire cross
the trench."

"If it's a big fire, perhaps in the
woods or out on a prairie," says Sec-
retary Spectacles of the Agricultural
Society, "a good way is to start
another fire, and let one fire eat out
the other fire."

"I think the best way," says Mother
Rosy-Face, whose opinion nobody has
asked for, "the best way is not to let
'em start in the first place."

A very good suggestion, Mother
Rosy-Face. If people in this world
would not scratch the match starting
the fire there certainly would not be
any trouble flaming up toward the
sky and demanding extinction. There
is the terrible evil of intemperance, a
conflagration in the land. What shall
we do about it?

"Shut the drunkard up in a good,
strong cell," says Bonga, the police man.

"Treat the drunkard as one sick in
a hospital," cries Dr Philanthropy.

"Preach him a gospel of love," sug-
gests Parson Good-man.

Let us add that, whatever may be
done, see that the match is not lighted,
and the fiery trouble started down in
the lives of the young. And let all
the boys and girls write on their
banner, and wave it high, that good
old motto, "Touch not, taste not,
handle not."

THE HALF HOLIDAY.

It is satisfactory to see in some of
our great cities an earnest movement
for a general Saturday half holiday.
To many—very many—in the cities
there is no rest from work from early
Monday morning to late Saturday
evening. Pay is received on Satur-
day afternoon. The weary workman is
tempted to misuse his pay in the
drinking-saloon, to go to his home
drunk at night, to sleep over on Sun-
day, and to rob his family as well as
himself of all of the advantages of the
Lord's day. If there were a general
dismissal of clerk, mechanic and
others at Saturday noon, the tempta-
tion would be less to mispend money
and misuse Sunday. The holiday on
Saturday afternoon would take away
the necessity for late rising on Sunday
morning and would confer upon those
who desired it the boon not only of a
free Saturday afternoon, but of a Sat-
urday bath that could be happily and profit-
ably used, both for body and for
spirit. Many good men are pressing
earnestly the effort to secure such a
Saturday half holiday and some have
suggested that if the pay-day be
changed to some other day in the week
it will be still more for the advantage
of the labouring classes and their

families. In some large establishments
the pay-day has been changed from
Saturday to Friday for this very pur-
pose. So far as the public convenience,
purchases can just as well be made in
five and a half days as in six days,
and five and a half days of work from
honest, cheery, temperate men will
fully equal the amount now yielded
by six days. Ladies may help on this
good work by ceasing to demand atten-
tion in the shops on Saturday af-
noon. *Forward.*

THE MODERN MOLDIC

HERN a foe within our borders.
One of most malevolent might
On who, fiercer, lives the darkness,
Though oft in the light.
Crowds of every rank and station
Year by year become his prey;
What of that? He pays state tribute
Wise men therefore how to stay!

Talk of Juggernaut and Moloch!
Small would seem the whole amount
Of their victims, many-millions!
Matched with Allah's account,
Well may Heaven indignant look on,
Well may good men mourn to see
Such a hell-delighting record—
Such law-a-cio-ed misery.

SHIPWRECK CHARTS

Besides the lighthouse and life-
boats, the light-vessels, beacons, fog
signals and buoys, which the life-saving
service make use of to protect and
save those who "do business in great
waters," they have provided shipwreck-
charts showing where unfortunate
vessels have met with disaster, the
time of the year it took place, and, as
far as possible, the manner of its hap-
pening. These are said to be of in-
calculable advantage to mariners who
make an earnest study of them.

None of our readers, we trust, have
suffered shipwreck in body or har-
acter, but now that they have passed
the first stage of existence, childhood,
doubtless most of them can look back
and remember special dangers, trials
and temptations which beset that
childhood. You know, far better than
we older folks do—for we have partly
forgotten—what things did you harm,
where it was easiest, to do wrong and
what helped you on toward the right
paths. Close behind you young folks
comes the eager company of younger
folks—the dear little mariners who
are just launching their small boats to
follow in your wake. Oh, will you
not make charts for them of the rough
places you have just passed? If each
boy and girl, each young man and
young woman, will only select some
little one or ones and keep an eye upon
their rudders, turning them into this
course, warning them off from that,
how many lives you may brighten and
bleat and help! Then, when we au-
drop anchor in the far and blessed
haven, you may find some who would
have missed the way had it not been
your guiding. "And if one soul," said the
old saint, Samuel Rutherford—

"If one soul from Amarth
Meet me at God's right hand,
My heaven will be two heavens
In Immanuel's land."
—*Forward*

"Is your chum a close student?"
wrote a father to his son in college
"You bet he is, father," was the reply.
"You couldn't borrow a V of him if
you were in the last stages of starva-
tion."

THE BUILDERS.

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is or low:
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these,
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care,
Each minute and unseem part;
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house where God may dwell,
Beautiful, entire and clean.

Like our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

—Longfellow.

A CHURCH GOING HORSE.

A HORSE was once owned by a member of the writer's family who by his example preached a strong sermon upon faithful attendance at the public services of God's house. He had been a family favourite for many years; and when old age had rendered him unfit for work, he was tenderly cared for, given the best stall in the stable and allowed to roam at pleasure in the pasture. There was one duty, however, from which he did not consider himself excused even by the infirmities of old age. Whenever the church-bell sounded for morning service, the faithful creature left his pasture, walked sedately to church and took his accustomed place under the shed, where he stood quietly until the services were over. Then he turned his face homeward, and went back to his pasture with the air of a horse who was happy in the consciousness of duty performed.

THE "LION" SERMON.

THE annual discourse to which this singular title is given is delivered in the church of St. Katherine Cree, Leadenhall Street, in the month of October. It was originated under somewhat remarkable circumstances in the reign of James I or Charles I. At this time, Sir John Gayor, a wealthy merchant of London, and a great benefactor to the above-mentioned parish, in which he resided, undertook for commercial purposes a tour on the continent of Asia, then rather a formidable project. He met with many adventures, the record of which was probably destroyed by the great fire of London, but one is commemorated to this day. While separated from his companions in the desert of Arabia, Sir John was approached by a furious lion. When death seemed inevitable, he fell on his knees and prayed for succour, whereupon the huge beast, in-

stead of attacking him, stopped short, prowled round him, and finally trotted off without in the smallest degree injuring the praying knight. Upon his return to England, Sir John bequeathed £200 to his parish church, for the relief of the poor, on condition that a sermon should be preached yearly to commemorate the marvellous deliverance vouchsafed him by God.

THE NEW BOY.

THE new boy, when he first comes to college, has no idea of what is before him. He seems to think that he is to have a great deal of pleasure mixed in with his college work. He also feels very important; for it is very likely the first time he was ever away from home for any length of time, and still more likely the first time he ever had any amount of money given him to be expended as he may think fit. Nearly all of them try to talk and act like men of the world, and to do as if they were accustomed to do what they pleased at home. They talk in a swaggering way about the "old man" and the "old lady," which amounts to the greatest disrespect. Perhaps it is about the father who is almost denying himself the necessities of life that he may give his son a better education than he had himself; or it may be that mother whose tears and prayers for her son, that he may be safe, both physically and morally, are poured out daily before the Heavenly Father. Boys, never speak of your parents in a way that you would not be willing for them to hear you. Harm may not be meant, but think how it would grieve the kind father or the tender mother. This is not the case with all new boys; but still, all of them should remember the fifth commandment.—*Emory College Mirror.*

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

A. D. 30.] LESSON XI. [Sept. 12.

THE MISSION OF THE SPIRIT.

John 16. 5-20. Commit to mem. vs. 8-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He will guide you into all truth. John 16. 13.

OUTLINE

1. Sorrow, v. 5, 6.
2. Comfort, v. 7-15.
3. Hope, v. 16-20.

TIME, PLACE.—See Lesson VII.
EXPLANATIONS.—*The comforter*—See note on Holy Spirit. *Reprove the world*—Convince or convict the world. *Of judgment*—That God is just, and will be just in punishing him who rejects Christ. *Prince of this world*—The devil, Satan. *The Spirit of truth*—The Holy Spirit. *Shall receive of mine*—That take his commission and instructions from Christ. *A little while*—It was now very near the time when he was to be crucified. *Shall not see me*—He would be dead and buried. *Ye shall see me*—He would rise again from the dead. *The world shall rejoice*—The wicked generation that was plotting his death.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we shown—

1. The gift of the Holy Spirit?
2. The work of the Holy Spirit?
3. The hope of the true disciple?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Jesus promise to send to his followers after he should leave them? The Comforter. 2. Who is this Comforter? The Holy Spirit. 3. Of what does the Holy Spirit reprove the world? Of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment. 4. What does the GOLDEN TEXT tell us that the Holy

Spirit will do for believers? "He will," etc. 5. What did Jesus promise his disciples? That they should see him again.
DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Trinity.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

40. How did all things come into being? By the will of God; who created all things and brought all into their present order. In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.—Genesis i. 1. He spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast.—Psalm xxxiii. 9.

A. D. 30.] LESSON XII. [Sept. 19.

JESUS INTERCEDING.

John 17. 1-26. Commit to mem. vs. 20-24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He ever liveth to make intercession for them. Heb. 7. 25.

OUTLINE.

1. The Son, v. 1-5.
2. The Followers, v. 6-19.
3. The Believers, v. 20-26.

TIME, PLACE.—See Lesson VII.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Eternal life*. The Bible represents the sinner as dead. The gift of God was to be life in contrast to this death. *Manifested thy name*—Have shown thy character, and attributes, and power. *The words*—The teachings concerning the true nature of life and man's relation to God. *I am no more in the world*—He would be no more as a human body. *Keep them from the evil*—That is, make them superior to the power of temptation and sin. *Sanctify them*—Make them holy and more and more in character like God. *Thou Father art in me*—Jesus here asserts the unity of God in the person of the Father and the Son.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, do we learn—

1. The love of Christ for believers?
2. The union of Christ with believers?
3. The union of believers through Christ?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was Christ's prayer for himself to the Father? "Father, glorify thy Son." 2. For whom did Christ pray on the last night of his life? For all who should believe on him. 3. From what did he pray that they might be kept? From the evil one. 4. What did he ask for them? That they might all be one. 5. What is Jesus now doing in our behalf according to the GOLDEN TEXT? "He ever," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The interceding Saviour.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

47. Why did God create all things? For his own pleasure: to show forth his glory, and to give happiness to his creatures. Worthy art thou, our Lord and our God, to receive the glory and the honour and the power: for thou didst create all things, and because of thy will they were, and were created.—Revelation iv. 11.

It was a little Albany boy who could not tell what he wanted when he arrived at the corner store. Thought it was something about time. A fortnight or something of that sort. "Why, my little man, a fortnight is two weeks." "That's it," ejaculated the little messenger in high glee; "mamma told me to get two wicks—two lamp wicks."

A LITTLE girl who had a thoughtful Christian mother, overhearing her little brother saying his evening prayer in a careless manner, said to him, "Willie, if you do not mind how you pray, God will not hear you. You would not ask mamma for anything you really wanted in such a careless way."

THERE are men who, by long consulting only their own inclination, have forgotten that others have a claim to the same deference.

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