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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. II.

TORONTO, JUNE 10, 1882.

No. 11.

THROUGH SWITZERLAND AFOOT

BY THE EDITOR.

I LEFT Lucerne in a pouring rain for a trip through the Bernese Oberland, most of which I made afoot. The clouds hung low on Mount Pilatus, and threatened a very dismal day. The lovely landscape loomed dim and blurred through a thick veil of rain. I went by boat and diligence to Meiringen. I could hardly find a dry spot for myself or knapsack on the little steamer. At Alpnach the boat load of dripping tourists pattered about in the rain and mud, till assigned their places in the diligences. The local guides stood around, under the overhanging eaves of the houses, in a very disconsolate manner, each pulling away at a big pipe, like an overgrown baby at a sucking-bottle.

A pleasant-faced Swiss frauloin climbed on the step of the diligence as we rode along, and offered sweet wild strawberries, goat's milk, cheese, and cakes for sale. Her garrulous chatter wheedled each of the party into the purchase of her simple refresh-

ments. I was charmed with the affable manners of the Swiss. Even the little children by the wayside would respectfully salute me with "Gut Morgen," or "Gut Abend, Herr," "Good morning," or "Good evening, sir." If I made a trifling purchase they would say with a frank familiarity, "Dank you, good-

bye, or "Merci, Monsieur, au revoir." A pleasant-voiced landlady came out in the rain while we changed horses to invite me to take a glass of wine or cognac, and when I declined, bade me a kind "good-bye." They all tried to speak English, however imperfectly. "I dinks it will be wetter," said one

in a pouring rain, which seemed to make the prognostic impossible. The rain soon ceased, however, and the ride through the Unterwald and Brunig Pass was very grand. We rattled through quaint villages with old churches crowned by bulbous spires, the houses covered with scale-

work of carved shingles, often with a pious inscription or Scripture text engraved upon the timbers. The farm-houses looked comfortable, with broad eaves, outside stairs and galleries, but with very small lattice windows, and frequently with great stones on the roof to prevent the wind from blowing the shingles off. But, especially in the higher Alps, not unfrequently the lower story was occupied by the cows and goats, and the garret by the fowls.

The women wore short skirts of home-woven stuff, which made them look like girls, and the girls often had old-fashioned long dresses, which made them look like little women. The men wore jackets or short bob-tailed coats of coarse frieze, which, but for the inevitable pipe, made them look like big boys.

The road winds higher and higher, through solemn pine-woods, and beneath great precipitous cliffs, till we reach the summit of the pass. Then it sweeps down in long curves, through sublime scenery, to the charming village of Meiringen. This quaint old village, nestling at the base of lofty mountains, is the most picturesque that I have seen. The engraving shows very well its general character. In the evening the Falls of the Alpach were lighted up with coloured fires, with charming effect. They flashed against a background of dark rock and darker forest, like a starburst of



SWISS VILLAGE.

diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, and rubies, as the vari-coloured light—now white, now green, now purple, now crimson—played on the snowy cascade with a wondrous beauty that words cannot describe. The effect was magical. The hotel people did not forget to put an item in the bill for the illumination, but it was well worth it.

Here began my Alpine tramp; and this, let me say, is the only way to see Switzerland properly—on foot. Behold me, then, starting out with knapsack on my back and long alpenstock in hand, just like the pictures of Bunyan's pilgrim faring forth on his eventful journey. For awhile all went well. But soon the knapsack grew intolerably heavy, and the sun very hot, and I was glad to engage a guide to carry my pack over the mountains to Grindelwald. (This is a method I would strongly recommend. It leaves one free to enjoy the scenery, instead of toiling like a pack-horse.) A faithful, obliging, intelligent fellow my guide proved. Our conversation was rather limited, for he could not speak a word of English, and I very little German. But I made the most of that little, and it is surprising how far a very little will go when one has no other medium of intercourse.

The path winds through flowery upland meadows and beneath balm-breathing pines, enlivened by chalets and herds. In the bright sunlight the whole region seems transfigured and glorified. All day the lofty peaks of the Oberland form the sublime background of the view—the Engelhorn, Wetterhorn, the Schreckhorn, the Eiger, the Mönch, the Silberhorn, and grandest of all, the Jungfrau. These mountain names are often very suggestive, as the Angel's Peak; peaks of Tempest, of Darkness, and of Terror; the Silver Peak, the Monk and the Virgin.

The snow peaks pierce wedge-like the deep blue sky, cloud pennons streaming from their summit. Up, up, the vision climbs, along sheer precipices of thousands of feet, so steep that not even the snow can find a resting-place. At many of the grandest points of view the traveller is waylaid by sturdy mountaineers blowing their Alpine horns, at whose challenge the mountain echoes shout back their loud defiance. The Alp horn is a huge affair, from six to eight feet long, of either wood or metal. Upon it quite a musical air can be produced by a skilful player. The echoes are often exquisitely sweet, growing fainter and farther and dying away in the lone mountain solitudes. They made me think of Tennyson's Bugle Song:

"O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going;
O sweet and far from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfin faintly blowing!
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle, answer echoes, dying, dying,
dying."

I gave a fellow half a franc to fire off his rusty cannon, and presently the mountain walls returned the cannonade, the echoes rolling and crashing in deep reverberations through the valley, like heaven's loud artillery. The traveller is beset by sturdy beggars, who pester him for alms. One rough-looking fellow dropped his alms as I came up and held out his hat with a whine. I demanded if he owned the mountain, and held out my hat asking alms for a foot-worn pilgrim, when the

fellow rather sheepishly went back to his work.

The descent into the Grindelwald is very abrupt and fatiguing. I diverged from the path to visit the celebrated glacier. An artificial grotto has been hewn a hundred feet into the heart of the glacier. The ice roof rises a hundred feet thick above our head, of an exquisite crystalline texture, through which a faint light of a weird unearthly azure hue penetrates into the grotto. I paced my ear to the solid wall of ice and listened to the musical tinkling sound of the water trickling through its veins. The somewhat hilarious mirth of a gay tourist party caused a deep gurgling sound of laughter to run through the mass. One of the party fired off a pistol in the grotto, producing an extraordinary crashing noise.

Fair English girls were sketching by the roadside as I entered the village in the warm glow of sunset. Long after the twilight filled the valley, the snowpeaks burned with golden light, which deepened to a rosy glow, and then gleamed spectral white, like giant ghosts in the cold moonlight. My guide liked his service so well that he asked permission to accompany me the following day. To this I heartily agreed, and he went to sleep in a hay-loft, and I to the comfortable repose of the quaint old Hotel du Grand Eiger. The midday luncheon of sweet mountain milk and home-made bread had been delicious; but that did not lessen the appreciation of a substantial dinner after a hard day's work.

The next day, July 24th, was one of the greatest fatigue and greatest enjoyment of my life. I started early for a long hard climb to the summit of Mount Männlichen, 7,700 feet high. The mountains threw vast shadows over the valley, but out of these I soon climbed into the sunshine, which was very hot, although the shade was very cold. Soon I felt a difficulty in breathing the keen and rarified mountain air. The effort to loosen some stones to roll down the mountain side, where they went bounding from ledge to ledge, quickened painfully the action of the heart and lungs. I felt also an intense thirst, which I tried to allay by copious draughts at the frequent ice-cold springs, and by eating snow gathered from the snow-fields over which I passed.

But the sublimity of the view more than compensates for all the fatigue. There rises in mid-heaven the shining Silberhorn with its sharp-cut outline, like the wind-chiseled curves of a huge snow-drift. The Finster-Aarhorn towers 13,230 feet in air, bearing upon his mighty flanks the accumulated snow of myriads of years—suggesting thoughts of the great white throne of God in the heavens. But the sublime beauty of the Jungfrau—the Virgin Queen of the Bernese Oberland—is a revelation to the soul. In her immortal loveliness and inviolable purity she is like the New Jerusalem coming down out of heaven—adorned as a bride for her husband.

As I reached at length the crest of the Männlichen, there burst upon my sight a view unequalled elsewhere in Europe. There lay, half in deep shadow and half in bright sunlight, the narrow valley of the Lauterbrunnen, 5,000 feet deep, so near that it seemed as if I could leap down into it. On its opposite side could be

traced, like a silver thread, the snowy torrent of the Staubbach. The birds were flying, and light clouds drifting, far beneath my feet, and from that height of over 7,000 feet I looked up 6,000 more, to the snow-crowled Monk and silver-veiled Virgin, whose mighty sweep from base to summit was clearly seen across the narrow valley. Suddenly across the deep, wide stillness

There comes an awful roar,
Gathering and sounding on.

It swells into a prolonged roll like thunder, and dies slowly away. It is the fearful avalanche. Its whole course can readily be traced. It looks like a vast cataract, pouring for thousands of feet down the mountain side, leaping from ledge to ledge, and then swallowed up in the abyss beneath. The heat of the afternoon sun loosened several snow masses, weighing, I suppose, many tons, which swept, like a solid Niagara, into the depths. This sublime phenomenon is well described by Byron in his "Manfred," whose scene is laid on this very spot.

The descent into the valley was very steep, and almost more fatiguing than the climb up. The grassy slopes of the Wengern Alp were covered by hundreds of cows and goats, each with a large bell attached, and each bell seemed to possess a different note. Instead of the discord that might have been expected, the strange musical tinkling, at a little distance, was far from displeasing. More cannon firing and Alp horns followed. On the latter are played the simple Swiss *Ranz des Vaches*, or cattle call, which, when played in foreign lands, awakens such intense home longings in the exiles from these Alpine valleys.

From a balcony, hanging like an eagle's eyrie 2,000 feet above Lauterbrunnen, watched over evermore by the snowy Jungfrau—and lovelier "Happy Valley" even Rasselas never beheld—a delightful bird's-eye view is obtained. Many of the Swiss have a very peculiar way of speaking French,—with a strange, expostulatory, almost whining accent. The keeper of this eyrie inquired very solicitously about *madame*, my wife, and *les enfants*, my children, and hoped that I would bring them to see his beautiful country, which I assured him I should very much like to do. I exceedingly admire the kindly, home-like ways of the Swiss peasantry. I found them extremely obliging and polite. Their life is one of austere toil, carrying great burdens up and down those steep mountain sides.

The Staubbach, leaping down the mountain's side, 980 feet in a single bound, gleams, to use the extraordinary figure of Byron, like the tail of the Pale Horse of Death, described in the Apocalypse. On nearer approach, the appropriateness of its name, "The Dustfall" is seen, as dissipated in vapour, it drifts away upon the wind. Or, perhaps it looks more like a bridal veil, woven of the subtlest tissue, waving and shimmering in the air. There are in the valley some thirty similar "Justfalls." It well deserves the name of Lauterbrunnen—"nothing but fountains." Twelve hours on foot had earned a night's repose, but so wondrous was the spectral beauty of the Jungfrau, gleaming in the moonlight like a lovely ghost, that I could scarce shut out the sight.

"ABIDE WITH ME."

"ABIDE with me, fast falls the eventide,"
A simple maiden sang with artless feeling.
"The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide,"
While in her voice the tender accents stealing,
Fell, softly as the dying day,
From those sweet lips, and died away.

"Abide with me" She could not know
the plea,
The utter consecration, in her dreaming;
Joy, like a bird, made life a melody,
And Spring, its sun, along her pathway
beaming,
Stirred her young heart with gentle
fires,
And quickened her with sweet desire.

"The darkness deepens," Slowly fell the
sound,
As if with plaintive grief the notes were
laden;
Yet not a sorrow had her bosom owned,
Or ever sadness touched the lovely
maiden.
How could she sing "Abide with
me,"
Or know its hidden mystery?

"The darkness deepens" and the years go
by,
The maiden 'neath the shadows out
has wandered,
Joy, like a bird, has left its nest to fly,
And bonds of love and happiness are
sundered.
Lo, all the friendliness of earth,
Has taken wings with joy and mirth.

Despair, the tearless offspring of all woe,
The lonely progeny of a world of
sorrow,
Has turned upon her like a sudden foe,
To snatch Hope's only legacy—to-mor-
row.
And, shuddering, in her dumb dis-
tress,
She drinks the cup of bitterness.

O Life! She knows the anguish of its
cross,
Love turned to hate, and blessings to
reverses;
She, too, has felt the fever of remorse,
With its deep dregs of agony and curse,
"When helpers fail and comforts flee,"
She dare not ask, "Abide with me."

Her voice it will not sing, the notes are
dead,
But in their stead, like some pale phan-
tom haunting,
Weird echoes, through her memory, mock-
ing dread,
Breathe the dead song her aching heart
is wanting,
"Abide with me," she cannot sing,
But mutely brings the offering.

"Fast falls the eventide," yet to her eyes
The golden light of morn is faintly
dawning,
"Earth's joys grow dim," but from the
eternal skies
Is born the answer to her spirit's long-
ing.
And now, as "falls the eventide,"
She whispers, "Lord, with me abide."

She knows it now, the faith that comes at
last—
Child of the pang and travail of her
spirit,
Born of the withering passions of the past,
Its heavenly voice she lingers long to
hear it;
Lo, through the valley of despair,
Her song has sung itself to prayer.

THE spending of five cents per day
for tobacco would amount in twenty-
five years to \$1,001.25. In fifty years
it would be \$5,298.50, with lawful
interest.

THE SUNDAY STONE.

BY MARY F. BIGELOW.

THIS said an English coal-mine deep and dark,
Where weary men toff through a stuffy less day,
Has on its blackened sides a whitened meek;
And the curious traveler gropes his way,
To such dense darkness not accustomed grown,
The miners tell him 'tis the "Sunday stone."

Along the sides of that deep, gloomy mine
The limestone forming would be fair and clean,
But when the colliers' blows strike out the dust,
Its plastic state receives the coal's dark stain;
'Tis only when the Sunday's rest comes on,
It hardens to the pure white "Sunday stone"

So in the delving of our week-day lives,
The dust of sin and self pollutes us all;
Down into hopeless darkness should we sink,
Were there no "Sunday stones" within life's wall.
Our Sabbaths shine amid the world's dark round,
Like precious gems 'mong common pebbles found.

The din of six days' busy toil is stilled;
A hallowed silence, or the gospel's sound;
Soothes heart and brain; or with true zeal,
We seek to sow good seed in hopeful ground;
Or work, or rest, or song, or silence—all
Place "Sunday stones" within our rising wall.

As every Sabbath draweth to its close,
And we review our work, tho' illy done,
Our lips and hearts take up a thankful song,
That we are counted worthy to have won.
A niche within the temple of the Lord,
A place to tell his love and teach his word.

OSBORNE'S LEAP.

HOW AN APPRENTICE JUMPED INTO FAME AND FORTUNE.

EDWARD Osborne was the youngest apprentice in the shop of Sir William Hewet, cloth-worker and Burgess of the City of London, who, in the days of "Good Queen Bess," had his shop on old London Bridge, which was then a regular mart of traffic, with its roadway flanked on either side by long lines of curious and tall old houses.

Sir William's house was larger than the rest, and stood just above the middle arch of the bridge. Beneath it flowed the Thames through the arches and past the "starlings" around each of the piers which supported the old bridge.

Young Edward Osborne was a blithe young lad, industrious and brave, and was accustomed to cheer himself while at his tasks by singing snatches of the old English songs which through all the different ages of our mother country's history have flowed spontaneously from her people's hearts. "Brave Lord Willoughby" was one of his pet songs, and he was continually trolling it out as he sat at his loom in the cloth-worker's shop. The glorious deeds of Lord Willoughby excited a spirit of emulation in the lad's breast, and he murmured to himself:

"Ah, I could do brave deeds too, if I had the chance."

Just as he spoke these words, his master had entered the room.

"Keep to work, my boy," said the hearty old man, "with a good heart and honest mind, and when the time comes God will give you a chance to do brave deeds enough."

"True, master," responded the lad. "In God's good time all things come to pass," and with renewed spirit he bent again to his work. The old Burgess left the room, congratulating himself on possessing the best apprentice of any master in London.

But God's good time for the brave deed that Edward Osborne had so longed for had already come. While he was still singing at his work, there came to his ears a sudden shriek from the balcony overhead, and looking up he saw something fall quickly past his window. Instantly he sprang up and learned the cause. The only child of his respected master had fallen from its nurse's arms into the rushing river below.

With Edward Osborne, to resolve was to do. Scarcely had the little babe reached the water, when the young apprentice had leaped from the window to rescue it. The tiny splash made by the child found an echo in that of the lad as he struck the water.

The hurrying current swept the little babe quickly along, but the boy's heart was brave and his arms strong. The distracted household rushed to the fatal balcony, and the old father then saw his darling far beyond in the turbulent Thames, followed closely by the brave apprentice, who soon caught up to the floating speck of white.

Intense anxiety was pictured on every countenance. Would he save her? Now he reached the child, now he turned. Could he get safely to shore?

The father's eyes streamed with tears which dimmed his sight, but the hearty shout told him that his child was in the strong grasp of the brave young apprentice.

But even then both might have yet been lost—for the current was strong, and Osborne's clothes, wet through and through, made his burden heavier and his arm weaker—had not a boat pulled by two sturdy watermen come sweeping up to the struggling lad. In it the babe and her rescuer were pulled, and the boat turned toward the shore. Scarcely had the boat touched the wharf, on her return, when old Hewet sprang into her like a madman, and finding his child unhurt, flung his arms round the neck of the half-drowned apprentice.

"God bless thee, my son!" cried he, fervently. "Let them never call thee a boy again, for few men would have dared as much."

"Let them call him a hero," said a voice from behind.

The boy looked up with a start. Beside him stood the handsomest man he had ever seen, in a rich court dress, looking down upon him with grave, kindly eyes. It was Sir Walter Raleigh, famous even then as one of the greatest men whom England had ever produced, but destined to become more famous still as the colonizer of Virginia.

Ah! the happy home that the two were taken to! The young-apprentice modestly bore the praises and love which were heaped upon him, and resumed his work with the cheerful consciousness of having done his duty.

Older he grew, and older grew the young child he had saved from a watery grave. And the old, old story came up again: these two loved each other, and when the day came that the young apprentice went to his master to ask the hand of his only daughter, the old man's response was hearty:

"Take her, my boy. You drew her out of the Thames, and she loves her preserver. Many a rich man has asked me for her, but you only shall possess her."

So, ten years from the day when Edward Osborne made his famous leap from London Bridge, he sat by the side of his bride at the head of the old knight's table amid a circle of guests that comprised many of the best of England's heroes, and the old knight said:

"I always told him, 'May the best man win.'"

"And so he has," cried Sir Walter Raleigh, grasping Osborne's hand; "and the fairest lass in London may be proud to bear his name, for I'll warrant it will be famous yet."

Raleigh spoke truly. A month later, the ex-apprentice was Sir Edward Osborne; yet a few years, and he had become sheriff; and when the Spanish Armada came, foremost among the defenders of England was Osborne, Lord Mayor of London, from whom the English Dukes of Leeds are still proud to trace their descent.

A WORD TO BOYS.

ASHAMED of work, boys? good, hard, honest work? Then I am ashamed of you—ashamed that you know so little about great men.

Open your old Roman history now and read of Cincinnatus. On the day when they wanted to make him dictator, where did they find him? In the field of plowing.

What about Marcus Curtius, who drove Pyrrhus out of Italy? Look him up; you will find him busy on his little farm.

The great Cato; you have surely heard of him—how he arose to all the honors of the Roman state—yet he was often seen at work in his field with the slaves. Scipio Africanus, who conquered Hannibal and won CARTHAGE for Rome, was not ashamed to labour on his farm.

Lucretia, one of the noblest of Roman matrons, might have been seen many a day spinning among her maidens.

But even then the example of noble Romans is the advice of the wise man: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Better than this, even, are the beautiful New Testament words: "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

There! after this you will feel ashamed not to work.

THE body of a young man was recently found in the Mersey. On a paper found in his pocket was written: "A wasted life. Do not ask anything about me. Drink was the cause. Let me die, let me rot." Within a week the coroner of Liverpool received more than two hundred letters from fathers and mothers all over England, asking for a description of the young man, and saying that the boy they had loved had been drawn away into the shining halls of sin and drink.

A LESSON ON PERSEVERANCE.

AT a recent Sunday-school concert in an Eastern city an anecdote was related to the children which is too good to be lost. It illustrates the benefit of perseverance in as strong a manner as ever did a Bruce. One of the corporations of the city being in want of a boy in their mill, a piece of paper was tacked on one of the posts in a prominent place, so that the boys could see it as they passed. The paper read:

"Boy wanted, call at the office to-morrow morning."

At the time indicated a host of boys was at the gate. All were admitted, but the overseer was a little perplexed as to the best way of choosing one from so many, and said he:

"Boys, I only wanted one, and here are a great many. How shall I choose?"

After thinking a moment, he invited them all into the yard, and driving a nail into one of the large trees, and taking a short stick, told them that the boy who could hit the nail with a stick, standing a little distance from the tree, should have the place. The boys all tried hard, and after three trials each signally failed to hit the nail. The boys were told to come again the next morning, and this time when the gate was opened there was but one boy, who, after being admitted, picked up the stick, and, throwing it at the nail, hit it every time.

"How is this?" said the overseer. "What have you been doing?"

And the boy, looking up with tears in his eyes, said:

"You see, sir, I have a poor old mother and I am a poor boy. I have no father, sir, and I thought I should like to get the place and so help her all I can; and after going home yesterday I drove a nail into the barn, and have been trying to hit it ever since, and have come down this morning to try again."

The boy was admitted to the place. Many years have passed since then, and this boy is now a prosperous and wealthy man, and at the time of the accident at the Pemberton Mills he was the first to step forward with a gift of one hundred pounds to relieve the sufferers. His success came by perseverance.

TWO WAYS OF KEEPING THE SABBATH.

HERE were two farmers. One loved his Bible, revered the Sabbath, loved his Creator, and believed that he was a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering Father.

The other was an infidel, regarding all days alike. He plowed, sowed, reaped, and labored on the seventh day the same as on the other six days.

When the harvesting was over and the grain had all been gathered into barns, the infidel's crop was found to be by far the largest, a hail-storm having visited his friend's farm, destroying the greater part of his grain.

"How now, Neighbor Brown," said the infidel, wishing to turn the joke upon his friend, you keep the Sabbath, and what have you gained? An empty barn. I worked on each day of the week alike, and see the result; and he waved his hand toward his large and well-filled barn.

His neighbor quietly replied, "Friend Gray, God does not settle all his accounts in October."—*Advocate and Guardian.*

AT THE CROSSING.

Now at the crossing, boy, you stand,
With sturdy heart and strong
right hand,
Ruddy cheek by the breeze fanned,
And sunshine streaming o'er the land.
Boy at the crossing, look 'awake'
Oh, be sure of the road you take!

Boy at the junction, now beware
For many roads are crossing there,
And Sin's deceitful thoroughfare
Seems bright and smiling—have a care.
Oh, study well before you choose
Which you will take and which refuse!

Right roads crossed by roads of sin,
Naught to tell but the voice within,
Where right shall cease and wrong begin;
You will be tempted; men have been,
For strange roads cross roads everywhere,
And you at the junction—boy, beware!

Pause at the crossing, boy, to-day,
And count the costs, dear, while you may,
Think of the mother far away,
And breathe the prayer she used to say.
Then all your doubts will disappear,
And show the right road, straight and clear.

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Rev. W. H. WITHROW, M.A., Editor.

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MINOR BENEFITS OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Current literature has been greatly benefitted by Sunday-Schools. They have created a demand for pure, healthful reading for the young, and they have met the demand. Others have followed in a field first delved by us. The extensive production of beautiful, excellent books and periodicals for children is a blessed sign of improved times. It is of no small advantage that the taste for good reading is formed and fostered by our own schools, for as the scholars grow up they will not be content with trash when they have been accustomed to that which is better. There is no greater curse to Canadian youths to-day than that of impure literature; and if, by filling their hands with good, instructive, readable books, we can prevent them turning to the pernicious prints of blood-curdling, sensational adventure that ruin so many, we shall do well. We shall help to save lads from becoming foul-mouthed, cheats, thieves, desperadoes, and libertines; rotten at heart, trusting to chance for success instead of work, and a plague to society.

Visitors to some of the silk and cotton mills of Cheshire, Lancashire,

and Yorkshire, will have been struck with the sweet singing sometimes heard in the great rooms, where scores and hundreds of persons were at work, there, and in some of the mines and pits where men work underground, holy words, set to beautiful music, are sung frequently, in such cases it is almost certain the singers have been Sunday-School scholars. Surely none will deny that it is an advantage to have such songs rather than those that are heard in low music saloons, and where drunkards revel.

The army of Christian Sunday-School teachers has gained nobler and more valuable conquests for Great Britain than her national troops have gained in war. That army has brought no desolation, but proved itself the tried friend and benefactor of the country. It has won many recruits who have gone to our colonies, and uplifted the Cross of Christ where the national standard has been hoisted. It has made a higher moral tone familiar to the people, and has rescued, from long debasement, great classes. It has benefitted public morality, and to no slight extent has it given a more healthy moral tone to the political, social, and domestic life of the nation.

We have received the following interesting letter, not written but carefully printed with a pen, and accompanied by a dollar bill. We are sure the writer will excuse us for printing it with type in the hope that others may follow her example and send a donation for Mr. Crosby's mission boat. Ed.

BROWNSVILLE, May 15th, 1882.

DEAR Mr. Withrow,—I was reading in PLEASANT HOURS about Mr. Crosby's boat, and I thought I would like to help him to get a new one. Mr. Williams gave me a dollar, and I send it to you for him. I have never seen Mr. Crosby, but pa bought his picture and I think he is a very nice man. Mr. Crosby's ma lives on pa's circuit. Tell Mr. Crosby that we want him to come here to tell us about the Indians, and I think he will get a lot more money for his boat. I wish all the little boys and girls would send him a dollar a piece.

Yours,

ANNIE M. JACKSON.

THE fine poem on Longfellow in our last number we are glad to learn was written by the daughter of a Methodist minister. It was read at a Longfellow memorial service held in the Stanstead Methodist Church, when an essay on Longfellow was also read, and several of his poems recited or sung, and a large portrait of the poet exhibited. Such services we regard as exceedingly appropriate, and educative, and elevating to the youthful mind.

DRIVE NOT, BUT LEAD.

He who checks a child with terror,
Stops its play and stills its song,
Not alone commits an error,
But a great and moral wrong.
Give it play, and never fear it,
Active life is no defect;
Never, never break its spirit,
Curb it only to direct.
When you stop the flowing river,
Thinking it would cease to flow?
Onward it must flow for ever:
Better teach it where to go.



BARGAINING IN A BAZAAR.

BARGAINING IN A BAZAAR.

THIS picture represents a common scene in the East. The bazaars, generally in a covered street or arcade. On a raised platform the merchant sits among his wares, often of great value. When a customer approaches he asks about thrice the price he expects to receive. Thus the customer offers about one third of what he or she would be willing to give, and after a long time of wrangling and chaffering they finally agree about the price. The female figure in the picture is a Jewess, who is bargaining with a Turkish merchant for a bracelet. I am afraid she will illustrate that passage in the Proverbs of Solomon, who knew so well the wiles of his countrymen: "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer, but when he is gone, he boasteth of it."

I CAN AND I WILL.

THE difference between "I can't," and "I can and will," is just the difference between victory and defeat in all the great conflicts of life. Boys, adopt for your motto, "I can, and I will," and victory will be yours in all life's battles. "I can and I will," nerves the arms of the world's heroes to-day, in whatever department of labor they are engaged. "I can and I will" has fought and won all the great battles of life of the world. I know of a boy who was preparing to enter the junior class of the New York University. He was studying trigonometry, and I gave him three examples for his next lesson. The following day he came into my room to demonstrate his problems. Two of them he understood, but the third—a very difficult one—he had not performed. I said to him, "Shall I help you?" "No, sir. I can and will do it if you give me time." I said, "I will give you all the time you wish." The next day he came into my room to recite another lesson in the same study. "Well, Simon, have you worked that example?" "No, sir," he answered, "but I can and will do it if you will give me a little more time." "Certainly, you shall have all the time you desire."

I always like those boys who are determined to do their own work, for they make our best scholars, and men, too. I knew he had it, for his whole face told the story of his success.

Yes, he had it, notwithstanding it had cost him many hours of the severest mental labor. Not only had he solved the problem, but what was of infinitely greater importance to him, he had begun to develop mathematical powers which, under the inspiration of "I can, and I will," he has continued to cultivate, until to-day he is professor of mathematics in one of our largest colleges, and one of the ablest mathematicians in our country.

My young friends, let your motto ever be, "If I can I will."—Guardian.

SUNDAY AT HOME.

IF you want to entertain children in the best way Sunday afternoon, you must give yourself up to the business; and you must prepare for it before-hand. You must sit down with them, and tell them fitting stories, or read to them in language which they can understand and enjoy. Or you can have a little Sunday-school of your own, with its singing, and its lessons, and its maps, and its blackboard, or slate, and its object illustrations; and all the children can have a part in this. Or you can set one group of the children at examining a book of Bible pictures, or one child at explaining such pictures to two or three others; and another group at a lesson of Scripture cards, with their stories or simple questions and answers. The very little children can have their Scripture pictures, or models, or blocks, or dissected maps—all different from week-day playthings, and known to them to be so. Then again the children can be set at picking out Bible places, or Bible characters, and arranging them alphabetically; or they can have a share in the endless number of Bible puzzles or curious Bible questions, of which there are published collections. Of course there must be variety, a changing from one plan to another, hour by hour as well as week by week. And this will tax the patience and the endurance of any parent. But there is no other way of doing the best for children, in their religious training, than giving time and strength to them, as well as love.

YOUTH is the best time to form character, and the Bible is the best book to aid the work.

Speech is silver; silence is golden.



GEYSERS.

When the geyser is inactive the basin is filled to the edge with clear water, which has a mean temperature of 185° F., and runs gently down the mound emitting clouds of steam, but for several hours the tube is empty to the depth of four or five feet. At intervals of about an hour and a-half a rumbling noise is heard and the water heaves up in the centre, throwing an increased quantity over the margin. The great eruptions take place at irregular intervals, sometimes exceeding thirty hours. At these times loud explosions are heard beneath the surface, the water is thrown into violent agitation, it boils furiously, and at last is suddenly sent forth in a succession of jets which increase in force till they become an immense fountain which is lost to view in the clouds of steam in which it is enveloped. The height reached by these jets is about eighty feet.

The Great Stroker is an irregularly formed well, about eight feet in diameter at its mouth, but diminishing to ten inches at the depth of twenty-seven feet, its whole depth is a little over forty-four feet. The water is always boiling in the well, but at intervals of about half a day it breaks forth into a great eruption throwing its water about fifty feet high, which falls back again into the well. By throwing stones or turf into the well of the Stroker, an eruption can be brought on in a few minutes.

The Little Stroker exhibits the same phenomena on a smaller scale.

In New Zealand the geysers exhibit phenomena more remarkable than those in Iceland. In the island of New Ulster a part of Lake Tampo boils and smokes as if heated by subterranean fires and the average temperature of its water is 100° F.

The geysers of the United States are in the north west of Wyoming. The most remarkable of these are the Beehive, the Giantess, and Old Faithful, the latter so-called for its regularity; it spouts at intervals of about an hour, throwing a column of water six feet in diameter to a maximum height of one hundred and thirty feet, and holding it up by a succession of impulses from four to six minutes.

The Beehive is a cone three feet in height, twenty feet in circumference at the base, and three to four feet in diameter at the top. When in action, which occurs once in about twenty four hours, it throws a column of water, entirely filling the crater, to a height of two hundred and nineteen feet. The eruption lasts about eighteen minutes, and the stream does not deflect more than 4° or 5° from a vertical line.

Two hundred yards from the Beehive is the Giantess, a large geyser with an oval aperture, and eighteen by twenty feet in diameter. When not in action no water can be seen in its basin, although its sides are visible to the depth of one hundred feet, but a gurgling sound can be heard at a great distance down. When an eruption is

about to take place, the water rises in the tube with much spluttering and hissing, sending off vast clouds of steam. It will stand sometimes for several minutes within forty or fifty feet of the surface, foaming, and gurgling, and spouting jets of hot water nearly to its mouth. When it finally bursts forth it will throw a column of water the full size of its aperture, to the height of sixty feet, and through this, rise five or six smaller jets varying from six to fifteen inches in diameter, to the height of two hundred feet. The eruptions which take place at irregular intervals, continue for about twenty minutes.

The true theory of the cause of the geyser eruptions is due to Bunsen. He proved that the temperature of the water in the geyser tube varies at different depths, as also at different periods, between two eruptions. Immediately before an eruption there is a maximum temperature of 260° F. The temperature of the boiling water at the depth reached by the thermometer is about 270° F. The water, therefore, in no part of the tube is hot enough to generate steam under these conditions. But when the column is thrown up by the generation of steam in the underground channels, the water at the bottom which is near boiling point, is brought to a height where it is sufficiently relieved from pressure to be converted into steam. The water in the tube is lifted still higher, until the steam condenses by contact with cooler water, to which it imparts its latent heat. Each condensation makes a detonation, the subterranean explosion which precedes an eruption. By successive efforts enough of the column is thrown off to raise nearly all the water in the tube to a boiling point, until the relief from pressure is enough to permit the ejection of the contents of the tube. This ejection continues until all the reservoirs around the geyser are emptied, when it subsides until the proper conditions are established again.

A NOBLEMAN AND HIS JESTER.

HERE was a certain lord who kept a jester in his house (as many great men did in olden days for their pleasure), to whom the lord gave a staff, and charged him to keep it till he should meet with one who was a greater fool than himself, and if he should meet with such a one to deliver it over to him.

Not many years after this his lord fell sick, and, indeed, was sick unto death. The jester came to see him, and was told by his sick lord that he must now shortly leave him.

"And whither wilt thou go?" said the jester.

"Into another world," said the lord.

"And when wilt thou come again? within a month?" "No."

"Within a year?" "No."

"When, then?" "Never."

"Never! And what provision hast thou made for thy entertainment there whither thou goest?"

"None at all."

"No!" said the jester. "None at all? Here, take my staff, then. Art thou going away for ever? Hast thou made no preparation for a journey from which thou shalt never return? Take my staff, for I will not be guilty of such folly as this."

THE WORD OF THE LORD.

Thy Word is like a garden, Lord,
With flowers bright and fair;
And every one who seeks, may pluck
A lovely nosegay there.

Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine,
And jewels rich and rare
Are hidden in its mighty depths,
For every searcher there.

Thy Word is like the starry host
A thousand rays of light
Are seen to guide the traveler,
And make his pathway bright.

Thy Word is like a glorious choir,
And lead its anthems ring,
Though many tongues and parts unite,
It is one song they sing.

Thy Word is like an armory,
Where soldiers may repair,
And find for life's long battle day,
All needful weapons there.

Oh, may I love Thy precious Word,
May I explore the mine;
May I its fragrant flowers glean,
May light upon me shine.

Oh, may I find my armour there—
Thy Word my trusty sword;
I'll learn to fight with every foe
The battle of the Lord!

—Edwin Hodder.

THE LOST "JEANNETTE."

R. Ledyard, who met Lt. Danenhower at Irkutsk, learned some details of the loss of the Jeannette from him which he has communicated to a friend here. From the first fall, when they were caught by the ice in trying to reach Herald Island, they never sailed a foot but were held as in the jaws of death. Every timber quivered, the vessel turned this way and that, and was thrown about like cork. Every hour they were in suspense never knowing when the ice would close upon them. Throughout this strain the crew were well and trying to be cheerful, working very hard at the engine and barely able to keep the water out. They had to pump a year and a half. On June 11th, 1881, the crisis came. The ship showed greater straining than before, the deck quivered, and it was evident that she could not hold out much longer. The men prepared the boats and made a camp beside the vessel. She rose and turned till the yards touched the ice. Then the rigging gave way and the masts lay prostrate. At four o'clock in the morning she parted. A cry of alarm called all to escape from the crevice in the ice. It opened just through the captain's tent. Then began the retreat. Twenty nine days they struggled southward. Three hundred miles of broken ice were thus passed over. Four miles a day was thought good fortune. After one series of fourteen days they were twenty seven miles further north than at first. While working over the ice dragging three boats they discovered Bennett Island, to explore which they spent three weeks of their precious summer day and expended much of the limited supply of food. To this detour those who survived attribute much of their suffering and the death of the commander with nineteen men. After three months of this perilous and exhausting work they came to blue water, and then, with fair winds, took course for the mouth of the Lena River.

A PERILOUS POSITION.

HOSE who work among the oil wells are often exposed to dangers. One of these oilmen, whose hair turned white during a night of terror, related his experience to a correspondent of the Philadelphia Times. He said there had been a heavy storm one night at about midnight, and, as usual with the oil country residents, he arose and looked from the window to see if any tanks had been struck by lightning. A bright glare in the sky convinced him that a large tank of oil was on fire a few miles distant, and he went back to sleep, determined to go to the fire at noon and see the first overthrow.

You know that when a twenty-five thousand barrel iron tank of oil has been on fire for twelve or fourteen hours, the burning oil will boil up and flow over the sides just like a kettle of soap. At two o'clock the first grand overflow occurred. As I stood on the hillside, I heard a man shout, "She's coming," and I saw pipe-line men running away from the tank for their lives. I heard a rumbling sound inside the tank and didn't know what it meant, but a few seconds after I saw fully five hundred barrels of burning oil shoot up from the tank and boil over the sides. It was grand beyond description, and I stood and watched it in silence. The burning oil floated down a creek for a mile, burning a saw mill, numerous oil wells and tanks, buildings and everything within reach of its devastating breath. When the flow had partly subsided, it was found that a second twenty-five thousand barrel iron tank had been set on fire by the overflow of burning oil. I ventured down behind the burning tanks to get a better view from the lower side. While trying to avoid a pool of burning oil, I fell into a mud-hole or sort of quicksand, and stuck fast. My utmost endeavours were of no avail in extricating myself from the hole. I yelled at the top of my voice, but so great was the roar of the burning tanks that my voice sounded weak and far away. I struggled until exhausted, and then lay back and rested. How beautiful the great pillar of black seemed in the clear blue sky! Great billows of smoke would go surging upward hundreds of feet, and float away into space, their sombre hues turned to snowy whiteness. I thought the boys would miss me and search for me. Suddenly I heard the sound of a cannon, and saw a column of flame and smoke shoot up from one of the tanks, the truth came upon me like a bolt of lightning, and I was stricken senseless by the thought. The United Pipe Line men were firing cannon balls through the first tank to draw off the oil and prevent a second overflow.

What a conviction came upon me! It was a matter of seconds. I tried to shout, but the words would not come. With the strength of despair I struggled to get free. The quicksand held me with the grip of death. All at once I saw a little stream of burning oil running slowly down toward me. My time had come, I thought, and I must be burned to death by inches. The earth was dear to me then—dearer than ever before—and I turned to get a look at the sunlight and the bright world once more.

The stream of burning oil, now grown larger, was almost upon me. The earth and all things earthly faded away, and all was dark.

When I came back to consciousness I was lying in my own room with my friends around me. The boys said that in following the supposed course of the overflowed oil they came upon me and rescued me just as the burning stream was about to dash upon me. I was sick a long while, and when I got well I found my hair as white as you see it now.

THE EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL.



WAS able to convey a considerable amount of conviction to an intelligent scholar a little time ago by a simply experiment. I was in his house, and he was extolling wine and singing its praises. He sang:

"Life is checkered o'er with woe,
Bid the ruddy bumper flow;
Wine's the soul of man below."

He sang that to me every morning, in order, as he said, to rouse my flagging spirits. I said: "You sing that song well. Why not begin with wine at breakfast and give it to your servants?" "My dear friend," he said, "I couldn't get through the day; I should be as seedy as possible. I couldn't; and as for my servants, if I gave it to them I don't know what would happen." "Then when do you take it?" I asked. "When the cares of the day are over, then's the time for a few glasses of wine and a nightcap." "Will you," I said, "be good enough to feel my pulse as I stand here?" He did. "Count it carefully. What does it say?" "Your pulse says 74." I then sat down in a chair. "Will you count it now?" "Your pulse has gone down. Your pulse is now 70." I then laid myself down on the couch and said: "Will you take it again? What is it?" "It is 64. What an extraordinary thing!" "What is the effect of position on the pulse? When you lie down at night that is the way nature gives your heart rest. You know nothing about it, but that beating organ is resting to that extent, and if you reckon it up it is a great deal of rest, because in lying down my heart is doing ten strokes less per minute. Multiply that by 60 and it is 600. Multiply it by eight hours, and within a fraction it is 5,000 strokes different, and as my heart is throwing up six ounces of blood at every stroke it makes a difference of 30,000 ounces of lifting during a night." "That is a curious fact; but what has it to do with me?" "When I lie down at night without the alcohol that is the rest my heart gets, but when you take your wine or grog you do not allow that rest, for the influence of alcohol is to increase the number of strokes, and instead of getting this rest you put on something like 15,000 extra strokes, and the result is you rise up very seedy, as you yourself have said, with the result of a restless night, and unfit the next day for work until you have taken a little of the wine which fills the ruddy bumper, and which you say is the soul of man below." His wife said: "That is perfectly true. The night is attended with a degree

of unrest and broken sleep which I can hardly describe, and which gives me very much anxiety." That had an influence. He began to reckon up those figures and think what it meant lifting up an ounce so many thousand times, and in the result he became a total abstainer, with every benefit to his health, and, as he admits, to his happiness. I would like those who speak of alcohol as something to be taken at night to give a night's sleep and rest and comfort just to take the opposite side of the question into consideration, and see how these two positions fit in together.—*Dr. B. W. Richardson.*

PERSEVERE.

SUNDAY School teachers and workers in our juvenile societies need constantly to be reminded that if they would succeed in their work they must not be wanting in patience and perseverance. Mr. Spurgeon makes the following excellent remarks on this matter, which we would do well to remember when discouraged or tired:

"In dibbling beans the old practice was to put three in each hole—one for the worm, one for the crow, and one to live and produce the crop. In teaching children we must give line upon line, precept upon precept, repeating the truth which we would inculcate, till it becomes impossible for the child to forget it. We may well give the lesson once, expecting the child's frail memory to lose it; twice, reckoning that the devil, like an ill-bred, will steal it; thrice, hoping that it will take root downwards and bring forth fruit to the glory of God."

A CRITICAL MOMENT.

I WAS talking a few weeks ago with a clergyman at the West who said that he returned to his father's house in Boston, and his brother, a son in the family, came in intoxicated, and he said when the intoxicated son had retired: "Mother, how do you stand this?" "Oh!" she replied, "I have stood this a good while, but it don't worry me now. I found it was worrying me to death, and I put the whole case in God's hands, and I said: 'O God! I cannot endure this any longer; take care of my son, reform him, bless him, save him,' and there I left the whole thing with God, and I shall never worry again." "The next day" said the clergyman who was talking to me in regard to it, "I met my brother, and I said: 'John, you are in an awful position.' 'How so?' said he. 'Why, mother told me that she has left you with God; she doesn't pray for you any more.' 'Is that so? Well, I cannot contend with the Lord; I shall never drink again.'"

He never did drink again. He went to the Far west, and at a banquet in St. Louis given to him, a lawyer just come to the city, there were many guests, and there was much wine poured, and they insisted that this reformed lawyer should take his glass of wine, and they insisted until it became a great embarrassment, they said to him: "Ah! you don't seem to have any regard for us, and you have no sympathy with our hilarities."

Then the man lifted the glass

and said: "Gentlemen, there was in Boston some years ago a man who, though he had a beautiful wife and two children, fell away from his integrity and went down into the ditch of drunkenness. He was reformed by the grace of God and the prayers of his mother, and he stands before you to-night. I am the man. If I drink this glass I shall go back to my old habit and perish; I am not strong enough to endure it. Shall I drink it? If you say so I will."

A man sitting next lifted a knife and with one stroke broke off the bottom of the glass, and all the men at the table shouted: "Don't drink! don't drink!"

Oh! that man was a hero. He had been going through a battle year after year; that was a great crisis. What a struggle! I tell you this incident because I want you to know that there are a great many men in peril, and when you are hard in your criticisms about men's inconsistencies you do not know what a battle they have to fight; a battle compared with which Austerlitz and Gettysburg and Waterloo were child's play.—*Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.*

THE LEPER'S WIFE.

In the middle ages the awful disease of leprosy, now almost unknown in temperate climes, was fearfully frequent, and persons afflicted with it were set apart by a solemn religious service resembling that used at the burial of the dead. After this the unhappy leper wandered forth living on food and clothing given by the charitable, and articles thus bestowed were flared on the ground as even to touch them with a finger tip subjected them to the "leper taint."

It is related by historians of the period that instances were not uncommon for the wives of lepers to voluntarily assume the leper's taint and lovingly share the dreadful fate they could not avert.

THE leper stood apart from all,
Save the vested priest, and the
funeral pall
Was over him thrown, and the prayer
was said
And the requiem chanted as if for the
dead,
When sudden a low, a stifled sound,
'Twas scarcely a sob, yet so profound
Was the stillness of all who gazing stood,
That it smote on his heart and curdled
his blood,
Then fainter he stamped on the marble
stone
And signed with his arm and bade her
begone;
But as her eye through its struggling
tears
Caught the anguished glance of her lover
of years,
She unclasped her hands with a cry and
forgot
All, all, save him with the leper spot.
Ere the astonished priest could shout For-
bear.
Or the shuddering gazers gasp a prayer,
Her circling arms his waist had pressed,
Her burning cheek was on his breast.
Her doom is sealed! He has kissed her
brow,
The "leper's taint" is on her now;
She knew it, but her eye was bright,
And her heart was glad and her step was
light,
And the accursed went not forth alone,
For woman's love as a halo shone
About his path and lighted the gloom
Which hung o'er his lone and fearful
doom.

Beware the bowl! though rich and bright,
Its rubies flash upon the sight,
An adder coils its depths beneath,
Whose lure is woe, whose sting is death.

—*Alfred B. Street.*

OUR QUEEN.

BY WILLIAM MATHEWSON CLARK.

REVERED Victoria, most beloved Queen,
Whose virtuous life adorns the British throne,
While rent by grief thy tender heart hath been,
Think not thou hast been left to weep alone.

When death with all-resistless power came near,
And severing life's most sacred social tie
Thy cherished idol to thy heart most dear,
Transplanted to a fairer clime on high,
Full many a soul who kindred sorrow bears
And of life's bitter cup hath drank a part
Hath felt the anguish of thy falling tears,
And shared the sadness of thy widowed heart.

That one great sorrow of thy peaceful reign,
Which cast its shadow o'er thy social sphere,
With all the ills that follow in its train,
But prove there's no abiding city here.

When first the tidings of thy lofty call,
At early dawning reached thy youthful ear,
First royal act before His throne to fall,
And offer up thy charge to God in prayer.

And while o'er Europe revolution sweeps,
And mighty monarchs from their seats descend,
Thy throne's foundation still secure He keeps,
And wider still thy empire's bounds extend.

Obedient millions wait for thy command,
Old ocean's isles in thee their sovereign greet,
While mighty India bows to kiss thy hand,
And lays her sceptre at thy royal feet.

Let those who doubt the existence of a God,
Ascribe thy life to chance or changeless fate,
Our God, who parts the sea by Moses' rod,
Our God, who did the universe create,

Whose watchful eye observes the sparrow's fall,
Whose hand directs the rolling orbs of light,
By whom our very hairs are numbered all,
Diverts the deadly bullet in its flight.

Thou art immortal till thy work is done,
Thou hast from Him a mission to fulfil,
His hand who placed thee on the British throne,
Still guards thy sacred life from every ill.

Thy name to each true British heart endeared,
By native virtues meekly brought in play,
And thy whole life on memory's mount hath reared,
A monument that will not soon decay.

That name revered before the world shall stand,
The tender mother, gentle, loving wife,
Not only Queen but woman true and grand,
New lustre shedding on our social life,

Long may the crown of Britain grace thy head,
Long may thy hand the British sceptre bear,

Long, o'er the realm may peace her pinions spread,
Beneath the magic of thy gentle care.

And when at last thy work on earth is done
And other hands assume the reins below,
May'st thou secure a mansion near the throne,
And heaven's diadem adorn thy brow.

REQUIRED READING, S. S. R. U.
STORIES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY.

BY THE EDITOR.*

THE CAPTURE OF YORK (TORONTO).

EARLY on the morning of the 27th of April, Chauncey, the American commodore, with fourteen vessels and seventeen hundred men, under the command of Generals Dearborn and Pike, lay off the shore a little to the west of the town of York, near the site of the old French fort, now included in the new Exhibition Grounds. The town was garrisoned by only six hundred men, including militia and dockyard men, under Gen. Sheaffe. Under cover of a heavy fire, which swept the beach, the Americans landed, drove in the British outposts, which stoutly contested every foot of ground, and made a dash for the dilapidated fort, which the fleet meanwhile heavily bombarded. Continual re-enforcements enabled them to fight their way through the scrub oak woods to within two hundred yards of the earthen ramparts, when the defensive fire ceased. General Pike halted his troops, thinking the fort about to surrender. Suddenly, with a shock like an earthquake, the magazine blew up, and hurled into the air two hundred of the attacking column, together with Pike, its commander. † Several soldiers of the retiring British garrison were also killed. This act, which was defended as justifiable in order to prevent the powder from falling into the hands of the enemy, and as in accordance with the recognized code of war, was severely denounced by the Americans, and imparted a tone of greater bitterness to the subsequent contest.

The town being no longer tenable, General Sheaffe, after destroying the naval stores and a vessel on the stocks, retreated with the regulars towards Kingston. Colonel Chewett and three hundred militiamen were taken prisoners, the public buildings burned, and the military and naval stores, which escaped destruction, were carried off. The American loss was over three hundred, and that of the British nearly half as great. ‡

"How did you get your clothes so burnt?" asked the corporal, when the narrative was concluded, pointing to the scorched and powder-blackened uniform of the narrator.

"It is a wonder I escaped at all," said Sergeant Shenstone. "I was nearly caught by the explosion. I was helping a wounded comrade to escape, when, looking over the ramparts, I beheld the enemy so close that I could see their teeth as they bit the cartridges, and General Pike, on the right wing, cheering them on—so gallant and bold. I was a-feard I would be nabbed as a prisoner, and sent to eat Uncle Sam's hard-tack in the hulks at Sackett's Harbour, when, all of a sudden, the ground trembled like the earthquakes I have felt in the

*This sketch is taken from a volume by the Editor, entitled, "Neville Trueman, the Pioneer Preacher—a story of the War of 1812," pp. 244, price 75 cents. Win. Briggs, Toronto, Publisher.

†The magazine contained five hundred barrels of powder and an immense quantity of charged shells.

‡See Withrow's History of Canada, 8vo. edition, chap. xxiii.

West Indies, then a volcano of fire burst up to the sky, and, in a minute, the air raining fire and brimstone, as it did at Sodom and Gomorrah. It seemed like the judgment day. I was thrown flat on the ground, and when I tried to get up I was all bruised and burnt with the falling clogs and splinters, and my comrade was dead at my side. I crawled away as soon as I could—there was no thought then of making prisoners."

"But what gar'd the magazine blow up? Was it an accident?" asked old Allan McPherson, the Highland piper, who had listened eagerly to the tragic story.

"No accident was it. Sergeant Marshall, of the artillery, a desperate fellow, who swore the enemy should lose more than they would gain by taking the fort, laid and fired the train. The General had already given the order to retreat, and knew nothing of it."

"God forgie him!" exclaimed the old Scotchman. "Yon's no war ava—it's rank murder. I can thole a fair and square stan up fecht, but yon's a coward trick."

"Ye'd say so," said Private McIntyre, Shenstone's comrade, "gin ye saw the hale placo reeking like a shawmbles, an' the puir' wretches lying stark and staring like slaughtered sheep. I doubt na it was a gran' blunder as weel as a gran' crime. Forbye killing some o' our ain folk it will broed bad bluid through the hale war. I doubt na it will mak it waur for ye, for Fort George's turn mun come next."

"I heard Dearborn swore to avenge the death of General Pike. All the vessels' flags were half-mast, and the minute-guns boomed while they rowed his dead body, wrapped in the stars and stripes, to the flag-ship; and Chauncey carried off all the public property, even to the mace and Speaker's wig from the Parliament House, and the fire-engine of the town."*

"How did you get away with the despatches?" asked Jonas Evans. "I should think Chauncey would try to take us by surprise, but the Lord would not let him."

"To avoid capture," said Shenstone, "Sheaffe placed the Don between him and the enemy as soon as possible, and broke down the bridge behind him. There were only four hundred of us altogether. Captain Villiers, who had recovered from his wound, and Ensign Norton set out on horseback, with despatches for Fort George; and, in case they should be captured, Lieutenant Foster undertook to convey them by water, and we volunteered to accompany him. We got a fisherman's boat at Frenchman's Bay. It was a long, tough pull across the lake, I tell you. At night the wind rose, and we were drenched with spray and nearly perished with cold. After two days hard rowing against head wind, we made land, but were afraid to enter the river till nightfall. We slipped past Fort Niagara without detection, but had like to be murdered by your sentry here. We might well ask to be saved from our friends."

An unwonted stir soon pervaded the fort and camp. Again the pon-

*These were conveyed to Sackett's Harbour and deposited in the dockyard storehouse, where they were exhibited as trophies of the conquest.

derous gates yawned and the draw-bridge fell, and orderlies galloped out into the night to convey the intelligence to the frontier posts, and to order the concentration of every available man and gun at Fort George. The sentries were doubled on the ramparts and along the river front. The entire garrison was on the qui vive against a surprise, and was in a ferment of excitement and hard work. Stores, guns, ammunition, accoutrements were overhauled and inspected. The army bakery was busy day and night. Forage and other supplies of every sort were brought in. Extra rations were made ready for issue, and every possible precaution taken against an anticipated attack, which, it was felt, could not long be delayed.

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

A HEART-BROKEN woman came into Governor St. John's office with a babe in her arms to beg the pardon of her husband, who was under sentence of ten years' imprisonment for homicide. She showed papers recommending the pardon from the judge who tried the man, the prosecuting attorney, and other prominent men.

After closely examining the papers, he said, "If I were to consult my personal feelings, I should gladly let your husband go, but I am bound by my official duty, and that forbids it."

The woman fell at his feet in a paroxysm of weeping. "Then hear me," she cried, "till I tell you how he came to be where he is: We were married seven years ago. We went —, and there in our little village we were happy. My husband was sober, industrious, and thrifty. By great exertion and self-denial we finally got our home paid for. But in an evil day the state licensed a saloon, and let it plant itself right between my husband's shop and our house. He was prospering so well that he could leave his business in other hands and lose an hour or two without feeling it. He was solicited to enter this saloon, and weakly yielded. Hour after hour he spent there playing cards. One day he became embroiled in a drunken quarrel, and, fired by drink, struck a man and killed him. He was tried and sent to the penitentiary for ten years. I had nothing to live on. By and by the sheriff turned us out of our comfortable home into a rough shanty, neither lathed nor plastered. The cold wind came in through the walls and ceiling. My oldest boy took sick and died. Then little Tommy, my next, fell sick and died. Now this babe in my arms is sick, and I have nowhere to take it. The state licensed that saloon; the state murdered my children; and now, in God's name, I want you to set my husband free."

"I promised I would—and I did," said the governor.

ONLY.

ONLY a little seed—but it chanced to fall in a little cleft of a city wall,
And, taking root, grew bravely up,
Till a flower blossom crowned its top.

Only a flower—but it chanced that day
That a burdened heart passed by that way;
And the message that through the flower was sent,
Brought the weary soul a sweet content.

MOTHER'S BOYS.

YES, I know there are stains on my carpet, The traces of small muddy boots ; And I see your fair tapestry glowing, All spotless with blossoms and fruits.

And I know that my walls are disfigured With prints of small fingers and hands ; And that your own household most truly In immaculate purity stands.

And I know that my parlor is littered, With many old treasures and toys, While your own is in faintest order, Unharmed by the presence of boys,

And I know that my room is invaded Quite boldly at all hours of the day ; While you sit in yours unmolested, And dream the soft quiet away !

Yes, I know there are four little bedsides, Where I must stand watchful each night,

While you go out in your carriage, And flash in your dresses so bright.

Now, I think, I'm a neat little woman ; I like my house orderly, too ; And I'm fond of all dainty belongings, Yet I would not change places with you.

No ! keep your fair home, with its order, Its freedom from bother and noise, And keep your own fanciful leisure, But give me my four splendid boys.

PUZZLEDOM.

ANSWERS FOR LAST NUMBER.

I. DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.—Joy is like restless day ; but peace divine like quiet night.

II. CHARADE.—Cockatrice.

III. DECAPITATIONS AND CURTAILMENTS.—1. Trump, rum ; 2. Trunk, run ; 3. Trusty, rust ; 4. Twine, wiu ; 5. Twinge, wing.

WORD SQUARE.—

G A S P
A B L E
S L I T
P E T E

NEW PUZZLES.

I. DIAMOND.

- 1. A letter from Salem.
2. A mimic.
3. Cease.
4. Undaunted.
5. To impede.
6. A pipe.
7. A letter from Sweden

II. HIDDEN TREES.

- 1. Don't forget the lime and plummet.
2. Say to the madam, son John is here.
3. I will go if I get home in time.

III. ABSENT CONSONANTS.

--a--i--,-a-i--,-a--i--,-
yi--
--e-o-e--a--a-e--e--
-i--
Au-u--ea-u-i--eau-y-yi--
-ce--e--e--e--ea--o--
ea--.

IV. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

- 1. Costly, dear.
2. Other, else.
3. A Syriac name.
4. Blows, raps.
5. A musical instrument.
Primals, want.
Finals, judgment.

THE SPIDER'S COUNSEL.

ONE day, upon removing some books at Sir William Jones' chamber, a large spider dropped upon the floor, upon which Sir William, with some warmth, called out to his friend Day :

"Kill that spider, Day ! kill that spider !"

"No," said Day, coolly, "I will not kill that spider, Jones. I do not know that I have a right to kill that spider. Suppose, when you are going in your coach to Westminster Hall, a superior being, who may perhaps have as much power over you as you have over this insect, should say to his companion, 'Kill that lawyer ! kill that lawyer !' how would you like that, Jones ? And I am sure that to most people a lawyer is a more noxious animal than a spider."

BOARDING HOUSE HASH.

WHEN I, was a boy my mother used to tell me of a certain boarding-house where the boarders—factory-girls they were, with good appetites—were allowed one spoonful of hash for breakfast. That seems rather a scant supply ; and yet the chemist will tell you that there is more nutriment in one spoonful of "boarding-house hash" than in a ten-gallon keg of whiskey.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

A. D. 28.] LESSON XII. [June 18. THE CHILD-LIKE BELIEVER.

Mark 9. 33-50. Commit to memory v. 35-37.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit. Isa. 57-15.

OUTLINE.

- 1. Child likeness, v. 33-37.
2. Charity, v. 38-41.
3. Carelessness, v. 42-50.

TIME.—A. D. 28, soon after the last lesson. PLACE.—Capernaum.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Matt. 18. 1-14 ; Luke 9. 46-48 ; 17. 1-4.

EXPLANATIONS.—Came to Capernaum.—Not to preach, but to instruct the disciples privately. What was it ?—He knew by his divine power, but wished to lead them to confession. Who . . . greatest.—Showing that they expected Christ to set-up an earthly kingdom, and give them offices and honours. Desire.—Rather, "wills, or is determined to be first." Shall be last.—He who resolves to be highest will be the least ; and he who is willing to be the least in worldly view shall be highest. Took a child.—Showing him as an example in holiness, simplicity, freedom from ambition, and teachableness. Receive one such.—The child is to be treated with kindness, because he belongs to Christ. In my name.—As belonging to Christ. Casting out devils.—Using the name of Christ as his authority, though not one of the disciples. A miracle.—Any divine work, wrought by faith in Christ. Not lose his reward.—The least service for Christ's sake receives notice from on high. Offend.—That is, "to cause another to stumble ;" to discourage or hinder any one from coming to Christ or in serving Christ. Milestone, etc.—That is, whoever keeps another back from Christ will be judged guilty of the highest crime. Hand offend.—Not that such an event could literally happen, but that even the nearest and dearest things must be given-up if they will keep us from Christ. Into hell.—The eternal punishment hereafter for sins. Worm dieh not.—An image of misery which lasts for ever. Salled with fire.—"Every soul is purified by fire, as every sacrifice on the altar was salted with salt." Salt in yourselves.—The divine grace within the heart.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- How does this lesson teach—
1. That we should seek to be humble ?
2. That we should show charity toward all ?
3. That we should deny ourselves for the sake of salvation ?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What dispute arose among the disciples ? Who should be greatest. 2. Whom did Jesus set before them as their example ? A little child. 3. What did Jesus say that the greatest must be ? The servant of all. 4. What did Jesus say of the one who should give even a cup of water in Christ's name ? He shall not lose his reward. 5. Of what penalty did he warn his disciples ? Of everlasting fire.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Eternal punishment.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

43. What was the chief design of these ceremonies ?

The chief design of these ceremonies which God enjoined on the children of Israel was partly to keep them from the idolatry and evil customs of other nations ; and partly to figure out the blessings of Christ and the Gospel.

SECOND QUARTERLY REVIEW.

June 25.

REVIEW SCHEME.

I. State the TITLES of the lessons for the past Quarter.

II. Repeat the GOLDEN TEXTS of the lessons.

III. Recall the lessons from the following.

LESSON PICTURES.

LESSON I.—Twelve messengers sent out.—Who were they ? Who sent them ? What were they commanded to do ? What power was given them ? How are we taught to speak to others about Christ ?

LESSON II.—A prophet's head brought on a dish.—What prophet was it ? Who was he ? Who had put him in prison ? Who asked for his head ? What led her to ask for it ? How are we here shown the danger of making rash promises ?

LESSON III.—A great crowd fed abundantly with a small provision.—Who fed them ? How many people were there ? How much food did he have to give them ? How were they fed ? How much was picked up after the meal ? How does this show the grace and power of Christ ?

LESSON IV.—Walking on the water.—Who walked ? Where was it ? When was it ? Who saw him ? How did they who saw him feel ? What did he say to them ? What happened immediately afterward ? How does this lesson show that we may trust our Saviour ?

LESSON V.—Eating without washing.—Who always washed before they ate ? Why did they do it ? Who ate without washing ? How did Jesus defend their conduct ? What did he say does not defile a man ? What does defile ? How does this lesson teach us to watch our hearts as well as our hands ?

LESSON VI.—A heathen mother pleading for her daughter.—In what land did she live ? To whom did she plead ? What did she ask ? How did Jesus answer her ? What did she say to him about eating the crumbs under the table ? How was her prayer answered ? How does this lesson teach us to pray ?

LESSON VII.—Forgelling to take bread on a voyage.—Who forgot ? On what sea did they sail ? Against what did Jesus warn them ? What did they suppose he meant ? What did he mean ?

LESSON VIII.—Spilling on a blind man's eyes.—Who did it ? What else did he do ? Could the man see clearly at once ? How did Jesus help him to see more clearly afterward ? A bold confession. What did Jesus ask his disciples ? Who did Peter say that he was ? What did Jesus tell his disciples was soon to happen to himself ? How did they receive the news ? By what name are we here taught to call Christ ?

LESSON IX.—Bearing the cross.—Who spoke of bearing the cross ? What did he say ? (GOLDEN TEXT.) What gain did Jesus say would be a great loss ? Of whom will Christ be ashamed ?

LESSON X.—The shining ones on the mountain.—Who was the most glorious ? Who appeared with him ? Who were the three witnesses ? What did one of them say ? What voice did they hear ?

LESSON XI.—A suffering child.—What was the matter with him ? How did he appear ? Who had tried to cure him ? What did Jesus say to his father ? What did he do to the child ? What did he say was necessary in order to cast out devils of that kind ?

LESSON XII.—The child in the Saviour's arms.—What had the disciples been doing ? What did they dispute about ? What did Jesus say to them ? What did he show them as their example ? Wherein should we become like little children ?

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