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TESTIMONIALS.

I have much pleasure in stating that the Library Books purchased from JAS. K. CRANSTON, Esq., Galt, Ont., by the Sabbath School of Knox Church, Galt, and by several other Sabbath Schools, Mechanics' Institutes, Collegiate Institutes, as well as by myself, have given the best satisfaction, both as to quality, and cheapness.

J. K. SMITH, A.M., Pastor of Knox Church, Galt, Moderator of General Assembly.

DAVID BELL, Public and Sunday School Teacher, Rockton. Nov 1, 1886.

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The Family.

THE GOLDEN STAR.

They brought to the cradle their gifts of gold, The gums of Araby sweet, And scattered them where the stars had rolled Round the babe of Bethlehem's feet.

They had marched by night 'neath the diadem'd sky From the mountain-peaks afar; But why did the Eastern first desert? The light of the Golden Star?

O mystery of the nights of bliss, Fair nights of the Golden Star!— The Lord is love, and the world is his, And all nations his children are.

Or whether he holds or breaks his seals, He is near to all watchful eyes, And to those on the mountain-tops reveals The messages of the skies.

THE SECRET OF PEACE.

WHAT is meant by that injunction, so often emphasized in the Bible, to carry no useless load upon the journey, to be burdened with no needless impediment? How are we to take it, with reference to our own situation in this rapidly flitting year of grace, 1886? What is the process of casting all our care upon the Lord, and how are we to enter into the fulness of blessing implied and covenanted in the assurance, "He careth for you"?

The fact is that most of us, when confronted with pecuniary distress, not mere inconvenience, but real distress, menacing our homes, or our honour, find it next to impossible to refrain from anxiety. It is an open question whether it would be praiseworthy to feel no anxiety, whether that is the significance of the divine injunction. To be apathetic when obligations are concerned which involve the claims of others, to be indifferent to our reputation for integrity, surely, God does not want us to be this.

Among Prince Albert's wise counsels to one of his daughters, I remember to have read this: "Always preserve a margin in your business transactions. Never go to the outside limit of your resources." It was good advice, and is thoroughly sensible and practical.

Many anxieties besides those connected with the means of living consume our hearts. One which ought to be often present than it is, and which certainly ought not to be lightly dismissed, is care for the conversion of those dear to us.

With reference to our own spiritual condition, our growth in grace, our sense of the inward witness of the spirit, we have no warrant for unconcern. There, too, we ought to strive, remembering that the bird beating against the air current, soars aloft, that the swimmer battles with the waves ere he gains the shore.

The cares which we carry till they bend the shoulder, bow the head, and crush the heart, are, it must be admitted, temporal cares in the main, some of them preventable, and many of them inexorably wearing.

how it weighs us down, whatever label it bears. George Eliot says pithily, "There is much pain that is quite noiseless, and vibrations that make human agonies are often a mere whisper in the roar of hurrying existence."

It is care of every kind which has to do with the vicissitudes of human existence, which we ought to carry to the Saviour, and leave with Him. For His careth. Not a moan is unheard, nor a cry unheeded.

NEWSPAPER ESPIONAGE.

A FRIEND of the late Samuel Bowles once addressed him a letter in which he used the following sentence as a basis for what he had to say:—"It seems to me that a newspaper should be governed by the same principles which a gentleman follows in his personal conduct."

At no time has this subject of newspaper conduct been more pressing than it is now. The extraordinary course of not merely a few but of nearly all the prominent journals of the country, before and after the President's marriage, has served one good purpose. It has called public attention to the intolerable lengths to which the modern system of press espionage has been carried.

The treatment of the President and his bride was the culmination of this kind of journalism. Let us take a comprehensive view of it from its beginning to its end. I was about three months ago, I think, that the rumour first started that the President was contemplating marriage.

From the moment she set foot in New York, the eye of the American press was upon her. One newspaper distanced all others at the outset by interviewing the steward or some other employee of the steamer in which she had made the passage, and obtaining a minute account of everything she had done or said in public upon every day of her voyage.

Will some newspaper which is daily practising this style of journalism reply to that, and at the same time answer the question about gentlemanly conduct which I have put before it? They only responses which I have seen made to criticism like mine has been, first: "The people like news of this kind and it pays to publish it, it being the newspapers' business to give the people what they want."

Second: "The authors of such criticism are dudes." Third: "If you think your profession is not good enough for you why don't you get out of it?" If the first of these be accepted in its full meaning, that journalism is a profession in which it is allowable to do anything that pays, then there is no room for discussion.

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personal conduct." It is natural and fitting that men who take this view of their profession should answer all criticism with personal abuse.

But I firmly believe that it will not become the rule. I do not believe that even a majority of the editors of to-day are in favour of it. Many of the most influential of our journals have already protested against it, and the very ones that are the most zealous advocates of the system now will not be long in finding out their mistake.

ONE OF THE MOYS.

"You teach me read the Bible?" he asked, and there was an eagerness in his voice and manner which proved the question one of real interest. No teacher could turn from such a question with a cold and formal reply.

When, indeed, had any Sunday school pupil ever thanked her with such a sincerity as that? When had any ever shown so glad a face at the prospect of being taught God's truth?

He was one of "the Moys." He was proud of his family name. Yet he was like a little child, in his willingness to learn, his eager listening to the instructions and the explanations of this gentle, dignified woman who had become his teacher.

Every Sunday his bright, eager face met her, and he searched diligently with her those wondrous Scriptures which would make him wise unto salvation.

Occasionally he would tell her of his troubles; his laundry and of how the "Melican boys" tormented him—breaking panes of glass and committing other mean trespasses.

Who is Fay? she asked. Fay was his cousin—Moy Fay. He was a hunchback, she found out afterward, and rarely went from the doorway of the laundry, because the "melican boys" were so rude to him.

Do you know how these Chinese boys love one another? It is a touching revelation. We may well learn from them in this respect.

As the soft spring days dawned upon the great city there came a Sunday when Moy Sing was not there. His teacher waited and wondered. She sat at her little table in her quiet corner, the hum of voices all around her.

Not for me, Miss—, he said, lifting his eyes fearlessly to meet hers; "I not fight for me; only to keep Fay from get hurt."

He was very weak from loss of blood, but his mind was clear, and he looked around from time to time at poor Fay, who sat silently weeping.