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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VII.]

TORONTO, MARCH 5, 1887.

[No. 5.]

The Second Time.

JESUS is coming again to earth,
Not as before in lowly birth;
The second time he will come as a king,
And royal equipage he will bring,
Come with his Father in glory bright
And hosts of angels arrayed in white.

And shall I see him? Yes, we are told
Every eye the King shall behold;
Some will meet him with joy supreme,
Some sink down and hide in shame.
Love him, my child, and his word obey,
You shall rejoice in that last great day;

And when the trumpet of God shall sound,
You with his saints shall then be found,
Ready to join in the glad array
Of that triumphant, rapturous day,
To walk with the blest the golden street
And cast your crown at Jesus' feet.

THE TRAVELLER'S TREE.

IN tropical countries, plants and trees grow in great luxuriance, and often take on quaint forms. In Madagascar, and some parts of the West Indies, a curious fan-shaped tree is found that bears the name of the Traveller's Tree. Long stalks grow on either side of the stem, and these stalks store up water for a considerable period. In the driest weather the precious liquid which is said to be pure and pleasant—can be had by piercing a stalk, about a quart being yielded by each. Travellers often resort to this very useful tree for the means of quenching thirst, and hence the name it bears.

WINNING A GOOD NAME.

"CHARLIE LESLIE," called out a farmer to a boy who was passing, "we are short of hands to-day. Couldn't you give us a turn at these pears? They must be off to market by to-morrow morning. If you will help me this afternoon, I'll pay you well."

"Not I," said Charley; "I'm off on a fishing-excursion. Can't leave my business to attend to other people's;" and with a laugh he walked on.

"That's what boys are good for now-a-days," growled the farmer. "These pears might rot on the trees, for all the help I could get from them. Time was when neighbours, men and boys both, were obliging to each other, and would help in a pinch and take no pay but 'Thank ye.' Lads now-a-



THE TRAVELLER'S TREE.

days are above work, if they haven't a whole jacket to their backs."

"Could I help you, Mr. Watson?" said a pleasant voice just then, as Fred Stacey appeared around the clump of lilac-bushes which had hid him from view. He had heard the conversation with Charley; and, as he was an obliging boy, he was sorry to see the farmer's fruit waste for want of hands to gather it. "I have nothing particular to do this afternoon, and would as lief work for you awhile as not."

"Might know it was you, Fred," said the farmer, well pleased. "I don't believe there's another boy about who would offer his services."

The matter was soon arranged, and Fred pulled off his jacket and went to work with a will, picking and assorting the fruit very carefully, to the great admiration of Mr. Watson.

"If that boy had to work for a living, I would engage him quick enough," he thought. "But he'll make his way in any business. One so obliging will make a host of friends

who will always be willing to lend a helping hand."

Fred would take no pay from the farmer, who he well knew was working hard to pay off his mortgage. But he did accept a basket of pears for his mother, as they were very excellent ones, and the farmer insisted so warmly on his taking them.

Ever after that Fred was sure of a good friend in farmer Watson, and one who was always ready to speak a word for him whenever his name was mentioned. Oh, if boys knew what golden capital this "good name" was, they would work hard to get it. Well did the wisest man say, it "is rather to be chosen than great riches." It has helped many a man to acquire riches. It is of great importance to a boy what the men of his place say of him. Never fancy they do not know you—that they have no interest in what you do. Every business-man sees and estimates the boys that pass before him at pretty nearly their own worth. Every man with sons of his own takes an interest in other men's sons. There is nothing like obliging ways to make friends of people and to lead them to speak well of you. That will be a stepping-stone to your success in life.

CRUELTY.

It is a cruel thing to send a boy out into the world untaught that alcohol in any form is fire, and will certainly burn him if he puts it into his stomach. It is a cruel thing to educate a boy in such a way that he has no adequate idea of the dangers that beset his path. It is a mean thing to send a boy out to take his place in society without understanding the relation of temperance to his own safety and prosperity and that of society. The national wealth goes into the ground. If we could only manage to bury it without having it pass thitherward in the form of a poisonous fluid through the inflamed bodies of our neighbours and friends, happy should we be. But this great abominable curse dominates the world. . . . The more thoroughly we can instruct the young concerning this dominating evil, the better will it be for them and for the world.

Six Little Feet on the Fender.

In my heart there liveth a picture
Of a kitchen rude and old,
Where the firelight tripped o'er the rafter,
And reddened the roof's brown mold,
Gilding the steam of the kettle,
That hummed on the foot-worn hearth,
Throughout all the livelong evening,
Its measure of drowsy mirth.

Because of the three light shadows
That frescoed that rude old room—
Because of the voices echoed
Up 'mid the rafters' gloom—
Because of the feet on the fender,
Six restless, white little feet—
The thoughts of that dear old kitchen
Are to me so fresh and sweet.

When the first dash at the window
Told of the coming rain,
Oh, where are the fair young faces
That crowded against the pane?
While bits of firelight stealing,
Their dimpled cheeks between,
Went struggling out in darkness,
In shreds of silver sheen.

Two of the feet grew weary,
One dreary, dismal day,
And we tied them with snow-white ribbons,
Leaving them by the way;
There was fresh clay on the fender,
That dreary, wintry night,
For the four little feet had tracked it
From the grave on the bright lull's height.

Oh, why, on this darksome evening,
This evening of rain and sleet,
Rest my feet all alone on the hearthstone?
Oh, where are those other feet?
Are they treading the pathway of virtue,
That will bring us together above;
Or have they made steps that will dampen
A sister's tireless love?

THE ROYAL PRINCESS.

A GOOD mother, not long ago, anxious to train her little daughter in domestic duties, gave her instructions to sweep and dust her own chamber, and knowing that "the hope of reward sweetens labour," said to the child—

"If she will come to me after her work is done I will show her a picture."

The little bedroom was at length put to rights, and Emma came to her mother, reminding her of her promise about the picture.

"What do you see, my child?" her mother asked, as she laid the picture before her daughter.

"I see a young girl with her dress fastened up, an apron on, and a broom in her hand."

"Can you tell me what kind of a place she is in?"

"I do not know. There are walls and arches of stone, and a bare stone floor. I do not think it can be a pleasant place."

"No, it is not. It is a prison, and the young girl is a king's daughter."

"A king's daughter!"

"Yes; and her story is a very sad one."

"Please tell me about her."

"More than eighty years ago the King of France was Louis XVI. and his wife was Marie Antoinette. They were not a wicked king and queen, but they were thoughtless and fond of pleasure. They forgot that it was their duty to look after the good of their people, so they spent money extravagantly in their own pleasures

while the whole nation was suffering. The people became dissatisfied; and when finally Louis and Marie Antoinette saw the mistake they had been making, and tried to change their conduct, it was too late. The people, urged on by bad leaders, learned to hate their king and queen. They were taken with their two children and the sister of the king and shut up in a prison called the Temple.

"There were dreadful times in France then, and every one who was suspected of being friendly to the royal family was sent to prison and to the guillotine. The prisoners in the Temple passed the time as best they could. The king gave lessons to his son and daughter every day, or read to them all, while Marie Antoinette, Madame Elizabeth, and the young Maria Theresa sewed.

"After a time the angry people took away the king and beheaded him, and shortly after the little son was separated from his mother, sister, and aunt, and shut up by himself in the charge of a cruel gaoler. Next it was Marie Antoinette's turn to ascend the scaffold, which she did in 1793. Her daughter Maria Theresa was then left alone with her aunt, the Madame Elizabeth.

"But it was not long she was allowed even this companionship. Madame Elizabeth was taken away and beheaded, and then the poor young girl of fifteen was left alone in a dismal prison, guarded by brutal soldiers. For a year and a half she lived thus, leading the most wretched existence, and not knowing whether her mother and aunt were alive or dead.

"Years afterward, when she was free, she wrote a book about her life in prison. In that we read: 'I only asked for the simple necessities of life, and these were often harshly refused me. I was, however, enabled to keep myself clean. I had at least soap and water, and I swept out my room every day.'

"Is that a true story, mamma?"

"Yes, Emma, every word of it; and there is much, much more that I cannot tell you now."

"What became of her at last?"

"She was finally released from prison, and sent to Austria to her mother's friends; but it was a full year after she reached Vienna before she smiled, and though she lived to be more than seventy years old, she never forgot the terrible sufferings of her prison life.

"But, my child, what I wished to teach you is, that though it is sometimes very pleasant to be a princess, it may be most unfortunate at other times. Yet there are no circumstances in life, either high or low, in which a woman will find the knowledge of domestic duties to come amiss, and in which she will not be far happier and more useful for possessing that knowledge.

Little children do not always comprehend everything at once; so I will not say that from that time forth

Emma took delight in dusting and sweeping. But, my little readers, bear in mind that that woman is the most quietly—not the one who is most ignorant and the most burdensome to others, but the one who is wisest in small things as well as great—who uses her wisdom and her strength for the benefit of those around her, shrinking from no duty that she should perform, but doing it cheerfully and well.—*E. B. Duffey.*

AN EXCITED FOREIGNER.

A PARTY of Frenchmen who were out sailing were caught in a sudden squall and compelled to stay overnight at one of the small hotels at Rock-away Beach. One of them, a late arrival, was greatly exercised over the discomforts of the place, and complained bitterly about the lack of elegance in the fittings and inadequacy of the supper to satisfy a refined palate. A member of a fishing club, who had been out crabbing, courteously gave up his room to the foreigner, and shared the bed of one of his companions; but in vacating the apartment he left behind his fishing-tackle and a basketful of the crabs he had caught.

The Frenchman sought the chamber rather late, and retired at once. During the night he awoke and fancied he heard a noise that was not the murmur of the surf on the beach beneath his window. He sat up and listened. Yes, he was sure of it then. A strange, scratching sound, and in a moment he was out of his bed, for it came from the floor underneath his feet, and from different parts of it, too. In a fright he groped for his matches and struck a light. Then with a yell he made for the door. The basket in the corner had upset, and the released crabs were straggling about all over the floor. In the gloom the frightened foreigner could hardly make out the appearance of the odd-looking creatures, and he never stopped to investigate.

It was midnight, and a few stragglers were going out of the office down-stairs, when he burst into it in brief apparel, "Zee proprie-ataire!" he shouted. "Show to me zee proprie-ataire?"

"What's wrong, sir?" asked that gentleman, coming forward.

"Wrong, sare?" cried the other. "Every sing is wrong! Zees is one situation diabolique! I cannot of zee souper eat. I cannot of zee beer drink. I asked for my chambre, and you show him to me. Zee bed so hard is I cannot upon him sleep. Zee peelow so small is I lose heem in one moment. But I no mind zat. I try to myself compose, zen zere is one seretch, seretch, seretch, and one clack, clack, all zee chambre over. Zee candel I been illumine. Ciel! What you tink I see? Boogs, zare, monstair boogs. Beeg as my head. Go zare. Take zee chambre. I do not heem no

more want. Zere is not room in heem for me and three or four boog like zat."—*Exchange.*

DOMESTIC TRAINING FOR GIRLS.

NOTHING is more significant of the social condition of a people than the training of its girls in domestic life. In Germany the daughters of the nobleman, of the prince, and of the small shop-keeper learn alike to cook, to sweep, and to keep house. After the training in books is over, Fraulein Lena and her Royal Highness Princess Sophie both begin this home education.

There are establishments where they are taken by the year, as in a boarding-school. In one month they wash dishes and polish glass and silver; in another they cook meats; in another bake; in the next "lay down" meat for winter use, or preserve fruit, make jellies and pickles, sweep and dust. Plain sewing, darning, and the care of linen are also taught and taught thoroughly. The German "betrothed" is thus almost always a thorough housekeeper, and spends the time before marriage in laying in enormous stores of provisions and napery for her future home.

In France a girl begins at twelve years of age to take part in the household interests. Being her mother's constant companion, she learns the system of close, rigid economy which prevails in all French families. If there be but two sticks of wood burning on the hearth, they are pulled apart when the family leave the room, even for a half-hour, and the brands are saved.

English girls of the educated classes seldom equal the German and French in culinary arts, but they are early taught to share in the care of the poor around them. They teach in the village school or they have industrial classes; they have some hobby—such as drawing, riding, or animals—to occupy their spare time with pleasure or profit.

These facts are for the girls. They can draw the lesson for themselves.—*Selected.*

MARK THE DIFFERENCE.

THE baker exchanges his bread for money; the bread is the staff of life. The butcher's meat invigorates the body and sustains life. The grocer sells his goods that he may be benefited. The merchant's goods shield the body from the wintry blasts. All these are necessary. But what of the saloon-keeper's merchandise? The very angels of the bottomless pit stand aghast at the awfulness of the misery which the traffic engenders. His business is a curse to the community and death to every one who touches it. Discourage it. Work against it in every possible way.

WHAT is sadder in our reflection, and yet what more frequent, than our unconscious farewells?

The Homestead Kitchen.

How bright and warm a place it was,
That quaint dear kitchen old,
Where burning logs defied the frost -
The breath of winter cold.

The tall clock from the corner dim
The nightly silence broke,
In tolling off the passing hours
With slow and measured stroke.

The apples quartered and festooned
On strings were hanging high,
And ears of golden corn were hung
Around the fire to dry.

'Twas there the busy mother made
Her doughnuts, pies, and cakes;
'Twas there she put her bread to rise,
And watched it brown and bake.

'Twas there the spinning wheel was heard
From early morn till night;
For there dear grandma spun and reeled
The fleecy wool so white.

A pretty picture grandma made,
With snow-white hair and cap,
When, weary with her work at times,
Her hands lay in her lap.

She dreamed, no doubt, of bygone days,
When life was new and sweet;
She doubtless heard the patter, too,
Of many little feet.

And now and then the children came
To her with griefs and joys;
And now and then she kissed and rocked
The baby girls and boys.

The sunbeams played upon the wall
And danced upon the floor,
And lay in threads of golden light
From crabs around the door.

No longer swing those hinges now,
No merry children play,
No buzz of spinning-wheel is heard
Throughout the livelong day.

For restless time has closed the door—
Has locked and barred it fast—
And only to the memory come
These visions of the past.

For as the winter snow falls soft,
It brings to mind at times
The pleasant scenes of long ago,
Like sweet low-whispered rhymes.

Ye feathery flakes that drift around
That dear beloved place,
Tell to that kitchen, changing time
Can ne'er its joys efface.

**THE MISSIONARY SKIFF,
"MESSENGER."**

REV. J. CALVERT.

We have heard a great deal about the mission boat *Glad Tidings*, and the children of our Sunday-schools have done nobly in helping to build and in sustaining her in her work. All honour to them for their help and sympathy. I am sure that the missionaries on the Pacific Coast think of the kindness of the children of Ontario, and thank God that through their instrumentality they are enabled to pursue far more successfully the work they love so well; and I cannot help thinking that the Indians sometimes think of the children who have been instrumental in sending them the gospel, and I fancy that in the Indian's prayers those children are remembered.

But I remember once being connec-

ted with another missionary craft, a tiny little boat belonging to the Methodist Church of Port Chalmers, Otago, New Zealand, employed in taking the minister of Port Chalmers to his appointments at Broad Bay and Deborah's Bay. She was acknowledged to be one of the cleanest, prettiest, and fastest skills in the harbour, and was an imposing sight, when under full sail, on a bright summer's afternoon scudding before a "six knot breeze," or gently pushing her way through under the measured strokes of her sturdy crew, as they willingly plied oars and paddles, and brought *The Messenger* to time by sheer muscular force.

Well do we remember some of those journeys, sometimes so pleasant and sometimes so dangerous. Sometimes the route lay among hidden, sunken rocks; sometimes among large beds of sand, with scarcely enough water to float the tiny craft. The rocks were always the worst, and were considered to be very dangerous when the water above them was rough and "choppy." Under these circumstances, scarcely a word was spoken until the passage was made, when all hands seemed to breathe more freely, and to feel devoutly thankful to Almighty God for the safe deliverance just granted.

The writer will never forget his first passage through the "Upper Channel," as this rocky route was called. It was night. We had been over to Broad Bay with Rev. W—K—, and while over there a stiff "sou'-wester" had sprung up, the waves were getting higher and higher, the channel was rough and angry, the night was dark, the wind had increased almost to a gale, and nothing seemed to be in our favour, save the fact that "home" lay at the end of the journey. Two "old salts" were along, and they resolved to "put off" and try it. With a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull both together, they quickly brought the little boat to the channel in question, and by skilful management kept her from striking those fatal, treacherous rocks. Oh how thankful we were for this deliverance from what might have been instantaneous death.

Other journeys—voyages—have more pleasant recollections, and a fair wind and smooth sea are among the lingering impressions of the past.

Every Lord's day *The Messenger* does her part towards taking the Gospel to all mankind. Nobly she plows the waters of Otago Harbour, bearing precious freight, and many who are to-day enjoying the advantages of a "preached Gospel," may thank the kind friends whose subscriptions placed *The Messenger* at the disposal of the Church, and Sabbath after Sabbath forsake the comforts of home and push their way across the watery waste in order that the Word may be made plain among the settlers in other parts of their fair and lovely land.

Fenella, Ont.

MUCH DISTURBED.

SOLITUDE is better than company—when the company is too big. A baggage master on the Pennsylvania Railroad fully realized this fact. He had a travelling companion a little while the other day, but found there was too much of him. It was a small elephant belonging to a menagerie.

The elephant rode a short distance as quietly as could be asked of any well disposed member of his species; but soon the confinement grew tiresome, and he looked around for some means of amusement. While he was preparing for business the car had been gradually growing warmer; and with a view of reducing the temperature Harry, the baggage master, opened the stove-door. There was a chance for investigation of which the animal was quick to avail himself; and before the baggage-master could interpose any objections he had reached for the burning coals. He held them for about one second, when with a howl of agony he threw them on the floor and executed such a war-dance as Harry hopes never to see again. Papers and bundles flew in every direction through the car, baggage was tumbled about, and even the bale of hay which had been given him as provender was torn apart and scattered over everything. The baggage-master gained the farthest accessible point from the beast, and, intrenching himself behind some heavy baggage, shouted lustily for help. Fortunately the keeper was near by and answered his call. The elephant was prodded back into subjection, and apparent peace once more reigned. But there was blood in the elephant's eye; and as Harry for a moment turned his back on a basin of water which he had just filled with a view of washing off the traces of the excitement, the animal thrust his trunk into the water and sucked the basin dry. Then, as Harry turned around, with a snort he squirted it all over his face and body. That ended the battle; and the baggage-master was not left with spirit enough to dispute the victory. He has seen enough of elephants.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

HOW TOWER-CLOCKS ARE WOUND.

THE oldest tower-clock in New York is in St. Paul's steeple. It was made in 1778, by John Thwait, of London. The clock in St. John's Church was put in the tower in 1812. The Trinity clock was put in its lofty station, two hundred feet from the pavement, in 1846, by James Rogers. In dry weather this clock runs well; but in damp, chilly weather it sometimes stops, owing to the precipitation of moisture on the wheels. Originally two men were required to wind it, each of the three fifteen-hundred-pound weights having to be lifted over fifty feet. Some time ago the winding-gear was changed, so that one man can now wind it.

Describing the operations of winding the clock-keeper said, "The crank is about twenty inches long; and when I turn it around I make a sweep of thirty inches. It's a good deal harder than turning a grindstone; but the machine has a ratchet, so that I can stop and rest when I want to. The crank has to be turned seven hundred and fifty times to turn the barrel twenty-one times. Around the barrel is wound the wire rope that holds the fifteen-hundred-pound weight. The weight is simply a box with pieces of iron in it. That is very old-fashioned. Now we have iron weights so moulded that they can be added to or subtracted from, and the weight can be graded to a nicety. A new wire rope was put to the chimes weight the other day. The rope is what is called tiller-rope, and is two hundred and eighty feet long and three quarters of an inch thick. It takes me an hour and a half to wind up the clock."

St. Paul's clock has a single back-gear, and two weights of one thousand pounds each. It takes three-quarters of an hour to wind it. St. John's is wound in less than an hour, while the modern clock of St. George's, in charge of the same keeper, is wound in fifteen minutes.

JACK'S OPINION.

AN earnest Jack Tar was once called upon to address an audience composed of sailors and soldiers, when he used the following illustration:

"My friends, the drinker is, as it were, on the Niagara River. The river is bright and attractive. Down the stream he glides, all in full trim. But hark! a voice is heard from the shore. What is it? 'Young man, ahoy! Beware, the rapids are below you!' 'What care I for the rapids? Time enough yet to steer ashore!' 'Young man, ahoy! ahoy! ahoy! You are nearing the rapids!' 'I'm not such a fool as to get there—time enough yet. I'll steer out of danger when danger comes. I cannot give up my pleasure.' See now, he persists in his so-called pleasure; he has passed the point—his bark is now on the current of danger—he cannot escape. See how fast he goes now! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard! Quick! quick! Set the mast in the socket! Hoist sails! Ah! ah! it is too late! He would have it so!

"Now, my friends, thousands of drunkards go over the rapids. Hoist your sail in time, boys! Catch the breeze while it is high. Steer for Temperance Port. Give your hearts to Christ. Out of danger, out of trouble. Soldiers and brother sailors, prevention is better than cure!"

"You did not pay very close attention to the sermon, I fear, this morning." "Oh! yes, I did, mamma." "Well, what did the minister say?" "He said the picnic would start at ten o'clock Thursday morning; and oh! mamma, can I go?"

"Only Me."

A LITTLE figure glided through the hall ;
 "Is that you, Pet?" -the words came tenderly ;
 A sob-suppressed to let the answer fall—
 "It isn't Pet, mamma ; it's only me."

The quivering baby lips—they had not meant
 To utter any word could plant a sting ;
 But to that mother-heart a strange pang went ;
 She heard, and stood like a convicted thing !

One instant, and a happy little face
 Thrilled heath unwonted kisses rained above ;
 And from that moment "Only Me" had place
 And part with "Pet" in tender mother-love.

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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, MARCH 5, 1887.

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FOR THE YEAR 1887.

REMEMBER
 THE
S. S. AID COLLECTION
 ON
REVIEW SUNDAY,
MARCH 27.

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 on September is recommended as the best time for taking it up. If any of the schools have not taken it up last September they are especially requested not to fail to do so on March 27th. This fund is increasing in usefulness, and does a very large amount of good. Almost all 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 collection 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.)

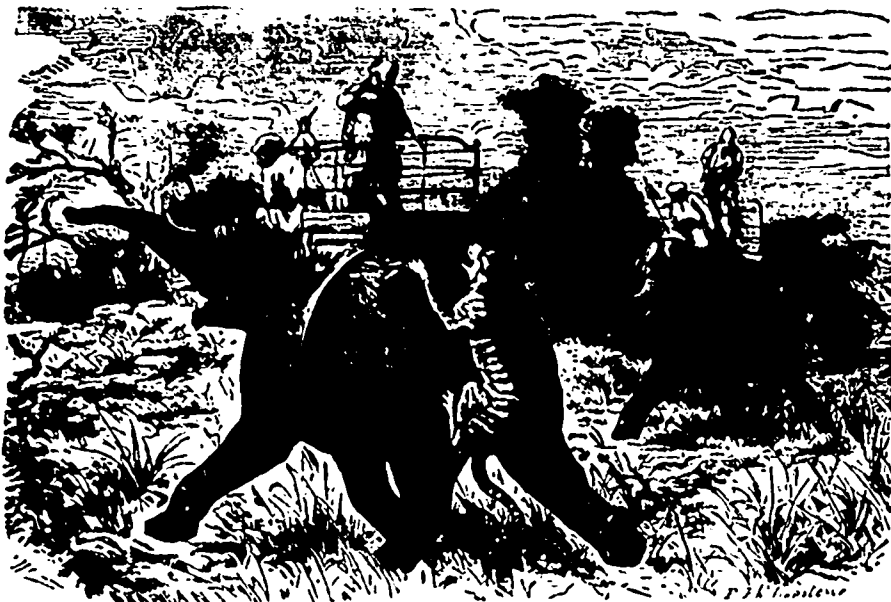
WHAT RELIGION DID.

RELIGION helps children to study better and do more faithful work. A little girl of twelve was telling in a simple way the evidence that she was a Christian. "I did not like to study, but to play. I was idle at school, and often missed my lessons; now I try to learn every lesson well to please God. I was mischievous at school when the teachers were not looking at me, making fun for the children to look at; now I wish to please God by behaving well and keeping the school laws. I was selfish at home, didn't like to run errands, and was sulky when mother called me from play to help her in work; now it is a real joy to me to help mother and to show that I love her.—*Exchange.*

HOW HE FOUND GOD.

MORE than a hundred years have passed since a young lad in England, who belonged to a pious family, but was himself far from God, was to find God by a strange means. He had been the child of many prayers, but to all the entreaties of his pious mother and others, he answered by inwardly resolving not to become a Christian. In the good providence of God, however, it happened to his mother and himself to be on a visit to Ireland, and on the Lord's Day they went to a place where a good man was going to preach. This good man was that day very earnest in his sermon; he put the question to the unsaved present, whether they would give themselves to Christ or remain rebels! Every time the preacher repeated the question, the young man said in his own heart, "I will not yield, I will not yield." His heart was hardened against God's grace. And at the close of the sermon it seemed to be harder than ever it had been. But when the sermon was finished, the minister gave out a hymn. It begins:

Come ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore.



HUNTING TIGERS IN INDIA.

The congregation, stirred by the earnest sermon, sung the hymn with their whole heart. And what the sermon could not do, the singing of the hymn did. It broke the hard, unyielding heart. It forced a way into the very centre of the heart. It was the voice of God calling him through the hundreds of voices that day praising God. His pride, his hardness of heart, everything that stood in his way to God, gave way. And that very day the son who was in the far land found God, and gave himself to be a loyal soldier for God forevermore. And he lived to be himself an honoured preacher of the Gospel, and the writer of a hymn that has opened the way to God in a thousand hearts. He was Augustus Toplady, the author of the great hymn,

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

POWER OF GOOD EXAMPLE.

A boy went home from a ragged school with his face washed clean. His mother hardly knew him, but his looks pleased her, so she washed herself. The father, pleased with the better looks of his wife and his son, did the same. So this cleaning up spread through the family and neighbourhood, until the dark and dismal alley, so long the abode of dirt and filth, became an amusing and instructive instance of what often follows from our disposition to copy the good we see in others. Let us set the example of clean bodies and clothes and homes and souls.

NOT YET.

"My son, give me thine heart." "Not yet," said the little boy, as he was busy with his top and ball; "when I grow older I will think about it." The little boy grew to be a young man. "Not yet," said the young man; "I am about to enter into trade; when I see my business prosper, then I shall have more time than now." Business did prosper. "Not yet," said the man of business; "my

children must now have my care; when they are settled in life I shall be better able to attend to religion." He lived to be a grey-headed old man. "Not yet," still he cried; "I shall soon retire from trade, and then I shall have nothing else to do but to read and pray." And so he died. He put off to another time what he should have done when a child. He lived without God and died without hope.

HUNTING TIGERS IN INDIA.

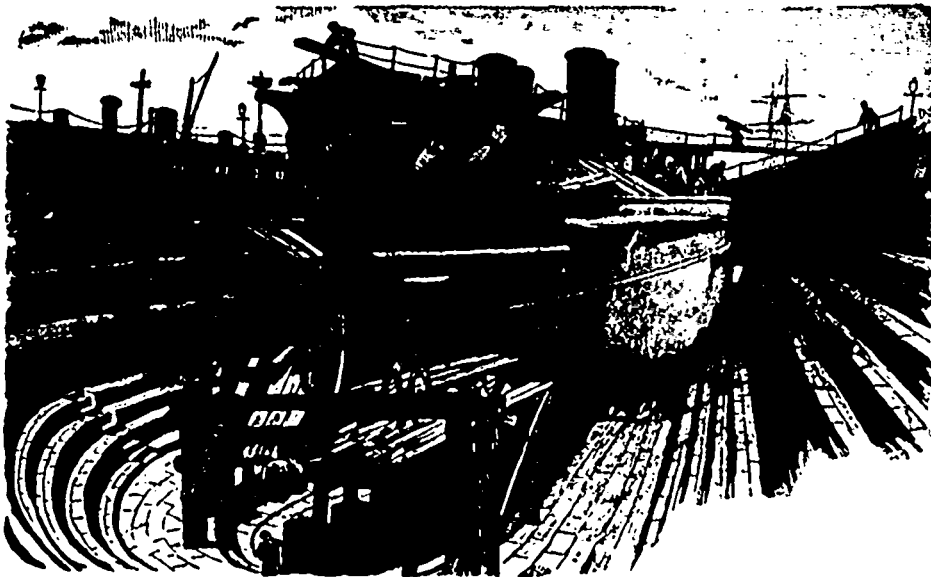
IN many parts of India, despite the utmost efforts of the Government, wild beasts render life hard indeed to the people, for one pair of full-grown tigers, with cubs, will destroy from four to six bullocks each week. Often, in pure wantonness, a tiger will kill two or three cattle when he wants only a small part of one. A family of tigers will kill in a week more animals than a family of farmers can eat in a year.

The panther and the leopard are also terrible cattle-eaters, and the leopard has a particular habit of carrying off the dogs which are expected to guard the herd from his attacks. The Indian wolf is noted for his audacity in seizing children. In India, animals have a character of ferocity which makes human life in some districts well-nigh insupportable.

CONVERSION.

THE old soldier's definition of true conversion was the word of command, "Right about, face!" It is to look a new way, ready to march in an exactly opposite direction. We have been going towards sin and hell; now we move towards holiness and heaven.

IN the reign of Edward I. (1285), it was enacted that taverns should not be open for the sale of wine and beer after the tolling of the curfew. Item, it is ordained that no man in Burg be founden in Tavernes of wine, aill, or beir after the straik of nine houres, and the bell that sall be rung in the said Burg.



THE IRON-CLAD.

HOW AN IRON-CLAD IS BUILT.

THE cut gives a good illustration of the way in which these huge war vessels are constructed. Some of them will cost over £1,000,000, and when built their mission is one of war, not of peace. In the present state of society they are necessary to protect commerce, and act as the police of the sea. But in the higher civilization of the future, such huge machines of destruction will be unknown. Notice the great ram at the bow for piercing and running down opposing vessels.

"HE CARETH FOR YOU."

Two boys were fencing—that is, pretending to fight with swords as though they were soldiers. They had real swords, with a button at the point of each to prevent the boys hurting one another. One of the buttons broke, and the sharp sword ran through the side of one of the boys and nearly killed him. But it just missed the most dangerous place, and the wounded lad by and by got better. Another time the same boy was swimming in deep water. The ribbon which tied up his hair got loose and caught his leg. He struggled to free himself, but could not. He was about to sink, when the ribbon loosed itself and he was safe. Another time, when he had grown to be a young man, he was swimming in the river Rhine, which is a very broad and rapid stream. He did not notice where he was going, and soon got into the very midst of its strong current. He said, "The water there was exceedingly rough, and poured along like a galloping horse." It carried him on till he struck against the strong timbers upon which a mill was built. The stream forced him right under the mill, and he became quite insensible. When he regained his consciousness he found himself in a piece of smooth water the other side of the mill. Some men helped him on shore. He had been carried five miles from the place where he plunged into the water. Yet he was not hurt in the least.

The person I have just told you about was John Fletcher, afterward one of the holiest men that ever lived. He became a great friend of John Wesley, did much good as a minister of the gospel, and wrote some very useful books. God had work for John Fletcher to do, so he would not let him die. He has work for everybody to do; and if we are given to him, he will take care of us till it is done.

MY HAND IN HIS.

A LITTLE boy who came before the pastor to be received into the Church, was asked how he expected to lead a Christian life, and he sweetly replied, "I will put my hand in Jesus' hand, and I know he will lead me right." This is just the thing, my little ones, for us all to do, and if we did it, we should not so often stumble and fall. We are so apt to try to walk alone! But this we cannot do, in this dark world.

I called to see a dear friend lately, and she repeated to me a lovely poem in which these two lines occurred:

"I'd rather walk with him in the dark
Than walk alone in the light."

And I assure you the former is far safer for us than the latter. He never lets us fall, if we hold his hand!

A TALK WITH YOUNG MEN.

OBSERVE that pale young fellow crossing the street. You see a good many of that kind just now. Some folks say that it is the climate. The truth is that the climate of America with a fair chance, produces not only the best complexion, but the best health, in the world. Did you notice the thing he was carrying in his mouth? Well, it is that meerschaum that is doing the work for him. It is busy with three millions of our men.

Let us study one of the meerschaum suckers. We will take a young man. He shall have money and plenty of time for sucking. Pale, nervous, irritable, thin in chest and stomach, weak in muscle, he is fast losing his power of thought and application.

Let us get near enough to smell him. Even the beasts of prey will not touch the corpse of a soldier saturated with the vile poison.

Chewing is the nastiest mode, snuffing ruins the voice, but smoking, among those who have time to be thorough, is most destructive.

Young K— graduated at Harvard (no devotee of the weed has ever graduated with the highest honours at that institution), and soon after consulted his physician with reference to his pale face, emaciation and low spirits. He weighed but one hundred and eight.

"Stop smoking!" was the prescription. In four months he had increased twenty-eight pounds and became clear and healthy in skin, his digestion all right and his spirits restored. One or two million of our young and middle-aged men are in a similar condition, and would be restored to health and spirits by the same prescription. On the whole, the cigar is worse than the pipe.—*Dio Lewis.*

JOHN WESLEY'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

JOHN WESLEY is thus described by the Rev. John Hampson, who knew him well: "The figure of Mr. Wesley was remarkable. His stature was of the lowest; his habit of body in every period of his life the reverse of corpulent, and expressive of strict temperance and continual exercise; and, notwithstanding his small size, his step was firm, and his appearance, till within a few years of his death, vigorous and muscular. His face, for an old man, was one of the finest we have seen. A clear, smooth forehead, an aquiline nose, an eye the brightest and most piercing that can be conceived, and a freshness of complexion scarcely ever to be found at his age, and impressive of the most perfect health, conspired to render him a venerable and interesting figure. Few have seen him without being struck by his appearance, and many who have been prejudiced against him have been known to alter their opinion the moment they were introduced into his presence. In his countenance and demeanor there was a cheerfulness mingled with gravity; a sprightliness, which was a natural result of an unusual flow of spirits, was accompanied with every mark of most serene tranquillity. His aspect, particularly in profile, had a strong character of acuteness and penetration."

Time waits on you every morning and asks, "Now, what are you going to do with me to-day?" What answer do you give?

The Workman's Song.

"I AM poor, I know, I am very poor,
As poor as a man need be;
But my Saviour was poorer still than I,
I never so poor as he.
I toil for my bread, I toil for my wife,
I toil for my children three,
But hard as I toil, he toiled as hard
In the valleys of Galilee.

"My raiment is coarse, and I'm rude of speech.
Of learning full little have I:
But I think that he loves me no less for that,
And I'll tell you the reason why.
His carpenter's tunic was coarser than mine,
His country talk was as rough;
And of learning, away in his Nazareth home,
I guess he had little enough.

"He lived in a cottage, and so do I;
He hardened his hand at the tool;
With his clothes to earn and his bread to win,
He hadn't much time for school.
I warrant, like me, he oft longed for rest,
The fall of the Sabbath eve,
When the holy day, from his toil as ' moil,
Brought with it a glad reprieve.

"But soon as he taught on the mountain slope,
With the grass for a pulpit floor,
He lifted on high his toil-worn hands,
Saying, 'Blessed shall be the poor.'
And blessed we are, for he cares for us,
Stoops low to be one with us all;
So I love him, and trust him, and go my way
Until I shall hear him call.

"Then I'll climb the ladder of gold, I ween,
While the angels are looking down;
And my God, my Saviour, the carpenter's Son,
Shall give to me mansion and crown.
Come much, then, come little, to spend or to spare,
I tell you it matters not which,
For Jesus, in love to me, made himself poor,
That I in his love may be rich!"

"IT IS MY BOY."

THROUGH Rochester, New York, runs the Genesee River, between steep and rocky banks. There are falls in the river and dark recesses. One time a gentleman who lived in the city had just arrived on the train from a journey. He was anxious to go home and meet his wife and children. He was hurrying along the streets with a bright vision of home in his mind, when he saw on the bank of the river a lot of excited men.

"What is the matter?" he shouted. They replied: "A boy is in the water."

"Why don't you save him?" he asked.

In a moment, throwing down his carpet-bag and pulling off his coat, he jumped into the stream, grasped the boy in his arms and struggled with him to the shore, and as he wiped the water from his dripping face and brushed back the hair he exclaimed: "O God, it is my boy!"

He plunged in for the boy of somebody else and saved his own. So we plunge into the waters of Christian self-denial, labour, hardship, reproach, soul-travail, prayer, anxious entreaty, willing to spend and be spent, taking all risks, to save some other one from drowning in sin and death and save ourselves.—*The Presbyterian.*

The Book of the Year.

Of all the beautiful fancies
That cluster about the year,
Tiptoeing over the threshold
When its earliest dawn is here,

The best is the simple legend
Of a book for you and me,
So fair that our guardian angels
Desire its lines to see,

Is full of the brightest pictures,
Of dream, and story, and rhyme,
And the whole world wide together
Turns only a page at a time.

Some of the leaves are dazzling
With the feather-flakes of the snow;
Some of them thrill to the music
Of the merriest winds that blow.

Some of them keep the secrets
That make the roses sweet;
Some of them sway and rustle
With the golden heaps of wheat.

I cannot begin to tell you
Of the lovely things to be,
In the wonderful year-book waiting,
A gift for you and me.

And a thought most strange and solemn
Is borne upon my mind—
On every page a column
For ourselves we'll surely find.

Write what you may upon it,
The record there will stay,
Till the books of time are opened,
In the courts of the Judgment Day.

And should we not be careful
Lest the words our fingers write
Shall rise to shame our faces
When we stand in the dear Lord's sight?

And should we not remember
To dread no thought of blame,
If we sign each page that we finish
With faith in the dear Lord's name?

FORTY DOLLARS FOR FOUR TEETH.

"ELSIE!"

"Yes, papa;" and the child dashed away her tears and sprang to the bed where her father lay bandaged and helpless.

That day an explosion had happened in the mill where he worked, and he was badly hurt.

"Water!" he said feebly.

She gave it to him, and he went on speaking: "Where's the money, Elsie!"

"Here, papa," putting her hand on the bosom of her dress.

"That's right. Take good care of it. God only knows when we shall have any more. "Poor child!" he added, fondly.

"Not a bit of it," she answered gayly. "You will be at home all the time now, and we'll have such a good time together."

Her father gave her a loving smile, and closed his eyes wearily. Elsie began to stroke his hand, and he soon fell into an uneasy slumber.

The two were all in all to each other. They came from England, and had been in America but a few months. Elsie was a plain, delicate child of thirteen. Her father called her his dove of comfort, and now she was proving her right to the name. She tended him day and night with a cheery, skilful patience that made everybody love her.

But the weeks went by, the money was spent, and still her father lay on his bed. The wolf was at the door. How could they keep him out?

Then it was that her father said, "Elsie, where are the silver spoons?"

"In mamma's little trunk, with the ring and the locket," she answered.

"You must get them out and carry them to Mr. Black."

"O papa, no! It's all the silver we have, and mamma thought everything of them," she cried, impulsively.

The sick man made no answer; but he put his hands over his eyes, and soon Elsie saw the tears steal slowly through his fingers.

"Papa, dear papa! I didn't mean it. How cruel of me!" she exclaimed, throwing her arms about him. "I'll take them this minute; and when you get well and earn money we'll have them back again."

"When I get well! I wonder when that will be?" he said, despairingly.

"Before long—slow and sure, you know," she answered, brightly; and in a few minutes she set out on her first visit to the pawnbroker. But it was not her last time. Time and again she went, till every possible thing had been carried. Meantime she was learning cheerfully to bear hunger and cold "for papa's sake."

He, too, poor man, must see his darling grow hollow-cheeked and big-eyed, with no power to save her. What could they do but lie down together and die?

As Elsie went home from her last visit to the pawnbroker, she stopped at a grocery to buy a little coal; and while she waited for other customers, she looked listlessly at the morning paper lying on the counter. As she did so, these words caught her eye:

WANTED—Four perfect front teeth, for which I will give forty dollars. Chas. Dow, Dentist, No. 5 K Street.

The poor little face flushed scarlet with a sudden hope. "Perhaps he would take mine," she thought. "Mother Savage said yesterday she wondered how such a homely child came to have such handsome teeth."

She seemed to herself to be dreaming. "Forty dollars, forty dollars," kept saying itself over in her brain; and when the shopman turned to wait on her she was gone. A few minutes after she stood in the dentist's office.

"Please, will you see if my teeth are good enough to buy?" she asked, timidly.

The doctor was engaged in a delicate operation; but he stopped to give the teeth a hurried examination.

"How beautiful! They are just what I want. Come to-morrow," he said, going back to his work.

The rest of the day Elsie's father thought her wonderfully gay, but he could not think why; for she said nothing of her plan, about which she began to lose courage when the first excitement of it subsided. Hard things look easier in the morning than they do at night; and as she sat in the twilight,

studying herself in a bit of looking-glass, she thought sorrowfully, "I shall be homelier than ever when they are gone; but then how silly of me to care about that! Papa will love me just the same. But it will hurt so to have them taken out," she went on thinking; and every nerve in her body quivered at the prospect "If it wasn't for the rent, and the medicine for papa, and ever so many other things, I never could beg—never! Yes, Elsie Benson, it's got to be done, if it kills you!"

The next morning she entered the dentist's office by mere force of will. Her courage was all gone. Dr. Dow was alone, and said "Good-morning!" very kindly. But when he saw how she trembled, he put her on the lounge and made her drink something that quieted her. Then he sat down by her, and said, "Now tell me what your name is, and why you want to sell your teeth."

He spoke so gently that at first Elsie could only answer him with tears, but at last he contrived to get all her sad story; and his eyes were wet and his voice husky several times while she was telling it.

"You are a dear, brave child," he said when she had finished. "Now I am going with you to see your father."

"But you'll take the teeth first, won't you?" she asked, imploringly. "I shall never have the courage to come again."

"Never mind that. We'll see if there isn't some better way out of this trouble," he answered.

So, hand in hand, they went back to the sick man. But I cannot tell you how happy and proud he was when the doctor told him about Elsie, or how gratefully he fell in with the plan of going to a nice hospital, where he soon got well enough to work in the doctor's handsome grounds, while Elsie in her place as nurse to the doctor's baby rolled it over the gravel walks.

So, though Elsie kept her teeth, they saved both her and her father from poverty and distress.—*N. Y. Observer.*

CURIOUS EFFECT OF ARCTIC COLD.

A PERSON who has never been in the polar regions can probably have no idea of what cold really is; but by reading the terrible experiences of Arctic travellers in that icy region some notion can be formed of the extreme cold that prevails there. When we have the temperature down to zero out-of-doors we think it bitterly cold, and if our houses were not as warm as at least sixty degrees above zero, we should begin to talk of freezing to death. Think, then, of living where the thermometer goes down thirty-five degrees below zero in spite of the stove! Of course, in such a case the fur garments are piled on until a man looks like a great bundle of skins.

Dr. Moss, of the English Polar

Expedition of 1875 and 1876, amid other odd things, tells of the effect of cold on a wax candle which he burned there. The temperature was thirty-five degrees below zero, and the doctor must have been considerably discouraged when, upon looking at his candle, he discovered that the flame had all it could do to keep warm. It was so cold that the flame could not melt all the wax of the candle, but was forced to eat its way down the candle, leaving a sort of skeleton of the candle standing. There was heat enough, however, to melt oddly shaped holes in the thin walls of wax, and the result was a beautiful lace-like cylinder of white, with a tongue of yellow flame burning inside it, and sending out into the darkness many streaks of light. This is not only a curious effect of extreme cold, but it shows how difficult it must be to find anything like warmth in a place where even fire itself almost gets cold. The wonder is that any man can have the courage to willingly return to such a bitter region after having once got safely away from it, and yet the truth is that it is the very hardship and danger which attract them.

A PREPARED PLACE.

I was visiting a friend some years ago, who had just built a new house. It was just finished. It was beautiful, useful. He took me up-stairs. It had wardrobes, toilet-glasses, books, and paintings. It was furnished grandly. And the father turned to me and said, "This room is for our daughter. She is in Europe. She does not know we are arranging it. Her mother and I have fixed up everything we could think of for her; and as soon as the house is fully finished we are going to Europe to bring her back. And we are going to bring her up-stairs, and open the door, and say, 'Daughter, this is all yours.'" And I thought of the joy it would give her, and I thought, "How kind these parents are!"

Just then I turned away and thought, "That is what Jesus is doing for me." He says, "I am going away. I will come again. In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also."

Then I said, "This father and mother are rich; but they have not all treasures; there are a great many things they don't know how to get. But Jesus, who is furnishing my mansion in glory, has everything. He has undertaken to furnish a place for me, and I shall be with him forever and ever."—*Bishop Simpson.*

CHRIST left the cross and went to glory that you might take it and follow after him.

"The Little Shoes—They Did it All."

"ONE night on the verge of ruin,
As I hurried from the tap,
I beheld the landlord's baby,
Still on its mother's lap.

'Look here, dear father,' said the mother,
Holding forth the little feet;
'Look, we've got new shoes for darling!
Don't you think them nice and neat?'

You may judge the thing was simple—
Disbelieve me if you choose;
But, my friends, no fist e'er struck me
Such a blow as those small shoes.

And they forced my brain to reason;
'What right,' said I, standing there,
'Have I to clothe another's children,
And to let my own go bare?'

It was in the depth of winter;
Bitter was the night and wild;
And outside the flaring gin-shop
Stood my starving wife and child.

Out I went and clutched my baby,
Saw its feet so cold and blue;
Fathers! if the small shoe smote me,
What did those poor bare feet do?

Quick I thrust them in my bosom!
Oh, they were so icy chill!
And their coldness like a dagger
Pierced me. I can feel it still.

Of money I had just a trifle,
Just enough to serve my steed;
It bought shoes for little baby,
And a single loaf of bread.

The loaf served us all the Sunday,
And I went to work next day;
Since that time I have been teetotal:
That is all I've got to say."

NORTH-WEST MISSIONS.

IN 1863 the Rev. George McDougall (father of the present Rev. John McDougall, of Morley) arrived on the banks of the North Saskatchewan from Norway House. This zealous and devoted missionary was a host in himself. Possessed of a hardy, healthful frame; all the enduring qualities of an early pioneer; carrying in his breast the quenchless zeal of the Christian missionary, and fairly acquainted with the Indian language and character, this sower of the Gospel seed in the wild north land accomplished wonders. But the Rev. George McDougall was not the first missionary to pierce those far-off lands. Forty-four years ago the Rev. Mr. Rundle, a gentleman possessing all the qualities estimable and valuable in a missionary, planted the flag of Methodism in the vicinity of (then) Fort Edmonton. The labours of this good and zealous man extended westwards to the Rocky Mountains. The Wood Crees and Stonies were converted to Christianity, and the foundation of Christ's kingdom laid amongst the aboriginal inhabitants of the north. Nigh half a century has passed since Mr. Rundle first sang the soul-stirring hymns of John Wesley from Fort Edmonton to the Rocky Mountain House; yet at this day, amongst the Thick-Wood Crees and Rocky Mountain Stonies, is that missionary's name cherished and revered with proud and affectionate remembrance. After seven years' toil amongst the wild men of the north Mr. Rundle was succeeded

by Ben Sinclair, a "local" Half-breed preacher fresh from Norway House. In 1855, at Mr. Sinclair's departure, missionary work was taken up by the Rev. H. B. Steinhaer and the Rev. Thomas Woolsey. North-West travellers have devoted pages of thanks and praise—and, no doubt, justly—to the latter missionaries, but it must be remembered they took possession of the good soil already prepared by Rundle and Sinclair.

Wherever the Christian missionary has trod there is found the indelible foot-prints of an exalted civilization. There is a something in the character and temperament of the converted heathen more noble and lovable than can be found in the person of the most educated and accomplished unbeliever. The christianized Indians of Alberta and Saskatchewan may have clinging to them still many weeds of the barbaric past, but in the observance of that simple, moral code, which is the foundation of the highest order of Christianity, they deserve our respect and praise. The commandments are kept with the zeal and devotion of primitive Christians, a fact which has frequently proved a matter of surprise to many of our so-called pioneers of civilization.

The Rev. George McDougall having for several years laboured with great success along the North Branch, left for Edmonton. Here he built a Methodist mission. Mr. McDougall's subsequent removal to Morley, the success of his after years amongst the Stonies, and his sad death on the lone prairie, are matters of comparatively recent occurrence, and are fresh in the minds of the North-West readers. Conspicuously interleaved in the history of the territories is the name of McDougall. Many bearing that respected name live in Canadian story, and when the lives of our early pioneer missionaries come to be written, not the least prominent in the van of armour-bearers will be the Methodist preacher of Victoria, Edmonton and Morleyville, the Rev. George McDougall.

A GOOD JOKE.

MANY are fond of playing jokes, as hiding a boy's cap, or a girl's bonnet, at school. Such things may sometimes be done for amusement, or to confer pleasure, but never to any one's serious inconvenience.

In one of our colleges, a professor who made himself very social and familiar with the students, was walking out with an intelligent scholar, when they saw an old man hoeing in a cornfield. He was advancing slowly with his work towards the road, by the side of which lay his shoes. As it was near sunset, the student proposed to play the old man a joke. "I will hide his shoes, we will conceal ourselves behind the bushes, and see what he will do." "No," said the professor, "it would not be right.

You have money enough; just put a dollar in each of the old man's shoes, then we will hide behind the bushes and see what he will do."

The student agreed to the proposal, and they concealed themselves accordingly. When the labourer had finished his row of corn, he came out of the field to go home. He put on one shoe, felt something hard, took it off and found the dollar. He looked around him, but saw no one, and looked up gratefully toward heaven. He then put on the other shoe, and found another dollar. He looked at it and looked all around him but saw no one. He then knelt upon the ground, and returned thanks to God for the blessing which had thus been conferred upon him. The listeners learned from the prayer that the old man's wife and one of his children were sick, and that they were very poor; so that the *two dollars* were a great relief sent to them from heaven. The old man now returned home with a cheerful and gratified heart. "There," said the professor, "how much better this is than to have hid the old man's shoes." The student's eyes filled with tears, and he said he would never play another joke upon any one, except in kindness.—*American Messenger.*

PERFECT FAITH.

A STORY is told of a street boy in London who had both his legs broken by a dray passing over them. He was laid in a hospital to die, and another little creature of the same class was laid near by, picked up sick with famine fever. The latter was allowed to lie down by the side of the crushed boy. He crept up to him and said:

"Bobby, did you never hear about Jesus?"

"No, I never heard of him."

"Bobby, I went to mission school once, and they told us that Jesus would take you to heaven when you die, and you'd never hunger any more, and no more pain, if you axed him."

"I couldn't ax such a big gentleman as he is to do anything for me. He wouldn't even stop to speak to a boy like me."

"But he'll do all that if you ax him."

"How can I ax him if I don't know where he lives, and how can I get there when both my legs are broke?"

"Bobby, they told me at mission school as how Jesus passes by, teacher says, as he goes around. How do you know but what he might come around to this hospital this very night? You'd know him if you was to see him."

"But I can't keep my eyes open. My legs feel so awful bad. Doctor says I'll die."

"Bobby, hold up your hand and he'll know what you want when he passes by."

They got the hand up. It dropped. Tried again. It slowly fell back. Three times he got up the little hand,

only to let it fall. Bursting into tears, he said:

"I give it up."

"Bobby, lend me your hand; put your elbow on my pillar; I can do without it."

So one hand was propped up. And when they came in the morning, the boy lay dead, his hand still held up for Jesus. If this little boy learned enough of Jesus to give him such faith in him by attending a mission school just once, think how much good some child might receive by going to Sunday-school often. Is there not some one whom you can invite to go to Sunday-school with you, that he may learn to have faith in Jesus too?—*Selected.*

THE WIDOW AND THE SOVEREIGN.

At a missionary meeting held soon after the ascension of Queen Victoria, one of the speakers related the following anecdote:

A light-house on a southern coast was kept by a godly widow, who, not knowing how otherwise to aid in missionary work, resolved that during the summer season she would place in the box the total of one day's gratuities received from visitors. Among the callers received on that particular day was a lady attired as a widow, accompanied by a little girl. The two widows, drawn together, as it were, by common sympathy, conversed on their bereavements, tears mingling with their words. On leaving the lady left a sovereign with her humble friend.

The widow was thrown into a state of perplexity; her own need seemed to plead on the one hand, while her pledged word to place the receipts on that day in the missionary box confronted her on the other. After thinking about the thing for some time, she put half a crown in the box; but, on retiring to rest, she found conscience sufficiently lively to keep her from sleep. To obtain relief, she rose, took back the silver, and surrendered the gold, after which rest returned to her eyelids. A few days after, the widow received a letter containing twenty pounds from the elder lady, and five pounds from the younger, the first the Duchess of Kent, the other the Princess Victoria.

THE excise is fattened with the rich result
Of all this riot; and ten thousand casks,
Forever dribbling out their base contents,
Touched by the Midas finger of the State,
Bleed gold, for ministers to sport away.
Drink and be mad, then, 'tis your country
bids;

Gloriously drunk, obey the important call!
Her cause demands the assistance of your
throats;

Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more.
Cowper.

"HUSH!" whispered a little girl to her classmates who were laughing during prayer, "we must be polite to God."

The Family Bible.

THIS book is all that's left me now,
Tears will unbidden start;
With faltering lip and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hand this Bible clasped,
She dying, gave it me.

Ah, well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear—
Who round the hearthstone used to close
After the evening prayer.
And speak of what these pages said—
In tones my heart would thrill;
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here they are living still.

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who loved God's Word to hear!
Her angel face—I see it yet!
What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home.

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all were false I've found thee true,
My counsellor and guide!
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live
It taught me how to die.

A BRAVE SOLDIER.

THERE are heroes in high and humble life whom we never weary of holding up as examples to our children. The following anecdote, told to many a little round-eyed German boy, preserves the remembrance of one such—a brave and faithful hero of the battle-field.

General Elliott, when Governor of Gibraltar, during the siege of the fortress was making a tour of inspection, to see that all under his control was in order, when he suddenly came upon a German soldier standing on his post silent and still, but he neither held his musket nor presented his arms when the General approached.

Struck with the neglect, and unable to account for it, the General exclaimed:

"Do you know me, sentinel, or why do you neglect your duty?"

The soldier answered respectfully: "I know you well, General, and my duty also; but within the last few minutes two of the fingers of my right hand have been shot off, and I am unable to hold my musket."

"Why do you not go and have them bound up then?" asked the General.

"Because," answered the soldier, "in Germany a man is forbidden to quit his post until he is relieved by another."

The General instantly dismounted from his horse.

"Now, friend," he said, "give me your musket, and I will relieve you; go and get the wound attended to."

The soldier obeyed, but went first to the nearest house, where he told how the General stood at his post; and not until then did he go and get his hand dressed.

This injury unfitted him for active service; but for his bravery he was made an officer.

MISERY BY THE GALLON.

At a temperance meeting in Weldon, North Carolina, one old colored man said, "When I sees a man going home wid a gallon o' whiskey and a half a pound o' meat, dat's temperance lecture 'nuff fo' me. An' I sees it ebery day. I knows dat eberyting in his house is on de same scale—a gallon ob misery to ebery half-pound ob comfort."

It is probable that as much misery can be carried home in a gallon whiskey-jug as in any other vessel of the same size.

DESIRING AND CHOOSING.

"O," SAID a poor drunkard, "I desire above all things to reform, and be a steady man."

Yes, you may desire it, but do you choose it? There is a great difference between desiring a thing and choosing a thing. If you choose to be a reformed man you will be one.

Ask a poor, ragged vagabond, "Do you wish to become rich." Of course he will say, "Yes." But he does not choose it; he desires to be lazy much more than to earn a living; therefore he is a vagabond.

"Charlie, do you desire to be a scholar, and stand at the head of your class?"

"Indeed I do," cried Charlie; but Charlie is at the foot of everything, because he likes his ease better than he likes to study.

Lucy said, "I really desire to be obliging and sweet-tempered." "Then you must choose to be," answered her mother.

A PROFESSED Christian, who was addicted to drinking, asked the eccentric Rev. Rowland Hill, "Now, do you think, Mr. Hill, that a glass of spirits would drive religion out of my heart?" "No," he answered, "for there is none in it."

LESSON NOTES.**FIRST QUARTER.****STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.**

B.C. 1760.] LESSON XI. [March 13.

JACOB AT BETHEL.

Gen. 28. 10-22. Commit to mem. vs. 15-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Surely the Lord is in this place. Gen. 28. 16.

OUTLINE.

1. The Vision.
2. The Vow.

TIME.—1760 B.C. More than a century since events of last lesson.

PLACE.—Luz, or Bethel.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Went out from Beersheba*—He left his home in fear of his brother, whom he had wronged, not knowing whether he should ever return. *Lighted upon a certain place*—Came in his journey to the certain place afterwards so famous. *Stones . . . for his pillows*—Not such pillows as we are familiar with, but simply a means to rest his head above the earth. *A ladder*—Probably a flight of stairs, and not such an implement as we mean by a ladder. *How dreadful is this place*—Better, how full of awe, how sacred. *Gate of heaven*—Rather, "gate of the heavens." There was no such thought in Jacob's mind as in ours when we speak of heaven. *Set it up for a*

pillar—A common way of making a place for worship among almost all people. The Cromlechs of the Druids were for such worship doubtless. *That city*—The word "city" in the early writings had no such meaning as our word city, but was simply a place where men were wont to go for mutual protection.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

What lessons can we here learn—

1. Concerning God's promises to us?
2. Concerning God's presence with us?
3. Concerning God's claims on us?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who was Jacob? The grandson of Abraham. 2. What did he see in his dream at Bethel? A ladder from the earth to heaven. 3. Who were ascending and descending upon the ladder? The angels of God. 4. What was God's promise from the top of the ladder? "I am with thee, and will keep thee." 5. What did Jacob say in the GOLDEN TEXT? "Surely," etc. 6. What vow of Jacob should we make? The Lord shall be my God.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Consecration.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

13. Is there then any special Providence over men? Yes; our Lord said: "Behold the birds of the heaven, that they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; and your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are not ye of much more value than they?" (Matt. vi. 26.)

B.C. 1739.] LESSON XII. [March. 20.

JACOB'S NEW NAME.

Gen. 32. 9-12, 24-30. Commit to mem. vs. 28-30.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me. Gen. 32. 26.

OUTLINE.

1. Jacob.
2. Israel.

TIME.—1739 B.C. This is on the supposition that his flight was in 1760 and his life in Haran but twenty-one years.

PLACE.—On the eastern side of the Jordan, near the brook Jabbok, which runs out from the mountains of Gilead and empties into the Jordan.

EXPLANATIONS.—*O God of my father, etc.*—This was the way of appealing to God, as a covenant-keeping God, and was a common form in after days. *With my staff I passed*—Reference, of course, to his condition as a solitary fugitive years before. *Two bands*—That is, a very great company. *Was left alone*—Jacob was doing the best human skill could do in caring for his people, property, and loved ones. He was the last to cross. *The hollow of his thigh*—"The socket of the hip joint, the hollow place into which the neck-bone of the thigh is inserted." *The day breaketh*—The sun rising is breaking up the darkness of night. *Except thou bless me*—Jacob had learned who his opponent was. He is the same Jacob, alive to God's presence, that we saw twenty years ago asleep at Bethel. *Peniel*—This is elsewhere spelled "Penuel," which means exactly the same thing, which is, "the face of God."

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we shown—

1. The duty of prayer?
2. The power of prayer?
3. The blessedness of prayer?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Jacob do when in fear from his brother Esau? He prayed to God. 2. What did he plead with God? His mercies and his promises. 3. Who wrestled with Jacob while he was at prayer? The angel of the Lord. 4. What did Jacob say to the angel in the GOLDEN TEXT? "And he said," etc. 5. What new name did Jacob receive, and what was its meaning? Israel, the prince of God. 6. To what are we encouraged by Jacob's example? To perseverance in prayer.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Conversion.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

14. Man was made to know, love, and serve God; have all men done so? No; "for all have sinned, and fall short of the glory of God."

Romans iii. 23. For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.

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