

# WELCOME AND TO SCHOOL

Do unto others  
As Ye would  
That They  
Should  
Do unto  
You.

ROBERT SMITH CO. TORONTO.

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## Pennies and Prayers.

Two cents a week, and a prayer,  
A tiny gift may be,  
But it helps to do a wonderful work  
For our sisters across the sea.

Five cents a week, and a prayer,  
From our abundant store—  
It was never missed, for its place was filled  
By a Father's gift of more.

Ten cents a week, and a prayer,  
Perhaps 'twas a sacrifice;  
But treasure came from the storeroom above  
Outweighing by far the price.

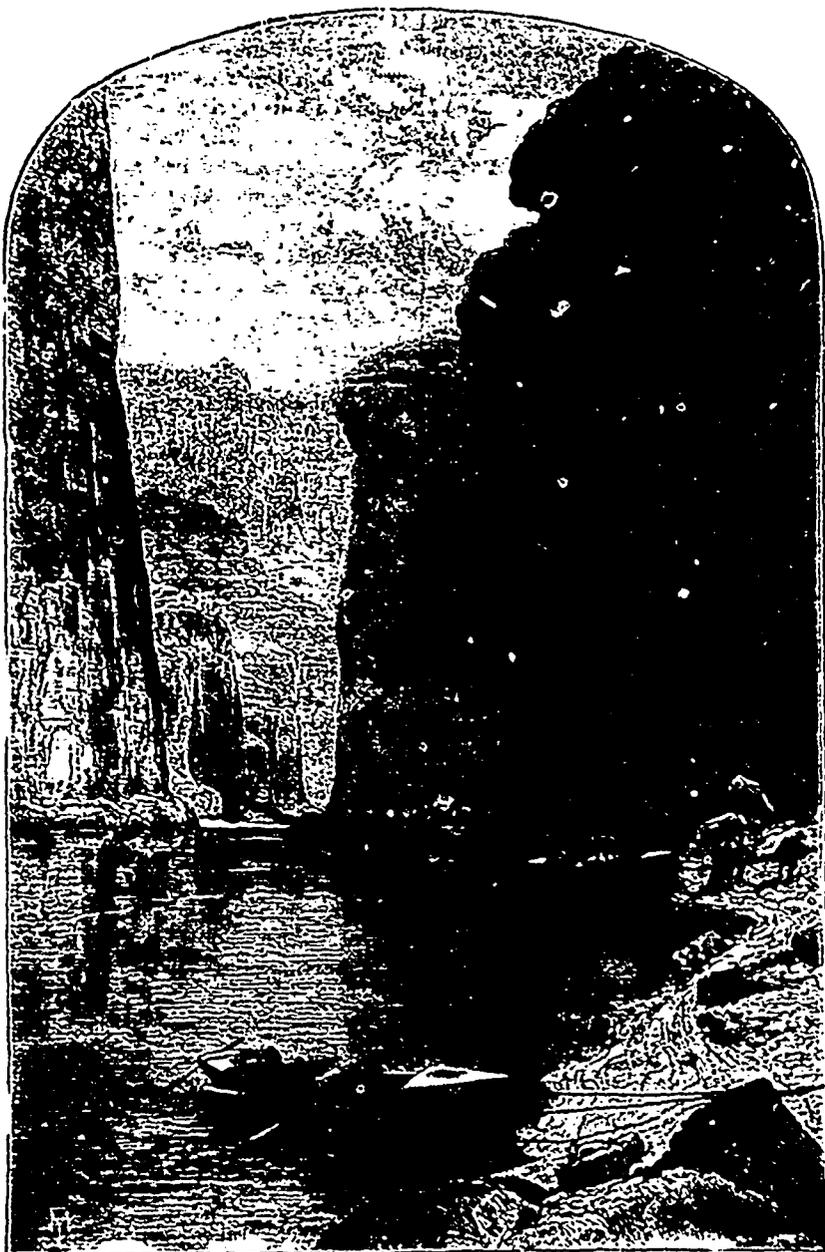
Pennies a week, and a prayer:  
'Twas the prayer, perhaps, after all,  
That the work was done and a blessing  
brought,  
The gift was so very small.

Pennies a week, and a prayer,  
Freely and heartily given:  
The treasures of earth will all melt away—  
This is treasure laid up in heaven.

Pennies a week, and a prayer,  
A tiny gift may be,  
But it helps to do such wonderful work  
For our sisters across the sea.  
—Church Mission News.

## The Canyons of the Colorado.

THE Colorado Basin, which, on account of its general elevation, is called the Colorado Plateau, is that part of the Great West drained by the Colorado River and its tributaries. The whole area is about eight hundred miles in length, and varies from three hundred to five hundred miles in breadth, containing about three hundred thousand square miles. The Rocky Mountain Range, "the Switzerland of America," forms the eastern boundary of the plateau; the Basin Range System, the western. With the scenery along the iron trail of the Union Pacific Railroad most of us are, from photographs and pictures, more or less familiar; but the region south of this line of travel is strikingly different in topographic features, which are in many respects unique, some not being reproduced, except to a very limited extent, on any other portion of the globe. Could one be elevated to a sufficient height above the plateau, he would see beneath him a great plain, bounded on every side by mountain ranges; here and there isolated mountain masses, rising like islands from a



THE CANYONS OF THE COLORADO.

rocky sea; "defiant peaks, where eternal snows and silence and mystery brood over the secrets of nature." The most interesting element of the strange scene now claims the attention. A land of canyons! The profound chasm of the Colorado River scores with tortuous course throughout the entire length of the greatest diameter of the elevated plateau. At the bottom of this Grand Canyon, from three thousand to six thousand feet below the

general level of the plain, the river wanders, lashing its confines of precipitous rock for hundreds of miles. More than this: not only has the Colorado cut for itself a canyon, but every river entering has cut a canyon; every lateral creek has cut a canyon; every brook runs in a canyon; every rill born of a passing shower has cut a canyon. So that the whole tableland is traversed and meshed by a labyrinth of these deep gorges. The wonderful

elaboration and diversity with which this work has been done is only equalled by the vast scale on which the plan was laid. The extent and the complexity of the system of canyons is simply wonderful. Some portions of the plateau are cut into shreds by these gigantic chasms. Belts of country, miles in width, have been swept away, leaving only isolated mountains standing in the gap; fissures so profound, that the eye cannot penetrate their depths, are separated by walls whose thickness can almost be spanned; and slender spires shoot up a thousand feet from vaults below.

## The Dude and the Indian.

It is easy to decide which of the two young men was the gentleman, in the following story from an exchange:

"On a Fort Wayne train approaching Chicago there was a short-statured, straight haired, copper-coloured Indian, going back to the reservation, after a trip to the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa. He wore a nice suit of clothes, which fitted him badly, and a paper collar, without a necktie. He attended strictly to his own business, and was unmolested until a young sprig came into the smoking-car from the sleeper. 'An Indian, I guess,' said the young chap, as he lighted a cigarette. And then, approaching the son of the plains, he attracted general attention by shouting, with strange gestures, 'Ugh, heap big Injun! Omaha! Pawnee! See great father! Have drink fire-water! Warm Injun's blood!'

"The copper-coloured savage gazed at the young man a moment, with an ill-concealed expression of contempt on his face, and then he said, with good pronunciation, 'You must have been reading some dime novels, sir. I am going back to my people in Montana, after spending three years in the east, at school. I advise you to do the same thing. No, I do not drink whiskey. Where I live, gentlemen do not carry whiskey-flasks about with them in their pockets.'

"The cigarette was not smoked out, and, amid a general laugh, a much crest-fallen young man retired to the sleeping coach."