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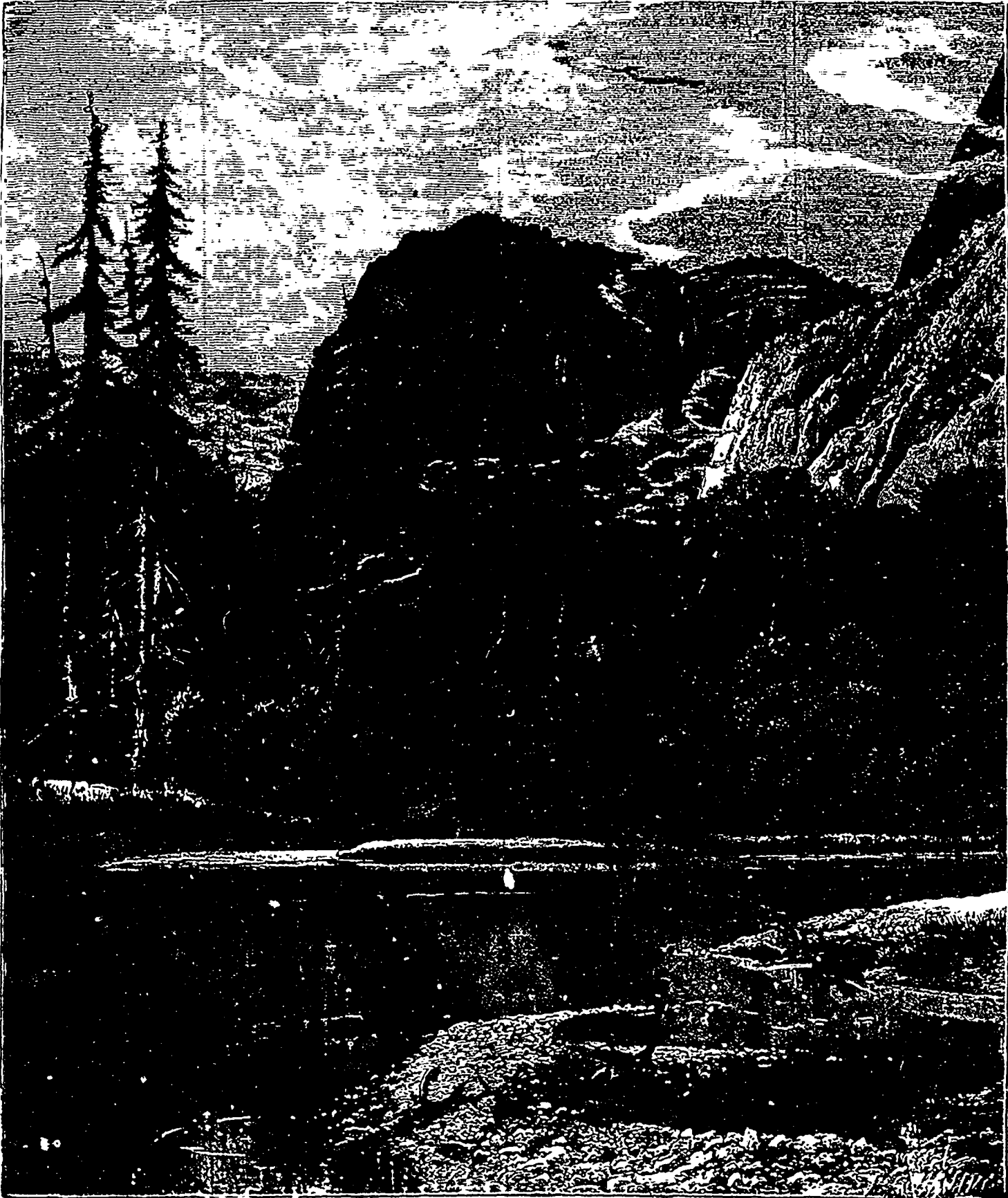
PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VII.]

TORONTO, JUNE 25, 1887.

[No. 13.



SCENE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

It is Common:

So ARE the stars and the arching skies,
So are the smiles in the children's eyes;
Common the life-giving breath of spring;
So are the songs which the wild birds sing—
Blessed be God, they are common.

Common the grass in its glowing green;
So is the water's glistening sheen.
Common the springs of love and mirth;
So are the holiest gifts of earth.

Common the fragrance of rosy June;
So is the generous harvest moon,
So are the towering, mighty hills,
So are the twittering, trickling rills.

Common the beautiful tints of the fall;
So is the sun which is over all.
Common the rain with its pattering feet;
So is the bread which we daily eat—
Blessed be God, it is common.

So is the sea in its wild unrest,
Kissing forever the earth's brown breast;
So is the voice of undying prayer,
Evermore piercing the ambient air.

So unto all are the "promises" given,
So unto all is the hope of heaven;
Common the rest from the weary strife;
So the life which is after life—
Blessed be God, it is common.

A WESTERN EXPERIENCE.

BY W. J. WITHROW.

ONE bright morning toward the end of April, 1886, the writer of this sketch left Toronto for the far West.

The scenery throughout northern Ontario is of a picturesque character, lit up here and there by a romantic lake or rapid stream. Once a glimpse was caught of the Ottawa, and later on Lake Nipissing was in view. A short glimpse of Lake Superior, as the train, on the down grade, shot across the head of a narrow inlet, was soon followed by a full view of the great inland sea from the overhanging precipice along its rocky shore. Leaving the enterprising town of Port Arthur, and its neighbouring rival, Fort William, with its solitary table mountain, one passes through a long stretch of scrubby low land to Winnipeg. The size and wealth of the Prairie City are a complete surprise to one from the East visiting Manitoba for the first time. Little is left of Fort Garry; but on the site of that old Hudson Bay trading post now stands the enterprising Company's store, the superior of which even Toronto cannot boast.

But we must hurry away from these haunts of the pale-face intruders to those of the dusky aborigines. As the train glided out from Winnipeg we had the first good view of the prairies, not boundless, but beautiful, for long belts of timber skirted the horizon.

At length the signs of wild western life began to appear. Highly painted Indians, wrapped in their gaudy blankets, and a few red-coated mounted police mingled with the crowd at every station. Occasionally the picturesque scout, in his buckskin shirt and leather trousers, was seen astride a bucking bronco, or leaning lazily against the station with his broad sombrero thrown back on his head, revealing generally a handsome sun-browned face.

Here is the prairie and these are its denizens.

"These are the gardens of the desert, these The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful, For which the speech of England has no name,

The Prairies.

And well may one feel with Bryant when he says,

"I behold them for the first,
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight

Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they lie

In airy undulations far away,
As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,
Stood still, with all his billows fixed
And motionless forever. Motionless!
No! They are all unchained again. The clouds

Sweep over with their shadows, and beneath
The surface rolls, and fluctuates to the eye;
Dark hollows seem to glide along and chase
the sunny ridges."

At Calgary the writer met the Rev. Leo. Gaetz, as had been appointed, and started on a journey about 90 miles north to the Red Deer Crossing. The clouds on the far horizon took strange fantastic forms, soon developing sharp and clear into the mighty mountain range, seeming scarcely eighteen miles away instead of eighty.

The Red Deer was reached on the fifth day. There ran the beautiful river over its gravel bed, 200 yards wide, its cool and crystal waters fresh from the melting snows on the mountain slopes. A few days of hard work on the part of the new settler, restored to its original usefulness the deserted "shack" or cabin of an old trapper who had hunted deer, lynx and beaver here four years before. A new sod roof and a cellar dug in the frozen ground, converted the ruin into a palace. A roaring fire in the small box stove sheds its warmth through the whole building—the one-roomed Bachelor's Hall, while the lord of the manor swings in his hammock. Here almost in solitude he lives for over six weeks. And who would not envy him, who is brought into such close intercourse with nature in all her primitive wildness. Can he not truly say that

"This is freedom! These pure skies
Were never stained with village smoke.

And here the fair savannas know
No barrier in the bloomy grass,
Wherever breeze of heaven may blow,
Or beam of heaven may glance, I pass."

When everything was made comfortable in the "shack," the young frontiersman started out to explore the country, and try his skill among the game. Two beautiful lakes, nestled in the bend of a wooded hill, were the haunts of innumerable wild-fowl, many of which soon fell victims to Nimrod's shafts. During the long summer evenings which were light up till ten o'clock, the young hermit would stroll half a mile up the river to the mouth of a little creek to fish,

generally returning laden with fish enough to feast himself and dog like kings. All night long his dreams were disturbed by the serenades of deep-mouthed coyotes, who made the place uncanny with their dismal howling. At first, I must confess, it was rather startling to hear these large but cowardly wolves prowling around the "shack," particularly as the door, unhung, merely rested against the frame, and there was no glass in the windows.

Early in June a companion arrived from Toronto, and another and more roomy cabin was selected nearer civilization. For miles before the door stretched a beautiful park-like country. There were flowers underfoot, and life and beauty everywhere. Every evening could be heard the bugle-call from the Fort, where a detachment of mounted police were stationed, and which was seen half a mile away, surrounded by an encampment of Indian tepees; while, on a clear day, the snow-capped peaks of the great mountain range, 150 miles away, appeared above the horizon.

At last the time arrived for the two Toronto boys to pull up stakes and strike for the mountains. Taking the railway train at Calgary, they hardly had time to exchange their frontier manners for civilized etiquette, before they found themselves at Banff, the Canadian National Park, landing at 3 a.m. The snow-capped peaks, piercing the clear sky on all sides, were flooded with soft moonlight. As the rising sun cast a rosy tinge upon the highest peaks, they climbed to the mountain's top. The summit was reached as the sun appeared.

What a scene of awful grandeur was presented to their view. It beggars all description. The contemplation of those mighty masses of up-heaved rock gives an idea of might and majesty which cannot otherwise be obtained. Cascade Mountain to the north, and Castle Mountain to the west, were the most perfect specimens of rock stratification they had ever seen. Below them lay the Yosemite of the north, with its hot sulphur springs, and wonderful caves on the slope of Sulphur Mountain, opposite. In the centre a little lake mirrored the sky, the mountains, and the dense foliage along its shores, in which were partly hidden snowy tents and picturesque cottages.

The day was spent in visiting the scenes of wonder and beauty in this rugged paradise, including a trip to the falls on the Bow River, a bath in the sulphur hot springs, and another in the cave, where, descending a rocky shaft by a long, slender ladder, they found themselves in a grotto, forty feet high and fifty feet across. A little lake lay at the bottom, leaving only a narrow landing on one side.

The warm water bubbling up through the rock from the heart of the earth, rendered bathing here delightful, winter or summer.

Taking the train again that night, they found themselves next morning at Hector, a few miles this side of the summit of the range. Here they set out to cross the Rockies on foot. After passing Lugen, they struck the down grade toward the Pacific, and were in British Columbia. All morning Mt. Stephen loomed up 6,450 feet above them on the left. Down the steep grade of 4½ in the 100 they coasted on a hand-car, rattling down the incline at a break-neck speed. A few miles further on the glacier on Mt. Ottertail came in view. After crossing the bridge over the stream, from which the mountain derives its name, they visited a galena crushing mill, and soon reached Ottertail station. Sunrise next morning found the writer labouring up the mountain side. All morning he struggled up the steep incline, over huge logs and through thick underbrush, which, covered with melting snow, quickly soaked him to the skin. By 10 o'clock he had passed the timber line, and found himself above a thick stratum of clouds, which filled the Kickinghorse Pass. In another hour the almost precipitous face of the solid rock itself was reached. Taking advantage of crevices and ledges, he scrambled up to the line of perpetual snow, and entered the clouds again. By making his way along the ridge, which sometimes narrowed almost to a wedge, at last he found himself at the very summit, over 6,000 feet above the track, and nearly 10,000 feet above the sea. But no sooner did his excessive exertions cease, than he began to feel the chilling effects of great elevation. The Chinook wind, so friendly on the plain, was not so on the mountain; but it was to do him one more good turn before he left. The clouds that encircled the mountain top suddenly passed, and could be seen hurrying to leeward, spreading away on all sides until they lost themselves. In the distance rose the snowy peaks of the mighty range, like hoary headed Titans in council assembled.

But nature could not endure the intense cold long, so our amateur mountaineer was obliged to clamber down again on the opposite side to that by which he had ascended. Dropping from a ledge upon a loose rock, he dislodged a huge boulder, weighing tons, which went crashing down the mountain side for a mile and a half, crushing everything before it. Again entering the clouds, he lost the bearing of the glacier, of which he was in search. A six mile tramp, or rather, climb, brought him to the railway, barely in time to catch the train for Calgary.

A few days later he left Winnipeg for Minneapolis and St. Paul. After spending two days among the flour mills, the fine buildings, and the exhibitions of those cities and Chicago, he re-entered Canada, and landed in Toronto five months after he had left it for his summer's adventures.

An Emigrant's Service at Sea.

In the dimly lighted steege,
Of a ship fast westward bound,
A congregation met to hear
The Gospel's joyful sound.

Four hundred toilworn wanderers,
Stand around the preacher's chair,
From England's towns and village homes,
They go to a land afar.

They all are worn with sorrow,
With anguish, and want, and care,
And sin has set his mark upon
Most faces assembled there.

And most of them earnestly listen
For words of comfort and cheer;
For the life that is before them,
For the sorrows of many a year.

And above their heads on the deck,
To each other the sailors call,
And down below, the ocean's surf
Is beating the wooden wall.

And how above this confusion,
The preacher's clear voice they hear,
"What is your favourite hymn," he says,
And "Who will offer prayer?"

A woman starts "Rock of Ages,"
And a rough old labourer prays,
Not in conventional phrases,
But right heartily he says,

"O Lord, take care of us all,
Be with us where'er we roam,
Help us to find some honest work,
And a happy, peaceful home.

"Care for the friends left behind us,
Grant us true rest and peace,
And let us meet again, O Lord,
Where boils and wanderings cease."

And this was the text that evening,
The words of our Blessed Lord,
"I am the Way, the Truth, the Life,"
As is writ in his Holy Word.

"In the land to which you are going,"
(The speaker began to say.)
"You will wander very far and wide,
And oftentimes lose your way.

"Its prairies are almost trackless,
No hedge-rows, no fields you'll see,
And you'll need a friend to guide you
To the haven where you would be.

"When you are alone on those prairies,
Oh, think of the Lord on high,
Who is himself the only Way
To his mansions in the sky.

"Few churches you'll find for landmarks,
But he will be with you alway;
Follow his steps by faith and prayer,
He will never let you stray.

"In that distant land, and lonely,
There is very much that deceives,
And many fond hopes that you cherish
Will turn out 'nothing but leaves.'

"But the Truth of God is steadfast
Wherever you may be,
As changeless as are the mountains,
Or this mighty rolling sea.

"So walk in Christ's blessed footsteps,
Fight daily in his own strife,
Then death to you will only be
The entering into life."

M. E. BIRD.

Broadview, N. W. T.

His mother put him in the corner
because he would not say "Please."
After he had been there awhile she
wanted to make him useful in running
an errand. "You may come out now,
Johnny," she said, in a flute-like voice.
"Not till you say please, mother," was
the reply of the little boy.

A SHIP'S "LOG."

THE speed of vessels is approxi-
mately determined by the use of the
log and log-line. The log is a trian-
gular, or quadrangular, piece of wood
about a quarter of an inch thick, so
balanced by means of a plate of lead
as to swim perpendicularly in the
water, with about two-thirds of it
under water. The log-line is a small
cord, the end of which—divided into
three, so that the wood hangs from the
cord as a scale-pan from a balance-
beam—is fastened to the log, while
the other is wound around a reel on
the ship. The log, thus poised, keeps
its place in the water, while the line
is unwound from the reel as the ship
moves through the water, and the
length of line unwound in a given
time gives the rate of the ship's sail-
ing. This is calculated by knots made
on the line at certain distances, while
the time is measured by a sand-glass
of a certain number of seconds. The
length between the knots is so pro-
portioned to the time of the glass that
the knots unwound while the glass
runs down show the number of miles
the ship is sailing per hour. The first
knot is placed about five fathoms from
the log, to allow the latter to get clear
of the ship before the reckoning com-
mences. This is called the stray-line.
The log-book, sometimes called the
log for brevity, is the record that the
proper officer keeps of the speed of the
ship from day to day, and of any and
all matters that occur that are deemed
worthy of note, of the winds and
storms and especially of ships that are
sighted.

**"GO HOME AND MAKE THE BEST
OF YOUR SORROW."**

BY HELEN M. GOUGAR.

LAST evening after tea, a gray-
haired mother accompanied by her
beautiful daughter, called at my house
to ask me if there was any way to
save herself and her family of children
from the curse of the rum traffic.
For two weeks her eldest son and her
husband have been on a drunken
debauch. Night after night these
men have returned from the saloon
near by, drunk and abusive; night
after night these women have been
obliged to endure all this with no
redress whatever at their command.
They have begged, they have pleaded,
they have threatened these diseased
men, but to no avail. Heart-broken
they came to see if there was no pro-
tection for them under the law. The
following interview took place:

"Do you know where they get
their drink?"

"Yes," replied the mother, "at
John R.'s saloon."

"Have you warned him not to sell
to your husband and son?" was asked.

"Yes," the mother replied. "I
have gone to him and pleaded with
him, telling him how he was ruining
my family, and that seemed to do no
good; then I took witnesses and

warned him according to law, and he
told me insultingly, that I 'had better
get a pair of pantaloons to wear,' and
blew a policeman's whistle to frighten
me. He gives them drink at all times;
his place is open on Sunday, and poor,
ragged, destitute children can be seen
going in and out of his place on that day
carrying beer to their homes, and we
have no rest from this curse even on
the Sabbath."

What could I say to this woman?
I could reply, "Madam, Mr. John R.
does business under the seal of State.
Back of his bar he has an official docu-
ment, duly signed and paid for, that
licenses him to destroy your son and
your husband and your home. He
has a right under the protection of the
State, to break your heart, to silver
your hair with sorrow, to make paupers
of your children. You must grin and
bear it as best you can." "But my
son is in jail to-day—beaten up by a
drunken man, poor boy—and it seems
as if my heart would break," said the
poor mother.

"O, yes," we replied, "Mr. John R.
is protected by law in making men
drink, and, of course, this brings their
brutal passions to the surface, and our
jails and prisons must take these
dangerous men out of the streets. An
Act of Parliament makes all this
strictly legal, and there is no redress
for you. Mr. R. is all right—you are
all wrong. You are a woman; go
home and make the best of your sor-
row; there are hundreds and thou-
sands of wives and sisters who have
the same trouble to bear; all over this
land whose laws are built upon this
foundation principle that all law
derives its just power from the consent
of the governed."—*Home Protection
Monthly.*

AN HEROIC BOY.

EVERY year on the occasion of the
national fetes the Belgian Government
makes a public distribution of awards
to persons who have performed re-
markable acts of courage in good
causes. Among those who were re-
warded the other day was a little boy
of nine, whose exploit may be con-
trasted with the behaviour of the
people who allowed the little girl to
be drowned in Kensington Gardens.
Genin, playing in a field a few months
ago, saw a little girl fall into the
Sambre. Without knowing who the
child was, he plunged into the river,
and after some trouble saved her.
The child turned out to be his own
sister. Not content with having
rescued her from death, Genin, like a
good-hearted little boy, wanted to
shield her from the punishment she
had deserved by playing too near the
river contrary to parents' orders. So
he took the blame of her disobedience
on himself and received a beating from
his father. The little girl, however,
could not bear to see him suffer in
this way, and afterwards told the
whole truth, which was corroborated
by the evidence of an eye-witness.

The facts then became public, and
young Genin was summoned to Brus-
sels at the fetes to receive a national
recompense. He was, of course, loudly
cheered as he stepped up to the plat-
form, and M. Rolin-Jacquemyns, the
home minister, in pinning a medal to
his breast, called him a little hero.—
St. James' Gazette.

Evening on the Prairies.

NORTH to the winding deep Qu'Appelle,
Gleam the tossing prairie acacia,
And far to south the trackless bush
Waves in each passing breeze.

I hear the insects' ceaseless hum,
The chirp of birds in trees;
A fox rushing thro' the bushes,
The rustling, falling of leaves.

The oxen moving around me,
A far-off Indian's gun,
The whir of the water-fowl rising
From a lake below, in the sun.

But I hearken in vain for voices,
Or a footstep passing this way,
Or even a herd-boy calling
His cattle at close of day.

The setting sun lights up the scene
With a gleaming, yellow light,
And the fast length'ning shadows prove
That quick comes on the night.

Across the prairie phantoms move,
Round the bluffs strange forms arise,
Horses go past, deer cross the trail,
Towers and churches meet my eyes.

And my life seems like this prairie,
As still, as lonely, as free;
I hearken to voices that are not,
See faces far, far from me.

And I think of him whose presence
Fills this wide, wide, empty room,
And pray that at my evening time
His light may guide me home.

M. E. BIRD.

DON'T BE AFRAID OF WORK.

DON'T be afraid of killing yourself
with overwork, son, is the facetious
way the Burlington *Hawkeye* has of
counseling young men to thrift. Men
seldom work so hard as that on the
sunny side of thirty. They die some-
times; but it is because they quit
work at 6 p.m. and don't get home
until 2 a.m. It's the intervals that
kill, my son. The work gives you an
appetite for your meals; it lends
solidity to your slumber; it gives you
a perfect and grateful appreciation of
a holiday. There are young men who
do not work, my son—young men who
make a living by sucking the end of a
cane, and who can tie a necktie in
eleven different knots, and never lay
a wrinkle in it; who can spend more
money in a day than you can earn in
a month, son. So find out what you
want to be and to do, son, and take off
your coat and make success in the
world. The busier you are, the less
evil you will be apt to get into, the
sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter
and happier your holiday, and the
better satisfied will the world be with
you.

* When on the prairie in the evening all kinds of
illusions present themselves, and many people un-
accustomed to these parts are alarmed by them.

Our Little Gardens.

Who has a garden to plant! I know—
Each little boy and girl; and so
Each little boy and girl must get
Good seeds to sow, good grafts to set;
And when they have set and sowed, take care
To trim them and weed them till they shall
bear

Such good and beautiful fruit that they
Will be glad for all they have done some
day.

Each little garden is each little heart,
Where the good seeds with the bad will
start;
And we all must strive to destroy the bad
And protect the good. And the lass and
the lad

Who work the hardest to plant and sow
In their little hearts good seeds, may know
That their future lives will prove what care
They took, and what seeds they planted
there.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JUNE 25, 1887.

\$250,000
FOR MISSIONS
FOR THE YEAR 1887.

**LORD AND LADY LANSDOWNE
AT SUNDAY-SCHOOL.**

SUNDAY, May 22nd, will be remembered by the Sunday-school of the Metropolitan Church as a red-letter day in its history. His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Lansdowne, accompanied by Captain Streetfield, kindly accepting an invitation to visit the school, made their appearance shortly after three o'clock, when they were cordially received with such quiet applause as became both the day and the occasion, the children all joining in the singing of the National Anthem. In introducing their Excellencies, the pastor, Rev. Mr. Stafford, expressed the pleasure it gave him to introduce their Excellencies, whose presence, not as members of the Methodist Church, but as members of the Church of England, showed their broad views of Christi-

anity and their willingness to recognize as members of Christ's flock others than those of their own particular fold. His Excellency, who upon rising was warmly applauded by the school, expressed the pleasure it gave him and Lady Lansdowne to be present; and his delight with the reception given him in the greeting of the school and the words spoken by the pastor. He referred to the agreement between all Christians in the great fact of worship rendered to the same God, and that, brought together upon such occasions, there was a point of unity which made them feel as though they were all members of the same Church. They then visited the church, which they inspected, and also listened to selections on the organ, which were played by Mr. Torrington, the distinguished organist of the church. Before leaving, their Excellencies wrote their autographs in the visitors' book, and expressed themselves highly delighted with their visit.—*Guardian.*

**HOW THE SUNDAY STONE WAS
MADE.**

In an Oxford museum may be seen a strange stone. It is composed of carbonate of lime, and was taken from a pipe which carries off drain water in a colliery. The stone consists of alternate layers of black and white, so that it has a striped appearance. This was caused in the following way: When the miners were at work, the water which ran through the pipe contained a good deal of coal-dust, and so left a black deposit in the pipe. But when no work was going on—as, for instance, in the night—the water was clean, and so a white layer was formed. In time these deposits quite filled the pipe, and it was, therefore, taken up. Then it was found that the black and white layers formed quite a calendar. Small streaks, alternately black and white, showed a week, and then came a white streak of twice the usual size. This was Sabbath, during which there was, of course, no work for twenty-four hours. But in the middle of one week there came a white streak of twice the usual size. On inquiry it was found that on that day a large fair had been held in the neighbourhood, and no work had been done at the colliery. Every change in the ordinary course of work had left its mark on this strange stone, to which has been given the title of "The Sunday Stone."

PRAY, AND HANG ON.

A VENTURESOME six-year-old boy ran into the forest after the team, and rode home in triumph on the load.

When his exploit was related, his mother asked if he was not frightened when the team was coming down a very steep hill.

"Yes; a little," said he, "but I asked the Lord to help me, and hung on like a beaver!"

The boy's philosophy was good. Some pray but do not hang on; some hang on but do not pray.



GIANT SPRUCE TREES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

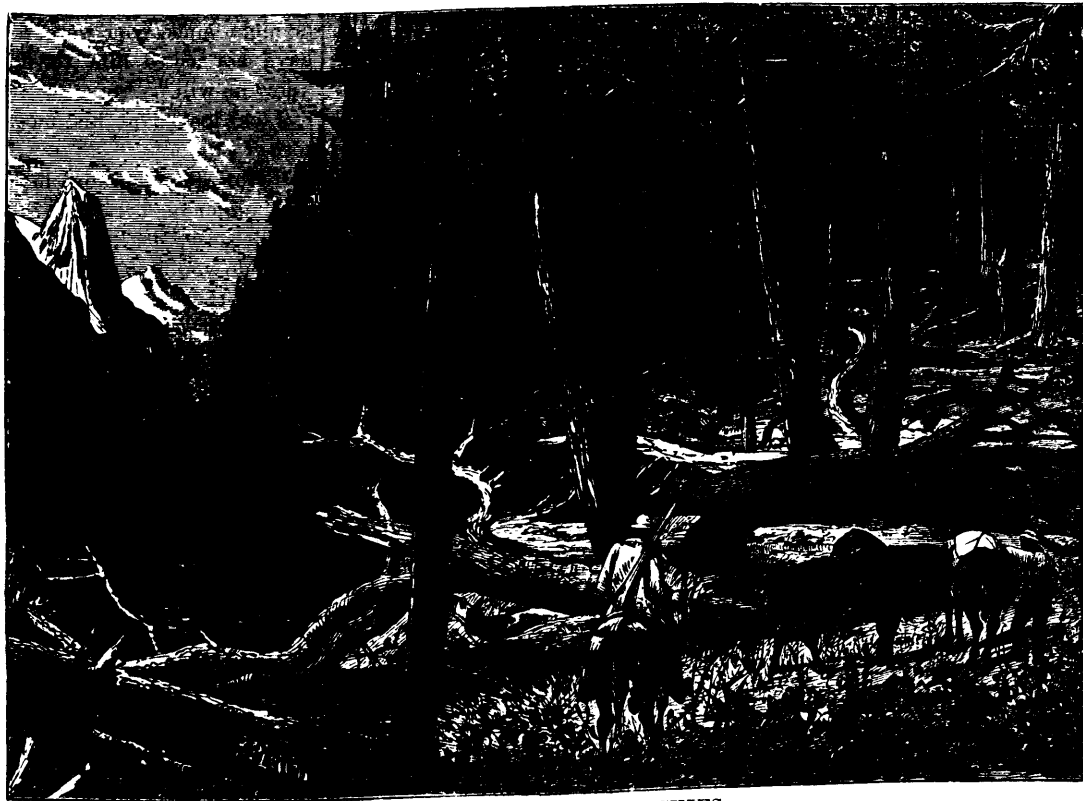
**DID NOT KNOW IT WAS IN THE
BIBLE.**

A WELL-TO-DO deacon in Connecticut was one day accosted by his pastor, who said, "Poor Widow Green's wood is all out. Can you not take her a cord?" "Well," answered the deacon, "I have wood, and I have the team; but who is to pay me for it?" The pastor, somewhat vexed, replied, "I will pay you for it, on condition that you read the first three verses of Psa. xli. before you go to bed to-night." The deacon consented, delivered the wood, and at night opened the Word of God and read the passage: "Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him, and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth; and thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies. The Lord will strengthen him on the bed of languishing; thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness." A few days afterward the pastor met him again. "How much do I owe you, deacon, for that cord of wood?" "Oh!" said the enlightened man, "do not speak of payment; I did not know those promises were in the Bible. I would not take money for supplying the old widow's wants."—*Anon.*

THOUGH thou shouldst be going to live three thousand years, still remember that no man loses any other life than this which he now lives.

SAVE ME NEXT.

A BEAUTIFUL incident is told of a little child upon a lately wrecked steamer. The boats were taking the passengers away as fast as they could, every one crowding forward intent on his own salvation. One after another was passed down, while the neglected child stood waiting her turn. The vessel rocked to and fro, on the eve of going to the bottom. Seeing no chance of escape, the little one stretched out her hands, and cried, "Save me next." It is a cry that ought to go up from millions of hearts. The barque of life will go down some day, and if we are not saved in Christ, we must be eternally lost. It is a cry that those of us who are saved might hear on every hand. It comes from that miserable, trembling, half-palsied debauchee, who must have—will have—rum. He curses his fate and drinks again, even while he cries out in agony against the chain that binds him as with fetters of brass, "Save me next!" Strong arms must be held out to such. None but God may save the rum-crazed wretch. We may do much to bring him to the Father who turns no one away. The cry comes again from that gaudily dressed woman, whose words are possibly louder than her dress. She may not ask to be saved; she may not want to be saved; but she needs to be. None but herself and God know how much. The call is to some Christian woman to lead her to him who will say, "Thy sins are forgiven thee."



TRAVELLING IN THE ROCKIES.

Song of Young Canada.

Let others talk of Albion's fame,
Or Scotia's prowess praise;
Let other's chant Hibernia's name,
Or swell the "Marseillaise;"
A mightier land 'tis ours to boast,
A land more vast, more free;
From ocean coast to ocean coast,
Bound only by the sea!

CHORUS.

Fair Canada, our native land,
Our hopes are fixed on thee;
We're working out with heart and hand,
Thy glorious destiny.

We do not boast ancestral lines,
We want no nobles here;
Here pride of blood to worth resigns—
Each man is born a peer.
No tyrant king o'er us holds sway,
All unjust laws we hate;
We champion the better way—
A democratic state.

CHO.—Fair Canada, etc.

In thee unite two nations strong,
Four peoples most renowned;
The rose and thistle here belong,
The shamrock's with them found;
While France's lilies, pure and white,
Quebec's proud temples wreath—
But best and grandest in our sight
Stands out the Maple Leaf.

CHO.—Fair Canada, etc.

Should ever danger threaten thee
From rash invading foe,
Should dastard traitor's hand e'er be
Upraised to work thee woe,
Thy sons would rise from where the sun
Gilds Nova Scotia's shore
To where Columbia's rivers run—
And save their land once more.

CHO.—Fair Canada, etc.

Ontario's sons—a noble band—
Quebec's—no aliens they—
New Brunswick's and Prince Edward Isle's,
To thee all honour pay.
From Manitoba's prairies free,
From our North-west domain,
The home of millions yet to be,
We hear the same refrain:

CHO.—Fair Canada, etc.

AN ANGEL'S TOUCH.

ONE evening, not long ago, a little girl of nine or ten entered a place in which is a bakery, grocery and saloon in one, and asked for five cents' worth of tea. "How's your mother," asked the boy who came forward to wait on her. "Awful sick, and ain't had anything to eat all day." The boy was just then called to wait upon some men who entered his saloon, and the girl sat down. In five minutes she was nodding, and in seven she was sound asleep, and leaning her head against a barrel, while she held the poor old nickel in a tight grip between her thumb and finger. One of the men saw her as he came from the bar, and after asking who she was, said, "Say, you drunkards, see here. Here we've been pouring down whiskey when this poor child and her mother want bread. Here's a two dollar bill that says I've got some feeling left." "And I can add a dollar," observed one. "And I'll give another."

They made up a purse of even five dollars, and the spokesman carefully put the bill between two of the sleeper's fingers, drew the nickel away, and whispered to his comrades: "Just look-a-here—the gal's dreaming!" So she was. A big tear had rolled out of her closed eye-lid, but the face was covered with a smile. The men tip-toed out, and the clerk walked over and touched the sleeping child. She awoke with a laugh and cried out: "What a beautiful dream! Ma wasn't sick any more, and we've had lots to eat and wear, and my hand burns yet where the angel touched it!" When she discovered her nickle had been replaced by a bill, a dollar of which loaded her down with all she could carry, she innocently said: "Well, now, but ma won't hardly believe me that you sent up to heaven

and got an angel to come down and clerk in your grocery."—*John B. Gough.*

GOOD FOR MANY THINGS.

WHAT the palm-tree does for the tropics, the reindeer does, to a certain extent, for the frigid zone. He furnishes food, clothing, bowstrings and cords, knife-handles, and, beyond anything the palm can boast of, he furnishes swift locomotion where there are neither horses, boats, nor cars.

He travels ten miles an hour and draws two or three hundred pounds. His fur in winter is a white and greyish-brown. In summer he wears a very dark coat. He lives on a kind of white lichen in winter, often scraping it up from under a depth of snow. His eyes and ears are quick, but his nose is sharper than all.

GLEAM ACROSS THE WAVE.

THE Rev. Spencer Crompton, the earnest evangelical minister in Boulogne, France, relates the following incident:

"During a voyage to India I sat one dark evening in my cabin, feeling thoroughly unwell, as the sea was rising fast, and I was but a poor sailor. Suddenly the cry of 'Man overboard!' made me spring to my feet. I heard a trampling overhead, but resolved not to go on deck, lest I should interfere with the crew in their efforts to save the poor man. 'What can I do!' I asked myself, and instantly unhooking my lamp, I held it near the top of my cabin and close to my bull's-eye window, that its light might shine on the sea, and as near the ship as possible. In half a minute's time I heard the joyful cry, 'It's all right; he's safe,' upon which I put my lamp back in its place.

"The next day, however, I was

told that my little lamp was the sole means of saving the man's life; it was only by the timely light which shone upon him that the knotted rope could be thrown so as to reach him."

Christian worker, never despond, or think there is nothing for you to do even in the dark and weary days. Looking unto Jesus, lift up your light; let it so shine that men may see; and in the bright resurrection morning what joy to hear the "Well done!" and to know that you have unawares saved some soul from death!—*Christian Herald.*

"A LITTLE BIRD LED ME."

UNDER the cool shade of the oak-trees, Thomas, the wood-cutter, and his grandson Joe, had been eating their lunch. Carefully gathering the crumbs, the old man threw them far out on the grass, and then both waited till first one bird, then another, hopped down for their share of the feast. "It was a little bird like that, Joe, that showed me the way to God. I'll tell you about it. I was a grown man, with a wife and little children—your mother was the baby then—before I ever thought much of God, or my duty to him. It was one night, while I sat in the door-way resting, I heard your grandmother singing, as she rocked her baby to sleep:

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the waters near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.

It set me to thinking of my sins, of death, of meeting God, and for days my heart was full of fear. I was coming through the woods one night when a great storm came on; the wind blew, the trees crashed, the rain came in gusts, and it was all I could do to keep my feet. At every flash of lightning my heart trembled for fear I might be called to meet my God. Then I saw a bird flying around with pitiful cry. On a low branch was an empty nest, torn and drenched; on the ground were the crushed eggs. There seemed no refuge for her from the blinding storm, till, by a flash of light, I saw her dart under a great rock which was near, and I knew she was safe. Then the words of the song came back to me, and I prayed aloud, as I hurried through the storm and rain:

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the waters near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.

And he heard me, Joe; and, through him who said, 'I am the way,' I am not afraid to meet my God. So you see it was a little bird that led me to the Lord."—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

AN eccentric divine once said to his audience: "My hearers, there is a great deal of ordinary work to be done in this world, and, thank the Lord, there are a great many ordinary people to do it."

KNOWLEDGE, like the blood, is healthy only while in brisk circulation.

The Dominion of Canada.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

"ONLY a few acres of snow!"

Our country first was styled,
By French explorers long ago,
In winter bleak and wild.

An hundred years rolled on apace,
Again they sought our shore,
As summer beamed with smiling face,
Inviting to explore.

The noble Champlain and his band
On Quebec's height did raise
The flag of France, with eager hand,
'Mid thankful prayer and praise.

They fought and toiled for many years,
And tilled the virgin soil,
Till happy homes dispelled their fears
And fortune sweetened toil.

But war again chang'd peaceful scenes
To carnage and dismay,
Till British prowess intervenes,
And finally holds sway.

Then hand-in-hand, a peaceful band,
The Briton and the Gaul,
Agree to sub-divide the land,
Together stand or fall!

May peace and honour ever keep
The brothers thus entwined;
With patriotism—pure and deep—
Fidelity enshrined!

At last, like fair unfolding flower,
The New Dominion stands,—
Upper and Lower Canada
Embrace with loving hands!

Thus July first of every year,
Our great Dominion Day,
Her loyal sons hold ever dear,
In honour and display!

The fairest flower on this fair earth,
The freest of the free;
Whose sons are proud to own their birth,
And claim their homes in thee!
Toronto. JOHN IMRIE.

NO!

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

CHAPTER IV.

"FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT."

WHEN Will sauntered down into the school-room next morning, he met Jack in the hall. The other boys had gone in, but the bell had not rung. Will took the initiative, with his usual audacity:

"Well, Jack, I s'pose you feel terrible top-lofty this mornin'!"

Jack stared.

"What for?" he asked.

"O, 'cause your a goody boy, and never do anything your ma says you mustn't!"

Jack flushed and his fist clinched, but he seemed to hear that mother's voice, "Say 'No' to your temper, my boy!" and, with a strong effort, he answered,

"I don't mean to, and I hope I sha'n't. Did you think the cigar paid, Will?"

Will scowled at him as savagely as he knew how, but only produced a grimace that made Jack laugh again. And just then the bell rang.

Next day was Friday, and their day to go to Danvers for a Sunday at home. Mr. Boyd's waggon was sent over for

them, and, as they were friends again by this time, there was no quarreling between them; and Will did not dare to allude to his cigar-smoking before the driver.

But Will's pale face did not escape his mother's eyes.

"My dear boy," she said, fondly, "what makes you look so white?"

"O, nothin'," said Will, colouring quite up to his hair.

"But you look sick."

"Well, I ain't. O, ma, don't fuss. I guess you won't think I'm sick when supper-time comes!"

Yet when it did come, Will did not show much appetite. Miss Malvina had tried to give him a dose of medicine and keep him in bed a day, but the boy objected stoutly and insisted on the fact that his mother never gave him anything but homoeopathic medicine, and would be horrified if he was made to swallow rhubarb.

But seeing that Will sat at the table pale and languid, and only playing with his dainty food, Mr. Boyd remarked,

"Lost your appetite, boy?"

"I guess so," said Will, faintly.

Indeed, the severe nausea of Wednesday afternoon, and the effort to keep about and study on Thursday and Friday, had weakened the delicate boy and disturbed his digestion.

"Been sick?" queried the father.

"O, just a headache," and Will coloured again, so hotly that his father suspected something. He had been a boy himself not so long ago but that he could read his son's face.

"Well, go up stairs, child. Don't sit here and see things you can't eat."

"And I'll get you some pellets," said the anxious mother, who had already begun to count up the cases she had heard of children overtaxed at school and dying of brain disease.

Mr. Boyd had an objection to boys telling tales out of school. But yet he had a little curiosity about Will's illness, so he asked Mrs. Manice the next Sunday if Jack had said anything about Will's illness the last week.

"No," said Manice; "but here is Miss Kent, Brother John. She came in to spend Sunday, as her father preaches for the Crackit Mission to-day, and she will tell you."

Manice stepped back, took Jack's hand in hers, and Mr. Boyd stepped into Jack's place beside Miss Malvina, and soon found out what he wanted to know.

But he laughed.

"Little rascal! A real chip of the old block. Goodness, how abominably sick I was when I took my first. I didn't mean he should begin so soon, though. Cigars aren't allowed in school, are they?"

"No, indeed!" sharply answered Miss Kent.

"Well, well. I'll stop it. Will must wait."

Miss Kent looked at the kindly, frank, blunt-faced man beside her, and—held her tongue. She knew when to

be silent—a much rarer knowledge than when to speak.

"Mother," said Jack that night, as he sat on the floor at Manice's feet, with his head in her lap for their Sunday "talk," "I did remember to say 'No' two times this week."

"That is good," said his mother.

"You see, one of the fellers wanted me to smoke a cigar, and I wouldn't."

"Did you want to, dear?"

"You'd better b'lieve I didn't, mother. Why he was the sickest boy you ever saw. He looked awful, and I guess he felt worse. I don't want to feel nor look like that. Not much!"

"It was not very hard to say 'No,' then?"

Jack looked up at her; his honest face flushed. He gave a little embarrassed laugh.

"O, mammy, I guess I've boasted for nothin'. But it was hard the other time. I got awful mad with a feller for something he said, and I was just goin' to strike him, and I remembered what you said about saying 'No' to myself, and I shut up."

"That's my boy!" said Manice, stooping to kiss his forehead. "Be honest with yourself, Jack, and you'll be honest with everybody; and stick to your 'No.' I'll give you a text every time you come home to last till you come again. A sort of war-cry, you know, such as the soldiers in old time used when they went into battle. Living is a sort of battle, and this is a good shout, 'Quit you like men, be strong!' Don't you think so?"

Jack's eye kindled. His mother knew him well. The masculine, aggressive principle was strong within him. He would always be a fighter, not a thinker. She did not try to change his nature, but to direct its bent. If he was a man of war, it should be war against the devil and all his angels, an archangelic battle that a man may be proud and glad to undertake.

"It means 'acquit' here, my boy; that is 'behave.' Don't be afraid like a weak child, but be manly; something like what another verse says. 'Fight the good fight of faith; lay hold on eternal life,' and as it is in the hymn book, 'Onward, Christian soldiers.'"

"But, mother," he said shyly, "I dunno as I am a Christian soldier. Paul asked me th' other day if I'd got religion; and Will heard him, and Will said, 'Ho! Jack pious! I guess so! 'Bout as pious as my puppy.' Mother, can't I be good without bein' pious? Boys don't like it."

Manice was perplexed enough; she did not know what to say. A silent look upward helped her.

"Jack, I don't know what you mean by pious. You can't be good unless you love goodness, and God is goodness. I want to teach you how to know what is good and what is bad, but I cannot make you love one and hate the other. Only God can change your heart so that it will delight in

his will; and there has not been a day or night since you were born that I have not asked him to do so; so I know he will."

Jack looked at his mother with a sort of awe.

"How do you know, mother?" he said, under his breath.

"Because, dear, he has promised. And do you know what Christ said? 'If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good gifts to them which ask him?' And I have tried the Lord's promises, Jack, before now."

The girls came in then, and neither the boy nor his mother said any more. But Jack went back to school the next morning with an odd feeling of being held in bonds that he did not make and could not break; he felt as if his mother and God—being only a boy his mother came first—had both got hold of him and would never let him go. The impression wore away from his consciousness, but rested deep in his soul till the hour should come for its reviving and its eternal stamp.

The waggon came first for Jack and then stopped at his uncle's door for Will. Mr. Boyd came out and lifted Will's bag in for him.

"Look here, sir!" he said, with a certain sternness that a twinkle in the corner of his eye belied. "No more cheap cigars! and for that matter no more cigars at all till you get through school. I don't want you poisoned with bad tobacco, nor ruffing your head smack against Mr. Kent's rules. It's full time to take up manly notions when you're a man. Good-bye to you."

Will was furious. As soon as the waggon turned the corner he fell upon Jack with full intention of making him pay for his tale. But the driver, a good-natured Irishman, picked up Jack with one hand, and lifting him by the coat-collar, dragged him up to the front seat before Will had half a chance to pummel him.

"O be aisy now, Master Will; what are ye afther to be knockin' your cousin about this-a-way!"

"He's a sneak!" roared Will, "a mean old tell-tale; and I'll just give it to him when I get him back to school, you bet!"

"I'd like-to-to-know-wh-what I've told?" panted Jack, out of breath from the suddenness of Will's attack.

"I know what you've told, sir. You've been tellin' about my smoke; ther' wasn't anybody else to tell; and I know 'twas you just as well!"

"No you don't," said Jack, coolly, having recovered his breath. "I never told a single wingle thing about it. Nobody asked me, and I told you I wouldn't tell unless I was asked."

"Boys!" she said, "stop at once!" The voice of authority had its weight.

"What are you fighting for!" she asked.

"He told pa about my smoke," answered Will, "and he's a real sneaky tell-tale."

"You lie!" shouted Jack.

Miss Malvina looked at him steadily.

"It was not Jack who told of you, it was I," she said to Will.

Will was astounded. He had not been to church with his father, and his mother was too anxious about him. She kept him at home to be dosed with pellets, and petted on the sofa, which he by no means enjoyed, but was just weak and listless enough to submit to.

But he could not disbelieve Miss Malvina, and he could not call her the names he called Jack; so he only sulked, and having once abused his cousin hated him because he had.

But the morning brought nothing that the boys expected. Miss Malvina was on her way to Paul Day, who had been seized with sudden illness: the doctor was sent for at once, and pronounced the disease malignant scarlet fever, and early the next day every boy was sent home, not even saying good-bye to Miss Malvina, who was in Paul's room.

Paul Day never recovered from his fever, and old Mr. Kent, who had never had the disease, took it from the boy, and after a brief illness died too.

Of course, this broke up the school. Miss Malvina went to live with an aged aunt, and the two Boyds were put into the graded public school in Danvers, so Manice had her boy again, and was glad.

Here, of course, Jack had his temptations. His quick temper and his disgust at the dishonesty and brutality of many of his school-mates got him into many a fight. It was hard for his mother to keep him restrained in these matters, for he could not believe it was wrong to knock down a boy for abusing his little brother, or for using such language as Jack had never even heard.

"He'll be ruined, utterly ruined!" Aunt Maria remarked, with bitter calmness. "Those public schools are sinks of iniquity, Manice. I would just as soon send the boy to a penitentiary!"

"And he'll catch all sorts of diseases, too," moaned Aunt Sally; "there's such poor children go there."

"But, auntie," said Manice, "he cannot go anywhere else just now. You know my means are limited, and Brother John has met with such losses he cannot send the boy away. And if he could, there are bad boys everywhere. I remember what Christ said, 'I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil.' That is what I ask for Jack."

"Well, the first you know he'll be using bad words just like the rest of 'em," said Aunt Maria, with a tone of conviction.

Manice answered nothing. But as she went out of the half-shut door, and closed it behind her, she found Mimy

taking out into the kitchen the basin with which she had just washed the oil-cloth in the hall. Manice followed her to see about the dinner.

"I never see the beat on 't!" growled Mimy, putting down the basin with a slam. "They'd like to make that boy just like a p'tater sprout, growin' up in a sullar. I don't take to boys a mite, gener'lly speakin'; they're a dispensation. But I do set by Jack a lot, and I hate to hev him forever an' ever nagged by folks that hasn't no right to nag him, nor to nag you neither, when all's said and done;" and the cold gray eye warmed and shone on Manice with an expression as deep as it was voiceless of the honest affection underlying her rough words.

Manice smiled.

"You and I may be old some day, Mimy, and maybe we shall not always be silent when we're not pleased."

"Well, I ain't real dumb now, but I guess you won't never get to tewin round the way they does; 'taint in ye! Land! they think the' aint nothin' good can come out o' Nazareth, now, don't they? I guess he was common folks like them young ones to school—a carpenter's boy, Scripser says; and they wouldn't no more ha' looked at him, ef so be they'd ha' been born in them days, than nothin', I don't b'lieve!"

"O, Mimy!"

"I know I'm kind of cantankerous, but I hate to hear folks talk as though they was the top o' the heap an' all the rest nubbins! There's good folks that's poor, and there's good folks that's rich; and the Lord knows it, if Miss Mari' don't!"

"Yes, Mimy, that is the comfort. The Lord knows and we don't; we can only work under and with him to his ends, and what we know not now we shall know hereafter."

"That's so!" was Mimy's hearty amen.

In a certain way Aunt Maria was right. Jack was exposed to some influences that never would have touched him in a private school. He heard words every day that he never heard before and as time wore on they ceased to be shocking or startling to him. The class of boys who went to the public school were some of them used to hear profanity from their very infancy. They did not even guess it was improper. As one of them explained to another in Jack's hearing,

"What did teacher want to blow about me swearin' for! 'Taint no harm to swear; father does, and Joe, and all the fellers. Don't mean nothin', only kinder slams the talk down!"

He knew no better, but Jack did; and to Manice's utter horror she heard her boy, who was nailing up a shelf in the wood-house, and suddenly hammered his finger instead of the nail, burst out with an oath.

Manice's heart seemed to stop.

"Jack!" she exclaimed.

Jack threw down his hammer and coloured hotly. His mother's face hurt him.

"Mammy, I didn't think. I didn't mean to. I hear them fellers say it all the time, and I s'pose it got into my head and slipped out of itself."

Jack was honest. It was just so. The reiteration of the phrase had stamped it on his brain, and the momentary pain brought out an ejaculation with which he had become too familiar.

Manice recognized his honesty.

"It is what I was afraid of in the big school," she said, sadly. "But O, Jack, must my boy 'go with the multitude to do evil?'"

"It is too bad!" owned Jack. "I will try, mother. I didn't mean it."

"Take a text, Jack, to help you. Here it is, 'Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips.' You need some higher help than mine to help you remember."

"I b'lieve mother thinks a text would help a feller cut a tree down," Jack declared to Mimy next day.

"'Twouldn't hinder him none," was the dry rejoinder.

But whatever was the reason Jack did shut his lips many a time over some idle or profane expletive thereafter, remembering the look on his mother's face.

There came a very pleasant Saturday in the next autumn, when Will Boyd coaxed his father to let him take his business waggon, and spare the coachman for an afternoon's drive with certain of the boy's friends, Jack included.

Jack and Will were better friends now, for they were in separate rooms—Jack's diligence in study having promoted him to a higher grade than Will.

After an hour or so Patrick stopped to water the horses beside a large barn, and one of the boys got out to loosen the check-reins, and in doing so caught sight of a cider-press.

"Hullo!" he shouted, "we're in luck, you fellers. Here's a cider-mill in full blast. Let's see if we can have a straw apiece."

The red-faced old farmer who owned the mill grinned consentingly, and the six boys soon clustered around the press.

"Is it cider?" asked Jack, for he knew his mother had forbidden that.

"Law no!" chuckled the farmer, "'taint no more cider'n a egg's a hen; 'tis apple juice. You've eet a pint ov't to-day, I'll bet. Now you can drink a lot."

So Jack addressed himself to a straw. But whether he inherited that fatal weakness of brain which had ruined his father, or whether the inheritance of a craving taste made him drink the sweet fluid to his fullest capacity, one thing is sure, that in half an hour his face was blazing, his eyes heavy, his speech thick; and at last he fell over against the boy next him, and when they returned to Danvers he was lifted out by Patrick and carried into his mother's house in a drunken sleep. Poor Manice!

(To be continued.)

Put the Whiskey Demon Down.

CHAS. H. BARLOW.

SHRILL as war's dread tocsin's warning,
Waking slumb'ring hosts to life;
As when hostile bands were thronging
Forth to fields of mortal strife,
Bidding men of truth and honour
Rouse as in rebellion's dawn;
Write on our country's bright banner—
Put the whiskey demon down!

Long ye waited, inly pining,
Praying from the depths of gloom,
For the clouds of silver lining,
Hoping for its coming soon.
Now at last the light is breaking,
Ush'ring jubilee's glad morn;
Now's the time, there's no mistaking—
Put the whiskey demon down!

As when bugle blasts resounding,
Bade a million swords unsheath,
Foes of liberty confounding,
"It is victory or death."
Thund'ring shouts of foes upstarted,
Rise from city hall and town;
Rouse, ye loyal, lion-hearted—
Put the whiskey demon down!

In the name of God and human,
In the cause of country's weal,
For the coming man and woman,
Wake and work with holy zeal.
For the sisters and the brothers,
For the sacred light of home,
For the blessed babes and mothers—
Put the whiskey demon down!

Hear the thrilling tones of warning,
Clanging from the mount of life,
As when blazing ranks were thronging
Into fields of mortal strife.
'Tis the hour, though long belated,
That shall Satan's might uncrown;
Long enough ye mourned and waited—
Put the whiskey demon down!

Once ye read his flaming message,
When ye gave black millions light;
Then ye hewed a Red Sea's passage
For Jehovah's truth and right.
Now, once more the sacred token
Peals from heaven's highest dome;
"Thus the Lord of hosts hath spoken"—
Put the whiskey demon down!
Michigan. LE ROY.

A TRUE STORY.

Little Folk's Magazine some time ago published the following story:

"In a remote village in Argyle, in the west of Scotland, sat a little boy playing alone. The day being very hot, cows and horses were driven to the sea to cool themselves. All at once a cry arose from children playing near that some young horses had broken loose, and were galloping down towards them. In a moment the road was clear, save one dark speck at the other end: it was the little child.

"So intent was he with his game that he never heard them coming. On came the horses, almost driven mad with the heat. Nothing could be done to save the child. At some little distance from it was an old horse quietly feeding; attracted by the noise he looked up and saw how matters stood. In a moment he sprang forward, seized the child in his mouth, and, carrying him some distance, laid him gently on the grass, just as the other horses passed by."

EVERY just cause triumphs in the end by patience rather than by violence.

Dear Little Hands.

DEAR little hands, I love them so !
And now they are lying under the snow—
Under the snow, so cold and white,
I cannot see them, or touch them to-night.
They are quiet and still at last, ah me !
How busy and restless they used to be !
But now they can never reach up through
the snow ;

Dear little hands, I loved them so !

Dear little hands, I miss them so !
All through the day, wherever I go—
All through the night how lonely it seems,
For no little hands wake me out of my
dreams.

I miss them all through the weary hours,
I miss them as others miss sunshine and
flowers ;

Day time, or night time, wherever I go—
Dear little hands, I miss them so !

Dear little hands they have gone from me
now,

Never again will they rest on my brow—
Never again smooth my sorrowful face,
Never clasp me in a childish embrace.

And now my forehead grows wrinkled with
care,

Thinking of little hands, once resting there ;
But I know in a happier, heavenlier clime,
Dear little hands, I will clasp you sometime.

Dear little hands, when the Master shall call,
I'll welcome the summons that comes to us
all—

When my feet touch the waters so dark and
so cold,

And I catch my first glimpse of the City of
Gold,

If I keep my eye fixed on the heavenly gate,
Over the tide where the white-robed ones
wait,

Shall I know you, I wonder, among the
bright bands,

Will you beckon me over, oh ! dear little
hands ?

—Louisville Courier Journal.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO
MATTHEW.

B.C. 4.] LESSON I. [July 3.
THE INFANT JESUS.

Matt. 2. 1-12. Commit to mem. vs. 7-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he
shall save his people from their sins. Matt.
1. 21.

OUTLINE.

1. The Wise Men.
2. The Young Child.

TIME.—B.C. 4. The era called the
Christian ought to begin with the birth of
Christ. Scholars who fixed the date of this
event, and so furnished the dates of the
years of the centuries since, were mistaken
in certain data upon which they based their
calculations as to the birth of Jesus.
Really it was four, or four and a half, years
earlier than it was by them reckoned. To
correctly date his birth we must go back to
a point more than four years before the
close of the era called B.C. So we say
Christ was born B.C. 4.

PLACES.—Jerusalem. Bethlehem.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Jesus was born*—He
came a helpless baby, born as are all men:
never forget it. *Wise men from the east*—
Legend gives their names, Caspar, Melchior,
Balthasar. They were those called in
Daniel *Magi*, and they came from the home
of the Magi, Persia, or some far Eastern
land. *Born King*—Herod was not a born
king: he was made so by the Romans.
Jesus was born to be a king. *His star*—
Those were the days when the learned were
astrologers, and believed that each man was
born under the influence of some star. His
star was doubtless a miraculous light, but
the star was no more a miracle than the
question they asked. *Written by the prophet*
—Written in Micah centuries before, and
well understood by all students of the
Scriptures in that day. *Among the princes*

—Among the towns of Judah. *Inquired*
... *diligently*—That is, Inquired carefully
as to the exact time of the appearance.
What time the star appeared—That is, how
long since it first appeared. *Frankincense,*
and myrrh—Fragrant and costly gums,
valuable as perfumes, and symbols of de-
votion when offered.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. That all honest seekers will find Jesus?
2. That God's word is sure of fulfilment?
3. That our best treasures belong to God?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What name was given to the Saviour
before his birth, as given in the GOLDEN
TEXT? "Thou shalt," etc. 2. Where was
Jesus born? In Bethlehem of Judea. 3.
Who came to Jerusalem seeking him?
Wise men from the East. 4. By what were
they led to Christ? By a star. 5. How
did they honour him? With worship and
gifts.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Divine guidance.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

1. What is redemption? Redemption is
the deliverance of mankind from the curse
and penalty of sin through the death of the
Redeemer.

B.C. 4.] LESSON II. [July 10.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

Matt. 2. 13-23. Commit to mem. vs. 19-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He delivered me, because he delighted in
me. Psa. 18. 19.

OUTLINE.

1. From Bethlehem to Egypt.
2. From Egypt to Nazareth.

TIME.—B.C. 4. The flight and the return
could not have been far apart. Perhaps
the time of the lesson may reach into the
following year, which would make it as we
have dated, B.C. 4.

PLACES.—Bethlehem. The land of Egypt.
Nazareth in Galilee.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The angel of the Lord*—
A messenger, who, by some manifestation,
made Joseph know his child's danger and
the course to pursue. *He was mocked*—
His command disregarded. They had
learned what they desired from him, and he
was angry that they had made him no
return. *In all the coasts*—By coast we mean
sea-shore. But here coast means the near
environs, the edges of the town. *According*
to the time—Children of the age that they
had computed the new-born king to be.
Herod knew he could not be two years old,
and he knew he was more than a very few
days old. So he was very thorough.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. That it is safe to follow God's com-
mand?
2. That it is folly to try to thwart God's
plans?
3. That the path of duty will be made
plain to the obedient?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was the purpose of King Herod
toward the infant Jesus? To put him to
death. 2. How did Joseph receive warning
of Herod's purpose? From an angel. 3.
Where did Joseph take the young child
and his mother? To Egypt. 4. Where
was Jesus taken after the death of Herod?
To Nazareth in Galilee. 5. What does the
GOLDEN TEXT say? "He delivered," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—God's watchful
care.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

2. Who is the Redeemer of mankind?
Our Lord Jesus Christ.
Galatians iii. 13; Ephesians i. 7; 1 The-
salonians i. 10; Matthew xx. 28; Colossians
i. 14; 1 Peter i. 18.

WHEN Patrick Henry was near the
close of his life, he laid his hand on
the Bible and said to a friend who was
with him: "Here is a book worth
more than all others printed; yet it is
my misfortune never to have read it
with proper attention until lately."

HE that hath slight thoughts of sin,
had never great thoughts of God.

SAVE.

CHILDREN who have little money
ought to practice saving something.
Many boys and girls of to-day hardly
know a higher use for any money that
comes into their hands than spending
it for some foolish thing as quickly as
possible. To such a lesson in self-
denial and economy is very important.
As go the boy's pennies and dimes, so,
very likely, will go the man's dollars
and hundreds by-and-by. Without
having the spirit of a miser, the person
accustomed to save has more pleasure
in laying up than a spendthrift ever
knows.

The way to keep money is to earn it
fairly and honestly. Money so obtain-
ed is pretty certain to abide with its
possessor. But money that is inherited,
or that in any way comes without a
fair and just equivalent, is almost cer-
tain to go as it came. The young man
who begins by saving a few dollars a
month and thriftily increases his store
—every coin being a representative of
good, solid work honestly and manfully
done, stands a better chance to spend
the last half of his life in affluence and
comfort, than he who, in his haste to
become rich, obtains money by dashing
speculations, or the devious means
which abound in the foggy region
lying between fair dealing and actual
fraud. Among the wisest and most
thrifty men of wealth, the current pro-
verb is—money goes as it comes. Let
the young make a note of this, and
see that their money comes fairly, that
it may long abide with them.—Anon.

THE MOTHER'S CANDLE.

At the time Willie was serving his
apprenticeship, he had to walk two
miles into town every morning, re-
turning to his home every night. His
father's house was a shepherd's cottage
which stood in the midst of green
fields, with no proper roadway to it,
except a narrow footpath across those
fields.

And when the nights were cold and
stormy, Willie's mother in her frailty
was unable to go and meet him and
lead him home; but she did what she
could, and every night she lighted her
candle and placed it up in the window;
and when the darkness was so great
that Willie could not see his footpath
across the fields, he just fixed his eye
on the light in his mother's window,
and went on until he reached his home
in safety.

The light in the window has now
gone out; but the story of that loving
mother's candle is still told to her
children's children, and never fails to
impress these three good lessons on
their minds:

First. Be always so unselfish as to
think of others, and do what you can
to make their pathway safe and happy.

Second. Let the light of your life's
example so shine that others will be
led into the narrow way.

Third. Remember our Father in
heaven has hung up the lamp of his
Word, that as we pass on through
the darkness of this world we may fix
our eyes on that blessed light, and
follow its leading until we safely reach
"our Father's home on high."

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