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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 31, 1889.

[No. 18.]

## HINDOO CARRIAGE.

THIS is a very queer sort of carriage. What clumsy looking wheels and springs. Instead of horses the small cattle of the country are used. One would think that the drapery on the animals would be intolerably hot. I suppose it is used to keep off the flies.

## WHAT IS YOUR PURPOSE ?

THE young man who starts out in life without a fixed purpose is like a ship going to sea without a rudder. He voluntarily subjects himself to the fate of being tossed about on the waves of chance, and finally, when the best years of his life are spent, is brought to sad reflection on the shoals of disappointment. He will then very naturally take a gloomy view of his situation, and it is very fortunate for him if he does not rashly conclude that life is hardly worth the living. We do not argue that all who do have a fixed purpose at the outset reap the success they covet, for honest, straightforward endeavour is too often met with reverses and disappointment; but it must be conceded that in a large proportion of cases the rule holds good. It often happens that more honour is acquired in defeat than in success—so much depends on the obstacles to be overcome. The fact is too frequently overlooked, and calculations having failed, the regular path of endeavour is deserted. It is then that the young man is apt to halt and seriously reflect. He will do well if he do not at this time seek to ape the example of those who succeed by luck—and thus enter upon dangerous ground. It should be borne in mind that for every person who has attained to conspicuousness in the acquirement of wealth by bold ventures, myriads of those who have failed in the attempt are found. He who wrote that "on the great sea of human life, as on that where the ships do go, the wind and the waves favour the brave sailors," did not mean that sort of bravery which is so often coupled with foolhardiness. The truly brave man goes forth to con-



those who scoffed at him. In his boyish pastime he had trained himself to use the sling and hurl a stone with deadly certainty. Saul insisted that he should put on an armour and a helmet of brass and a coat of mail, but David said he knew nothing of such armour, and casting it off he took five smooth stones from the brook, and declared with fire in his eye that with them and his sling he would show Goliath that there was a God in Israel. He was true to his word. The great warrior clad in heavy armour fell at the first fire. It is reasonably certain that David could have killed him in no other

way. David knew his weapon. The world to-day needs more of the spirit of David. If a young man chooses to be a farmer, he should study how he can turn a straighter furrow than his neighbour, and learn how seed should be sown to insure a harvest.—*Rochester Commercial Review.*

## SOME LITTLE FOXES.

Do you not think it both careless and stupid for a person to sign his name so indistinctly that it cannot be read? Think of writing a letter carefully, about important business, and then making a few indistinct scrawls for the name and place of the writer! It would serve them right if no notice were taken of their letters; it might teach them a lesson, but they are the people who make a great fuss if they do not receive an immediate answer, and, to avoid trouble, time is spent in trying to decipher the address.

Then there is another habit that it is to be hoped our young folks will avoid—signing the letter and adding the name of the place and not the State. If you are writing to an intimate friend, who, of course, knows where you are, it is not so important that you should write the name of the place and State in which you live; but when you are writing a business letter, always remember that the world is a big place, and there are a great many people in it, a great many persons of the same name; and if you will examine the gazetteer, or a postal guide, you will be surprised to see how many places there are of the same name, especially in the United States. It is very certain that after you have done this, unless you are extremely careless, you will never omit the name of the place, county, and State from a letter.

There are habits of care as well as carelessness, and these habits are formed when we are children. If, when you begin to write, you form the habit of signing your name carefully, adding the place and State, you will do it carefully when you are grown, without an effort; you will have formed that careful habit. It is as impolite to scrawl a few marks that have no meaning, at the close of a letter, as it is to pronounce your name in an indistinct manner when asked to give it. Writing is talking on paper.

Sometimes it seems as though a person must be both conceited and ill-bred not to exercise care in this little but very important matter. It would seem as if they said, "I am such an important person, you must know who I am," or, "I cannot take the trouble to do what will save you time and annoyance."—*Christian Union*.

#### Threads of Gold.

WEAVING them into a work-a-day life,  
Beautiful threads of gold;  
A thread of joy, with a strand of strife,  
And yet the hands that hold  
May fashion them out into pattern rare,  
Designs of beauty, new and fair,  
Till the Master weaver finds them there,  
Beautiful threads of gold.

Weaving them in with a patient hand,  
Beautiful threads of gold;  
Filling them in as the Artist planned  
When he laid life's sombre fold,  
Weaving them in with the homeliest cares  
Over some burden another bears,  
Glad that the Master Weaver spares  
Some beautiful threads of gold.

Weave them in with the hopes and fears,  
Beautiful threads of gold!  
Brighter the gold of the thread appears  
As the web of life grows old,  
Weaving them in with a smile and a song,  
Wonderful threads so fine and strong;  
Under the good and over the strong,  
Weave beautiful threads of gold.

Weaving them in with a watchful eye,  
Beautiful threads of gold;  
To shine across where the shadows lie,  
When the web is all unrolled,  
Weaving them in, when the Master's call  
Lets the bright thread break, and the shuttle fall,  
And angels come down to gather them all,  
Life's broken threads of gold.

#### THE NEW HIRED GIRL.

"You couldn't spare me a very little money, could you, father?" Janet leaned over him as he counted some bills.

"If it is for something positively necessary, my daughter."

"I can't say it is exactly that; but I never get a cent of pocket-money now, father."

He sighed heavily as he answered: "I know it, and I'm sorry; but the pressure seems harder and harder every year. Wants seem to increase faster than the means of supplying them. Hand this to your mother, Janet."

"Forgive me for worrying you, father. I ought to be making my own spending-money, but there are so few ways of doing that unless I go away from home."

"We can't let you do that. There's enough for all, if we are careful."

"Take it out to Bridget," said her mother, as Janet gave her the money from her father.

"Twelve dollars. Dear me!" said Janet to herself, rather fretfully, as she walked slowly to the kitchen. "Bridget has earned it, and I don't grudge it to her, but how I wish I could earn twelve dollars!"

"Wirra, wirra!" Bridget sat on the floor, holding an open letter and rocking herself backward and forward with dismal groans. Pots, pans, and kettles were lying around in their usual confusion. "It's meself that must be lavin' yez the day, Miss Janet."

Servants were hard to find, and Janet's face wore the accustomed expression of dismay with which such notices were always received, as she asked: "What's the matter, Bridget?"

"It's me sister's got the fever, bad, and it's

meself must be goin' to her. An' it's six weeks entirely I'll be shytayin' when it's so far to be goin'."

As Janet handed her the money, a sudden thought came to her.

"I'm sorry for you, Bridget. Of course you must go if you must. Perhaps we can get along without any one till you are ready to come back again."

"Mother," she said, returning to her, "Bridget's going away for a few weeks."

Mother's face grew as dismayed as Janet's had been, for she was not strong, and there were four boys.

"An' plase ye, ma'am, it's afther comin' to try to get the place I am."

"What do you mean, Janet?" said her mother, laughing as the young girl courtesied low. "You can't do it at all, Janet."

"What I can't do I'll hire. I want to do something, and I want to get a little money I can feel is my own, and that I have a right to spend if I want a new book, or a bit of music, or anything else. I can't get a school—there are forty applicants where there is one vacancy. I can't get more than one or two music scholars. I can't dispose of fancy work or painting, and if I could I might dabble over them for a month and not clear more than Bridget does in a week, there are so many waiting to do that kind of work. Kitchen work is the only work there appears to be plenty of for girls."

"You may try it, but I think you will get tired of it."

Janet spent a good share of her first week's wages in buying some gingham aprons, rubber gloves, and paying a stout woman to come for half a day to scrub and scour until the last traces of good-natured, slovenly Bridget's presence were removed. Then, with clean kitchen, clean utensils, and clean towels, Janet took hold of her work with a right good will.

"We'll all co-operate," said father, when he heard of her intention.

"We'll all co-operate!" cried the boys; and they kept their word well in bringing wood and water and sweeping the walks. And after the first morning, Janet found that Tom had made the fire and ground the coffee before she came down.

"There's great satisfaction in doing things thoroughly," said Janet to her mother, after the first day or two. "Before, when we have been without a girl, I have always hated it, because I tried how much I could shove out of the way. Now that I am making a business of it, I don't feel that way. And, mother, you would be astonished to see how little cleaning there is to be done when nobody makes any unnecessary dirt, or how much work can be saved by using your wits to save it."

She never told her mother how her back ached during those first days of muscular exercise. This wore off as she became accustomed to it. Every day she learned more and more to simplify her work. A few minutes in the kitchen just before bed-time she arranged things so exactly to her hand that there was no hurrying or crowding at the busy time in the morning. Careful handling of table-linen and other things made the wash smaller, so that the stout woman could do two weeks' wash in one. Janet found that there were few days in which she could not sit down when the dinner work was over. Other surprising things came to light.

"What's the matter that you don't burn any wood now-a-days?" said Tom; "I have so little splitting to do now."

Bridget, like so many of her sisterhood, had always seemed to consider it her bounden duty to keep up a roaring fire all day, regardless of whether there was need of it or not, and father always looked blank over the fuel bill. One-half the quantity was now found amply sufficient, and a difference was soon apparent in many other things. The food for one person is always noticeable in a small family where a rigid hand must be kept on expenses; besides which, Janet was not slow in perceiving how many things went farther than before. Odds and ends were utilized which had been thrown away or had counted for nothing, for no one was the least afraid of scraps done over by Janet's hand.

"We never were so comfortable before," said father.

"We never had such good things to eat," declared the boys, who had highly appreciated the dainty though plain cookery, as contrasted with Bridget's greasy preparation; for Janet, full of an honest determination to earn her wages, had given much attention to the getting up of palatable, inexpensive dishes, seeking a variety, where Bridget had moved in one groove.

"I almost dread having Bridget come back," said mother.

But the time came when she was hourly expected. Mother sighed as she took note of the spotless kitchen, in which it was now pleasant to come and lend a hand at cookery, or sit with her knitting, while Janet moved briskly about.

"It's time I was settling with you, Janet," said her mother: "six weeks—I owe you eighteen dollars."

"No; six off for hiring Mrs. Holt and a few other things."

"Not a bit off, dear; I've been looking over the bills for the month, and I find quite a difference—more than pays all your extras. Not only in meat and groceries and fuel, but I notice it in the wear and tear and breakage—dear me! I don't think five dollars a week covers the expense of Bridget's being here."

"You don't, mother, dear?" said Janet, in great delight; "then you are not tired of your new girl and anxious to have Bridget back?"

"No, indeed," replied mother, fervently.

"Then she isn't coming back. I've found my way of earning, and am going to stick to it for awhile. It isn't all pleasant, to be sure, but I don't know any kind of business that is. Only," she said, laughing, "I shall insist upon having my wages regularly paid as if I were Bridget. I shall clothe myself out of the money, and so be saving dear overworked father about five dollars a week, if you are right in your calculations, mother."

"What will you do with Bridget when she comes?"

"Mr. Whitcomb wants a girl, so she can go there. O mother, dear! it's a real comfort to feel as if I were supporting myself. And I wonder why I never thought before how pleasant a way it is, this doing kind and pleasant things for you all."

So, Janet worked on, feeling sure that she had found the best way of securing her pocket-money in thus expending her energies for those she loved. How many daughters, restless and fretful for some thing to do, might find this same way blessed to themselves and to others in homes made bright and sweet by their faithful ministrations.—*Selected*.

PRAYER is so mighty an instrument that no one ever thoroughly mastered all its keys. They sweep along the infinite scale of man's wants and God's goodness.

**In Northward Seas.**

[DURING one of the gales of October, 1885, a fishing-smack, whose name the papers did not give, went down off the coast of Labrador. The boats being swamped, nothing was left for the men but to swim for the shore. Among the crew was a boy, some eleven or twelve years old, who had accompanied his father on the smack. In order to save his life, the father lashed the boy upon his back, and set off to swim to land. Finding that they made very little headway and that they were both in imminent danger of being drowned, the boy begged his father to go on alone and to "let him be," and upon the father refusing, the boy actually worked himself free from the rope, and would probably have been drowned had not a huge wave at that moment flung both of them upon the rocks. Afterward, to a lady, the boy said simply: "I thought poor father was going to be drowned, and what would mother do then, so I got off his back."]

'Twas in eighteen eighty-five,  
Off the coast of Labrador,  
'Mid the breakers' dreadful roar,  
That the fishing-smack went down;  
All the men were left to make  
O'er the sea their way, or break  
Heart and muscle in the effort, and to drown.

Then a father took his child,  
And, amid the curling brine,  
Lashed him safely with a line  
To his shoulders, as he buffeted the wave.  
What the end shall be, I trow,  
Only heaven's white angels know;  
But 'tis home and help for two, or one sea-grave.

There were little ones at home  
And their mother to be fed,  
And he earned their daily bread  
Who was struggling in the sea;  
And the brave young fisher knew  
One could never swim for two,  
So he said, "My father, go, and let me be."

'Twas a twelve years' child who spoke;  
But for that completed deed,  
Thank God's grace! there was not need  
Underneath the veiled sun;  
For the hissing breakers curled  
Helpful arms around and hurled  
Child and man high up the shore, and home was won.

Many deeds men's hands have traced  
On our history's golden page,  
And from waning age to age  
Is their glory handed down;  
But not Aulis' sight, nor Troy's,  
Out-sublimes this unknown boy's,  
Asking simply to be left alone to drown.

Think! that boy is still alive;  
And, in distant Newfoundland,  
Where the blue waves lap the sand,  
He is now at work, at play!  
Let us bare our heads to him,  
While our eyes grow moist and dim,  
In this unheroic day;  
'Twas in eighteen eighty-five.

**GENEROUS OF PRAISE.**

How much better the world would be if only people were a little more generous of praise! Let no one suppose that we are speaking of flattery; we mean simply praise; or, as Webster gives it, "Honour rendered because of excellence or merit."

How easy it is to find fault when everything does not run smoothly!—when anything is omitted which ought to have been done! Why should it not be just as easy to give commendation for the right done?

The day is drawing to its close, and the wife and mother—weary with household care—sits for a moment waiting the sound of the home-coming feet. The door opens quickly, and they have come. "How bright and cheery you look here! But you always make home look that!" and the husband's kiss on her cheek brings back the careless girlhood days, and the life looks suddenly bright again. "The boys wanted me to stay all night, mother,

it was so stormy; but I thought I would rather come home; and I'm glad now I did!" and the boy glanced around the pleasant sitting-room with a look that told plainer than words how attractive a spot it was to him. The mother's weariness had gone, like the shadows before the light.

How many homes are rendered unhappy by too much fault-finding and too little just praise! And if one cannot praise—what then?

Whittier, in his beautiful poem, "My Birthday," says:—

"Love watches o'er my quiet ways,  
Kind voices speak my name;  
And lips that find it hard to praise,  
Are slow, at least, to blame."

Yes! one can always be "slow, at least, to blame." The fact that little faults try and vex us, in those dear to our hearts, only goes to prove that the general character is good, and there is much to praise. The whiter the snow, the darker look all objects against it. Why not admire the whiteness which forms the background?

Then, if we look within, if we see with impartial eyes the short-comings of our own lives, will we not be slower to notice flaws in others? Shall we not say, in the words of Shakespeare, "I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults?"

If, then, we are so frail, so weak ourselves, so dependent on the kindness and forbearance of others, shall we not do the little we can to make the world brighter in turn for them?

If there is anything to admire or praise—and there is always something—speak the word now; it will brighten the weary hours, it will prevent the bitter regret that comes too late when mother's tired hands are folded—the hands that were never slow in their loving service for us; the loving face that was so often shadowed by our failing to give a word or two of well-earned praise, or saddened by our ready fault-finding, is hidden from our sight.

Boys or girls who can so readily make or mar the happiness of home and mother, think of this before it is too late. Save yourselves from that which will sadden the happiest hours of your life, when many miles of land or sea—or, perhaps, the River of Death—may have parted you from those who were nearest and dearest to you. The thought that will always come when the mind goes back to early life, that we might have done *so much* while they were with us to make them happy, but didn't.

**"PUT IT LOWER."**

It is told by one who has spent much time in Sweden that, in the course of a series of revival meetings, there came to the church a young man, in appearance unkept, unkempt, ragged in clothing, uncombed in hair, bare of foot. He placed himself in front of the pulpit. The preacher was most earnest in his sermon. The face of the young man was constantly turned up toward the preacher.

At the close of the service, the deacons passed the plates for the offerings. The young man seemed so poor that no one ventured to offer him the plate. As the deacon passed near to him, with impetuosity he ejaculated, "Put it lower!"

The deacon hardly understood the remark at once.

The young man repeated, "Put the plate lower."

The deacon held the plate near his hand.

"Lower yet," he said.

"Still lower."

"Lower down yet," he cried.

The deacon at last put the plate upon the floor.

The young man quietly, but earnestly, placed him-

self upon his bare feet in the plate. He had no money to give, but he gave himself.

This story illustrates the great truth, that the most important offering we can give to God should be service in the gift of ourselves. If giving money, we withhold ourselves, the gift of money is of small consequence. If giving money, we give ourselves, the value of the money is greatly increased. If, having no money, we give ourselves, we are fulfilling the command of Jesus Christ.—*Youth's Companion.*

**The Anvil of God's Word.**

ONE day I paused beside a blacksmith's door,  
And heard the anvil ring the vesper chime  
Then looking in, I saw upon the floor  
Old hammers worn with beating years of time.

"How many anvils have you had?" said I,  
"To wear and batter all these hammers so?"  
"Just one," he answered; then with twinkling eye,  
"The anvil wears the hammers out, you know."

And so, I thought, the anvil of God's word  
For ages skeptic blows have beat upon;  
Yet, though the noise of infidels was heard,  
The anvil is unworn—the hammers gone!

**AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE.**

A LADY missionary in China gives the following interesting experience of a Chinese convert, Ah Song by name. It shows a simple trust in God which is greatly to be commended:

Soon after I became a Christian my business failed, and I scarcely knew how to earn enough to support my mother; I was willing to go short myself, but could not help being troubled about her. She, with all my other friends, said it was my own fault, and if I would but give up the foreign religion they were sure the trade would be good again. I could not understand why the Lord had sent me this trouble, but I knew that Jesus was my Saviour, and I could not give him up. At last I was obliged to close the shop and go home to my own village. But God gave me work to do of one kind and another, and I soon found my needs supplied. When I had the opportunity of preaching the Gospel to my relations I did so, and very soon was rejoiced to hear that my mother was also a disciple of Jesus; in a short time two other relations were converted, and an old lady who was living in the next house. This old lady was taken ill soon after I went to live in the village, and said it was all owing to my having become a Christian. She assured me there was no good in such a religion as that, and implored me to give it up; but I told her what Jesus had done for me, and that he was only waiting to save and bless her too if she would but believe in him. A few Sundays after she had a sedan-chair brought, and was carried from her bed to the chapel. The following Sunday she also went and took a young woman with her. Soon she found my words were true, and Jesus became as precious to her as he was to me. If God had not made my business to fail I should not have gone to live near my relations, and they would not have heard the Gospel. It is worth hundreds of dollars to me to know that they are now rejoicing in Jesus as their Saviour. I have proved God's goodness to me, and I want to follow him faithfully all my life.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher was trying to explain to her class what the conscience was, but had some difficulty in making the scholars understand. "What is the small voice that comes to you after you have retired at night?" she said at length. "Oh, please, ma'am, I know," quickly said one of the bright little girls. "Cats, ma'am."



**The Water of Life.**

I stood on life's threshold, untaught and untried  
And gazed at the cup that was brought to my side.  
"The joys of the world in this goblet gleam bright;  
Come, drink of Life's pleasures, taste joy and delight!"

I drank, but the sweetness was passing and brief;  
This tasting of life gave me nothing but grief;  
Each joy left a sorrow, each pleasure a pain,  
And gone was youth's brightness, to come not again.

I cried for a draught that would save me from thought:  
What liquid flowed dark from the cup that was brought?  
"The waters of Lethe—forgetfulness, peace,  
Drink deep, and thy pain and thy trouble shall cease!"

I drank, but no rest for my soul could be found,  
I shuddered midst clouds that had gathered around;  
No respite from sorrow, no peacefulness there,  
But calm of stagnation and hush of despair.

Once more came a cup, and I saw it was borne  
By a beautiful hand, but how scarred and how worn!  
"My daughter, refreshed and at peace wouldst thou be?  
Drink now from the fountain long opened for thee!"

One draught—the clouds fled both from heart and from  
brain!

What knew I of sorrow? what cared I for pain?  
I had found something sweeter than earth could afford,  
In the "WATER OF LIFE" from the hand of the Lord.

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**Pleasant Hours:**

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 31, 1889.

**I CAN BE SAVED.**

BY MARK GUY PEARSE.

WHAT glad tidings of great joy! Whatever I am, whatever I have been, I can be saved. No wonder that angels came down from heaven to sing it to us: "Unto you is born a Saviour which is Christ the Lord."

Away in a small country town where everybody knew everything about their neighbours, there was a man who had held for some time a position of trust in the church, until it was found that he had been accustomed to take for his own use much of the money that he collected. Of course he was at once dismissed, and though not prosecuted for the offence, yet he was looked upon by the townspeople as a thief, and everybody passed him by as unworthy of notice. This naturally enough drove him to a hard-heartedness, and, worst of all, to despair; and he gave himself up to drink and every other evil, and was rapidly going to utter ruin.

One day a gentleman happened to meet this out-

cast coming toward him; and as he saw his miserable appearance, he could not help thinking of the happier days this poor fellow had known; and he said to himself, "I believe he can be made a man of yet—I'll try."

The gentleman at once stopped across the road, and, much to the man's surprise, held out his hand, and spoke to him in a simple, straightforward way. He talked with him of the weather, and of the town, and of most common-place affairs,—every word went down into the man's heart, calling up the better feelings that used to be. At last the poor fellow burst into tears, and grasping the gentleman's hand with both his own, he cried, "God bless you, Sir,—you've made me feel quite different;" and he hurried away to hide his tears.

So that man's renewal began. His friend called upon him, and led him back again to all that he had been. Back to the Lord the Saviour; until he saw him again restored to his position of respect and confidence.

Men are lost by hundreds because nobody makes them feel they can be saved. We want something or some one who can come in amongst all the evil things that are in us, and can make us feel that they can be put down. Some one to call up hope, and to make us strong enough to be what we want to be in our best moments. A bit of hearty love and confidence would be new life to hosts of men who for want of it are perishing.

Ah, dear reader, that's how God begins to save. He makes us feel his love. He knows us through and through; and yet he loves us. He knows all the past; every word of it, and every deed; every thought and every wish. He has seen the worst of us, the darkest side of us, and yet we are dear to him. The heart of our Father yearns over us. His great compassion longs to do us good. His tender love reaches down to us, and round us are his everlasting arms. Man, thou art loved! God loves thee with truer, deeper, fuller love than any words can tell. He loves us though we have never loved him. He loves us though we have injured and grieved and sinned against him. You doubt that this can be true.

But here is his own message to us: "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Here is the plain declaration of his holy Word: "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins."

Come, good reader, you have put these things away from you. "They are not for me," you have said, "not for me." And you have thought every thing was against you; your heart is so prone to evil, and the world is so full of temptations, and the devil is so busy about one, and old ways get such a hold of a man that you have thought there was no chance for you. But one is for you who is more than all. God loves you. The Almighty God will help you; and when he helps, the feeblest can do anything. Lift up your heart to him now. Ask his help, and it shall be given. Seek his love and it shall be found. Knock at the door of his mercy, and it shall be opened. "When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck and kissed him."

**I CAN BE SAVED.**

THE man who commands respect and wins success is he who gives himself, mind and heart, body and soul, to pushing forward the truth; one in whom men discover no spirit of self-seeking, but, rather, a living embodiment and incarnation of the cause he advocates.

**A DOG'S EXTRAORDINARY DEVOTION.**

ABOUT three or four years ago a railway train was nearing the city of Montreal, when the engineer saw a large dog on the track. The dog was apparently much excited, and barked furiously at the approaching engine. The engineer blew the whistle, but still the dog kept on the track, and just as the engine came upon him he was observed to crouch down and extend himself across the track. In this position he was struck by the locomotive and killed. The engineer looking out towards the front of his engine, saw a piece of white cloth fluttering in the wind, as it hung on part of the machinery. At once he stepped out along the side of his engine and found it to be part of a child's dress. He stopped the engine—alas, too late! and backing down, found by the side of the track, not only the mangled body of the dog, but also the crushed body of a little child! At once the position of affairs was understood. The child had evidently wandered upon the track, and fallen asleep there, watched by its faithful companion, the dog, who, seeing the train approach, had done its best to save the child; but failing, had covered it with his own body and died with it. Faithful unto death he was, and died in his effort to save the sleeping child. Was it instinct or dumb reason?—*Aims and Objects of the Toronto Human Society.*

**SMALL ROPES HOLD MIGHTY DESTINIES.**

A CUNARDER put out from England for New York. It was well equipped; but in putting up stove in the pilot-house, a nail, driven too near the compass, put the ship two hundred miles off her right course, and suddenly the man on the look-out cried "Land, ho!" and the ship was halted within a few yards of her destruction on Nantucket Shoals. A sixpenny nail came near wrecking a great Cunarder.

A minister, seated in Boston at his table, lacking a word, puts his hands behind his head and tilts back his chair, to think; and the ceiling falls and crushes the table, and would have crushed him. A minister in Jamaica, at night, by the light of an insect called the "candle-fly," is kept from stepping over a precipice of a hundred feet. F. W. Robertson, the celebrated Englishman, said that he entered the ministry from a train of circumstances started by the barking of a dog. Had the wind blown another way on a certain day, the Spanish Inquisition would have been established in England; but it blew the other way, and that dropped the accursed institution, with seventy-five thousand tons of shipping to the bottom of the sea, or flung the broken splintered logs on the rocks.—*Selected.*



**PIERROT, THE FAITHFUL DONKEY.**

It would be difficult to find a story more full of tender pathos than the following one. It admirably illustrates one of the main purposes for which this publication has been prepared and issued. And that is, to show what a subtle bond of sympathy arises, and does exist, between ourselves and any dumb creature to whom we show kindness, and in whom we feel a deep personal interest. It is amazing how powerful that bond becomes, and how unmistakable are the tokens of loving devotion which dog, or horse, and, in this case, a donkey, shows to those who, by their kindly, thoughtful acts, call it forth.

Arsene Houssaye, the French writer, tells the story, the chief incidents of which he witnessed himself.

"It was a cold day, as people walked rapidly along the Boulevard de Courcelles. I was hurrying by, like everybody else. A female rag-picker, pale and famished, led by the bridle a poor little donkey, which seemed a hundred years old, and which dragged a poor little cart full of the rubbish of the street; rags, broken bottles, torn papers, worn-out skillets, crusts of bread—the thousand nothings which are the fortune of rag-pickers. The woman had done good work since midnight, but the donkey was ready to drop. He stopped short, as if he had made up his mind to go no further. His legs trembled and threatened a fall. He hung his head with resignation, as if waiting the stroke of death.

"The sight touched and arrested me. A man would have beaten the poor beast to rouse him; the woman looked at him with an eye of motherly pity. The donkey returned the look, as if saying, 'You see it is all over; I have done my best for you, night after night, because I saw your misery was greater than mine. You have treated me well, sharing your bread with me, and your neighbour's oats, when you could get them; but I am dying at last.' The woman looked at him and said, gently: 'Come, come, dear Pierrot, do not leave me here.' She lightened the load by taking out a basket of broken bottles. 'Come now,' she said, as if talking to a child, 'You can get on nicely now.' She put her shoulder to the wheel, but the donkey did not move. He knew that he had not strength to walk to St. Ouen, his wretched home. She still coaxed him: 'How do you think we can get along this way, Pierrot? To be sure I could drag the cart;

but I can't put you in it, and you would be ashamed to be dragged after it.' The donkey raised his ears, but no more.

"I was going to speak to her, when she ran into the nearest wine-shop. The donkey followed her with anxious eyes; he seemed fearful that he would die without his mistress. He was so little you would have taken him at a distance for a Pyrenean dog. He had grown gray in the harness. A few tufts of gray hair remained here and there upon his emaciated body. He looked like a mountain burned bare in many places. He was almost transparent in his leanness. But his face was all the more expressive. He had something almost human in its intelligence and goodness.

"The rag-picker soon returned, bringing a piece of bread and a lump of sugar. The donkey turned and showed his teeth—like old piano keys. But, although it was his breakfast time, he had no more strength in his

mouth than in his legs. She gave him the sugar. He took it as if to oblige her, but dropped it again, and the same with the bread. Ah! what shall I do?' said the rag-picker. She thought no more of her cart. She was full of anxiety for her poor donkey. 'Pierrot!' she cried again. Two great tears came to her eyes. She took his head in her arms and kissed him like a child. The caress did what nothing else could do. The donkey roused himself and brayed as in his best days. I feared it was only his swan-song. I approached and said to the woman: 'You seem to be in trouble.'

"'Oh!' she said, crying, 'if you knew how I love this beast. I saved him from the butcher four years ago. In those days I had only a hod. I have raised seven children with my hook. The father has gone, and one other, and my eldest daughter was taken a fortnight ago. My worst grief was that I had to take one to the Foundlings. I had eleven in all. Four of them died. It's no use; you can't take good care of them when you work in the streets all night. The little donkey has been my only consolation. He was better company than my husband. He never got drunk, and never beat me; and I never beat him. Would I, Pierrot?'

"The poor little beast seemed to share in the conversation. He half raised his ears and assented. One of my friends passed by, and asked me what I was doing. 'I am making a new friend.' 'He may be witty, but he is not handsome.' 'I find him admirable, and I would like to see you in his place. He has been out here since midnight. Here, do you want to help me in a work of charity?' 'With all my heart.' 'Very well, let us buy this donkey and put him on the retired list. This good woman will take care of him.'

"The rag-picker looked at us severely, fearing we were laughing at her. But, when she saw the shine of the louis-d'or, she smiled. 'How much did Pierrot cost?' 'Ten francs.' 'Well, you go back to the abattoir and buy another donkey, and take care of this one.' I gave my card to the woman, and said good-bye to her and the donkey. The miracle was complete. The donkey started off in high spirits, the woman pushing the cart from behind.

"That evening the woman came to me in tears. I understood at once. 'Oh! sir, he is gone—poor Pierrot! Yes, sir, we got to St. Ouen one way or

another; but when he came in sight of our hut he fell on his knees. I tried to raise him, but this time it was all over. My children came running and crying. They talked to him and kissed him. He looked at them so sadly as to break our hearts. I tell you there are lots of people in the world not worth half so much as poor Pierrot. Think of it: he wanted to die at home, after finishing his day's work.' Like a soldier who dies after firing his last cartridge!

"The rag-picker opened her hand, and I saw the money I had given her in the morning. 'Here is your hundred francs, sir.'

"I do not know whether I most admired her or her donkey—the donkey who did his duty to death, or the woman, more delicate than our charity!"—*Aims and Objects of the Toronto Humane Society.*

**Woman's Vote.**

It is coming, coming surely,  
We can trace its golden gleam;  
O'er the world it falls as purely  
As a glad, prophetic dream.  
Lo! intemperance before it  
Shall forever disappear,  
And the light that hovers o'er it  
Shall make truth and justice clear.

It is coming, and its glory  
Soon shall fill the world with grace;  
Till the fields with carnage gory  
In its glow shall have no place;  
Till no jail shall be erected  
And no gallows builded high  
With its shadow dark reflected  
'Gainst the bright, effulgent sky.

It is coming, and its beauty,  
Reaching to the vile and low,  
Shall awaken them to duty,  
Aiding all that's good to grow.  
With the power of concentration  
Will its day be ushered in,  
Till in city, State and nation  
There shall be no licensed sin.

It is coming; let us hail it  
With a welcome warm and true!  
Vainly shall the wrong assail it,  
Ignorance its ways pursue,  
Bright with holy, high endeavour,  
'Tis the ensign of the good  
Held within the hand forever  
Of a nation's womanhood.

It is coming, coming freighted  
With a right divinely grand,  
Soon shall be emancipated  
Every slave o'er freedom's land.  
Hail it, sisters! hail it, brothers!  
Only bigots on it frown;  
Hail it, fathers! hail it, mothers!  
It shall be the future's crown.

**I CAN LET IT ALONE.**

"I CAN do something that you can't," said a boy to his companion. "I can chew tobacco."

"And I can do something you can't," was the quick reply. "I can let tobacco alone."

Now this is the kind of a boy we love to see. The boy who has the backbone to refuse when asked to do a foolish or wicked thing is the one of whom we are proud. It is an easy matter to sail with the wind or float with the tide, and it is easy enough to form bad habits; so that none can boast over the power to do that. It is the one who can let them alone that is worthy of praise. And the best time to let tobacco alone is before the appetite for it has been formed. There is nothing inviting about it then.

Don't use it, boys. It is filthy, poisonous, disgusting stuff at its best.

Be men enough to let it alone. Hold up your head and say that you are its master, and never intend to become its slave.

### The Boy and the Clock.

BY REV. F. B. STRONG.

A LITTLE boy had a clock in his room  
Placed low on a marble shelf—  
The work of a mother's heart and hand,  
Who made, in giving, the one demand—  
He should wind it ev'ning himself.

For a time he was greatly charmed with his gift,  
And often would watch its face,  
And imagine— to whom has it not occurred?—  
That every tick was a spoken word  
As it worked away in its case.

Strangely, however, ere long he lost  
In the timepiece all delight;  
He hung round about it now no more,  
And its ticking, which pleased him so much before,  
Would keep him awake at night.

Neglecting to wind it up at length,  
The mother chided her son,  
When what her surprise when he answering said,  
As he stood before her with hanging head,  
"I do not want it to run!"

"Do not want it to run?" she said, amazed;  
"Why, what is the matter, Dick?"  
He waited long ere making reply,  
And then explained, with averted eye:  
"I don't like to hear it tick."

"Whatever I do that's the least bit wrong,  
The clock is sure to know,  
And tells me of it, and seems to say,  
'You're bad to-day! you're bad to-day!'  
It always tells me so.

"And if a wrong story I ever tell,  
It is certain to say to me,  
'You've told a lie! oh my! a lie!'  
I can hear it saying, 'A lie! oh my!'  
As plain as plain can be."

"Ah, darling Dick," his mother replied,  
"It is not the clock you hear;  
'Tis the voice of conscience speaking within,  
That so plainly tells you of your sin;  
It is that you have to fear."

"Do only right, and speak but the truth,  
And the clock will say to you  
As you listen to hear its tick with joy,  
'A good, good boy! a truthful boy!'  
Don't you think her words were true?"

## PILGRIM STREET:

A STORY OF MANCHESTER LIFE.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

### CHAPTER XVII.

A DAY AT ALDERLEY.

It was one of the brightest of mornings, as if the sun himself were rejoicing in the "Whit week" holiday when Tom, with the boys and girls of the Alderley School, marched in procession to the station at Longsight, where a train was appointed to meet them, and take them down to Alderley. There were more schools and more excursion-trains bound for the same place, and others; and there reigned everywhere a holiday feeling, which might have been brought by the fresh air and the sunshine. Phil held Tom's hand, and looked radiant with happiness; while from Tom's face the cloud of habitual care and thought passed away, and a bright but quiet smile took its place.

They had not to wait long before they were fairly on their way, passing through meadows and cornfields, where the blades of corn were still young and green, fields such as Tom had never seen before, for last Whit week his love of saving money had been too strong to permit him to take a day from his business, and to spend a few shillings upon pleasure. By half-past six o'clock in the morning, as the country people were fetching

in their cows to be milked, from the pastures, and while there was all the cool freshness of the day, they reached Alderley; and then, with their own brass band playing gaily, they marched through the village to a farm-house, where a breakfast of bread and milk was provided for them.

It was all a grave and solemn festival to Tom, filled to the brim with satisfaction, because Phil, with his beautiful face, was marching at his side; and a hundred times in his inmost heart—pressing Phil's hand with a tighter grasp—he thanked God that his father would not dare to take him away from the school.

As soon as breakfast was over, they were free to go wherever they liked, provided that they returned at noon for their dinner. Then the enjoyment increased and deepened. All the Pendleburys had come down by another train, and they and Tom and Phil had agreed to be a complete party of themselves. They rambled leisurely along shady lanes, where the trees on each side threw upon their path alternate lights and shadows, dancing with a restless motion, so full of life, that Tom and Alice said they hardly liked to set their feet upon the ground for fear of hurting them; but the little ones chased the sunbeams and shadows with shouts of merriment, and danced upon them in their glee. The hedgerows seemed laden here and there with snow, from the profusion of hawthorn blossoms; and every breath of the soft wind scattered their tiny flakes upon the grassy banks beneath.

And what a wind it was! No more like the keen, east winds of March, which had stung Tom in his thin clothing, than a dreary day in November is like a day of sunny June. It came whispering and rustling very softly through the young leaves—which had never yet been dusty and hot with summer dryness—and bending down gently the tall blades of grass, which were ripening fast for the hay-harvest, and kissing away the delicate bloom from the fruit trees. It brought with it, too, such sweet scents of wild flowers, of bluebells and cowslips and honeysuckle, which just floated about them, without making the air too heavy with their perfume.

It played lightly with Alice's ribbons, and stirred Phil's curls, and breathed coolly upon Tom's temples, which ached so often with the weight of his basket. It seemed difficult to remember the smoke and the dense atmosphere of the city; and to Tom it was almost a delicious pain to breathe the fresh, sweet, pure air of the country. He drank it in as one parched with thirst in a burning desert would drink at a spring of cold water.

They came at last to a wood, where trees of great beauty had been growing for many years, carefully tendered and fostered, yet left to grow luxuriantly and healthily, according to their own nature. Here the shadows were thicker, for overhead the branches formed a canopy, which sheltered them well from the growing heat of the morning sun; while under foot, instead of the hard highway, there was smooth, green turf, strewn with daisies and moss, into which their feet sank softly and soundlessly.

Every now and then they came to dingles, in whose hollows the tall ferns grew, and down whose sloping sides the children rolled themselves with shrieks of laughter. Sometimes there lay before them solemn glades, stretching far away, like the long aisles of some grand cathedral, with boughs arching and mingling high up above their heads, as if some taller and greater beings than themselves were wont to walk to and fro there, or form processions, with banners and streamers which rose far aloft. The little ones ran down these grassy aisles, shouting to the squirrels in the trees,

and to the birds which flew leisurely above the topmost branches; but Nat and Alice walked along almost in silence, and Tom sighed often, from profound and inexpressible delight.

They sat down after awhile, not to rest—their was no feeling of fatigue in them—but for the slower and fuller enjoyment of their pleasure. The trees were more open in the spot they had chosen, and the blue sky, flecked all over with tiny cloudlets, and streaked here and there with a fine feathery film, that only made the sky behind look a deeper blue, stretched above the green summits of the oaks and elms.

I said they felt no fatigue, but Tom was weary— if a feeling of delicious languor and leisure could be called weariness. He lay down upon the velvet turf, with his face upturned to the sky, and his eyes opening and closing as the flitting shadows of the leaves above him played upon his eyelids. He scarcely knew whether he was awake or dreaming; but such a dream had never visited him before. It was very quiet—for very soon Nat and the children rambled off in search of some new enchantment, and only Alice and Phil remained behind; for somehow, neither Alice nor Phil could bear to leave Tom's side that day. There was the pleasant rustling of leaves to be heard, and the soft, far-off call of the cuckoo, and now and then a distant sound of laughter, but there was no harsh, shrill din or tumult of busy, toiling life—no rattling of wheels or whirl of machinery; and Tom lay there, with Phil's hand resting on his head, and Alice sitting where he could see her, if he opened his eyelids a hair's-breadth. But whether he was awake or dreaming he could not tell.

"Alice," he said at last, in a low tone, lest he should awake and find it was a dream, "Alice, dost thee think heaven'll be like this?"

"Aye, maybe," she answered softly; "only we shall see God, and we shall hear the angels playing on their harps, and it'll be sweeter music than the birds singing; and, maybe, wherever we look we shall see the face of God smiling at us forever and ever. Heaven'll be far better than this, Tom."

Tom lay still again for a little while, gazing steadfastly into the blue sky, so very far and very high above his head; and as he looked, a deep and tender smile spread itself over his features, that Alice and Phil, seeing it, wondered at its strange beauty which changed his careworn and faded features, and Phil, stooping down, kissed Tom's wrinkled forehead.

"Ah!" said Tom, still in the same low voice, "He is smiling at us now. God smiles at us. I never saw my father smile at me—never! But God loves us dearly. I don't mind now going back to Manchester. Awhile since I was hankering myself to stay here always, and never go back to the work and the noise—it tires me, and makes a head ache, and it's so quiet here and good. But now, if God'll only smile at me, I'd go and live in a jail, or a workhouse, and wait his time to take me out of them. I'm content now."

"But thee'd choose to live out here in the country?" said Alice.

"Aye," murmured Tom, "if God chose it. But I don't care so much now—he'll choose what is best for me. Heaven'll be something like this, Alice. I don't know anything about it: I don't know where the wind comes from, or what makes the sun shine, and the trees grow, and the little flowers peep up among the grass—only that it is God's work. I don't know what God calls them all—only that he made them, and they are all beautiful! How beautiful they are! And it'll be the same in heaven. I shan't know anything when I get there, only that God made them all, and knows the names

every angel. And he'll know my name, and I'll hear him call me by it; and I shall speak to him, and call him Father."

"Tom," said Alice, in a tone half frightened, "he loves God better than I do."

"No, no!" answered Tom, earnestly, with the quiet and loving smile upon his face; "thee loved him longer than me, and thee was never wicked as I have been. Thee went to Sunday-school when thou wert a very little girl; and thee never swore, or stole, or hardly told a lie all thy life."

"God has forgiven me more sins than thee, I think he loves us all alike—everybody believes in the Lord Jesus. Thy father does love one more than another; and it's the same with God. Only it's thee that has served him and loved him the longest. And I must make up for my lost time, thee knows, as well as I can. I ought to love him more nor thee, for I was a thief, and my father was a thief."

"Dost think of God often?" asked Alice, merrily.

"He's always there," said Tom, drawing little Phil's hand upon his breast, and pressing it against his heart. "He's always speaking to me now, and sometimes I forget I'm in the street, and I go along thinking nothing and hearing nothing. Eh, Alice! I had nothing else in the world—nothing but thee—thou couldn't help but think of him often. I don't know much about him, but every day I go to learn more. The thoughts come into my mind of themselves: I don't know where from. I don't only when I'm reading my Bible or saying my prayers, but wherever I go there seems to be some voice teaching me about him. What can it be, Alice?"

"It must be God's Holy Spirit," answered Alice, with a thoughtful and downcast face. "Jesus said, 'I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever, even the Spirit of Truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him; but ye know him, because he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.'" "Aye!" cried Tom, joyously; "then Jesus has asked the Father to give me the Comforter! I understand now. And he dwells with me, and is it true, so the thoughts come from him. And he is with thee, Alice, and with thy father."

"Not always," said Alice, with tears in her eyes. "The Bible says we can grieve the Spirit; and very often I grieve him, and then he leaves me a little while. Oh, Tom, I wish I loved God as thou dost!"

"I think thee does," answered Tom, tenderly. "I like a new thing to me, thee knows. I only think of God by thinking how he loves me. I can't say anything to serve him worth speaking of, only I say bug I mind how he loves me, so I cannot help loving him back again. Aye! heaven'll be with thee like this. I shan't know anything about it, only God knows all, and he'll know me."

They sank into silence again, listening to the chirp of the birds, and looking at the trees about them. It was true what Tom had said. They did not know what birds were singing, nor what were the names of the trees and flowers around them; but God had made them all, and they were all good. It was a scene of strange delight and peace; and Tom's weary frame and spirit a place of delicious rest. He did not care to stir, or to ramble about in search of fresh pleasures. When he had lain down in pleasant weariness, there he stayed, and little Phil and Alice still lingering faithfully about him, until it was time to return to the farm. When evening came, and Tom—after bidding good-night to the Pendleburys, at the corner of

Pilgrim Street—turned his tired feet toward the close and squalid court where his home was, and where his father lived, he sang softly to himself, in a sweet but feeble voice, two verses of the hymn which had been sung by all the children of Ardwick School before leaving Alderley. They were these:—

"Forever with the Lord!  
Amen, so let it be!  
Life from the dead is in that word,  
'Tis immortality.

"Here in the body pent,  
Absent from Him I roam:  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,  
A day's march nearer home!"

(To be continued.)

### THE ST. JOHN RIVER.

TRADITION has it that the deep and narrow chasm through which the waters of the St. John find their way to the sea was formed by some mighty convulsion of nature many centuries ago, and there is sufficient confirmatory evidence that the statement rests upon more than mere tradition. The level of the waters of the St. John is fifty feet above that of the bay, yet so mighty are the tides of the latter that steamers and sailing vessels of six hundred tons burthen are borne from the one to the other at their incoming and outgoing. The rapids or falls are principally just above the chasm referred to, over which, many years ago, an airy suspension bridge was thrown for carriage and foot travel, and recently the cantilever which connects the railway systems of the Strait of Canso with those of the Pacific Coast. Directly above its mouth, which is spanned by the suspension and cantilever bridges, the river expands into a basin of such extent that it affords room for the storage of vast rafts of timber, which are towed down by small steamers from its upper waters and its tributaries, as well as anchorage for a great number of steam and sailing vessels. In the same basin lie three small islands, two of which have precipitous sides, and are very picturesque; while the lumber mills, giving employment to thousands of men, are planted on both shores.

### HALF A VICTORY.

I WILL tell you how it was. Jack had been told he must not go to see a certain boy called Sam without first asking his father's permission.

Sam lived in a place where there were a great many boys, and Jack loved dearly to be with them. There were many things to play with, and everything was very pleasant.

One day some of the boys said to Jack, "Come, let's go down to Sam's." So Jack started to go along with them; but after he had gone some distance his conscience troubled him so much that he could not bear it any longer. He determined that he would leave the boys and run home and ask his father's permission, and then he would go back and join them with a light heart; so he started back to ask his father if he might go. The father readily gave his consent, and Jack went off merrily, almost overtaking his companions in his haste to get with them.

Now this was only half a victory. It was better than nothing, but it was not a right good, honest victory.

If little Jack had done quite right he would have said at first, "Boys, I can't go with you until I have asked father." That would have been a whole victory. He would have told the truth and been obedient.

### The Old School-Room.

BY THE REV. HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

My spring-time of life has departed,  
Its romance has ended at last;  
My dreamings were once of the future,  
But now they are all of the past.  
And memory oft in my trials  
Goes back to my pastimes at school,  
And pictures the children who loved me,  
In the beautiful village of Yule.

The school-house still stands by the meadow,  
And green is the spot where I played,  
And flecked with the sun in the shadow  
Of the evergreen woods where I strayed.  
The thrush in the meadowy places  
Still sings in the evergreens cool;  
But changed are the fun-loving faces  
Of the children who met me at Yule.

I remember the day when, a teacher,  
I met those dear faces anew;  
The warm-hearted greetings that told me,  
The friendships of childhood are true.  
I remember the winters I struggled,  
When care-worn and sick, in my school;  
I remember the children who loved me,  
In the beautiful village of Yule.

So true in the days of my sadness,  
Did the hearts of my trusted ones prove,  
My sorrow grew light in the gladness  
Of having so many to love.  
I gave my own heart to my scholars,  
And banished severity's rule;  
And happiness dwelt in my school-room,  
In the beautiful village of Yule.

I taught them the goodness of loving  
The beauty of nature and art;  
They taught me the goodness of loving  
The beauty that lies in the heart.  
And I prize more than lessons of knowledge  
The lessons I learned in my school—  
The warm hearts that met me at morning,  
And left me at evening, in Yule.

I remember the hour that we parted;  
I told them, while moistened my eye,  
That the bell of the school-room of glory  
Would ring for us each in the sky.  
Their faces were turned to the sunset,  
As they stood 'neath the evergreens cool;  
I shall see them no more as I saw them  
In the beautiful village of Yule.

The bells of the school-room of glory  
Their summons have rung in the sky,  
The moss and the fern of the valley  
On some of the old pupils lie;  
Some have gone from the wearisome studies  
Of earth to the happier school;  
Some faces are bright with the angels',  
Who stood in the sunset at Yule.

I love the instructions of knowledge,  
The teaching of nature and art,  
But more than all others the lessons  
That come from an innocent heart,  
And still to be patient and loving,  
And trustful I hold as a rule,  
For so I was taught by the children  
Of the beautiful village of Yule.

My spring-time of life has departed;  
Its romance has ended at last;  
My dreamings were once of the future,  
But now they are all of the past.  
Methinks, when I stand in life's sunset,  
As I stood when we parted at school,  
I shall see the bright faces of scholars  
I loved in the village of Yule.

WHEN one thinks that nobody cares for him and that he is alone in the cold and selfish world, he would do well to ask himself this question: "What have I done to make anybody care for and love me, and to warm the world with faith and generosity?" It is generally the case that those who complain most have done the least.



**The Baby's Dilemma.**

My four-year-old baby sat on my lap  
In the dusk of the fading day;  
So helpless he seemed as he nestled there,  
So dependent on father and mother's care,  
That I asked, as I kissed the golden head,  
"What would you do, dear, if mamma were dead?"

The eyes met mine with a steadfast look,  
That showed no mother's softness nor fear;  
The lips still smited in a careless way,  
As though my death were a new found play;  
Not a tear crept of yours as he said,  
"I would live wiv grandma if you was dead."

"But grandma is old and feeble, you know  
And not able to care for you;  
You couldn't stay there. The face grew grave,

One quick, scared look at my face he gives,  
Then, still half-dreant, he slowly said,  
"I could live wiv Auntie if you was dead."

"But Auntie has boys of her own, you know,  
And she wouldn't want my more.  
No, you couldn't live there." The brown eyes fell;

Life looks pretty glomy just now. But still,

With a quiver of lip and chin, he said,  
"Touldn't I live wiv Uncle Tom if you was dead?"

"Uncle Tom has no wife or home, you know,  
And a man couldn't care for you"

The little breast heaved with its weight of woe—  
Was there nowhere, then, for a boy to go?  
And he sobbed as his arms round my neck he threw,

"I would want to one and go wiv you."

**LESSON NOTES.**  
THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN HEBREW HISTORY.

B.C. 1062] LESSON X. [Sept. 8  
DAVID AND JONATHAN.

1 Sam. 20 1-13. Memory vers. 3, 4  
GOLDEN TEXT.

There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Prov. 18 24.

OUTLINE.

1. David's Danger, v. 1-3.
2. David's Devise, v. 4-8.
3. Jonathan's Oath, v. 9-13.

TIME. 1062 B.C.  
PLACE. Gibeon.

EXPLANATIONS. *The new moon*—The beginning of the Jewish month when all Israel, by law, must offer a burnt offering unto the Lord. *I should not die*, etc. The words of a loyal counsellor who wishes to do his duty and yet feared for his life. *A yearly sacrifice*—In the old age of David's father, he seems to have formed this custom of gathering his family for a great festival. *A covenant of the Lord*—That is, a covenant in the name of the Lord, made with religious ceremonies.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we shown—  
1. The nature of true friendship?  
2. The value of true friendship?  
3. The unselfishness of true friendship?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did David try to learn from Jonathan? The cause of Saul's wrath. 2. What did Jonathan try to persuade David? That Saul was not angry. 3. Upon what did they two agree? To stand firmly by each other. 4. What is the great lesson that is taught by these two lives in their mutual relations? The power of human love. 5. To what still greater lesson did David's son afterward give utterance? "There is a Friend," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Covenant keeping.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

42. How is God righteous or just? His laws and government are righteous; and he will reward and punish justly.

B.C. 1061] LESSON XI. [Sept. 15

DAVID SPARING SAUL.

1 Sam. 24 4-17. Memory vers. 9, 11, 12.  
GOLDEN TEXT.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. Rom. 12 21.

OUTLINE.

1. David's Chance, v. 4, 5.
2. David's Grace, v. 6, 7.
3. Saul's Gratitude, v. 8-17.

TIME. 1061 B.C.

PLACE. The wilderness of Engedi.

EXPLANATIONS. *The men of David*—There had gathered around him in his life an outflow of devoted and hardy young men, who formed in after days the nucleus of his power. *The skirt of Saul's robe*—A piece from the outer garment which was customarily laid aside when the wearer was at rest. *He cut smoo him*—Or, as we say, his conscience troubled him. *My father*, etc.—A reverential form of address. But Saul was really David's father-in-law. *A dead dog*—*is a dead dog*. That is, I am too insignificant and contemptible to cause you an hour of uneasiness.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. To respect those in authority?
2. To return good for evil?
3. To commit judgment to the Lord?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What test of David's character is given in our lesson? "His mercy to Saul, his foe." 2. What reason did he give for sparing him? "He is the Lord's anointed." 3. What means did he take to convince Saul of his rectitude? "He cut off his skirt." 4. What was Saul's testimony to David when he had learned of his escape? "Thou art more righteous than I." 5. What great principles of the New Testament did David exemplify? "Be not overcome," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christian charity.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

43. How is God faithful and true? His words are always true, and his promises are never fail. Numbers 23 19.

**"Take Her."**

MISS SHARP, an American missionary, working in Western Africa, has told the following story about her little scholars:—

A few days ago I said to them, "A poor Congo woman wants me to take her little girl."

"Take her! Take her!" exclaimed the children in chorus.

"But I do not feel as if I could feed more than I have now," I said.

They thought awhile, and then the eldest said, "If we could work and earn something, we could help her buy her chop" they will say chop.

"Yes; but I know of no one who has any work that you could do," I said.

Another pause, and some talk in Kroom, and then one said, "Mamma, take her, and we will all give her a part off each one's plate. Cook same as now, and we take some—some from all plate till she have plenty."

"And you are willing to do this?" I asked.

"Yes," was the answer. "And," continued the one who led off, "now take her and teach book, and teach her about God."

What made it touching to me was, that they all had their meals measured out, and no more than they wanted for themselves—never as much meat at any one time in their lives as they could eat!—*Good Cheer.*

**A Surprise.**

A CERTAIN Dutch poet, who rose to great fame, was, as a boy, so idle in ordinary affairs, as to give great anxiety to his parents. One day his father came to him, newspaper in hand, and read an advertisement from a Society at Leyden, decreeing a valuable prize to the writer of a poem signed "An author eighteen years old."

"You ought to blush," said his father: "here is a lad only your age, who by his industry, although so young, must be the cause of great joy to his parents, whilst you—"

"Father," said the lad, "it is I!"  
Henceforth the son was allowed to follow the bent of his genius, and he came an ornament in his own country, as well as the joy of his parents.

**The Broken Band.**

SNAP! went the India rubber band that held Charlie's papers together. He was late already, and had no time to go back for another, but ran on as fast as he could, while the broken rubber lay on the wet grass at the side of the path.

"A new sort of worm, I declare!" said a young blackbird. "It looks very delicate." And she hopped around it, not sure whether to taste it or not. While she delayed, another blackbird flew down and seized the band by one end.

"Excuse me, madam," said the first. "That is my worm; I saw it before you."

"But I caught it," said the second; "so it is mine."

"Nothing of the sort," said the first; "I was standing over it."

The second said nothing, but hopped away with the band hanging from her beak.

"You're a thief," shrieked the first, giving chase, and seizing by the other end.

Then followed a desperate struggle. Each held firmly to the end she had taken, and pulled with all her might. Snap! went the ring again, and the combatants rolled over and over.

"Bah!" said the first blackbird, when she had regained her feet and shaken her bruised wings, "What a nasty taste! One's rights are not always worth fighting for."

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

A L. girl sat in the window eating her bread and milk. Suddenly she cried out: "Oh, mamma, I'm delighted, so delighted; a sunbeam got into my spoon and I swallowed it." When I see children with shining faces I think they have "swallowed sunbeams."

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