

men labour under such favourable conditions. It was sad to see so many young men and young women spending the prime of their years behind prison bars. The discipline of the prison is reformatory as well as punitive. It is possible for a convict to considerably abridge the period of his sentence by good behaviour. Moral influences are largely employed. Two chaplains devote their services to the prisoners. A good library is supplied. Habits of industry are acquired. Many learn a good trade and are better cared for in body and mind than they ever were before.

THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.

It fosters one's feelings of pride to visit the capital of the Dominion. The Parliament and Departmental buildings form one of the most imposing architectural groups in the world, and their site is one of unsurpassed magnificence. Around a lofty cliff, treecad from base to summit, sweeps the majestic Ottawa, to the left resounds the everlasting thunder of the Chaudière, and in the distance rise the purple slopes of the Laurentians. The broken outline of the many-towered buildings against the sunset sky is a picture never to be forgotten. The two finest features of the group, we think, are the polygonal-shaped library, with its flying buttresses, its steep conical roof, its quaint carvings and tracery; and the great western tower, rising Antæus-like from the earth, pausing a moment and then, as if with a mighty effort, soaring into the sky. The view of this tower from the "Lovers' Walk" beneath the cliff resembles some of Doré's most romantic creations.

The details of the buildings will repay careful study. Each capital, final, crocket, corbel and gargoye is different from every other. Grotesque faces grin at one from the cornices, and strange, twi-formed creatures crouch as in the act to spring or struggle beneath the weight they bear. Canadian plants and flowers and chaplets of maple, oaks and ferns form the capitals of the columns, amid which disport squirrels, marmots, and birds. The Commons and Senate Chambers, though less magnificent than those at Albany, are loftier and more tasteful than those at Washington.

The great sawmills at the Chaudière, with their many gangs of saws, and machinery for handling the huge logs as if they were light as walking canes, are a wonderful sight, especially at night, beneath the glare of the electric lights, when the surface of the water and the wet logs flash with a sheen like silver.

MONTREAL.

The ride to Montreal over the O.P.R. is of exceeding interest. To the right stretch long shining reaches of the river studded with tree-clad islands. To the left rise the outliers of the Laurentides, clothed with spring verdure to their summits. Along the route are strewn picturesque French villages, bearing such pretty names as Ste. Thérèse, Ste. Rose, L'Ange Gardien, with their broad-eaved houses and large stone churches each with its cross-crowned twin towers gleaming brightly in the sun. The "Back River" is crossed at the historic Sault au Recollet. Sweeping around the many-towered city the train skirts the St. Lawrence with its forest of masts to the station on the site of the quaint old Quebec barracks. It is always a pleasure to visit the Canadian Liverpool—

the commercial metropolis of the Dominion. Its massive majesty of architecture, its quaint, huge-gabled, old stone houses, its picturesque Romish churches of the *ancien régime*, the constant ringing of the many bells, the resonant French language heard on every side and its foreign-seeming population make it more like Rouen or Paris than like a New World city. Yet "the deadly march of improvement" is removing the ancient landmarks. The huxtor's stalls that clung to the walls of the old Church of Notre Dame de Bon Secours, like mendicants at the feet of a friar, were being—more's the pity—torn away. But the queer old church is still intact with the pious legend above the door—

Si l'amour de Marie
En ton cœur est gravé,
En passant ne trouble
De lui dire un Ave.

Compensation.

SHE folded up the worn and mended frock,
And smoothed it tenderly upon her knee,
Then through the soft web of a wee red sock
She wove the bright wool, musing thoughtfully:

"Can this be all? The great world is so fair,
I hunger for its green and pleasant ways,
A cripple prisoned in her restless chair
Looks from her window with a wistful gaze.

"I can but weave a faint thread to and fro,
Making a frail wool in a baby's sock;
Into the world's sweet tumult I would go,
At its strong gates my trembling hands would knock."

Just then the children came, the father too;
Their eager faces lit the twilight gloom.
"Dear heart," he whispered, as he nearer drew,

"How sweet it is within this little room!
God puts my strongest comfort here to draw
When thirst is great and common wells are dry.

Your pure desire is my unerring law;
Tell me, dear one, who is so safe as I?
Homo is the pasture where my soul may feed,

This room a paradise has grown to be;
And only where these patient feet shall lead
Can it be home for these dear ones and me."

He touched with reverent hand the helpless feet,
The children crowded close and kissed her
"Our mother is so good and kind and sweet,
There's not another like her anywhere!"
The baby in her low bed opened wide
The soft blue flowers of her timid eyes,
And viewed the group about the cradle side
With smiles of glad and innocent surprise.

The mother drew the baby to her knee
And, smiling, said, "The stars shine soft to-night;
My world is fair; its edges sweet to me,
And whatsoever is, dear Lord, is right!"

The First Printed Bible.

IN the National Library at Paris there is a copy of the first Bible that was ever printed. It is a great, clumsy affair, in two volumes folio, about 600 pages a volume, printed in Latin, Gothic type. The words are very black, and many of them are abbreviated and packed so closely together as to puzzle the eye; but it is a very valuable Bible, worth several thousand dollars, at least. It is without the name of printer or publisher, and without date; but it was the work of a poor old Dutchman, named John Gutenberg, who was put to much trouble and suffering through his printing.

The real story of printing began several years before, in 1420, when an old gentleman, in the city of Haarlem, first conceived the idea.

He was walking in the woods, one day, when he found a smooth piece of beech bark, upon which he cut several nice letters; and when he returned

home, he inked the letters, and stamped them upon paper for his little boy to use as a copy. After that, he made stamps of the letters on paper; and this set him to thinking, planning, and finally working.

At that time there were only a few books; and as they had to be written with pens on parchment, they were very expensive, and it was a most tedious affair to write one. Now, this old gentleman, whose name was Lawrence Coster, knew that if books could be printed, they would be better and cheaper in every way; so he went on cutting letters on blocks of wood and trying his experiments.

He worked secretly; and though he had several apprentices in his employ, he charged them to say nothing of the trials he was making. One of his apprentices, however, was dishonest; and after awhile he ran into Germany, carrying off a lot of his master's blocks and several pages of his manuscript. Thus it was that poor old Lawrence Coster lost the credit of the invention of printing. He did not give up his work, however, and several old, roughly printed books of his are now in the State House at Haarlem.

About this time, Gutenberg began working with letter blocks too. Some folks think that he was the dishonest apprentice; but there is no proof of it, and I am inclined to think that Gutenberg was honest, for he was cheated himself by a man named Peter Schœffer. Other folks think that this Peter Schœffer was the same man who robbed Lawrence Coster.

Gutenberg borrowed money from a rich silversmith named Faust; and when Faust wished to be paid, Gutenberg was unable to satisfy him; therefore Faust seized his tools, presses, and unfinished work, among which was a Bible, nearly two-thirds completed. This, Faust, with Schœffer's help, finished, and this was the first Bible that was ever printed.

But perhaps you will be glad to know that John Gutenberg succeeded at last. He did not grow disheartened, but toiled on; and before he died, he sent out books as good and clearly printed as those of Faust.

But Faust deserved some credit, too; for he was a clever worker on metals, and acting on the suggestion of Schœffer, he ran types into a mold. However, the great credit should be given to Gutenberg; and in the old town of Mayence, where he laboured and succeeded, the people are so proud of his memory that they have raised a statue to his honour; and in the city of Strasburg, some forty years ago, they erected another statue of him—a great bronze affair, that is one of the sights of that wonderful city.—*Sel.*

Sam Jones.

ONE man can do marvels if helped, instead of hindered, by those who are sometimes thought to be too much hampered with red tape. See what an American Methodist minister, "Sam Jones," has been doing in crowded Southern cities. His preaching has led to the reform of the disreputable, has stirred up the indifferent, has set even the heedless, supercilious worldling seeking for salvation.

Sam Jones, it seems, was educated as a lawyer, and practised professionally for some time. He took to drinking and gambling, and became a notoriously ungodly man. Upon being converted

he immediately set about influencing others for good, and soon became known as an effective preacher. Now he has a large tent which is said to hold five or six thousand people, and to be almost always crowded. He preaches every day at six in the morning, at ten o'clock, and again in the evening. The people of Nashville collected 10,000 dollars to buy him a house, but he refused the gift.

After he had preached awhile in the capital of Tennessee, the Nashville *Advocate* said:—

"A new and strange fervour in the exhortations, songs, and prayers attest that these are the days of the Son of Man in Nashville. The whole city is stirred. Men who had not heard a sermon in twenty years are attracted to hear Sam Jones. . . . He calls the people to a six o'clock-in-the-morning service, and they come by the thousand. Luxurious men and delicate women who have not seen a sunrise for years leave their beds at dawn and hurry to 'the gospel tent;' working men with their dinner-buckets in their hands stop to see and hear this apostle to the masses."

In his audiences—and this must seem very strange in an ex-slaveholding State like Tennessee—all distinctions of colour are lost in the anxiety to hear him, and "in the solemn impression that settles down upon the hearers."

There's Danger.

Write it on the liquor-store,
Write it on the prison-door,
Write it on the gun-shop sign,
Write—ay, write this truthful line
"Where there's drink—there's danger!"

Write it on the work-house gate,
Write it on the school-boy's slate,
Write it in the copy-book,
That the young may at it look:
"Where there's drink—there's danger!"

Write it on the church-yard mound,
Where the drink-slain dead are found,
Write it on the gallows high,
Write it for all passers-by:
"Where there's drink—there's danger!"

Write it underneath your feet,
Up and down the busy street;
Write it for the great and small
In the mansion, cot, and hall:
"Where there's drink—there's danger!"

Write it on the ships which sail,
Borne along by storm and gale;
Write it in large letters plain,
O'er our land and past the main
"Where there's drink—there's danger!"

THE rout of the would-be-Scott Act mutilators in the House of Commons was utter and complete. The Canadian public owe a debt of gratitude that can never be paid, to the conferences, synods, assemblies, and other church organizations, whose grand and fearless utterances struck terror into the hearts of the whiskey-serving faction; and which we trust it will never be subjected—the disgrace of retrogressive legislation on the question of temperance reform.—*Canada Citizen.*

"If the tree falls toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth there it shall lie." Eccles. xi. 3. There is much meaning beneath this metaphor. The tree will not only lie as it falls, it will also lean as it leans. Which way does thy soul lean, toward God, or away from Him? that is the question.

BEAUTY, bounty, and blessedness all meet in perfection in the Lord Jesus Christ: "He is altogether lovely."