

## CANYONS OF THE COLORADO.

IN our last number we gave an engraving illustrating the beginning of those wonderful canyons. In this number we give one showing their appearance further down the river. The scenery is of the most sublime and solemn character. The immense depth of the canyon, however, in places over a mile below the surface, does not here appear as it does in several of the others. In early numbers of the *Methodist Magazine* will be given three articles, with twenty-five engravings, different from any of these in the *GUARDIAN*, giving a full account of these wonders of nature, and of the Indian tribes who in that wild country live in the cleft villages. Several richly illustrated articles on Methodist Missions, among the Zulu Kaffirs of South Africa, in the island of Ceylon, and in the West Indies, will also be given; together with an account, in the July number, of Underground Jerusalem and the recent remarkable explorations and discoveries at the Holy City. A new volume of the *Magazine* begins with the July number, the price of which, to the end of the year, is only one dollar. If a whole year is ordered, at two dollars (or with the *Christian Guardian*, only one dollar and fifty cents), a donation of the back Volumes I. and II. will be given, post free, so long as these back numbers last.

## FOUNTAIN OF SILOAM.

BENEATH Moriah's rocky side  
A gentle fountain springs;  
Silent and soft its waters glide,  
Like the peace the spirit brings.

The thirsty Arab stoops to drink  
Of the cool and quiet wave,  
And the thirsty spirit steps to think  
Of Him who came to save.

Siloam is the fountain's name;  
It means One sent from God:  
And thus the Holy Saviour's fame  
It gently spreads abroad.

O grant that I, like this sweet well,  
May Jesus' image bear,  
And spend my life, my all, to tell  
How full His mercies are.

## JOE WHITE'S TEMPTATION.

DEACON JONES kept a little fish market. "Do you want a boy to help you?" asked Joe White, one day. "I guess I can sell fish."

"Can you give good weight to my customers, and take good care of my pennies?"

"Yes, sir;" answered Joe, and forthwith he took his place in the market, weighed the fish and kept the room in order.

"A whole day for fun, fireworks, and crackers to-morrow!" exclaimed Joe, as he buttoned his white apron about him the day before the fourth of July. A great trout was flung down on the counter.

"Here's a royal trout, Joe. I caught it myself. You may have it for ten cents. Just hand over the money, for I'm in a hurry to buy my fire crackers," said Ned Long, one of Joe's mates.

The Deacon was out, but Joe had made purchases for him before, so the dime was spun across to Ned, who was off like a shot.

Just then Mrs. Martin appeared. "I want a nice trout for my dinner to-morrow. This one will do; how much is it?"

"A quarter, ma'am," and the fish was transferred to the lady's basket and the silver piece to the money-drawer.

But here Joe appeared. "Ten cents was very cheap for that fish. If I tell the Deacon it cost fifteen, he'll be satisfied, and I shall have five cents to invest in fire-crackers."

The Deacon was pleased with Joe's bargain, and when the market was closed, each went his way for the night. But the nickel in Joe's pocket burned like a coal; he could eat no supper, and was cross and unhappy. At last he could stand it no longer, but walking rapidly, tapped at the door of Deacon Jones' cottage.

A stand was drawn out, and before the open Bible sat the old man. Joe's heart almost failed him, but he told his story, and with tears of sorrow laid the coin in the Deacon's hand. Turning over the leaves of the Bible, the old man read, "'He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy.' You have my