



A CHINESE PAINTER.

Leave it with Him.

Yes, leave it with Him,
The lilies all do,
And they grow.
They grow in the rain,
And they grow in the dew—
Yes, they grow.

They grow in the darkness, all hid in the
night,
They grow in the sunshine, revealed by the
light;
Still they grow.

They ask not your planting,
They need not your care,
As they grow.
Dropped down in the valley,
The field, any where—
Therefore they grow.

They grow in their beauty, arrayed in pure
white,
They grow, clothed in glory, by heaven's own
light;
Sweetly grow.

The grasses are clothed,
And the ravens are fed
From His store;
But you who are loved,
And guarded and led,
How much more

Will He clothe you and feed you and give
you His care?
Then leave it with Him, He has everywhere
Ample store.

Yes, leave it with Him,
'Tis more dear to His heart,
You will know,
Than the lilies that bloom,
Or the flowers that start
'Neath the snow.

Whatever you need, if you ask it in prayer,
You can leave it with Him, for you are His
care.

You, you know.

—Presbyterian Record.

A Chinese Painter.

THE arts of drawing and painting do not rank so high among the Chinese as among ourselves, and having, therefore, met with less encouragement they may be expected to have made less progress. In works that do not require an adherence to scientific perspective, they are sometimes very successful. Though they do not practise the art of perspective in its correctness, or according to

any regular rules, it would be a mistake to suppose that it is always entirely neglected. Their artists, at Canton at least, have taken hints from foreign performances in this respect, and their drawings and paintings by the eye are often tolerably correct as to perspective, though light and shade are greatly neglected. They paint flowers, fruit, birds, and insects very beautifully, and nothing can exceed the splendour and variety of their colours.

Results of Missions.

"At this moment, over China, Japan, Persia, Hindostan, Turkey, East, South, West and North Africa, Madagascar, Greenland, and the hundreds of Pacific isles, are 31,000 Christian labourers, toiling diligently to represent unto sorrowful men the beauty of Christ's love. In these lands, schools, colleges, and theological seminaries have been established, wherein Christian education is given to 600,000 youths of both sexes. Outside the bounds of Christendom, there are now established 4,000 centres of Christian teaching and living; 2,500 Christian congregations have been established; 273,000 persons are now members of the Christian Church; and populations numbering in all 1,350,000 have adopted the Christian name. In India and Burmah alone are 7,480 missionaries, native preachers and catechists; nearly 3,000 stations and out-stations; 70,857 communicants. The Baptists have made the Karens of Burmah a Christian people; the American Board has done the same for the Sandwich Islands; the Moravians for Greenland; the Wesleyans for the Feejee and Friendly Isles; and the English Independents for Madagascar. No direct religious results from missions? What mean those large and flourishing Christian churches born out of the very abysses of heathenism, in Australia, British America, Siberia, the Sandwich Islands, Northern Turkey, Persia, China, Madagascar, South Africa, Liberia, Sierra Leone, and the islands of the Pacific? The largest church in the world, numbering 4,500 members, is in Hilo, on the Island of Hawaii, not yet fifty years removed from the most debased savagism. Over 90,000 Feejeans gather regularly for Sabbath worship, who within a score of years feasted on human flesh. In 1860, Madagascar had only a few scattered and persecuted converts. Now the queen and her prime minister, with more than 200,000 of her subjects, are adherents to Christianity." As the Secretary of the London Missionary Society has said, "In more than 300 islands of Eastern and Southern Polynesia, the Gospel has swept heathenism entirely away."

The *Pansy*, a weekly for little folks, profusely and beautifully illustrated, is an excellent magazine for children, published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

The *Electra* is a monthly edited by Annie E. Wilson and Isabella M. Seyburn. It is styled a "belles lettres monthly for young folks," and the first number gives promise of a journal which is bound to be read and to grow in popularity.

Sam Hobart. By Justin D. Fulton, D.D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price 25 cents.

We have in the *Life of Sam Hobart* an "heroic poem" which will move the reader to tears and laughter, and excite admiration and delight. It is written in Dr. Fulton's best and raciest style. He had an intimate knowledge of, and acquaintance with his subject, and was therefore the better qualified to write the life of the man he so warmly loved and admired. Nothing Dr. Fulton ever wrote is equal in literary merit to this book. Railway men of all classes, mechanics of all kinds, workingmen of all branches of labor will eagerly devour its pages, and become better artisans, while professional men will derive refreshment and stimulus from its lessons.

There is no reading so interesting to mankind as the biographies of men. Carlyle has truly said that there is "no heroic poem in the world but is at the bottom of biography, the life of a man." In reading the biographies of the great and good, we seem to have some of the life of the departed transfused into us.

The Hand in the Dark. By ALFRED WETHERBY. Pp. 270. Cincinnati: Weldon & Stowe. Methodist Book Rooms: Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

This is a charming little Sunday-school book. The sketches of negro-life and character are very graphic, and the religious teaching of the story is well brought out. The entire scope of the book is well summarized in the closing sentence. "However black and dreary may be the clouds of sin, the Hand of the Lord Jesus Christ can roll them away; and His hand is always out in the dark to lead souls into the light, and to make them 'white as snow.'"

Chautauqua Girls at Home. By PANSY. Pp. 466. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Methodist Book Rooms: Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price \$1 50.

Many of our readers will be familiar with Mrs. Alden's other Chautauqua books—"The Hall in the Grove," "Four Girls at Chautauqua," etc. They will find the volume above mentioned no less interesting and instructive than these. "Pansy" is endowed with a peculiar insight into the hearts and thoughts of young people, and gives a vivid picture of their ways and doings. The trials and triumphs of a group of young girls in their efforts to engage in Christian work are graphically set forth. Various hints on the rationale of Sunday-school teaching, district visiting, and other forms of personal effort for the Master, may be gleaned from those pages. The chapters on "The Prayer-meeting," "The Tableaux," "The Revival," and others, are richly freighted with wisdom. We

cordially recommend the *Pansy* books, lately advertised in our columns, for use in our Sunday-schools.

The First Girl Graduate of Canada.

OVER eighty degrees in Arts, Medicine, Divinity, Law and Science, were conferred at the Victoria University Convocation on Thursday, only one or two being honorary, all the rest having been given to regular students who attended classes and passed successful examinations. One of the graduates in Medicine was Miss Augusta Stowe, daughter of Dr. Emily H. Stowe, Toronto. She was the first lady graduate in Medicine in Canada, all our other doctors of the female persuasion having got their degrees in the States. As may be supposed her appearance on the platform to receive her parchment was attended by the greatest kind of enthusiasm.

"Smiles."

HE who teaches not his son a trade, teaches him to be a thief.

A SMALL boy, who was playing truant the other day, when asked if he wouldn't get a whipping when he got home, replied: "What is five minutes' licking to five hours of fun!"

AN aristocrat, whose family had rather run down, boasting to a prosperous tradesman of his ancestors, the latter said, "You are proud of your descent. I am on the opposite tack, and feel proud of my ascent."

THE day of doom to the dramshop is drawing nigh; hence the tide of battle is rising rapidly. Moses-like, the temperance reform is now saying, "Who is on the Lord's side? let him come unto me."

A LITTLE Scotch boy, about four or five years old, was ill with fever, and the doctor ordered his head to be shaved. The little fellow was unconscious at the time, and knew nothing of it. A few days after, when he was convalescent, he happened to put his hand on his head, and after an amazed silence shrieked out "Mither! mither! my head is barefoot."

A FACT.—Party (who had brought back the "music" stool, in disgust), "Look 'ere, Mr. Auctioneer, this plaguey thing ain't no manner of use at all. I've twisted 'un round, and ol' woman 'ave twisted 'un round, butorra a bit of toon we can get out of 'un!"

"PUTTY POOR STUFF."—"Well, Father Brown, how did you like the sermon, yesterday?" asked a young preacher. "Ye see, parson," was the reply, "I haven't a fair chance at them sermons of yours. I'm an old man now, and have to sit pretty well back by the stove, and there's old Miss Smithie, Widder Tag'n Ryland's daughters, 'n Nabb Birt, 'n all the rest sittin' in front of me with their mouths wide open a swallerin' down all the best of the sermon, 'n what gets down to me is putty poor stuff, parson, putty poor stuff."

A LITTLE bright-eyed boy, upon hearing his father read the story of Joan of Arc, was greatly moved by her sad trials; but when the part was reached where she was about to be burned to death at the stake, the poor little fellow could not contain himself any longer, but sobbingly clutched his parent's arm, and, with a big tear running down his plump little cheeks, cried: "But, pa—papa, wh-ere were the police!"