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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. III.

TORONTO, JUNE 30, 1883.

No. 13.

FOOTPRINTS OF BUNYAN.*

BY THE EDITOR.

TO the present writer the foremost memory in traversing the beautiful county of Bedford, was that of John Bunyan. Many places were passed hallowed by the footprints of the immortal dreamer—Finchley Common, where he spoke bold words on behalf of religious freedom; Dallow Farm, in a loft of which he took refuge when pursued because of the truths he had spoken; the Village of Elstow, in which he was born, and where, in his reckless youth, he led a dissolute life; Elstow Church, a venerable pile, the notes of whose bells had often been wafted on the air as he pulled the ropes; and then Bedford, where he was imprisoned, and within the walls of the old gaol wrote "The Pilgrim's Progress to the Celestial City."

Strange spell of genius, which makes the name of the Bedford tinker a household word in every land. No writer of the English tongue has won so world-wide a fame, and no book has been printed in so many editions and translated into so many foreign languages.

Bunyan was born at Elstow, near Bedford, in 1628, and was



ELSTOW CHURCH.

brought up, like his father before him, "a mender of pots and kettles, vulgarly called a tinker." He lived in the most stormy period of English history—the turbulent reign of the first Charles—with the long intestine war and its memorable battles of Edgehill, Naseby, and Marston Moor.

"Like many of the Lord's heroes," says Dr. Punshon, "he was of obscure parentage, and, not improbably, of gipsy blood. His youth was spent in excess of riot. He was an adept and teacher in evil. In his seven-

teenth year we find him in the army—an army where wickedness abounded. The description best answers certainly to Rupert's roystering dragoons."

In his twentieth year he married a wife "whose father was counted godly." "We came together as poor as poor could be," he writes, "not having so much household stuff as a dish or a spoon between us." He went with his wife to church twice a day, "yet retaining," he writes, "his wicked life." One Sunday afternoon, while playing ball on Elstow Green, "a voice," he says, "did suddenly dart from heaven into my soul,

overcame this wicked habit. In the quaint old church of Elstow is still shown the carved seat in which Bunyan sat. The old Norman door, with its dog tooth moulding, dates back probably six centuries or more. Above the door is a carved representation of Christ, having St. Peter with his keys on the right and St. John the Evangelist on the left. In the door is a wicket, which may have suggested the wicket-gate of the allegory.

One day Bunyan overheard "three or four poor women sitting at a door in the sun, talking of the things of God." Their pious talk sank into his soul, "shaking it as if his breast-bone were split asunder."

A godly "Master Gifford," who, in his youth, had been a reckless Royalist trooper, was the pastor of a little Baptist flock in Bedford. He was the "Evangelist" of Bunyan's dream, who first pointed the immortal dreamer to the wicket-gate of mercy. Bunyan joined his Church, and was formally baptized in the River Ouse, near Bedford Bridge. Soon he began to preach in burning words the great salvation he had experienced. The word was attended with power and with converting grace. In 1660 he was indicted under

which said, "wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?" Conscience keenly upbraided, but he hardened his heart against the voice of God. "I can but be damned," he said to himself, "and I had as good be damned for many sins as for few," and he plunged again into excess of riot. One day, as he was swearing recklessly, "a woman of the place," he records, "herself a loose and ungodly wretch, protested that I swore and cursed at such a rate that she trembled to hear me." This reproof, like an arrow, pierced his soul, and he struggled against and

* Through the courtesy of Messrs. John Walker & Co., of London, England, we are enabled to illustrate this article by engraving from their admirable Elstow Edition of the Pilgrim's Progress. Every copy of the book has both covers made from veritable Elstow oak, guaranteed to be from the roof of the Church whose bells Bunyan loved to ring—which was reconstructed in 1880. The edition is limited, and while it lasts copies may be procured through the publisher of this paper, for \$3.50 each.



OLD NORMAN DOOR, ELSTOW CHURCH



BEDFORD PRISON.

the wicked laws of the time "as a common upholder of unlawful meetings and conventicles, and as devilishly and pertinaciously abstaining from coming to church." But preach he must and would. He was, therefore, condemned to prison for three months, when, if he left not his preaching, he was to be banished from the realm, or if found therein, "you must stretch by the neck for it, I tell you plainly," quoth the judge. "If out of prison, to-day," replied the hero soul, "by God's help I would preach the Gospel again to-morrow." And not for three months, but for twelve long years he languished in that prison, whose horrors, a hundred years later, roused the soul of Howard to the task of reforming the prisons of Europe. His own words are:—"So, being delivered up to the jailor's hand, I was had home to prison."

"Home to prison," exclaims his eloquent eulogist, Dr. Punshon. "Home to prison! And wherefore not! Home is not the marble hall, nor the luxurious furniture, nor the cloth of gold. If home be the kingdom where a man reigns, in his own monarchy over subject hearts, then every essential of home was to be found, 'except these bonds,' in that cell on Bedford Bridge. There, in the day-time, is the heroic wife, at once bracing and soothing his spirit with womanly tenderness, and sitting at his feet, the child—a clasping tendril, blind, and therefore best beloved. There, on the table, is the Bible, revealing its secret source of strength. Within him the good conscience bears bravely up, and he is weaponed by this as by a shield of triple mail. By his side, all unseen by casual guest or surly warder, there stands the Heavenly Comforter, and from overhead, as if anointing him already with the unction of the recompense, there rushes the stream of glory.

"And now it is nightfall. They have had their evening worship. The blind child receives the fatherly benediction. The last good night is said to the dear ones, and Bunyan is alone. His pen is in his hand, and his Bible on the table. A solitary lamp relieves the darkness. But there is fire in his eye, and there is passion in his soul. 'He writes as if joy did make him write.' He has felt all the fullness of his story. The pen moves too slowly for the rush of feeling, as he graves his own heart upon the page. There is beating over him a storm of inspiration. Great thoughts are striking on his brain and flushing all his cheek. Cloudy and shapeless in their earliest rise within his mind, they darken into the gigantic, or brighten into the beautiful, until at length he flings them into bold and burning words. Rare visions rise before him. He is in a dungeon no longer. He is in the Palace Beautiful, with its sights of renown and songs of melody, with its virgins of comeliness and of discretion, and with its windows opening for the first kiss of the sun. His soul swells beyond the measure of its cell. It is not a rude lamp that glimmers on his table. It is no longer the dark Onse that rolls its sluggish waters at his feet. His spirit has no sense of bondage. No iron has entered into his soul. Chainless and swift, he has soared to the Delectable Mountains—the light of Heaven is around him—the river is one, clear as crystal, which floweth from the throne of God and of the

Lamb—breezes of Paradise blow freshly across it, fanning his temples and stirring his hair—from the summit of the Hill Olear he catches rarer splendours—the new Jerusalem sleeps in its eternal noon—the shining ones are there, each one a crowned harper unto God—this is the land that is afar off, and THAT is the King in His beauty; until the dreamer falls upon his knees and sobs away his agony of gladness in an ecstacy of prayer and praise."

After twelve years, the unconquered soul was released, and he was permitted to preach as he chose. While fervent in spirit, the emancipated prisoner was diligent in business. As brazier, as preacher, as author, he laboured to maintain his household.

As a preacher, his rugged eloquence attracted multitudes of hearers. His biographer records that he had seen twelve hundred persons assembled at seven o'clock on a winter's morning to hear him preach, and in London three thousand persons packed the chapel in which he ministered. For sixteen years he continued to write and preach. At length, while engaged in an errand of mercy, he was caught in a storm, drenched to the skin, was seized with fever, and in ten days died, August 31, 1688. His ashes lie in the famous Bunhill Fields, just opposite City Road Chapel and the tomb of Susannah Wesley, the mother of Methodism. Near by are the graves of Isaac Watts and of Daniel Defoe, the two writers who, with himself, are most widely read of all who have used the English tongue. But his own fame throughout the world surpasses that of any other writer of the race. In over a hundred foreign lands his immortal allegory is read in almost as many different languages. In the British Museum are 721 different works, of which the humble Bedford tinker and his writings are the subject. During his life eleven different editions of the Pilgrim's Progress appeared, and since his death, editions innumerable. It has been published in editions on which all the resources of art have been lavished, and in editions for one penny, that the poor may follow the pilgrim's pathway to heaven. It has even been translated into Chinese, and the quaint Chinese art has presented in strange garb the familiar characters of the burdened pilgrim and the Interpreter's House.

JOSIAH HENSON—"UNCLE TOM."

THE death is reported at Dresden, Ont., of the Rev. Josiah Henson, aged ninety-three. A correspondent of a Philadelphia paper, who visited the old man last year and became convinced that Mrs. Stowe did build up her story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" from that of Henson, which had been published by the American anti-Slavery Society, described Henson as a large, sinewy man, powerful in spite of his age, but disabled in both arms and a shoulder blade by a blow from a slave-driver. He had never since been able to lift his hands to his head, the bones having grown together without proper setting. "Mrs. Stowe," said the correspondent, "made her hero die, but the real hero recovered, and afterward helped more than a hundred slaves to escape to Canada. He owns a good house and farm, his parlor is neatly furnished, and

he has many gift books and pictures." When interviewed in 1878 Henson said of the characters in the story: "They existed in reality, every one of 'em. Logree, the slave-driver, was named Bryce Lytton. He was an overseer for George Riley, who was a brother of my master, Isaac Riley. My master's plantation was situated near Rockville, Montgomery County, Md. Eva was St. Clair's child. St. Clair's proper name was Samuel St. Clair Young. I was frequently hired to him by my master, Isaac Riley. George Harris and Eliza Harris made their escape on the ice, as represented, the only difference being that their names were Louis Clarke and Eliza Clarke—man and wife. Topsy's proper name was Diana and she was known as 'Uncle Robin's daughter.' She was a wild, crazy thing, and no mistake. I came from Sandusky to Buffalo, and from thence to Fort Erie in 1830, bringing my wife and four children with me; I carried two of the little ones about seven hundred miles through the woods in a knapsack. I got our sufferings put into print and Mrs. Stowe got hold of a copy of it. That's where she first got the idea." Henson visited England in 1877, when he was presented to the Queen and made much of in religious and philanthropic circles. On the other hand, Mrs. Stowe has written that "Henson was not Uncle Tom, neither was any other person that I know of. His 'Life' furnished many traits and incidents, but not all."

"PLEASE."

HERE is a little magic word,
Worth more than golden keys;
Closed doors will often yield, I've heard,
To use this smooth word—"Please."

It wakes the slumbering conscience up,
And stirs the stubborn will;
Puts sweet into life's bitterest cup,
And oft brings good from ill.

Its influence extends to all,
In palace or in cot;
No place so humble but its fall
More lovely makes the spot.

Like gentle dew, from heaven above,
This soft, persuasive word
Comes to the heart unused to love
Like song of sweetest bird.

THE LATE SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS.

MANY will have noticed with regret the death of the eminent Scotch publisher, William Chambers, especially as it has taken place so very soon after his receiving the well merited honour of Knighthood at the hand of Her Majesty. Few men in public life have, in a certain sense, been so long and so favourably known as was this gentleman. His career was a remarkable one, and the work he accomplished exceedingly useful to the general community, as well as highly honourable and advantageous to himself. He may very properly be spoken of as the father and founder of cheap literature, while the popular journal which will always be associated with his name, takes precedence of all others of the kind in point of time, and largely also in point of excellence. He was born at Peebles in 1800, and received a good education in the school of his native town. His father removing to Edinburgh on account of business reverses he was thrown much upon his resources, and he, along with

his brother, entered the bookselling business, served their apprenticeship, and at the conclusion started business with only a few shillings' capital. He subsequently added printing to his business, having taught himself the trade, and obtained enough to purchase a hand press and some second-hand type. It may serve to show his perseverance when it is stated that he cut some of the larger founts himself. Besides many works of great value of which the deceased was the author, the *Journal* has obtained for the brothers world wide notoriety, and their crowning work in cheap literature, *Chambers's Encyclopedia*, shows their breadth of view and business courage. Mr. Chambers was twice elected Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Edinburgh in 1872.

The two brothers were very largely the complements of each other, the one supplying what the other so far lacked, and each working vigorously and with unswerving perseverance towards the accomplishment of the common result which they had set before them, and of which they never for a moment lost sight. They were bound to make their way in the world in spite of all apparent obstacles, and they succeeded beyond their most sanguine anticipations. Both of them in the course of their busy lives wrote much and well, though even in their literary labours each apparently recognized with something like instinct wherein his particular strength lay, and as a general thing wisely and resolutely kept to that.

As might have been expected in a good and loyal son, Sir William has tried to make the most and the best of his father, though, truth to say, even that best does not amount to very much. The poor house-mother had to bear the burden and heat of the day, as so many have had to do both before and since, and her sons were soon very practically taught that they would have to depend exclusively upon their own exertions, both in making their own way in the world and in helping that mother with whom they sympathized so keenly and whom they loved so well.

Good-humouredly, and with more than a touch of self-satisfied pride, Sir William tells the story of his early struggles, from the time when he managed to live on one shilling and ninepence sterling per week, till he was fairly established as an honoured and well-known citizen of the Scottish metropolis. Apparently he never, in the darkest hour, bated one jot of heart or hope; and so it came to pass that the boy who in 1816 took up his abode in the highest flat of the lowest district of "auld Reekie," with his worldly goods all enclosed in a blue painted box, which he could easily carry on his shoulder, and with the understanding that he should pay three York shillings a week for his humble garret, lived to be twice or thrice over the Chief Magistrate of that same city; and at last to die full of years and full of honours.—*Globe*.

THERE is an Irishman employed as a porter on a railway who brags of having a watch that keeps correct time. He was heard to remark, upon pulling out his watch, "If the sun sint over that hill in a minnit and a half he will be late."

THE WEDDING OF THE TOWNS.

(THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.)

LET all of the bells ring clear—
 Let all of the flags be seen!
 The King of the Western Hemisphere
 Has married the Island Queen!
 For many a day he waited
 By the lordly river's side,
 And deemed that the maid was fated
 To be his own true bride;
 For many a night he wooed her
 Upon her lofty throne,
 For many a year pursued her,
 To win her for his own;
 Nor thankless his endeavor,
 Nor coy the regal maid;
 But, like true love's course ever,
 The banus were long delayed.

And boys to men had grown,
 And men their graves had sought;
 But the gulf was yet between them thrown,
 And the wooing seemed for naught.
 And couriers oft were dashing
 'Twixt him and his adored;
 But still was the river flashing
 Between them, like a sword.
 In heart they well were mated;
 And patiently and long
 They for each other waited—
 These lovers true and strong.
 Let never a flag be hidden!
 Let never a bell be dumb!
 The guests have all been hidden
 The wedding-day has come!

Through many a golden year
 Shall shine this silvery tie;
 The wondering world will gather here,
 And gaze, with gleaming eye.
 Philosophers will ponder
 How, blessed by the hand of Heaven,
 The world has another wonder
 To add to her ancient seven.
 Philanthropists will linger
 To view the giant span,
 And point, with grateful finger,
 To man's great work for man;
 And all will bless the year
 When, in the May-month green,
 The King of the Western Hemisphere
 Was wed to the Island Queen.
 —Will Carleton.

THE GREAT BRIDGE.

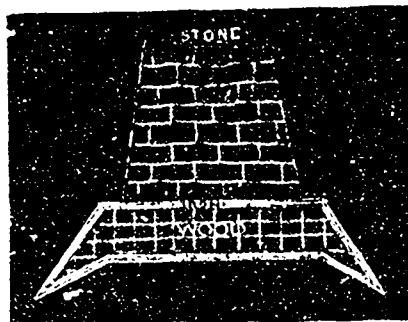
BY turning to PLEASANT HOURS for February 24th, our readers may get a view of the great bridge connecting New York and Brooklyn. We give the following particulars about it.

Two towers, one on each side of East River, resting upon caissons sunk below its bed to the solid rock, rise to the height of 278 feet above high-water mark. The space between these towers is spanned by four steel-wire cables, each 15½ inches in diameter and each cable almost 1,600 feet in length between the towers. These cables on each side are anchored in enormous masses of solid granite. To these cables is attached the suspended superstructure; and both cables and superstructure have a strength about four times greater than will ever be required for any practical use. The bridge is eighty-five feet in width, and has two carriage roads, two rail tracks, and one large avenue for foot passengers. The distance between the termini of the bridge is about one mile, and the rail cars will consume about five minutes in passing from one terminus to the other. These cars are to be drawn by an endless steel rope, kept in motion by a powerful engine on the Brooklyn side of the river. The cables, the suspenders, and the bridge structure are all composed of Bessemer steel. The height of the bridge, in the centre of the river, is 135 feet above high-water mark; and, with very few exceptions, this is sufficient for the passage of sailing vessels without lowering their topsails. To stand upon the bridge is to be filled with wonder at its solidity and strength, while at the same time

overlooking New York, Brooklyn, portions of Staten Island, and contiguous parts of New Jersey. The sense of the marvellous thoroughly penetrates the spectator; and all sense of fear and of danger just as thoroughly disappears.

The cost of the bridge, including the land taken, is in round numbers fifteen millions of dollars, one-third of which falls upon the City of New York, and the other two-thirds upon Brooklyn. The time consumed in its construction was thirteen years. The trustees who have had charge of the work have given their time and services without salary. The general plan of the bridge was drawn by the elder Roebling, whose untimely death devolved the execution of the plan upon his son, aided by six assistant engineers.

The most wonderful part of the bridge is the foundations of the towers. These were built on huge caissons or wooden structures 18 feet thick, this shape—



FOUNDATION OF BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

The space underneath was excavated and the towers were built on the top, the whole sinking gradually down to the rock, a distance on the New York side of 73 feet. The excavated material was removed through shafts in the caisson and masonry above.

At the New York end of the bridge, a few days after its opening a dreadful accident occurred. The bridge was full of people, a woman fell and screamed, others stumbled over her, a "jam" occurred, scores of people being piled in a mass one on another. Before they could be rescued about a score were fatally injured. Some plan must be devised to prevent such a tragical occurrence again.

John A. Roebling, the first engineer of the East river bridge, had his foot crushed and died of lockjaw before the bridge was begun. His son, who was acquainted with all the plans, took up his father's work and carried it on with tireless energy. In overseeing the building of the pier foundations he was so exposed to dampness that he contracted a disease which three years after his father's death rendered him almost helpless. His mind has been clear, however, and he has continued to direct the great work with the assistance of his wife. He removed to Brooklyn Heights, from a window surveyed the entire structure, and directed operations, although unable to walk or stand erect.

An interesting fact connected with the great suspension bridge is told of the wife of the present chief engineer, Mrs. Washington A. Roebling. She has made herself since his serious injury and confinement to the house an expert assistant, and been able to continue, in his place, a personal supervision of the progress of the work. She was very properly included with her husband in the congratulations received over the success of the enterprise. She crossed

in the first carriage that passed over the bridge, surveyed, doubtless, with no little gratification by her helpless husband, through his telescope, from his window at home. All praise to the heroic and devoted woman!

THE HORSE'S PETITION.

GOING down hill, whip me not;
 Going up hill, hurry me not;
 On level road, spare me not;
 Loose in stable, forget me not;
 Of hay and corn, rob me not;
 Of clean water, stint me not;
 Of soft dry bed, deprive me not;
 Tired and hot, wash me not;
 If sick or cold, chill me not;
 With sponge and brush, neglect me not;
 With bits and reins, oh, jerk me not;
 With check and martingale, gag me not;
 With blinkers, blind me not;
 When you are angry, strike me not.
 And a more faithful friend you will find not.

DIVING FOR AMBER.

THE labor required is one of the severest kind. The "strong-boned, irascible" peasants, described by Carlyle, the descendants of the ancient Cures and Szamates, men often of reckless and adventurous antecedents—smugglers, perchance, on the borderland of ancient Poland, who have pursued their calling with the Cossack bullets whizzing round their heads—these are fit material for the recruits whom the diving adventure of the amber reef at Brusterort enlists in its service. The costume of the diver is as follows: A wooden garment covers the entire body. This is again encompassed by an india-rubber dress, made in one piece, but differing in shape from the old-fashioned diving-dress, and allowing the diver to be at full length. The helmet, also, is of a novel construction. Firmly fastened to it, and resting on the shoulders is a small air-chest, made of sheet-iron. This chest is connected with the air-pump in the boat above by an india-rubber tubing, forty feet long, and with the diver's lungs by another india-rubber tube, the mouth-piece of which is held by the diver between his teeth; the whole apparatus being scientifically arranged so as to admit a sufficient supply of pure air from above, and means of exit for the expired breath. The helmet is provided with three openings, covered with glass, and protected by wire, for the use of the eyes and mouth. When this contrivance has been screwed on the person of the diver, a rope tied round his waist, and half a hundred of lead attached to his feet, shoulders, and helmet, he is ready for his plunge. Down, fathoms deep, he descends into the amber world. He stays there, may be, for five hours at a time, hooking, dragging, tearing the amber from its bed with his heavy two-pronged fork. Often it resists his utmost efforts. However cold the weather may be, these men of iron strength will come up from their submarine labors streaming with perspiration. The overseer stands in the boat to receive the amber from their pockets. In case he should wish to ascend before the usual time, the diver has to close his mouth, and breathe five or six times through his nostrils, by this means filling the apparatus with air, which will bring him to the surface without other assistance. The diving-boats are manned by eight men each—two divers, two pairs of men who work the air pumps alternately, with their eyes fixed on a dial-plate, by which the supply of air

is nicely regulated, one man to hold the safety-rope attached round the diver's body, and haul him up at the slightest sign from below, and the overseer. Accidents are said to be very rare; but as an instance of the daring character of the men employed, it is related that a plot was detected not long ago among some of them for a nocturnal descent to a spot they had carefully marked, in order there to collect a rich treasure on their own account unknown to their employers.

THE CHILD APOSTLE.

A LITTLE slave girl in Travancore was so earnest and constant in telling others of the Saviour, that she was known by the name of the "Child Apostle." Cruelly did she suffer for her faithfulness, but she persevered, and often won to Christ those who had been her most cruel enemies.

When the late Bishop of Madras was visiting Travancore, this child was presented to him, her face and neck and arms all disfigured and scarred by blows. The good Bishop's eyes filled with tears as he looked at her and said:—

"My child, how could you bear this?"

She looked up in his face with simple surprise and said:—

"Sir, don't you like to suffer for Christ?"

This dear child did not put off working for Christ till she was older; if she had, she would have lost her opportunity. The next year the cholera raged through the district, and she was one of the first whom God called home to Himself.

GEORGE'S REASON.

THE pupils of Mr. Jones' school had all, save one, entered the school and taken their seats when George Hardy, the tardy scholar for once, came hurrying in, much out of breath.

"Why, George," said his teacher, "how is this! I saw you, as I supposed, on your way to school when I started from home. I hope you have not been away at play when you should have been at school."

"No, sir; I have not played any this morning; I thought I could run home and be back before school commenced."

"But why did you wish to return home? Did you forget anything?"

"No, sir."

"What did you go back for then?"

"If you will please excuse me, sir, I had rather not tell."

"I hardly think I can excuse you, George; you are very late, and you know I have a right to demand a sufficient reason for it."

George stepped up and, placing his lips close to his teacher's ear, whispered: "I met a boy who was without shoes, and as I had a pair which I had outgrown I went home to get them for him."

"Was that the reason?" asked the teacher, looking upon the blushing boy with love and approbation.

"Yes, sir."

"Why, then, did you not wish to tell me?"

"Because, sir, my mother says when I give anything in charity I must do it privately, lest I should receive praise of men and become vain and proud."

"RAIMENT OF NEEDLEWORK."

(Psalm xlv: 13, 14.)

BY E. W. B.

MAIDEN with the golden hair,
Shall we wish thee free from care?
Can thy mother's highest prayer
Be "No tears" for thee?

Mother-hands with pains and stress
Brouder all thy dainty dress,
Seeks the mother heart the less,
Heavenly robes for thee?

Stitch on stitch and fold on fold,
Needlework and cloth of gold—
Ere thine eyes the king behold—
What be stored for thee.

Pray we that the household toil,
Potty cares and br of turmoil,
Stitch without defect or soil,
Fair designs for thee.

Wonder not at many a smart;
Wool and warp are in thy heart!
Strength and courage are thy part,
Heaven keeps watch o'er thee.

Daughter, then in patience wait;
Let thy dress besem thy state;
Let the bridegroom at the gate
See no flaw in thee.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, JUNE 30, 1863.

SUNDAY SCHOOL AID AND EXTENSION FUND.

OUR friends of the Baptist Church of the United States, one of the largest and most vigorous denominations of that country, has recently established a Fund similar to that above named, which they have called the "Sunday School Help Fund." From the last number of their excellent Sunday-school organ, the *Baptist Teacher*, we make the following extract:

Though not yet two months since this Fund was started, it already has \$467 30 in hand, and several friends of the Society have also pledged liberal annual contributions, additional to what may be done by the Sunday-schools of the country, who will be specially asked to contribute for it. If \$10,000 a year could be placed at the disposal of this Fund, it might all be most usefully employed.

A writer in that journal goes on to remark:—That so prompt a response should be made to the first call for that Fund is a source of much joy, and its distribution will be an occasion of

rejoicing to many a feeble school which, amid poverty of resources, may be struggling to meet urgent needs. There is scarcely any plea that can be made to the Baptist Sunday-schools of our country that has greater force than this one; and it will not need any extra machinery, nor extra expense, to obtain, and to place where it will do the most good, the means that may be contributed for this purpose. It will take but a few minutes to state its purpose, and but little effort to arouse an enthusiasm that will yield a satisfactory result. It might be well to place upon the black-board, or neatly print upon a large sheet of paper that all could easily see, first:

ON NEXT SUNDAY

Our School will contribute, that other and needy schools may obtain Baptist Sunday-school Helps.

Then, on the following Sunday, change the first line to "To-day," and gather up the money with grateful joy for the privilege, and forward it to the Society, designating it to this Fund, that it may promptly enter upon its mission. The new fund gives good opportunity for the smaller rills of beneficence to widen into a mighty stream, beautifying every point it may touch by its cultivating influence.

Precisely the same language may be employed with respect to our own Sunday School Aid and Extension Fund, which is doing so much good.

About thirty cases have come under notice during the last few days, in which it has been instrumental in promoting the establishment of new schools in remote and destitute neighbourhoods. Let the Fund have the sympathy and support of every school.

"DEW-DROPS."

THIS is the name of a little Society of little ladies formed in Hamilton some time ago, for the purpose of assisting Mr. and Mrs. Crosby in their work in the far north of British Columbia. We will let Mrs. Sanford tell what they have done:—"I sent you a paper last fall containing an account of a Bazaar, held on the 17th of November, under the auspices of the 'Dew-drops,' a society consisting of my little daughters and some of their young friends, about sixteen in all. The object was to assist Mr. and Mrs. Crosby in their mission. They realized two hundred dollars, which sum I now send to you with interest. They desire one hundred and fifty dollars to be given towards the 'Port Simpson Mission Boat, and the rest, fifty-seven dollars, for the 'Crosby Girls' Home.'"

And now, with such a magnificent example, are there not some Dew drops in other places than Hamilton? We shall see.—*Guardian*.

PRIMARY Teacher's Hand Book for mothers and Sunday-school teachers, including S. S. Lessons for 1863, by Mrs. W. F. Crafts, \$1.25. Heroes and Holidays, by W. F. Crafts. Paper, 60 cents; cloth, 1.25.

AN exchange says:—Princess Louise is a good housekeeper, cook, confectioner, laundress, seamstress, and dress-maker. Being a princess, instead of the daughter of a retired fishmonger, she is not ashamed to possess such accomplishments.



BUNYAN'S TOMB, BUNHILL FIELDS.—(See first page.)

SPEAKING of the Marquis of Lorne's late tour through Manitoba and the North-West Territory during the summer of 1882. *The London Times* said:—"His travels were watched with interest by the public, which scarcely as yet understands the magnificence of its estate in the regions of Lake Winnipeg and the Saskatchewan.

The country through which he has passed is already beginning to show signs of the destiny in prospect for it. Where there were formerly only hunters and trappers, he has seen a line, though as yet very thin, of husbandmen reaping an ample reward from the virgin soil. . . . Of its (Canadian Pacific Railway) value as a means of developing the wealth of the Dominion, there can be no question. Settlers cannot help but follow in its course. Land such as it will open up, the vegetable accretion of thousands of years, is better than lodes of gold or silver; it is a corn mine which will outlast and outbid all the mines of Nevada and California."

THERE are not so many special helps to the study of the Lessons for the last half of 1883 as were provided for the first half of the year. The Biblical Museum, by J. Comper Gray, volume Joshua to Samuel, will be found exceedingly useful. Price, \$1.25. Having this volume, teachers will be led to desire the whole set, covering both the Old and New Testaments. Conder's Hand book of the Bible, price, \$2.50, contains much that will interest and instruct on matters relative to the period under study. Half Hours with the Lessons, price, \$1.50 will also be found helpful. All these, with the various standard commentaries, can be obtained at any of the houses of our Publication Society.

THERE are several urgent applications for donations of second-hand Sunday-school libraries for poor schools. We have none in stock, but will be glad to receive any that may be sent us, and will make good use of them.

We beg to acknowledge, with thank-, the receipt of a large parcel of books from Corbitt's Union Sunday School, per James McDavitt. We have several applications from needy schools for books, and shall be glad to receive further donations.

"YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME."

IN John Falk's school for poor and outcast boys in Germany the grace which was said before eating was this: "Come, Lord Jesus, be our guest, and bless what Thou hast provided."

A small boy asked Mr. Falk,— "Will you tell me, sir, why the Lord Jesus never comes?"

"Only believe, dear child," answered he, "and you may be sure He will come. He does not despise our invitation."

"May I set a chair for Him every day," asked the simple boy.

"Yes," was the kind reply.

Not long after this, while they were at supper, a poor boy, ragged, chilled, hungry, came in and begged for a night's shelter. He was made welcome, and, as there was no other chair empty, he took the one the little boy kept for the invited Guest. As the wretched boy ate and grew warmer the little boy roused up from deep thought, saying: "Ah! I see it now. Jesus Christ could not come, and so He sent this poor fellow. Is that it?"

"Yes," answered Falk; "that is it."

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

NAMES, AND WHAT THEY MEAN.

NAMES mean something. Here are John and Mary. Do you ever think, my boy, that you are a "gift of God?" And does dear Mary remember that her sweet name means "raised up," or "exalted?" William is "firm," Charles "manly," Kate "pure," and Ada "happy." Annie is "merciful;" and she ought to be very glad. Albert is "bright." Do you make that come true, dear boy? Once a girl named Mary was feeling sad. She wondered if God really cared about her; and she said to herself, "I'll look in the Bible and see if he says anything to me." She did; and this is what she saw: "Jesus saith unto her, Mary." How glad she was that Jesus spoke her name! He knows all our names; and though we may not find them all in the Bible, we may be sure that he has them all in His loving heart!



CHRISTIAN AT THE PALACE BEAUTIFUL.—(See first page.)

MARY STUART'S PRAYER.

(Composed the Night Before Her Execution.)

DOMINE DEUS!
Speravi in Te,
O care mi Jesu
Nunc libera me.
In dura catena
In misera poena
Desidero te!

Languendo, gemendo,
Et genuflectendo,
Adoro, imploro,
Ut liberas me.

TRANSLATION.

O my Lord and my God!
All my hopes are in Thee;
In my need, dearest Jesus,
O succour thou me.
Midst fetters deep-galling,
Midst ills deep-enthraling,
My heart yearns for Thee.

While in anguish I languish,
Thus kneeling before Thee,
I adore, I implore Thee,
In my need succour me.

—M. Waller.

A HAPPY HOME.

A TEACHER once lived in Strasburg who had hard work to support his family. His chief joy in life, however, was in his nine children, though it was no light task to feed them all. His brain would have reeled and his heart sunk had he not trusted in his heavenly Father, when he thought of the number of jackets, shoes, stockings, and dresses they would need in the course of a year, and of the quantity of bread and potatoes they would eat.

His house, too, was very close quarters for the many beds and cribs, to say nothing of the room required for the noise and fun which the merry nine made. But father and mother managed very well, and the house was a pattern of neatness and order.

One day there came a guest to the house. As they sat at dinner the stranger, looking at the hungry children around the table, said compassionately, "Poor man! what a cross you have to bear!"

"I? A cross to bear?" asked the father, wonderingly. "What do you mean?"

"Nine children, and seven boys at that!" replied the stranger, adding bitterly, "I have but two, and each of them is a nail in my coffin."

"Mine are not," said the teacher, with decision.

"How does that happen?" asked the guest.

"Because I have taught them the noble art of obedience. Isn't that so, children?"

"Yes," cried the children.

"And you obey me willingly?"

The two little girls laughed roguishly; but the seven youngsters shouted, "Yes, dear father, truly."

Then the father turned to the guest and said, "Sir, if death were to come in at that door, waiting to take one of my nine children, I would say,—and here he pulled off his velvet cap and hurled it at the door,—'Rascal! who cheated you into thinking that I had one too many?'"

The stranger sighed. He saw that it was only disobedient children that made a father unhappy.

One of the nine children of the poor school-master afterward became widely known. He was the saintly pastor, Oberlin.

It is from happy homes like this, where children are taught willing, cheerful obedience, that most of those who bless the world come.

SOME HINTS ABOUT TALKING.

SPEAK distinctly. The object of speaking is to make one's self understood; but how can you be understood if you run your words together. Speaking indistinctly is as bad for the ear as hissing sentences all run into one word is bad for the eye. How would you like to read a book printed in that style? That is the way old manuscripts were written, and it may serve to represent the style in which some careless people speak. It is almost impossible to understand them. Others again leave out the sounds of some letters, and even of whole syllables. *Dspostwdbesyntunstanthwrdsnabookifthwrprintdntthsfashn?* Study this last sentence, and if you make out its meaning you will form some idea of the difficulty in understanding an indistinct speaker. If what you say is necessary to be said at all, it is necessary to say it so that it shall be understood.

Do not speak too loud. Many seem to have an idea that they must speak loud in order to be understood; but this is a great mistake. If you speak distinctly, a low tone is sufficient, and if you do not speak distinctly, a loud tone will not remedy the defect.

The screaming style of talking which some people have in the street, and in public conveyances, is very annoying to sensitive ears, and is a sure sign of

vulgarity. Not long since, while on a steamboat, we heard a woman telling a gentleman all sorts of family affairs, of no possible interest to the public. Though seated twenty feet from her, we heard all she said, until, unwilling to be compelled to hear the vulgar woman's family history, we left the place for another part of the boat.

This woman was dressed expensively and fashionably, but neither money nor fine clothes made her a lady. Though many of her fellow-passengers were smiling at her folly, she did not seem to be in the least aware that she was guilty of any impropriety. She probably thought that no one heard her but the gentleman to whom she was speaking.

Do not talk too much. Somebody must listen, and it is well for us all to take our turn at it. It is a petty self-conceit to imagine that we have more ability than any one else to interest the circle of friends about us. It is the privilege of every one to share in a general conversation, but no one should try to have more than a proper share. By talking too much we prevent some one else from talking, who has an equal right to speak, and who might possibly say something worth hearing. Besides, if we expect others to listen to us, we ought respectfully to listen to them. By so doing we may learn something which shall be of great value to us.

Those who are most crooked in their way are often most straitened in their circumstances.

THE FAITHFUL STANDARD BEARER.

"Be thou faithful unto death" Rev. 11. 10.

HERE is a story told of an Austrian standard bearer, in one of those battles in Bohemia fought between the Austrians and the Prussians, which deserves to be remembered, not only for itself, but also as an example to those who are standard bearers in the army of the Cross. In the fierce fight of Trautenau the advancing Prussians came upon a ditch half filled with dead and wounded Austrians. Among the latter was a young officer, evidently badly wounded: he was lying on his back in the wet ditch. Moved with compassion, the Prussians were about to remove the wounded man, that he might be attended to by the surgeon, when he entreated to be allowed to lie where he was, as he felt quite cool and comfortable. He died shortly after. When his body was removed it was found that even in death it had served to protect the "bit of rag" which, in the morning of that bloody day, had been the standard of the regiment. He had carefully folded it up, and then laid down upon it to die. His noble foe forbore to take away the trophy. They wrapped it round him and they left him to take his rest upon it. The Prussian general who told this story told it bareheaded.

The *London Times* says, "Those who have tried Canadian winters, tell us no more than the truth when they say that the variations of the English climate are more to be dreaded than the equable lowness of temperature in the Dominion."

In the London Temperance Hospital over 14,000 patients have been treated, and it has not been necessary to use alcohol once.



CHRISTIAN IN THE ARMOURY. (From Chinese Pilgrim's Progress.) See first page.

THE VAUDOIS TEACHER.

"LADY fair, these silks of mine
Are beautiful and rare—
The richest web of the Indian loom,
Which beauty's self might wear;
And these pearls are pure and bright to
behold,
And with radiant light they vie—
I have brought them with me a weary way,
Will my gentle lady buy?"

The lady smiled on the worn old man
Through the dark and clustering curls
Which veiled her brow, as she turned to view
His silks and glittering pearls.
And she placed their price in the old man's
hand
And lightly she turned away,
But paused at the wanderer's earnest call,
"Will my gentle lady stay?"

"O lady fair, I've yet a gem
Which a purer lustre flings
Than the diamond flash of the gilded crown
On the lofty brow of kings—
A wonderful pearl of exceeding worth,
Whose virtue shall not decay—
Whose light shall be as a spell to thee
And a blessing on thy way."

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel,
Where her youthful form was seen—
Where her eyes shone clear and her dark
locks waved
Their clashing pearls between.
"Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth,
Thou traveller grey and old,
And name the price of the precious gem,
And my pages shall count thy gold."

A cloud passed off from the pilgrim's brow,
As a small and meagre book,
Unchased with gold or diamond gem,
From his folding robe he took:
"Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price,
May it prove as such to thee—
Nay! keep thy gold, I ask it not,
For the Word of God is free."

The hoary pilgrim went his way,
But the gift he left behind
Hath had its pure and perfect work
On that high-born maiden's mind.
And she hath turned from the pride of sin
To the lowliness of truth,
And given her human heart to God
In its beautiful hour of youth;

And she hath left the old grey halls
Where an evil faith hath power,
The courtly knights of her father's train,
And the maidens of her lower;
And she hath gone to the Vaudois' vale,
By lordly feet untrod,
Where the poor and needy of earth are rich
In the perfect love of God.

—Whittier.

PETER'S POSTAL CARD.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

PETER KEENS was in most respects a very good boy; but he had one fault, which can never be indulged in without bringing many worse ones in its train, and sadly lowering the whole tone of a boy's character. He was full of that curiosity which leads one to be always prying into the affairs of others. The boys at school knew his failing, and played many a trick upon him. One day when a number of the older boys had remained after hours to consult on the formation of a club, he crept into the entry and listened at the door. They found out that he was there, and all got out of a window, and locked Peter in, keeping him prisoner until after dark, when he was let out, frightened and hungry.

The next morning he was greeted on the play-ground by shouts of "Spell it backward." He could not guess what was meant, and was still more puzzled as they continued to call him "Double-back-action," "Reversible engine," and other bits of school-boy wit. He begged them to tell him, and at last some one suggested, in a tone of great

diagnat, "Spell your name backward, booby, and then you'll see."

He did, and he saw *Keens*—backward.

But he was not ready to cultivate straightforward spelling. That club still bothered him, he could not give up his strong desire to find out its secrets. By dint of much listening and spying he gathered that it was to meet one night in a barn belonging to the father of one of the boys, and he made up his mind to be there. He crept near the door as darkness closed in, and listened intently. They were inside surely, for he could hear something moving about, but he wanted to hear more than that, so he ventured to raise the wooden latch. It made no noise; he cautiously opened the door a trifle and peeped in. It was dark and quiet, so he opened it wider. It gave a loud grating creak; a scurry of quick footsteps sounded on the floor, and then a white thing suddenly rose before him, tall and ghostly. In an agony of fright and horror, he turned to run, but the thing with one fearful blow struck him down, trampled heavily over him, and sped away with a loud "Ba ha-ha-ha-a!"

As Peter limped home, muddled, battered, and bruised, he wondered if any of the boys knew that Farmer Whipple-tree's wretched old billy-goat was in the barn that night.

"How did you leave William, Peter?" he was asked at least twenty times in the course of the next day. In the grammar class a boy who was called on for a sentence wrote: "A villain is more worthy of respect than a sneak."

"O no, not quite that," remarked the teacher, "but—neither can be a gentleman."

On a morning in early July he received, as usual, the family mail from the carrier at the door, and carried it to his mother, examining it as he went. A postal card excited his curiosity; it was, he knew, from his aunt, in whose company he was to go to the mountains, and he was anxious to know what she said. But one of his friends was waiting for him to go and catch minnows for an aquarium, and they were in a hurry. So he slipped it into his pocket to read as he went along, intending to place it where it might be found on the hall floor when he came back, that his mother might be deceived into thinking it had been accidentally dropped there.

But he forgot all about it before they had gone twenty steps. He spent the morning at the creek, and the afternoon at his friend's house, returning home in the evening. As he passed through the hall to his mother's room, the thought of it suddenly flashed on his mind. He felt in his pocket, with a sinking at his heart, but the card was gone.

Where? He could not pretend to imagine, as he thought of the round-about ramble he had taken. He got up early the next morning and carefully hunted over every step of the ground, but all in vain. It would have been well if he had gone at once to his mother, and confessed what he had done, but he delayed, still cherishing a hope of finding what he had lost, and the longer he waited the more impossible it became to tell. He remembered that a boy had once said to him, "A sneak is sure to be a coward."

More than a week after this Peter was sitting on the piazza one evening after tea, reading to his mother, when his friend of the creek expedition came in.

"Here is a card I found addressed to you, Mrs. Keens," he said, "It must be the one you were hunting for last week, Pete."

She took it in some surprise, failing to observe the colour which mounted to Peter's face as he saw it. As she read it a troubled expression overspread her own.

"Ten days old, this card," she exclaimed, "Wednesday, the 14th—what does it mean, Peter?" She passed it to him, and he read as follows:

July 3.

My dear Ruth,—I write to give you ample notice of a change in our plans in consequence of Robert's partner desiring to take a trip late in the season, obliging us to go early. So Robert, having finished his business in Canada, is to meet us on Wednesday, the 14th, at Plattsburgh. Shall stop for Peter on the evening of the 13th. Please have him ready.

KATHERINE.

This was the 13th. Peter stared at his mother in dismay.

"I do not quite understand yet," she said. "Where did you get this card, Philip?"

"I found it just now in the arbor, where I have my museum; it had slipped behind a box. You lost it the day we played there, didn't you, Pete?"

"How came you to have it there, Peter?"

"I—it was in my pocket, ma'am, and I dropped it, I suppose."

"Why was it in your pocket? Why didn't you bring it to me?"

"I wanted—I was just going to read it."

Phil touched his hat, and quietly took his departure. Mrs. Keens said no more, but looked again at the dates on the card.

At this moment a hack drove up, from which issued a most astonishing outpouring of noisy, laughing, chattering, blue-flannelled boys, followed by a mother who looked just merry enough to be commander of such a merry crew.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Pete, we're off! All ready? We can only stay two hours."

"Such a tent—big, striped, and a flag to it; and—"

"Father's going to let us boys shoot with a gun."

"Isn't it jolly to have two weeks less to wait?"

Peter did not look at all jolly, as through his half-bewildered mind struggled a dim perception of the dire evil the loss of that card might have worked for him. When the clamor of greeting and questioning had somewhat subsided, Mrs. Keens said, slowly:

"No, Peter is not ready;" and the tone of her voice sent a heavier weight down into his heart, and a bigger lump into his throat. "Your card has only just reached me, Katherine."

"O dear! dear!" His aunt shook her head in distress, and five boy faces settled into blank dismay. "Why, why, surely you don't mean, Ruth—eh? Can't you hurry things up a little? Boy's don't need much, you know! Or—can't he be sent after us?" Peter followed his mother to

the dining-room as she went to order a hasty lunch for the travellers.

"Mother, can't I? can't I?" he sobbed.

She put her arms around him with streaming eyes, feeling the keenness of the disappointment for him as deeply as he ever could feel it for himself.

"O, my boy! my boy! my heart is sad and sore that you should be mean and sly and deceitful, and not for once only, but as a habit. No, it is your own doing, and you must abide by the consequences. I never could have brought myself to punish you so, but you have punished yourself, and I trust it may be the best thing which could have happened to you."—*Harper's Young People.*

"BREAK, BREAK, BREAK."
(An Imitation.)

BREAK, break, break,
Around me, life's bitter sea,
For a Rock in the midst of waters
Its shelter has offered me.

Oh, well that this Rock has risen,
That here I can sweetly hide
In a cleft by Love's passion riven,
Away from the storm's dark tide!

Oh, why will blind souls go down
With this beacon piercing the night,
When it takes but a look at an outstretched
Hand
To lift them into the light?

Break, break, break,
At the foot of this Rock, O sea,
For your beats but hasten the glorious day
That is coming soon to me!

—Zion's Herald.

A BADGE OF DISTINCTION.

BULWER tells of an old soldier who said of his Waterloo medal, which he always wore suspended around his neck. "It lies next my heart while I live. It shall be buried in my coffin, and I shall rise with it at the word of command on the day of the Grand Review!" This noble old soldier, who had lost a leg in the service of his country, gloried in the sacrifice, and had an ever-burning zeal to serve his king and defend the honour of his country.

Those who have the honour to bear the Christian name wear a badge of distinction which should make them brave and courageous and ever alert to do service for the Master who has the rewards of heaven at his command, and who will not be unmindful even of a cup of water given in His name. An earthly sovereign may be able to reward only conspicuous deeds of valor; but Jesus is cognizant of even the smallest service for Him, and there is no need of love so obscure and humble as to fail of a reward. He also admits into loving fellowship and confidence those whom He delights to honour.

THERE are few roads in Newfoundland. Most of the journeying is by boat, and our brethren there are oft "in perils of waters," as witness the following:—"In my last tour, which extended over one hundred miles of rough sea, and which took six weeks, I had signs of good. . . One place we visited at some peril and risk of life, having to anchor for some time under a cliff. The gale was furious. At length, however, we left our perilous position, and under jib and reefed mainsail got into harbor, and preached to all who were willing to hear."—*Outlook.*

POOR LITTLE JOE.

DROP yer eyes wide open, Joey.
 Fur I've brought you sumpin' great,
 Apples! No, a great sight better!
 Don't you take no int'rest! Wait!
 Flowers, Joe—I know'd you'd like 'em—
 Ain't them scrumptious? Ain't them high?
 Tears, my boy! Wet'a them fur, Joey?
 There—poor little Joe!—don't cry!

I was skippin' past a winder,
 Where a bang-up lally eol,
 All amongst a lot of bushes—
 Each one chim'in' from a pot;
 Every bush had flowers on it—
 Pretty! Maybe not! Oh, no!
 Wish you could a seen 'em growin',
 It was sich a stunnin' show.

Well, I thoug't of you, poor feller,
 Lyin' here so sick and weak,
 Never knowin' any comfort,
 And I puts on lots o' cheek.
 "Missus," says I, "If you please, mum,
 Could I ax you for a rose?
 For my little brother, missus—
 Never seed one, I suppose."

Then I told her all about you—
 How I brought you up—poor Joe!
 (Lackin' women folks to do it,)
 Sich a imp you was, you know—
 Till yer got that awful tumble,
 Jest as I had broke yer in
 (Hard work, too,) to earn yer livin'
 Blackin' boots for honest tin.

How that tumble crippled of you,
 So's you couldn't hyper much—
 Joe, it hurted when I seen you
 Fur the first time with yer crutch.
 "But," I says, "he's laid up now, mum,
 'Pears to weaken every day;
 Joe, sho up and went to cattin'—
 That's the how of this bokay.

Say! It seems to me, ole feller,
 You is quite yerself to-night;
 Kind o' chirk—it's been a fortnit
 Sence yer eyes has been so bright.
 Better! Well, I'm glad to hear it!
 Yes they're mighty pretty, Joe.
 Smellin' of 'em's made you happy!
 Well, I thought it would, you know!

Never see the count'y, did you?
 Flowers growin' everywhere!
 Some time when you're better, Joey,
 Mebbe I kin take you there.
 Flowers in heaven? M—I s'pose so;
 Dunno much about it, though;
 Ain't as fly as wot I might be
 On them topics, little Joe.

But I've heard it hinted somewheres
 That in heaven's golden gates
 Things is everlastin' cheerfu—
 'Blieve that's wot the Bible states.
 Likewise, there folks don't git hungry;
 So good people, when they dies,
 Finds themselves well fixed forever—
 Joe, my boy, wot ails yer eyes?

Thought they looked a little sing'ler.
 Oh, no! Don't you have no fear;
 Heaven was made fur such as you is—
 Joe, wot makes you look so queer?
 Here—wake up! Oh, don't look that way!
 Joe! My boy! Hold up your head!
 Here's yer flowers—you dropped 'em, Joey.
 Oh, help! help! can Joe be dead?
 —Peleg Arkwright.

THE U. E. LOYALISTS.



At the time of the American Revolutionary War a considerable number of the American colonists had remained faithful to the mother country. Their condition, during and after the war, was one of extreme hardship. They were exposed to suspicion and insult, and sometimes to wanton outrage and spoliation. They were denounced by the local Assemblies as traitors. Many of them were men of wealth, education, talent, and professional ability. But they found their property confiscated, their families ostracized, and often their lives menaced. The fate of these patriotic men excited the sympathy of the mother

country. Their zeal for the unity of the empire won for them the name of United Empire Loyalists, more briefly, U. E. Loyalists. The British Government made liberal provision for their domiciliation in the sea-board provinces and Canada. The close of the war was followed by an exodus of these faithful men and their families, who, from their loyalty to their King and the institutions of their fatherland, abandoned their homes and property, often large estates, to encounter the discomforts of new settlements, or the perils of the pathless wilderness. These exiles for conscience' sake came chiefly from New England and the State of New York, but a considerable number came from the Middle and Southern States of the Union.

Several thousand settled near Halifax, and on the Bay of Fundy. They were conveyed in transport-ships, and billeted in churches and private houses till provision could be made for their settlement on grants of land. Many of them arrived in wretched plight, and had to be clothed and fed by public or private charity.

The main body, however, settled near the St. John and Kennebecasis rivers. On the 18th of May, 1783, the ships bearing these exiles for conscience' sake, arrived at the mouth of the St. John. Here they resolved to found a new Troy, to hew out for themselves new homes in the wilderness. The prospect was not a flattering one. The site of the present noble city of St. John was a forest of pines and spruces, surrounded by a dreary marsh. The blackened ruins of Fort Frederick and of a few fishermen's huts met their gaze; together with a block-house, and a few houses and stores. A rude shelter was speedily constructed for the reception of the destitute families, and before the summer was over, a population of five thousand persons was settled in the vicinity. Among these were seventy-four refugees from Maryland. They were the survivors of the wreck of the "Martha," a ship of the September fleet, which had sailed from New York to Quebec, with eight thousand of these exiled people. To the new settlement the name of Paratown was given, in honour of the energetic Governor of Nova Scotia. In a letter to Lord North, in September, 1783, that gentleman estimates the number of refugee loyalists in Nova Scotia and St. John's Island at thirteen thousand.

On the 18th of May last, the citizens of St. John, N. B., celebrated the founding of their beautiful city. The anniversary began with a Watch-night meeting in the New Centenary Methodist Church. Dr. Pope stated that the copy of the Scriptures from which the Word of God would be read was brought to the city by one of the Loyalists.

The Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack were hung on either side of the pulpit. On the platform were Lieut. Governor Wilmot, Chief Justice Allen, Mayor Jones, of St. John, Gen. Warner, U. S. Consul, and several of the clergy, and principal citizens of St. John. Gov. Wilmot presided, and the service was of a very interesting nature, reviewing the great changes that had taken place in the Province during the last century.

Mr. J. W. Lawrence, the President of the New Brunswick Historical Society, then said. As the first act of the Loyalists on landing was prayer and praise, it is fitting, in this closing

hour, that we should think of the loving kindness of the Lord in the midst of His temple. Their first act of worship on landing was in the great temple of nature, whose maker and builder is God, with the heavens for a canopy and the trees of the forest—the spruce the fir, and the pine—for its wall and buttresses.

At midnight the birth of another century was saluted by the firing of cannon intermingled with the sweet chimes of the church bells. Next day at 6 30 a.m., the woodboat St. George, gaily decorated with bunting, and with a large number of ladies and gentlemen on board dressed in the antique costume of a century ago, represented the landing of the Loyalists.

Tableaux representing an old log house of a hundred years ago, etc., were exhibited. A sermon was preached from the text, "The land which thou gavest to our fathers." In the evening fire-works and electric lights celebrated the occasion. It is well to commemorate these brave old U. E. Loyalists. Next year the settlement of Upper Canada will be celebrated, and will receive, we hope, due prominence in these pages.

A KING'S GIFT.

ONE day George III. was walking in the neighbourhood of Windsor when he chanced to see a little boy of ten years old taking care of some sheep.

"What have you there, my boy?"
 "The A B C book, sir," replied the boy boldly.

"Can you read, then?" inquired the king.

"A little, sir."
 "Can you spell words of two syllables?"

"Yes, sir; I think so."
 "Well, spell *abbot*."

"A-b, ab, b-o-t, bot, abbot."
 "Well done! that will do. Can you read as well as you can spell? Do you go to school? and do you read the Bible?"

"Mother is too poor to send me to school, and she has only part of a Bible; and that is so torn and dirty that it is of no use."

"Oh, that is bad, very bad! What is her name? and where does she live?" asked the king.

The boy told the king, and he wrote it down in his pocket book.

As soon as he arrived at the castle he sent for his secretary and said to him,—

"My poor people around here have not sufficient means for instruction, and more must be provided for them. Send this packet immediately to the person to whom it is addressed and at the same time let it be made known to the poor woman for whom it is intended that this Book is given to her on one condition—that is, that she shall continue to have her child taught to read; and let money be provided for her to send him to school."

The good king put a five-pound note into the Bible and wrote on the title page of the Book, "From George III., for Mrs. —." "Let it be sent forth with; for it is our will that every one in our kingdom shall have the opportunity of reading the Bible."

The poor woman, after the death of the king, was offered large sums for that Bible, but she refused them, saying that she would never part with it

during her lifetime and that, when it was God's will to lay her on her dying bed, she wished it to be put under her pillow.

CATCHING THE COLT.

BY MARIAN DOUGLASS.

WITH forehead star and silver tail,
 And these white feet to match,
 The gay, half-broken sorrel colt
 Which one of us could catch?
 "I can," said Dick; "I'm good for that,
 He slowly shook his empty hat."
 "She'll think 'tis full of corn," said he,
 "Stand by, and she will come to me."
 Her head she shy, proud creature raised
 As 'mid the daisy flowers she grazed;
 Then down the hill across the brook,
 Deceiving oft, her way she took.
 Then changed her pace and moving quick,
 She hurried on and came to Dick.
 "Ha! ha!" he cried, "I've caught you,
 Beck."

And put the halter on her neck.
 But soon there came another day,
 And eager for a ride,—
 "I'll go and catch the colt again;
 I can," said Dick with pride.
 So up the stony pasture lane,
 And up the hill he trudged again;
 And when he saw the colt, as low
 He shook his old hat to and fro,
 "She'll think 'tis full of corn," he thought,
 "And I shall have her quickly caught."
 "Beck! Beck!" he called; and at the sound
 The restless beauty looked around,
 Then made a quick, impatient turn,
 And galloped off among the fern.
 And when beneath a tree she stopped,
 And leisurely some clover cropped,
 Dick followed after, but in vain,
 His hand was just upon her mane,
 When off she flew as flies the wind,
 And, panting, he pressed on behind.
 Down through the brake, the brook across,
 O'er bushes, thistles, mounds of moss,
 Round and around the place they passed,
 Till breathless Dick sank down at last,
 Threw by, provoked, his empty hat,
 "The colt," he said, "remembers that
 There's always trouble from deceit,
 I'll never try again to cheat!"
 —Our Little Ones.

A SON'S PRIDE.

THOMAS CARLYLE had a very humble origin. His father was a stone-mason and worked as a day-labourer. But he was honest and upright, and impressed his sturdy character upon his children.

Though he had not the advantages of an education, he decided that Thomas should attend school. So he sent him away to study, against the advice of his neighbours, who prophesied that when he became learned he would despise and forget his humble parents. These sinister predictions were far from being realized. How abundantly the son honoured his father! He writes: "Ought I not to rejoice that God has given me such a father? Let me learn of him. Let me write my books as he built his houses, and walk as blamelessly through this shadow-world, if God so will, to rejoice him at last."

Of his mother, too, a plain, quiet Scotch woman, he invariably speaks with the tenderest love—calls her his "incomparable mother;" and no word seem too emphatic to express his devotion. "Oh, her patience with me! Oh, her never-tiring love! Blessed be poverty which was never rudgence in any form, and which has made all that tenfold more dear and sacred to me!" Such sentiments of affection are more powerful than his intellectual attainments to keep green the memory of the "sage of Chelsea."

NEVER commence to write the word "finis" backward! It will be a "sin" if you do.

WHAT TIME IS IT?

WHAT time is it?

Time to do well.

Time to live better,

Give up that grudge,

Answer that letter.

Speak that kind word to sweeten a sorrow;
Do that good deed you would leave till to-morrow.

Time to try hard

In that new situation,

Time to build upon

A solid foundation.

(Giving up needlessly changing and drifting,
Leaving the thousands that ever are shifting.

What time is it?

Time to be thrifty.

Farmers take warning,

Plough in the springtime,

Sow in the morning;

Spring rain is coming, zephyrs are blowing,
Heaven will attend to the quickening and growing.

What time is it?

Time to be earnest,

Laying up treasure;

Time to be thoughtful,

Choosing true pleasure;

Loving stern justice, of truth bring fond,
Making your word just as good as your bond.

Time to be happy,

Doing your best;

Time to be trustful,

Leaving the rest,

Knowing in whatever country or clime,
No'er can we call back one minute of time.

BREVITIES.

"PATRICK, were you a minor when you landed in America?" asked the naturalization officer. "No, your honor; I was a bricklayer."

"JOHN," said the teacher, "I'm very sorry to have to punish you." "Then don't; I'll let you off this time," responded John.

The Hindoos are said to pray to 300,000,000 gods. No wonder that praying machines are popular in the east.

FIVE thousand dead bodies are sent to the New York morgue every year, and 4,500 of them are the victims of intemperance.

THE Duke of Westminster has contributed £100 to the fund for completing the buildings of the London Temperance Hospital, situated in the Hampstead road.

THE Nashville *Broadaxe* has a rum-seller's department, edited by John Barleycorn. Its device is the skull and crossbones and its motto, "We vote as we pray." Good enough.

"AND you have taken the teetotal pledge, have you?" said somebody to an Irishman. "Indade I have, and I'm not ashamed of it, aither." "And did not Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake?" "So he did; but my name is not Timothy, and there is nothing the matter with my stomach."

A GOOD old Quaker gentleman, after listening to the extravagant yarns of a young man as long as he could, with patience, said to him: "James, thee knows I never call any one bad names; but if I were asked by the mayor who was the biggest liar I knew, I should come to thee and say, 'James, the mayor wishes to see thee.'"

BISHOP PECK of the Methodist Episcopal Church is confined to his house, and much of the time to his bed, but is enjoying in perfect peace the twilight of a happy old age, expecting soon to pass away. Bishop Peck has recently given all his property to Syracuse University, preferring to dis-

pose of it thus by his own act during his lifetime than to leave it by his will. He recently said to a friend who visited him, "I have an ambition to die without anything, for I am going to where I shall have infinite riches of a kind that will suit me better than any of these material things." He has since died.

A LESSON FROM A PUMP.

I WAS in Cologne on a very rainy day, and I was looking out for similes and metaphors, as I generally am, but I had nothing on earth to look at in the square of the city but an old pump, and what kind of a simile I could make out of it I could not tell. All traffic seemed suspended, it rained so hard; but I noticed a woman come to the pump with a bucket. Presently I noticed a man come in with a bucket, nay, he came with a yoke and two buckets. As I kept on writing and looking out every now and then, I saw the same friend with the often-buckets and the blue blouse coming to the same pump again. In the course of the morning I think I saw him a dozen times. I thought to myself, "Ah, you do not fetch water for your own house, I am persuaded; you are a water-carrier; you fetch water for lots of people, and that is why you come oftener than any body else." Now there was a meaning in that at once to my soul, that inasmuch that I had not only to go to Christ for myself, but had been made a water-carrier to carry the water of everlasting life to others, I must come a great deal oftener than any body else.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*



Search the Scriptures.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

B. C. 1451.] LESSON II. July 8.

PASSING OVER JORDAN.

Josh. 3. 5-17. Commit to memory vs. 7-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee. Isa. 43. 2.

OUTLINE.

1. The Preparation. v. 5, 6.
2. The Promise. v. 7-13.
3. The Procession. v. 14-17.

TIME.—B. C. 1451.

PLACE.—The river Jordan, near the head of the Dead Sea.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Sanctify yourselves*—Seek to fit themselves for God's presence by offerings and prayer. *The Lord will do wonders*—The work was God's, not their own. *Priests*—Sons of Aaron, who offered sacrifice. *The ark*—The chest containing the law of God, and over which God's presence was shown. *Pass over*—Not pass over the river, but to the front of the camp and the edge of the river. *Magnify thee*—God placed honour on Joshua, that the people would obey him. *Stand still*—They were to stand there until the people had gone over. *Hereby ye shall know*—By the wonders which God would work. *Traverse men*—The work of these men is given in chap. 4. 2-9. *Soles of the feet of*

the priests—They were barefoot while carrying the ark. *Shall be cut off*—The flow from above shall be stopped. *Stand upon an heap*—As if a dam stood across the river. *Overfloweth all his banks*—This was at a season when the river is much wider and deeper than during the rest of the year. *Far from the city Adam*—This should read, "Very far away, at the city Adam." *Salt sea*—The Dead Sea, into which the Jordan flows. *People passed over*—Walking across the bed of the stream. *Clean over*—Entirely over. The ark was carried over last of all.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where does this lesson teach—

1. That God is with his people?
2. That God can do wonders for his people?
3. That God's people need not fear to go where God leads them?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What river lay between the Israelites and Canaan? The river Jordan. 2. By what were the Israelites led to the river? By the ark of God. 3. What took place when the priests brought the ark to the edge of the river? The waters were cut off. 4. How did Israel pass over the river? On dry ground.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's care for his people.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

28. But what reason had men to kill him? Men had no just reason at all to kill Jesus Christ; but the teachers and rulers of the Jews hated his doctrine and reproofs, and were much enraged to see the people follow him.

B. C. 1451.] LESSON III. [July 15.

THE PLAINS OF JERICHO.

Josh. 6. 10-15; C. 1-5. Commit to memory vs. 15-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

By faith the walls of Jericho fell down, after they were compassed about seven days. Heb. 11. 30.

OUTLINE.

1. The Camp in Canaan. v. 10-12.
2. The Captain of the Lord's Host. v. 13-15.
3. The City of Jericho. v. 1-5.

TIME.—B. C. 1451.

PLACE.—The plains of Jordan, near Jericho.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Kept the passage in remembrance of their going out of Egypt.* Exod. 12. *At even*—On the evening before the day, not after. *Old corn*—The world old is not in the original and should be omitted. *Parched*—Roasted. *The manna*—On which they had lived for forty years, since leaving Egypt. *Fruit*—The crops, or whatever is grown. *A man*—One in the form of a man. *Captain of the host*—Chief or prince is the better meaning. *Worship*—Regarding this person as the Lord. *Loose thy shoe*—Eastern peoples have always taken off their shoes when we would take off our hats. *Priests in the temple served barefoot.* *Straitly*—Closely. *I have given*—The Lord gave, who has all power. *Compass the city*—March around it. *Trumpets of rams' horns*—Large trumpets used for the jubilee. *Seventh day*—Once each day for six days, and seven times on the seventh day. *The people*—The army. *Shall ascend*—Walk up over the ruins of the city.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where does this lesson show—

1. How God cares for his people?
2. How we should act while worshipping God?
3. How we may have power from God?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What city was before the Israelites when they entered Canaan? Jericho. 2. What did God command the Israelites to do? To march around Jericho for six days. 3. What did they do on the seventh day? They marched around Jericho seven times. 4. What did they do after the last march? They shouted with a great shout. 5. What then took place? The walls of Jericho fell down.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The power of faith.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

29. How did they lay hold of Jesus? The teachers and rulers of the Jews bribed Judas, one of his Apostles, to betray him into the hands of his officers; and he led them to his Master by night, and showed which was he by kissing him.

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