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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 4, 1888.

[No. 16.

THE ECLIPSE.

THE boys in the picture are looking at the sun through a piece of smoked glass. It was reported that there would be an eclipse of the sun, and so they found a piece of broken glass, held it over a lighted candle that the surface of it might be coated with smoke in order that they may look at the bright sun without injuring their eyes.

An eclipse of the sun is caused by the moon coming between it and the earth. Sometimes it becomes so dark that persons can hardly see. The next time there is an eclipse of the sun don't fail to look at it through a piece of smoked glass. You will then see a dark object moving gradually upon the sun until that luminary is almost totally hidden. It will be worth seeing. Examine the almanac, which will tell you when the next eclipse occurs, have your glass ready and you will see something you will never forget.

HOW ALL MAY STUDY ASTRONOMY.

THERE was never a time when the heavens were studied by so many amateur astronomers as at present. In every civilized country many excellent telescopes are owned and used, often to very good purpose, by persons who are not practical astronomers, but who wish to see for themselves the marvels of the sky, and who occasionally stumble upon something that is new even to professional star-gazers. Yet, notwithstanding this activity in the cultivation of astronomical studies, it is probably safe to assert that hardly one person in a hundred knows the chief stars by name, or can even recognize the principal constellations, much less distinguish the planets from the fixed stars. And of course they know nothing of the intellectual pleasure that accompanies a knowledge of the stars. Modern astronomy is so rapidly and wonderfully linking the earth and the sun, together with all the orbs of

space, in the bonds of close physical relationship, that a person of education and general intelligence can offer no valid excuse for not knowing where to look for Sirius, or Aldebaran, or the Orion Nebula, or the planet Jupiter. As Australia and New Zealand and

and in the sun and all his multitude of fellows, which nobody can afford to ignore.

Perhaps one reason why the average educated man or woman knows so little of the starry heavens is because it is popularly supposed that only the

to give one an acquaintance with the stars and planets which will be not only pleasurable but useful. And with the aid of an opera-glass most interesting, gratifying, and in some instances scientifically valuable observations may be made in the heavens.

I have more than once heard persons who knew nothing about the stars, and probably cared less, utter exclamations of surprise and delight when persuaded to look at certain parts of the sky with a good glass, and thereafter manifest an interest in astronomy of which they would formerly have believed themselves incapable. *Popular Science Monthly.*

THE SEA CAPTAIN'S STORY.

I HAD a little vessel on the coast. She had four men besides myself. I had my wife and two children on board. The night was stormy, and my brother was to stand watch that night. The seamen prevailed on him to take "one glass," to help him perform his duties; but, being unaccustomed to liquor, he fell asleep, and in the night I awoke to find my vessel a wreck.

I took my wife and one of my little ones in my arms, and she took the other, and for hours we battled with the cold waves. After hours of suffering, the waves swept my little one from my embrace, then, after more hours of suffering, the waves swept the little one from my wife's arms, and our two dears were lost to us for ever. After more battling with the storm and waves, behold! she was cold in death.

I made my way to the shore, and here I am—my wife, my children, and all my earthly possessions lost for "one glass" of rum! Oh, beware of the intoxicating cup!

A LITTLE sick boy was told by his mother to take a powder she had prepared for him "Powder powder!" said he. "Mother, I aint a gun!"



THE ECLIPSE.

all the islands of the sea are made a part of the civilized world through the expanding influence of commerce and cultivation, so the suns and planets around us are, in a certain sense, falling under the dominion of the restless and resistless mind of man. We have come to possess vested intellectual interests in Mars and Saturn,

most powerful telescopes and costly instruments of the observatory are capable of dealing with them. No greater mistake could be made. It does not require an optical instrument of any kind, nor much labour, as compared with that expended in the acquirement of some polished accomplishment, regarded as indispensable,

The Story of Grumble Tom.

THERE was a boy named Grumble Tom, who ran away to sea,
"I'm sick of things on land," he said, "as sick as I can be.
A life upon the bounding wave will suit a lad like me."

The seething ocean billows failed to stimulate his mirth,
For he did not like the ship, or the daisy rolling berth,
And he thought the sea was almost as unpleasant as the earth.

He wandered into foreign lands, he saw each wondrous sight,
But nothing that he heard or saw seemed just exactly right,
And so he journey'd on and on, still seeking for delight.

He talked with kings and ladies fair, he dined in courts, they say,
But always found the people dull, and longed to get away,
To search for that mysterious land where he should like to stay.

He wandered over all the world, his hair was white as snow,
He reached that final bourne at last where all of us must go?
But never found the land he sought. The reason would you know?

The reason was, that north or south, wher'er his steps were bent,
On land or sea, in court or hall, he found but discontent;
For he took his disposition with him everywhere he went.

HOW A GIRL SUCCEEDED.

IN a simple home in Paris some fifty years ago lived Mr. Bonheur and his poor family. He was a man of talent in painting, but he was obliged to spend his time in giving drawing lessons.

His wife gave piano lessons, going from house to house all day long, and sometimes sewing all night. All this was to support the family; for they had four little mouths besides their own to feed. There was August, Leonard and Juliette, and lastly, the one I am going to tell you about, Rosa.

Her mother—tired with hard work—died when Rosa was eight years old. The children were placed in the care of a good woman, who sent them to school, but Rosa was a little truant. She didn't like to be shut up in a schoolroom and spent most of her time playing in the woods gathering daisies and marigolds.

But her father thought if she did not love school she must be taught something useful, and tried to have her taught sewing; but she couldn't learn this, and became so sick at the sewing school that she had to be taken away.

Finally she was left to herself for awhile, and she hung about her father's studio copying whatever she saw him do. Then he suddenly woke up to the fact that his little girl had great talent. He began to teach her carefully in drawing.

At this she studied and worked with all her might.

One day she happened to paint the

picture of a goat; she found so much pleasure in the work that she made up her mind to paint animals only.

She had no money to buy or hire models, so she had to take long walks in the country, working all day in the open air. She loved animals, and it pained her to see them killed, but she must learn how to paint their suffering on canvas, and so she went to the slaughter pens of Paris and sat on a bundle of hay with her colours about her, drawing and painting, while the drovers and butchers gathered around to look at her pictures.

At home—when the family had all moved together again—on the roof of the house Rosa made a little flower garden, and kept a sheep there for a model. Very often Rosa's brother would carry the sheep on his back down six flights of stairs, and after letting him graze on the outside would bring him back to his garden home on the roof.

At nineteen years of age Rosa sent two pictures to the Art Exhibition. The critics spoke kindly of these, and she was encouraged to keep on painting.

At twenty-seven, her splendid picture, "Cantal Oxen," took the gold medal, and was purchased by the English Government. Her own Government presented her with a silver vase.

Her father shared the success of his daughter; he was at once made the director of the Government School of Design for girls. But this relief from poverty and trouble came too late, for he died the same year.

Orders for work now poured in upon her more than she could do; four years later, after long months of study she painted the "Horse Fair." This was greatly admired, both in England and America. It was sold to an Englishman for eight thousand dollars, and was finally bought by the late A. T. Stewart, of New York, for his famous collection.

One day after she had become famous, the Empress of France called upon her, and coming into the studio without warning, found her at work. She arose to receive the Empress, who threw her arms about Rosa's neck and kissed her. After a very short call the visitor went away, but not until after she had gone did Rosa discover that as the Empress had given the kiss she had pinned upon the artist's blouse the Cross of the Legion of Honor. This was the highest honour that the Empress could bestow.

Perhaps some of you girls want to reach and hope to reach the heights of fame as artists; but don't forget that everything worth having in this world has a high price set on it—and if you want true fame as an artist, you must be willing to pay the price. Rosa Bonheur says:

"Art demands heart, brain, soul, body. Nothing less will win its highest favour. I need art; it is my husband, my world, my life-dream, the

air I breathe. I know nothing else, feel nothing else, think of nothing else. I have no taste for general society; I only wish to be known through my works."

The Boys That are Wanted.

We want good boys as well as good girls,
As pure as descending snow;
Yes, pure and bright, like the sun's blest light,
Bringing joy wherever they go.

The boys who are wanted at home are boys
Who their parents love and obey;
And who treat their sisters courteously,
Being gentlemen every day.

The boys that are wanted are cleanly boys;
Abhorring tobacco and rum;
Who never lounge at the corner store,
Nor make sport at a whisky slum.

The boys we want are industrious boys,
Who in sunshine make the hay,
Who dress in keeping with their means,
And always pay their way.

The boys that we want are thoughtful boys,
Who read and think as they grow,
Storing up knowledge for future use,
Knowing well they'll reap as they sow.

But to be such boys they must seek the grace
Which will fill their hearts with love;
For in such hearts the Lord will dwell
And prepare for the home above.

Then give us such boys, and we will not fear
For the future of our girls,
For husbands such will surely be
A blessing to the world.

THE POOR MAN'S WELL.

AMONG the Azores is situated the beautiful Island of Fayal, with its orange-groves and profusion of flowers. But notwithstanding the fruit and flowers, there is one thing which Americans who live there miss sadly, and that is fresh, cool water. There are no lakes or ponds, such as we have here; and so the people have to use rain water, which they save in large tanks or cisterns.

There are a few wells on the island, which, as the water rises and falls in them twice in every twenty-four hours, are called "tide wells." But there was a time—many years ago—when the people had neither cisterns nor wells, and were obliged to get water from hollows in the rocks. And this is the story of the first well:

The year 1699 was a year when scarcely any rain fell. The grain did not grow, the cows and sheep died from thirst, and many of the poor people also. Now, there was a very rich man on the island, who had come here to live many years before, from another part of the world.

Though he was so rich, and might have done much good with his money, he was so stingy and so hard, that the people did not love him at all. But his bags of silver and gold did not buy him water; and at last the thought came to him, "Why! I will dig a well, as people used to do in my country. I will dig it on my own land, and no one shall have a drop of the water but myself."

So he hired men to come and dig the well; but he paid them only a

little money, and was very unkind to them. They dug and they dug but no water came. At last they said they would work no longer unless their master would promise them some of the water; and he promised them the use of the well for half of every day.

Now, they dug with more patience, and one morning, as early as six o'clock, they suddenly found water. The men claimed the privilege of using the well the first six hours, and the master dared not refuse. As they were drawing the water, they noticed that it began to grow lower and lower in the well; and at twelve o'clock, the master's hour, none was left.

He was very, very angry, and said he would never give the men any work again. However, at six o'clock that night, they again demanded the use of the well. He mockingly asked them if they expected the water would come for them and not for him. Nevertheless they went to the well, and, to the master's awe and wonder, it was full of water.

At midnight, the master again tried to get water from the well, and, as before, found it empty. He now felt afraid, believing that some divine power controlled the action of the water. He went to the church, and vowed before God, that if the water should come again next morning, he would dedicate it to the poor forever.

In the morning, when the men visited the well, there was the fresh water awaiting them. The master kept his vow, and thus the well became the "Poor Man's Well." To this day the water rises and falls in it twice in every twenty-four hours.—*Nursery.*

THE UNUSED UMBRELLA.

A YOUTH was lately leaving his aunt's house, after a visit, when, finding it was beginning to rain, he caught up an umbrella that was snugly placed in a corner, and was proceeding to open it, when an old lady, who for the first time observed his movements, sprang towards him, exclaiming:—

"No, no; that you never shall! I've had that umbrella twenty-three years, and it has never been wet yet; and I'm sure it shan't be wetted now."

Some folks' religion is of the same quality. It is none the worse for wear. It is a respectable article, to be looked at, but it must not be damped in the showers of daily life. It stands in a corner, to be used in case of serious illness or death, but it is not meant for common occasions.

We are suspicious that the twenty-three years' old gingham was gone at the seams, and if it had been unfurled it would have leaked like a sieve. At any rate, we are sure that such is the case with the hoarded-up religion which has answered no useful turn in a man's life.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

The Carpenter.

BY ELLEN V. TALBOT.

I watch him in the sunshine bright;
A simple lot, a homely sight,
Yet shining with a halo's light,—
For Jesus was a carpenter.

Methinks I see the dear Lord stand
With tools within his holy hand,
And some long task before him planned,
Like any village carpenter.

My gracious Lord! I can divine
How beautiful, how true and fine,
Was any work that was of thine,
When thou wert village carpenter.

Shall we on humble callings frown,
Or on a labouring class look down,
When he who wore a heavenly crown
Became a simple carpenter?

When all the living seraphim,
The angels and the cherubim,
Adored the kingliness of him
Who was a working carpenter?

Then who need mourn his low estate,
Or murmur at a labouring fate,
Since Jesus made all labour great
When he became a carpenter?

And if our mortal hearts begin
To haughty grow with pride and sin,
Then may this little thought creep in,
That Jesus was a carpenter.

THE BOY WHO RAN AWAY.

"TICKETS, please."

A gentleman, reading the *Times* in the corner of the railway carriage, showed his ticket marked "Brookfield." A lad, curled up asleep opposite to him, snored so soundly that the guard laughed and shut the door.

"I suppose your ticket is all right, my boy?" said the gentleman, kindly, when about ten minutes later the shriek of a whistle aroused the sleeper. "You were asleep when the tickets were examined."

"It's all right," said the boy, sleepily; "I'm going to London."

"Then it's all wrong, my lad; this is the Brookfield train."

"No, no! I can't go to Brookfield. Oh, let me get out—let me jump!"

"You shall do nothing of the sort. You would kill yourself. Now, sit down and explain why you must not go to Brookfield. If you are in trouble, perhaps I can help you."

The gentleman's face looked so pleasant that the poor boy, who was weary, friendless and hungry, broke into sobs, and told his story with his face half hidden by his sleeve.

"I've run away from Brookfield," he said. "I was at school there—Dr. Driver's school, and Dr. Driver said he'd tell my father I'm a thief. Father's been in India since I was five—I'm ten now—and he'll soon be home. I had a shilling of my own, and I was in the hall when a poor cripple chap came and begged of the Doctor, and he only asked for bread; but Dr. Driver ordered him off, and I thought, 'He shall have my shilling.' But he was down in the garden, so I caught up a shilling the Doctor had

put on the hall table, and rushed after the cripple with it."

"My boy, that was stealing."

"Oh, yes, sir, I see that now, but I didn't stop to think. I was running to get my own shilling, when one of the teachers told me to put it in the fine-box because my ball was in the orchard; so then I had no shilling to put on the hall table for the Doctor, and yet it wasn't my fault that the rules were broken. The ball was mine, but another chap had been playing with it in a forbidden part of the grounds. I told the Doctor I'd taken his shilling, meaning to give him mine, but I wouldn't tell him who has been breaking the rules and got my ball in the orchard. Dr. Driver said I was to stay apart from the other boys till father came, and father should know me as a thief. I couldn't stay there and face father, so I ran away and tramped to Marsden, and tried to slip into the London train, but I've made a mistake, and this is going to Brookfield, and, oh, dear, I shall have to face my father after all!"

"What is your name, my child?"

"Rupert Alleyn, sir."

"Rupert, why do you shrink from meeting your father?"

"Oh, because he will hate me for my theft, and I did so want him to love me—nobody has since he went. I can't remember mother, but I did love father!"

"He will not hate you, child; he will love you and pardon you, and be sorry for your sin and suffering, and he will assure Dr. Driver that you will never act so wrongly again. He will keep you at home with him awhile, and he will hope and pray that his only child may grow up as good, and true hearted and honourable as was his mother."

"How do you know that father will do all this?" asked Rupert, opening his blue eyes widely, and looking into the gentleman's face.

"Because the boy who ran away is my own dear son," said Mr. Alleyn, opening his arms to the boy, "and God's mercy has led you to one who loves you best. I was just on my way to your school to see my little Rev. You need not have tried to avoid me, dear lad; my love for you is stronger than you thought. Let this teach you and me, too, that there is a love greater than any other—the love of our Father in heaven. We try sometimes to get from him, we feel so frightened of the Judge of all; but, oh, my child, his tender arms are held out to us in deep compassion, and he is willing to forgive our every spot and stain. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

Rupert clung to his newly-found father in a rapture of thankfulness and joy, but he never forgot those earnestly whispered words about the pardoning love of God.—*Living Spirit.*

"I WANT MY MOTHER."

Once an old, old woman lay slowly dying. Her life had been one of care and toil, of pain and sorrow. She had outlived all the companions of her youth. Those of her middle life had long been in their graves. In her old age, with her two daughters themselves decrepit with the burden of seventy-five and eighty years—she had been obliged to find refuge and shelter within almshouse walls.

But she was too old to care for that. Poverty and public charity had lost all terror for her at last. She was oblivious of her surroundings. Her mind had let go its hold upon the present, and her thoughts basked themselves with the scenes and days of childhood, and in plaintive tones she exclaimed, "I want my mother! I want my mother!"

The daughters, hearing her call, went to the bedside, asking, "What do you want, mother?"

She looked at them with eyes in which was no gleam of recognition. All memory of husband and children had long faded away.

"Who are these old women!" she asked. "I don't want them. Go away! Mother! Mother! Why don't you come! I want my mother!"

The poor old daughters themselves trembling on the verge of the grave, turned away weeping. Their mother's love had stood the test till now, but in life's last hours she was again a little child, and as she felt the chill of death stealing over her, she longed for her mother's sheltering arms.

"Mother, I'm so tired and sleepy: I want to be undressed and go to bed. Now hear me say my prayers."

The shrivelled hands clasped themselves together—as they had been wont to do, oh! so many years ago—and the trembling voice faltered out:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,

I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

If I should die before I wake,

I pray the Lord my soul to take;

And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

"Good night!" she added, softly, after a moment's pause. She closed her eyes, but opened them directly, with an eager happy look. Her daughters saw her face grow young and radiant.

"Oh, mother! mother! I am so glad you've come!" She stretched out her arms. There was one brief minute, and then the weary pilgrim, whose feet had trod the rough paths of earth for nearly a hundred years, was at rest—

"Where the child shall find its mother,
And the mother find her child."

—Selected.

A THREE-YEAR-OLD, when rebuked by her mother for some childish iniquity, made answer: "You didn't see me." "But somebody did; who was it?" "Dad; but he won't tell," said the tot. Many older persons have the same spirit.

Mary.

It is John the beloved disciple,
Who tells of the story so sweet,
Of Mary who brought the rich ointment
And poured it on Christ's blessed feet,
As a tender and beautiful story
Of love for the Master and Lord.

For she treasured the costliest treasure
With never a thought of reward;
She knew not that in fasting remembrance
Her name the far future should hold,
She thought not that in gracious memorial
The tale of her love should be told.

But even as she stood by the Master
And none but he thought upon her,
The scent of her thirice precious ointment
Permeated the house where they were—
The offering she made unto Jesus,
But all of the guests in the room
Were told of the honour she paid him
By the breath of the fragrant perfume.
And Mary, in tenderness bending
For service—her sole loving care—
In wiping the feet of the Saviour,
Bore the odor away in her hair.

O beautiful type of good doing!
Sweet symbol of what her heart may win
Who give their dearest heart's treasure,
Thinking only of Jesus therein.
The fragrance of offerings so precious
Shall be known in the opio-laden air,
And the load shall with oil be anointed,
Though that were no part of the care.
His feast is an offering by women—
'Twas a woman who offered the first,
And for you, this bright Christmas day,
This story of love is rehearsed.

A PLACE WHERE FIRE ALMOST GETS 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, 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 bitter cold. Think, then, of living where the thermometer goes down to thirty-five degrees below zero in the house, in spite of the stove! Of course in such a case the fur garments are piled on until a man looks like a bundle of skins. Dr. Moss, of the English Polar Expedition of 1875 and 1876, among other odd things, tells of the effect of cold on a waxed 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 inside of the wax, leaving a sort of outer skeleton of the candle standing. There was heat enough, however, to melt oddly shaped holes in this thin, circular wall of wax, and the result was a beautiful lacelike 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.—*Sol.*

Sin No More.

WHEN the calm of night is falling,
And the carols of day are o'er,
Hear the voice of Jesus calling,
Go to him and sin no more.

When the heart is sad and troubled
He alone can peace restore,
By his love is life ennobled,
Go to him and sin no more.

When the soul in grief and anguish
Mourns the evil done before,
Let your faith no longer languish,
Go to him and sin no more.

Go to him! for he can only
Soothe the pain and heal the sore;
All who are distressed and lonely
Go to him and sin no more.

Go to him! lay down your burden,
At his feet his love implore,
Ask in penitence for pardon—
Go to him and sin no more.

Go to him! he hath invited
All to enter heaven's door;
Simmers, by his love united,
Go to him and sin no more.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 4, 1888.

THY SAVIOUR.

JESUS.

"Thou shalt call His name Jesus."
Matt. i. 21.

THIS was a common name among the Jews, its Old Testament form being Joshua, who is called "Jesus" in the Book of Acts.

But it was an uncommon name in him who was called "Jesus of Nazareth." When he took it up, it became the name above every name, at which every knee will yet require to bow. It was given to him, as Matthew tells us, not because it was a family name, but because of its meaning—"He shall save his people from their sins." And his whole life, but especially his death on Calvary, showed how worthy he was of the most precious name of Jesus—as the "Saviour," who came to deliver us not only from

punishment and misery, but from our sins—to save us from bad hearts.

It is told of a famous general that he used to take his boy in his arms, and speak to him about Jesus. The little fellow was greatly pleased; the "old, old story" seemed always new to him. One day his father said to him, "Would my little son like to go to heaven?" "Yes, father," was the answer. "But, how can you go to heaven! Your heart is full of sin," the father said. "All are sinners, papa," the boy answered, deep in thought. "But only the pure in heart are to see God. How can my little boy hope to be among them?" The child's face grew for a little unspeakably sad. Perhaps he was for the first time realizing his own sin. With full heart and tearful eye, he laid his head upon his father's breast and sobbed, in penitence and hope, "Papa, Jesus can save me!"

That little boy was right. He is the "mighty to save." Can you call him, "Jesus, my Saviour?"

He did not come to judge the world, he did not come to blame;

He did not only come to seek—it was to save he came;

And when we call him Saviour, then we call him by his name.

THE BOOK OF LIFE.

SOMETHING about it struck Teddy very forcibly; I am not sure whether it was the text itself or the minister's reading it the second time in a very earnest manner. He was a new minister, and was preaching to the children this morning. His text was, "And another book was opened, which is the book of life;" and, as I say, he read it over twice. The book of life—the book of each one of our lives—do you ever think of that book, children, and what you are writing in it? Every morning you start with a fresh page, and at night what do you find written there? Temptations met and overcome, kind words spoken, little acts of helpfulness performed? or is it a record of temptations yielded to, cross and fretful words, and no kind actions? Think of it, when you are tempted to do what is wrong, that it will be written in your book of life, and at that last great day it will be opened and read.—*Children's Friend.*

MISSIONARY POTATOES.

AT Little Bay, in Newfoundland, a little boy, anxious to help the Missionary Society, obtained from his father a little piece of ground, in which he planted some potatoes he had given him. He was very small, but was a good gardener; for when the potatoes were dug he obtained three dollars, and gave it to the missionary cause.

Belonging to the same school, a boy was asked by the minister, "How often ought we to pray?" He expected the lad to say, "Morning and night;" but the answer was, "As often as we get the chance, sir."



SCENE IN THE DESERT.

SCENE IN THE DESERT.

THIS is a graphic picture of what sometimes happens in the desert. The Arab sees a group of horsemen riding hard. He knows not whether they are friends or enemies. He must prepare for the worst, protecting his wife and child as best he can, and bravely awaiting the onset. It is this lawless state of society that makes the eastern salutation "Shalom" or "Peace" so important. It is the first thing one wants to know of a stranger whether he comes in peace or in hostility. This usage explains many passages of Scripture.

JESUS CAN TAKE AWAY THE TASTE FOR LIQUOR.

THE following impressive testimony was given by Mr. F. R. Winfrey, of Columbia, Kentucky at a children's meeting, three weeks ago:

"Boys, I wish to say a few words to you. I want to warn you not to lead the life I have led. I have wasted so much time. You have seen me walk through the streets of Columbia a miserable drunkard. I was in hopeless bondage to the demon drink. I wished to reform, but I had such a craving for alcoholic drink that I ran mad if I tried to do without it. I would think, 'It is useless for me to try longer to reform; I will give up the struggle.' Then I would think of the prayers of my sainted mother, and hope would spring up again. Twice I joined different churches in my frantic efforts to regain my foothold, but in vain, I could not stand. Down, down I went to degradation and ruin. Lower I sank, and still lower. Almost every vestige of hope was gone. Oh! how I longed for some Christian to speak an encouraging word to me. But during these long, dark years, not one cheering word was ever given me by a Christian. Oh, Christian friends! I beseech you, never consider a fellow creature so depraved, so low, so completely wrecked that you cannot admonish him to come near to God.

You don't know the dreary darkness of a soul given over as too far gone to try to save.

"My mother's God did not utterly forsake me. Ten months ago to-day I came into this church and bowed down at that altar there, feeling myself to be the most hopeless sinner in the world. I cried to God for pardon of sins, and a release from the bondage of drink. Glory to his name, he gave me both. He gave me a new heart. He put a new song in my mouth. He removed the desire for drink. From that day to this I have not tasted it. I have no desire to taste it. Jesus did it all for me. Glory to his name!"—*Union Signal.*

FIVE MINUTES MORE TO LIVE.

A young man stood before a large audience in the most fearful position a human being could be placed—on the scaffold! The noose had been adjusted around his neck. In a few moments more he would be in eternity. The sheriff took out his watch, and said: "If you have anything to say, speak now; as you have but five minutes more to live." What awful words for a young man to hear, in full health and vigor!

Shall I tell you his message to the youth about him? He burst into tears and said with sobbing: "I have to die! I had only one little brother. He had beautiful blue eyes and flaxen hair. How I loved him! I got drunk—the first time. I found my little brother gathering strawberries. I got angry with him without a cause, and killed him with a blow from a rake. I knew nothing about it until I awoke on the following day, and found myself closely guarded. They told me that when my little brother was found his hair was clotted with blood and brains. Whiskey had done it! It has ruined me! I have only one more word to say to the young people before I go to stand in the presence of my Judge. Never, never, NEVER touch anything that can intoxicate!"—*The Word and the Way.*



THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

The Widow of Nain.

"The only son of his mother, and she was a widow."

The dust on their sandals lay heavy and white,
Their garments were damp with the tears of the night,
Their hot feet awcary, and throbbing with pain,
As they entered the gates of the city of Nain.

But lo! on the pathway a sorrowing throng
Praised, mournfully chanting the funeral song,
And like a sad monotone, ceaseless and slow,
The voice of a woman was laden with woe.

What need, stricken mothers, to tell how she wept?
Ye read by the vigils that sorrow hath kept,
Ye know by the travail of anguish and pain,
The desolate grief of the widow of Nain.

As he who was first of the wayfaring men
Advanced, the mute burden was lowered, and then
As he touched the white grave-cloths that covered the bier
The bearers shrank back, but the mother drew near.

Her snow sprinkled tresses had loosened their strands,
Great tears fell unchecked on the tightly-clasped hands;
But hushed the wild sobbing, and stifled her cries,
As Jesus of Nazareth lifted his eyes.

Eyes wet with compassion as slowly they fell—
Eyes potent to soften grief's tremulous swell,
As, sweetly and tenderly, "Weep not," he said,
And turned to the passionless face of the dead.

White, white gleamed his forehead, loose rippled the hair,
Bronze-tinted, o'er temples transparently fair;
And a glory stole up from the earth to the skies,

As he called to the voiceless one, "Young man, arise!"

The hard, rigid outlines grew fervid with breath,
The dull eyes unclosed from the midnight of death;
Weep, weep, happy mother, and fall at his feet;
Life's pale, blighted promise grown hopeful and sweet.

The morning had passed, and the midday heats burned;
Once more to the pathway the wayfarers turned.
The conqueror of kings had been conquered again;
There was joy in the house of the widow of Nain.

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE PASSOVER.

WHAT a touching story we find in the legend about a little girl who was a Jewess and lived in Egypt at the time when God brought his people out of captivity. You remember that in the Twelfth of Exodus it is stated that God would pass through the land of Egypt and destroy the first-born of every house if the blood of a lamb was not put upon the door and lintel; and those of you who have read the story in the Bible will remember how Moses told the people of Israel what God had told him, and how that all the people put the blood of the poor little lamb upon the doorposts of the houses, so that when the angel of death passed by at midnight they and all within the house were safe.

The legend to which I have referred states that a little girl, the first-born in the house of an Israelite, was very sick, and was afraid that the blood had not been sprinkled upon the door-

post of her father's house in which she lay, so she asked her father if he was sure he had put the blood upon the doorpost, and the father said, "Yes he was quite sure, he had ordered it to be done." But the little girl said the second time "Father, are you quite sure the blood is there?" "Yes, my child," answered the father, "be quiet and sleep." But the child could not sleep. She was very sick and very restless, and as night came on, it drew darker and darker, and nearer and nearer to the time when the angel would pass over Goshen, she got still more nervous, and restless, and uneasy, and at last she said: "Father, take me in your arms and let me see the blood upon the doorpost." And the father, to satisfy the child, took her to the door to show her the blood. And lo and behold! it was not there, the man to whom he had given instructions had forgotten to do it, and when her father, in the sight of the child, had the blood sprinkled upon the doorpost, and the child lay down and went to sleep.

Dear children, I want to ask you all one question—Are you sprinkled with the precious blood of Jesus? Has he cleansed your heart? If not, I beseech of you to go to him at once. Do not rest satisfied with remaining as you are, but, like the little girl whose story I have told you, examine your own heart and then go to God in prayer, and ask him to wash you "whiter than snow." Remember, it is his precious promise that "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—*Words of Life.*

ALCOHOLIC DEATH RATE.

DR. NORMAN KERR, a distinguished English physician, referring to the death rate from alcohol, says: "Dr. Richardson gave it as his opinion, some time ago, that 'were England converted to temperance, the vitality of the nation would be increased one-third in value; or, in other words, nearly 227,000 lives would be saved to us every year.'" This is a startling statement; but, after careful investigation, Dr. Kerr thinks it much nearer the truth than many were supposed to believe. His own calculations give 200,000 as the number of deaths resulting from drinking, of which 128,000 may be traced to drunkenness, and the rest to more or less moderate uses of alcohol.

A LITTLE boy was much perplexed to understand how God could see him all the time. His teacher asked him to make a house of blocks. When finished, she said: "Now shut your eyes. Do you know just how the house looks?" "Yes." "But you are not looking at it with your eyes." "I see it with my inside eyes." "That is the way God sees. He made every thing, and he sees it all the time with his great inside eyes."

The King's Messenger;

OR,
Lawrence Temple's Probation.

(A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.)

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER VII.

CHRISTMAS AT THE LUMBER CAMP.

Shepherds at the gaug,
Where the babe was born,
Sang with many a change,
Christmas carols until morn
Let us by the fire
Even higher
Sing them till the night expires

Carol, carol, Christians,
Carol joyfully,
Carol for the coming
Of Christ's Nativity;
And pray a glad some Christmas
For all good Christian men,
Carol, carol, Christians
For Christmas come again.
Carol, carol.

A SLIGHT break in the monotony of the winter was made by the festivities of Christmas and New Year. The French cook, Antoine La Croix, exhausted his professional skill in preparing a sumptuous dinner, and, truth to tell, the material elements of a substantial feast were not wanting. A pair of superb wild turkeys graced each end of the long table which was erected for the occasion. A haunch of venison had the place of honour in the middle. A ham of Lawrence's bear, which had been kept frozen in the snow, was boiled in the soup kettle. Beavers' tails procured from the Indians, wild ducks, a few of which still lingered, and wild pigeons also garnished the board. Dennis regretted, however, that the medium of potatoes was so meagre, and Yorkshire John availed himself of his national privilege of grumbling at the absence of the "roast beef of hold Hengland." He was mollified, however, by the appearance of a plum-pudding of magnificent dimensions which was turned out of the flour bag in which it was boiled into a huge wooden platter, deftly shaped with an axe for its reception. He found fresh cause of complaint, nevertheless, in the circumstance that the short allowance of "plums" was supplemented by a quantity of cranberries from the neighbouring marsh.

"What for do ye call them plums anyway when they're only raisins afther all?" queried Dennis. "Shure even a blunderin' Irishman like me knows better nor that."

Out of deference to Lawrence, who had become recognized as a sort of domestic chaplain, he was requested by the "boss" of the shanty to say grace at this first meal to which the company had sat down together.

"Stop," exclaimed Evans, "I'll give you the Christmas chant they sing at Old Brasenose;" and he roared out the ancient stave,

"The boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedecked with bays and rosemary;
And I pray you, my masters, be merrie,
*Quot estis in convivio,
Cynus apris d'fero
Reddens laudes Domino.*"

"Where's ye're boar's head?" interrupted Dennis. "Whatever lang-widge is that ye're spakin'! It sounds like Father O'Brady sayin' mass, an' if it's the howly Roman tongue it's not fit for the likes o' ye to spake it! Come, Lawrence, darlint', don't let the praties be gettin' could, what there is of them. Sing us some-thing we all can understand."

Thus adjured, Lawrence gave out that metrical grace which has inaugurated so many Methodist festivals,—

"Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored;
These creatures bless and grant that we
May feast in paradise with thee."

The valiant trenchermen then fell to work, and did ample justice to Antoine's cookery. His doughnuts and pudding elicited the heartiest commendation. Many a good-natured joke and jest and laugh went round and board—literally a board supported upon wooden trestles. Lawrence sat mostly silent, thinking of a little group of loved ones three hundred miles away that he knew were thinking of him as they sat down to their humble Christmas fare.

When dinner was over, Jean Baptiste, who always embraced an opportunity of exercising his skill, brought out his violin, and after sundry scrapings and tunings accompanied himself while he sang a French Christmas carol, or "Noel" as he called it, in the sweet wild beautiful refrain of which every one soon joined, even without knowing the meaning of the words.

Yorkshire John seemed to think the reputation of his country were gone if he could not cap the Frenchman's "outlandish ditty," as he called it, with an honest English stave.

"Ah!" he grumbled out with a sigh at the remembrance, "hold York's the place where they know hoo to ke-ap Christmas. Hoo the chimes 'ud ring out oor the world an' the wainsail bowl 'ud go round, an' the waits 'ud sing! Would ye loike to 'ear it?" and without waiting for an answer he rumbled out of his capacious chest the ancient carol:

God rest you, merrie gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas day,
To save us all from Satan's thrall,
Whose souls had gone astray.

CHORUS.

God bless the master of this house,
God bless the mistress too,
And all the little children
That round the table go."

"O! thinks O! 'ears 'em noo," interrupted Long Tom, of Lancashire. "Another one they used to sing in the West countree was this:" and he trolled out the following:

"As Joseph was a-walking, he heard an angel sing,
'This night shall be born our Heavenly King;
He neither shall be born in houses nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise, but in an ox's stall.

"He neither shall be clothed in purple nor in pall,
But in fair linnen as were babies all;
He neither shall be rocked in silver nor in gold
But in a wooden cradle that rocks upon the mould."

"You moinds me," said Penryth Pengelly, a Cornish miner, who had been brought out to prospect for copper, a bootless task for him, "o' the toime when Oi wor a lad, an' used to go a-Chris'masin', an' good yaale an' oakes we used to getten too, an' one o' the carols the fisher lads doon in oor parts—at St. Ives and yon ways—used to sing was this:

'I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day
I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas day in the morning.

'And what was in those ships all three
On Christmas day, on Christmas day?
Our Saviour Christ and his Ladie,
On Christmas day in the morning.

'And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
And all the angels in heaven shall sing
On Christmas day in the morning."

"We didn't have thim haythin carolin's in ould Wicklow," said Dennis. "But we wint to chapel at midnight loike dacint Christians, an' moighty purty it loked, I tell yees, to see the altar all pranked wid flowers, an' the stall, an' the oxen, an' the Howly Vargin, an' the Blessed Babe an' St. Joseph, all as nat'ral as life. An' it's meself was one of the altar boys, no less, that used to help Father O'Shaughnessy. An' I 'member he had moighty hard work to tache me the office for Christmas Eve. What's this it was now?" he continued, scratching his head, screwing up his mouth, and squinting with one eye at the roof. "'Dade an' it's all clane gone but this bit,

'Adeste fideles, laeti triumphantes
Venite, venite, in Bethlehem.'

Though what 'twas all about I know'd no more than the Blessed Babe in the manger."

"They tell a cur'us thing in thim parts. I niver saw it meself, though I often watched, but Father O'Shaughnessy, he was the parish praste of Inniskerry, d'ye moind, he said it was so; an' so it had to be so even if it wuzen't so. I'd belave his word against my own eyesight, any day. D'ye think I'd be settin' my eyes against the praste's tongue that talks Latin loike a book! Not I, indade! I've larned my manners betther."

"What is it, any way," "Out with it, man," "What's your story," interrupted several of his impatient auditors.

"Well, his riverance declar'd," said

Dennis solemnly, "that when he went to the stable to get his pony late on Christmas-eve to come to the sarvice, that the baste was down on his knees and the cows and the donkey all a-payin' obaysince to the Blessed Babe in the manger at Bethlehem."

"I suppose they were asleep," remarked the skeptical Matt Evans.

"Slapin', is it ye say? ye unbelavin' heretic," retorted Dennis, who had not yet shaken off his native superstitition, with a most contemptuous sneer at the bare suggestion. "P'raps ye'd say the praste was slapin' whin he saw on the flure all around his lantern a bright light just like the glory round the head o' the Vargin?"

"Shouldn't wonder," said Evans, giving a rationalistic explanation of the phenomenon, "Does not the immortal William say that then

'The bird of dawn singeth all night long,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

"Is it William of Orange he manes?" asked Dennis in a loud whisper as he nudged Lawrence. "It's him these Cavan fellows call Immortal."

Evans proposed to give, in contrast to the vulgar folk-songs to which they had been listening, the classic legend of "Good King Wenceslas" as they used to sing it at Brasenose. To his surprise, however, it fell as flat as the chant of the "Boar's Head."

"When I lived up to Kingston," here remarked Jim Dowler, who had hitherto kept silence, "I went a few Sundays to the Methodist Sunday-school there. I wuz a canal boy ridin' a hoss on the tow path then, and oftens I wuz that tired I went asleep on the hoss's back. Well, one Christmas time the teacher larned us some verses. 'Twas the only thing I could larn. 'Stonishin' how these things do stick to yer—wuss nor burdocks in a hoss's mane. Can't get rid on 'em no ways. I ain't much of a jidge o' po'try, but I thought they wuz rale purty then, when I didn't know their hull meanin'; an' now that I doos, I think they're purtier still." And he sang the sweet old hymn,

"Hark the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,
'Peace on earth and mercy mild:
God and sinners reconciled."

Lawrence took advantage of the opportunity to say a few kindly and seasonable words about God's great Christmas gift to man and the duty of living to his glory and in good-will to one another.

After dinner there were out-of-door games—lacrosse, which they learned from a band of Indians camping near; snow-shoeing, the trips and falls occasioned by which caused much merriment; snow-balling, shooting at a mark, and the like. The day passed very pleasantly, and, as a result of the absence of intoxicating liquor from the camp, without any of

those degrading scenes of drunkenness which too often convert a Christian festival into the semblance of a heathen bacchanalian orgie.

New Year's Day had no very special celebration. On New Year's Eve, however, Lawrence held a sort of watch-night prayer-meeting with a number of the more seriously inclined shantymen. The more boisterous members of the camp went out of doors to welcome the New Year with cheers and the firing of guns. Those that remained were more impressed by the solemn silence in which the death of the Old and advent of the New Year were awaited than even by the spoken prayers. It seemed as though the trickling of the golden sands of time was heard amid the hush, as God's hand turned the great glass of eternity in which the years are but as hours and the days as moments.

AN ADVENTURE WITH WOLVES.

Fearfully fares
The Fearis-wolf
Over the fields of men,
When he is loosed.

—THE YOUNGER EDDA—*The Lay of Hœnson.*

The remainder of the winter passed rapidly away in the daily routine of labour. In the month of March, when the snow lay deep upon the ground, Lawrence was despatched by the "boss" lumberman to Ottawa, a distance of some two hundred miles, to report to the agent of the Company the quantity of timber that had been got out and to bring back from the bank a sum of money to pay off a number of the lumbermen. Several of these were about to take up land in the new townships which had been recently laid out on the Upper Ottawa, and as Lawrence had won the confidence of the Company, he was commissioned to bring back the money required for making the payments. Owing to a prejudice on the part of the men against paper money, he was directed to procure gold and silver. He was to ride as far as the town of Pembroke, about half way, and leaving his horse there to rest, was to go on to Ottawa in the stage. He selected for the journey the best animal in the stable—a tall, gaunt, sinewy mare of rather ungainly figure but with an immense amount of go in her.

He reached Ottawa safely, mailed to his mother and sisters a bulky epistle on which he had spent several evenings, and transacted his business satisfactorily. A couple of evenings were spent very pleasantly with his friend, Mr. Daily, who was overjoyed to hear of his welfare.

"I knowed that blood would tell," that person asseverated, "and that the son of John Temple would come out all right."

Having drawn the money from the bank, chiefly in English sovereigns and Mexican dollars, Lawrence set out on his return journey. At Pembroke he mounted again his faithful steed for his ride of over a hundred

miles to the camp. The silver he carried in two leathern bags in the holsters of the saddle, and the gold in a belt around his waist. He also carried for defence one of the newly-invented Colt's revolvers.

The weather was bitter cold, but the exercise of riding kept him quite warm. The entire winter had been one of unprecedented severity. The snow fell early and deep and remained all through the season. Deer were exceedingly numerous, even near the settlements; and at the camp furnished no inconsiderable portion of the food of the man, varied by an occasional relish of bear's meat.

Toward the close of the second day he was approaching the end of his journey and indulging in a pleasant anticipation of the feast of venison he should enjoy, and of the refreshing slumber on the fragrant pine-boughs, earned by continued exercise in the open air. The moon was near the full, but partially obscured by light and fleecy clouds.

He was approaching a slight clearing when he observed two long lithe animals spring out of the woods towards his horse. He thought they were a couple of those large shaggy deer-hounds which are sometimes employed near the lumber camps for hunting cariboo—great powerful animals with immense length of limb and depth of chest—and looked around for the appearance of the hunter, who, he thought, could not be far off. He was surprised, however, not to hear the deep-mouthed bay characteristic of these hounds, but instead a guttural snarl which, nevertheless, appeared to affect the mare in a most unaccountable manner. A shiver seemed to convulse her frame, and shaking herself together she started off on a long swinging trot, which soon broke into a gallop that got over the ground amazingly fast.

But her best speed could not outstrip that of the creatures which bounded in long leaps by her side, occasionally springing at her hauns, their white teeth glistening in the moonlight, and snapping when they closed like a steel-trap. When he caught the first glimpse of the fiery flashing of their eyes there came the blood-curdling revelation that these were no hounds but hungry wolves that bore him such sinister company. All the dread hunters' tales of lone trappers lost in the woods and their gnawed bones discovered in the spring beside their steel traps, flashed through his mind like a thought of horror.

His only safety he knew was in the speed of his mare, and she was handicapped in this race for life with about five-and-twenty pounds of silver in each holster. Seeing that she was evidently flagging under this tremendous pace, he resolved to abandon the money. "Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life;" so he dropped both bags on the road. To his surprise the animals stopped as

if they had been highwaymen seeking only his money and not his life. He could hear them snarling over the stout leather bags, but lightened of her load the mare sprang forward in a splendid hand gallop that covered the ground in gallant style.

He was beginning to hope that he had fairly distanced the brutes, when their horrid yelp and melancholy long-drawn howl grew stronger on the wind, and soon they were again abreast of the mare.

He now threw down his thick leather gauntlets with the hope of delaying them, but it only caused a detention of a few minutes while they greedily devoured them. He was rapidly nearing the camp; if he could keep them at bay for twenty or thirty minutes more he would be safe. As a last resort he drew his revolver, scarce hoping in his headlong pace to hit the bounding, leaping objects by his side. Moreover, they had both hitherto kept on the left side of the mare, which lessened his chance as a marksman. The mare, too, who was exceedingly nervous, could never stand fire; and if he should miss and in the movement be dismounted, he knew that in five minutes the maw of those ravenous beasts would be his grave.

One of the brutes now made a spring for the mare's throat, but failing to grasp it, fell on the right side of the animal. Gathering himself up, he bounded in front of her, and made a dash at the rider, catching and clinging to the mare's right shoulder. The white foam fell from his mouth and flecked his dark and shaggy breast. Lawrence could feel his hot breath on his naked hand. The fiendish glare of the eyes he never in all his life forgot. It haunted him for years in midnight slumbers, from which he awoke trembling and bathed in the cold perspiration of terror. He could easily have believed the weird stories of lycanthropy, in which Satanic agency was feigned to have changed men for their crimes into were-wolves—ravenous creatures who added human or fiendish passion and malignancy of hate to the bestial appetite for human flesh. If ever there was murder in a glance, it was in that of those demon-eyes that glared into those of Lawrence, and which seemed actually to blaze with a baleful greenish light—a flame of inextinguishable rage.

Lawrence felt that the supreme moment had come. One or other of them must die. In five minutes more he would be safe in the camp, or else be a mangled corpse. He lifted up his heart in prayer to God, and then felt strangely calm and collected. The muzzle of his revolver almost touched the brute's nose. He pulled the trigger. A flash, a crash, the green eyes blazed with tenfold fury, the huge form fell heavily to the ground, and in the same moment the mare reared aloft upright, nearly unseating her rider and shaking his pistol from his hand, and then plunging for-

ward rapidly covered the road in her flight.

As Lawrence had expected, the other famishing beast remained to devour its fellow. He galloped into the camp, almost fell from his mare, which stood with a look of human gladness in her eyes, and staggered to the rude log shanty, where the blazing fire and song and story beguiled the winter night, scarce able to narrate his peril and escape. After light refreshment, for he had lost all relish for food, he went to bed to start up often through the night under the glare of those terrible eyes, and to renew the horror he had undergone.

In the morning, returning with a number of the men to look for the money, he found the feet, tail, muzzle and scalp of the slain wolf in the midst of a patch of gory snow, also the skull and part of the larger bones, but gnawed and split in order to get at the marrow. And such, thought Lawrence, would have been his fate but for the merciful Providence by which he was preserved. They found also, some distance back, the straps and buckles of the money bag, and the silver coins scattered on the ground and partially covered by the snow.

(To be continued.)

"A HOLY TALK."

A MISSIONARY, some years ago, returning from Southern Africa, gave a description of the work which had been accomplished there through the preaching of the gospel. Among other things, he pictured a little incident of which he had been an eye-witness.

He said that one morning he saw a converted African chieftain sitting under a palm-tree, with his Bible open before him. Every now and then he cast his eyes on his book, and read a passage. Then he paused, and looked up a little while, and his lips were seen to be in motion. Thus he continued alternately to look down on the Scriptures and to turn his eyes upward towards heaven.

The missionary passed by without disturbing the good man, but, after a little while, he mentioned to him what he had seen, and asked him why it was that sometimes he read and sometimes he looked up.

This was the African's reply: "I look down to the book, and God speaks to me. Then I look up in prayer, and I speak to the Lord. So we keep up, this way, a holy talk with each other."

This picture is but a mirror to reflect the eight verses of the twenty-seventh Psalm: "When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek."

First, God talking to us; and then, our talking to God.

Do you and I listen enough to our Lord's voice? Do we take every verse we read as a message straight from him? That is what we ought to do.

Then, when we have read God's

word to us, do we look up in prayer and speak to the Master? Well did he Psalmist say, "I will hear what God the Lord will speak; for he will speak peace unto his people." But that is not enough. His servant Job said, "Let me speak, and answer thou me."—Selected.

A Little Girl's Wish.

JAMIE is sick, and Jamie is sad,
And our street is dark and cold,
O, might I ask a favour, dear aun?
Please do not think me bold.

There's a Lady Rose by the window pane,
And she is plump, too;
She is longing, King Sun, and that is plain,
For just a glimpse of you.

O, could you not ride further up in the sky?
I would were I in your place,
And look right over that tall, great house,
And smile in our lady's face.

Then she would bloom in answer to you,
For she has such pretty ways;
And Jamie, on his little low bed,
Would be happy for days and days.

—*Youth's Companion.*

A SYRIAN BABY.

A SYRIAN nurse thinks she knows more than old Mother Nature, and fancies that a baby is not ready to begin life until she has had her finger in the business. So she begins by sticking her finger down its throat to clear the passage. Then she cracks all the joints to see that none has been left out, and then moves all its poor little limbs around in a gymnastic style to see that they are all in working order. After all this, she washes it in a strong brine; then covers its tender body with a mixture of oil and basil, especially over the joints, so that they may never be sore, and then she wraps it up and lets it rest. But the poor misused baby only rests for a little while. Each day for about a month it is oiled and powdered and wrapped up. A long strip of muslin, three or four inches wide and ten feet long, is tightly wrapped around it, from the neck to the heels, holding the little arms close to the sides. The nurse slings the baby over her back, with its bright little eyes peeping out one side and its dark little toes the other, or else carries it like a stick on her arm. Sometimes she carries it in a tiny little hammock, the string of which passes around her forehead, and rocks it by swaying herself backward and forward. When it falls asleep, she takes hammock, baby and all, and hangs them on a door knob, or any other convenient place.

The Christian wives of the South Sea Islands prepare their Sunday food on Saturday. Not a fire is lighted, not a tree climbed, not a canoe seen on the water, not a journey by land undertaken on the Lord's Day.

A LITTLE girl, delighted at the singing of the bobolink, naively asked her mother, "What makes him sing so sweet—does he eat flowers?"

Sainthood.

BY RICHARD K. BURTON.

An angel came and plead with tuneful voice
Before a maiden fair in youth's demerit:
"Now daughter, seize the right and make
your choice
Of God forever, spotless to be seen.

"So shall you live your life, and die in
peace,
And as the years flit by in noiseless flight,
You shall be sainted, and your name in-
crease,
Your deeds be inspirations day and night."

The maiden knelt, awe written on her
face,
And said: "Ah, holy spirit, how can I
That am not fair, that have no touch of
grace,
That am as other maidens dwelling by,

"Be like to those great pictures that I see
Of saints long worshipped, wrapt in sin-
less rest?

Dear angel, surely such is far from me;
Dear angel, show me how I may be blest."

Then smiled the spirit: "Daughter, trust
my word;

You cannot see how such a sainthood
came,—

Nor can you measure how men's souls are
stirred,
Nor how old time makes magic of a name.

"Live out your maiden life, I tell you now,
And it will all suffice, great deeds apart:
For just a smile and just a tender brow
Are sainted by the hungry, human heart."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1490] LESSON VII. [AUG. 12

THE DAY OF ATONEMENT.

Lev. 16. 1-16. Memory verse, 16

GOLDEN TEXT.

Without shedding of blood is no remission.
Heb. 9. 22.

OUTLINE.

1. The Sin-offering.
2. The Sin-bearer.
3. The Sprinkled Blood.

TIME.—Same year as the previous lesson,
but later.

PLACE.—Same as before.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Holy place within the veil*—*Of-ten* called the holy of holies. *Appear in the cloud*—This was the mysterious symbol of God's presence which accompanied them for forty years. *Holy place*—(ver. 3) Here it means the sanctuary, or sacred inclosure, and not the *place* of holies. *Linen mitre*—Or peculiar *cap* worn for this occasion. *Cast lots*—*lots* only were placed in the box, one inscribed "for the Lord," the other, "for the scape-goat." The high-priest put both his hands at once into the box, and took one lot in the right hand and one lot in the left, and placed them upon the heads of the goats, thus deciding which was for the Lord and which the scape-goat.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

What, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. About the holiness of God's house!
2. About the purity of God's service?
3. About the necessity of atonement for sin?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How was Aaron to approach God? With an offering for himself. 2. When was he to make an offering for the people? Only when he was himself pure. 3. What symbol did God provide to show how he would take away sin from his people? A goat called the scape-goat. 4. What was necessary before this scape-goat was led away? That an atonement be made. 5. What is the comment of the New Testament upon this? "Without shedding of blood," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Separation from sin.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

7. What is the other part of man? His body, which is flesh and blood, and will die.
Matthew x. 28. Be not afraid of them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul.

B.C. 1400] LESSON VIII. [AUG. 19

THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES.

Lev. 23. 33-44. Memory verses, 41-43

GOLDEN TEXT.

The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous. Psa. 118. 15.

OUTLINE.

1. The Solemn Assembly.
2. The Joyful Service.
3. The Grateful People.

TIME AND PLACE.—The same as in previous lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Seventh month*—Ethanim, corresponding to our October or part of it. *Tabernacles*—Tents. *Feast of Tabernacles*—A feast commemorative of the tent life of the Exodus. *Holy convocation*—A day observed by assembling for worship, as on the Sabbath. *No servile work*—No daily usual work. *Offering by fire*—An offering to be burned upon the great altar. *Solemn assembly*—Same as "holy convocation." *The fruit of the land*—All kinds of produce of the earth. *Dwell in booths*—Or huts made of branches to resemble the rough life of the wilderness. *Your generations*—Your children and their children for a time.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. The duty of united service?
2. The duty of freewill offerings to the Lord?
3. The duty of thanksgiving for mercies?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What feast is here described? The Feast of Tabernacles. 2. When was it to be kept? In the seventh month of the year. 3. What was to be remembered in this feast? Their tent life after the Exodus. 4. How were they to observe it? With feasting and rejoicing. 5. How does our GOLDEN TEXT describe one of these feasts? "The voice of rejoicing," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christian joy.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

8. In what else is your soul different from your body? My soul is that within me which thinks and knows, desires and wills, rejoices and is sorry, which my body cannot do.

THE TELEPHONE.

THE word telephone is made up of two Greek words signifying to speak at a distance. Although a recent invention, the telephone is extensively used in all parts of the United States, and is found a most invaluable assistant in transacting business. It has quite superseded the telegraph for messages that are to be sent short distances, and is far more reliable and expeditious than mail or messenger, as the person desiring to speak can be brought into direct and immediate communication with each other.

The instrument, which is in three parts, occupies but little space, is easily managed, and improves upon acquaintance.

The largest box contains the electric battery; the next in size has a pair of bells with a crank at the right side, and the third—called the transmitter—has a concave opening about four inches in diameter, at the rear of which is a small hole. Back of this hole is a thin plate of metal against which the voice vibrates, and this vibration is carried along an electric wire and into a tube that is held to the ear.

Let us turn the crank. In a second the bells go ting-a-ling-a-ling! Now put the tube to your best ear, and your mouth close to the transmitter, and say "Hallo!" It is not necessary to speak loudly. The telephone is anything but deaf. The drum of its ear is perfect.

"Hallo!" you say.

"Hallo!" comes from the other end of the line—perhaps several miles away.

"Is Mr. Blank there?"

"Yes."

"Tell him I want to speak to him."

Mr. Blank arrives and the conversation is carried on, the listener giving close attention, for the voice that comes through the tube is rather squeaky, and the words scarcely intelligible to an unpractised ear.

At least six prominent electricians claim to have invented the telephone, with which we are rapidly becoming familiar, and which to many both in public and private is such a necessity that the wonder is it was not thought of years ago.

It is an admirable illustration of another and invisible instrument by which the soul puts itself in communication with One who dwells at a distance, and yet is ever near. Prayer is the soul's telephone. God's love is the electric wire.

"I'LL CHANGE MY LIFE."

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT, the hero of a hundred fights, accompanied his father as cabin-boy on a voyage to New Orleans, when he was ten years old. He was accustomed to relate the following incident as the turning point of his life:

"I had some qualities which I thought made a man of me. I could swear like an old salt, could drink a stiff glass of grog as if I had doubled Cape Horn, and could smoke like a locomotive. I was great at cards, and fond of gaming in every shape. At the close of dinner one day, my father turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door, and said to me, 'David, what do you mean to be?' 'I mean to follow the sea,' said I. 'Follow the sea? Be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some foreign fever-hospital at last?' 'No,' I replied; 'I'll tread the quarter-deck, and command, as you do.' 'Never, David,' my father answered; 'no boy ever trod the quarter-deck with such principles and habits as you have. You'll have to change your whole course of life, if you ever become a man.' My father left me, and went on deck. I was stunned by the rebuke, and overwhelmed with mortification. 'A poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and to die in some fever-hospital at last! That's my fate, is it?' I said to myself. 'I'll change my life, and change it at once.'"

He did so, and lived to tread the quarter-deck an upright, valiant, and distinguished man.

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