

THE BIBLE.

STUDY it carefully
Think of it prayerfully,
Deep in the heart let its pure precepts dwell,
Slight not its history,
Ponder its mystery,
None can ever prize it too fondly or well.

Accept the glad tidings,
The warm rebukes and chidings,
Found in this volume of heavenly lore,
With faith that's unfailling,
And love all prevailing,
Trust in its promise of life evermore

With fervent devotion,
And thankful emotion,
Hear the best will done, respond to its call,
Life's pure oblation,
The heart's adoration,
Give to the Saviour who died for us all.

May this message of love,
From the Triune above
To every nation and kindred be given,
Till the ransom'd shall raise
Joyous anthems of praise—
Loud Hallelujahs on earth and in heaven!

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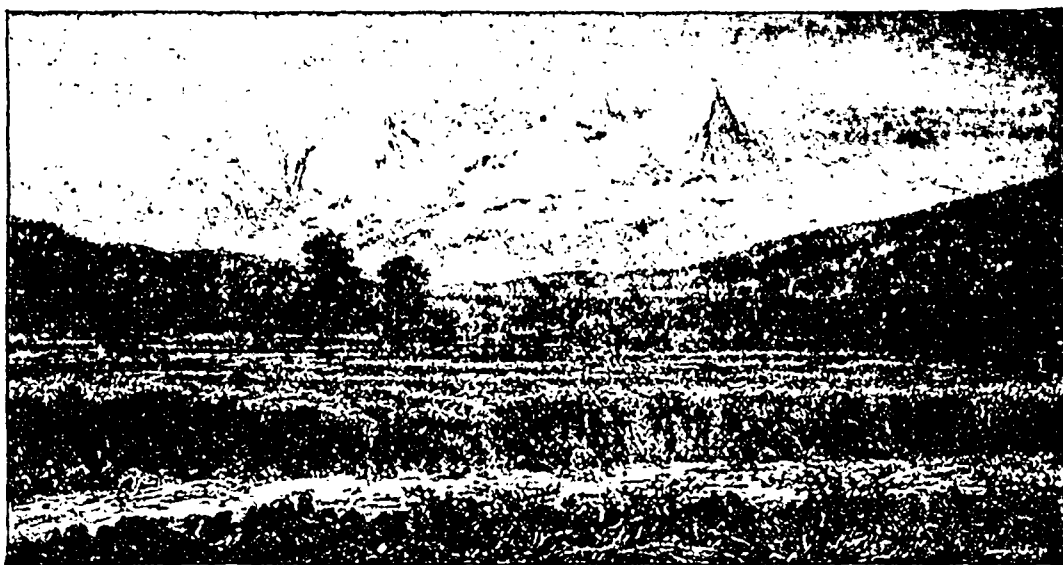
A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 2, 1886.

NORTH-WEST INDIANS.

TORONTO'S great sensation the other week was the loyal Indian chiefs, brought down from the North-West, by the missionary, John Macdougall. Elm Street Methodist church would not hold half the people who turned out to see them, and listen to their addresses. They were welcomed by Lieutenant Governor Robinson, Mayor Howland, and Dr. Potts, and in reply Pakan, chief of the White-Fish Lake Steneys, and his brother chiefs, spoke in Cree. "John," as they called Mr. Macdougall, translated each speech, and one could not but compare the eloquent, dignified, and impressive addresses which fell from their lips with the trembling speeches which he has often listened to from cultured whites, to the manifest disadvantage of the latter. How many readers know that the heroic George Macdougall, who lost his way on a North-West plain in a blizzard, and was found frozen to death, was born at C-alphurst, and spent his boyhood there? How many have ever heard that he who in after life braved dangers that entitle him to be remembered as at least the equal of the Jesuit



THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS—FROM ESLOW RIVER.
(From a Sketch by the Marquis of Lorne.)

Fathers who were killed at Penetan-guishene, broke down on his first appearance in the pulpit because a couple of dozen prankish students from Victoria College, each wearing a pair of blue glass goggles, filled the front seats of the little church in which he was to have delivered his "trial" sermon? If we were to tell the rest of the story, how he returned to his room utterly discouraged and refused to be comforted, how one after another of the spectacled lot became ashamed of the part he had taken in the practical joke and dropped in to apologize, how Macdougall got them all at last in his room, and how it wound up with a prayer-meeting from which some went away resolved to be better men, who are better men to this day, our readers might accuse us of preaching.—Orillia Packet.

GUIDE-BOOKS

DURING a visit to Switzerland and the Tyrol, last summer, I was much struck with the constant use which intelligent travellers were making of their guide-books. Every excursion was planned with reference to the account which Baedeker had given of the point of view, and the general opinion was that if there were two stars affixed to any particular place, that place must be seen, no matter at what cost of time or money.

One evening, in the parlour of a hotel, I overheard a lady exclaim with great animation: "I have discovered at last the only right way to read a guide-book. You must read it before you visit any place of interest, in order to learn what you are to see; you must read it while you are there, to be sure that you are missing nothing, and that you are taking the right turnings in puzzling paths; and you must be sure to read it after you get home, so as to deepen the impression made, and strengthen your memory of all the beauty which you have enjoyed."

Now this was well said, and it was quite true, even about an ordinary guide-book; but if we put the Bible in the place of that guide-book, how valuable is the lesson which we may learn! If we only remember that we are travellers in a strange country, and that we need advice and help about each step in our daily lives, surely we would study the great Guide-Book more, and read it not three times only, but over and over.

A GREAT AND GOOD MAN.

MOST of our readers have heard of the great Dr. Johnson a learned man, who died in 1784. He wrote many wise books, and also published a Dictionary of the English language: a book which is found in almost all English libraries. He said many wise things, too; and some very funny ones. But better than his wisdom or wit was his kind heart. You may judge how kind and gentle he was from these facts. Very often as Dr. Johnson walked through the streets of London late at night, or rather early in the morning, for it was often one or two o'clock before he returned home after visiting his friends, he passed poor little street arabs curled up asleep on doorsteps, and he would quietly slip a few coppers into their hands and gently close the little sleepers' fingers over the money, and then walk on, picturing their surprise and pleasure in the morning, when they would wake up to wonder what good fairy had supplied them with money to buy their breakfast.

Once, when Dr. Johnson was staying at a house in Wales, the gardener brought in a hare which he had found running about in the garden. It was proposed that the animal should be killed and cooked for dinner; but Dr. Johnson asked to have it placed in his arms. Then, to the surprise of all present he opened the window, and let the poor thing run away as he shouted to increase its speed. His host complained that they had lost their dinner; but Dr. Johnson said that the hare had placed itself under the protection of the master of the house, and it would be a breach of hospitality to injure it.

Dr. Johnson was a truly good man, too; and that is better than being kind. He had a good mother, who brought him up in the fear of God, and he feared God all his life; though for some years the cares and pleasures of life choked the good seed. But not until a short time before his death did he love God as his own Father. You know there is a difference between a servant and a son, and Johnson, like a servant, used to think he must do a great deal to earn salvation. "I am afraid," he would say, "I shall be one of those who will be condemned." But before his death he came to Jesus and received the kingdom of God as a little child. One day he said to his physician, who did not love God: "Doctor, believe a dying man, there is no salva-

tion but in the sacrifice of the Lamb of God; and so this wise, clever, kind man entered Heaven just as we must all enter it, by simple faith in Jesus.
G. E. S.

THE RIGHT MAN.

A PRINCE, once travelling through France, visited the arsenal at Toulon, where the convict galleys were. The commandant, as a compliment to the rank of his visitor, offered to set at liberty one—any one of the prisoners he selected. The prince went round, and conversed with them all. He inquired the reason of their being there, and met with little else but complaints of injustice, oppression, and false charges. At last he came to one man, who admitted that his imprisonment was just. "My lord, I have no reason to complain. I have been a wicked, desperate wretch. I have deserved the greatest torments, and it is only in mercy that I am here." The prince, fixing his eyes upon the man, without a moment's hesitation, said: "This is the man whom I wish to be released." And he was set free.

Life in a Parsonage By W. H. Withrow, D.D. Price, 50c. Wm. Briggs, Toronto

The story is a happy conception of the experience of a pioneer Methodist itinerant, the lights and shadows of which are presented with a faithfulness which will be fully recognized by not a few Methodist ministers and their families. Familiar faces came out upon the picture, and many scenes very trying to the young itinerant rise up again when we read, as though they had transpired but yesterday. Very faithfully, too, has the author preserved the personnel of his principal characters, among whom one easily recognizes the lamented Dr. Rice, who, as Dr. Dwight, seasons his conversation with his young friends with so much wisdom. The genial Chancellor of "Old Vic." is also personated by another Doctor, whose ready wit sparkles so freely throughout his charming talks. To multitudes of the early Methodists of this country this little book will be a reminiscence of earlier days, while to those whose lives have been spent under less primitive conditions it will be a revelation of how our beloved Methodism was planted among the wilds of Canada.—Christian Guardian.