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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. V.

TORONTO, MARCH 21, 1885.

No. 6.

THE BOY WHO KISSED HIS MOTHER.

She sat on the porch in the sunshine,
As I went down the street—
A woman whose hair was silver,
But whose face was blossom sweet;
Making me think of a garden,
Where, in spite of the frost and snow
Of bleak November weather,
Late, fragrant lilies blow.

I heard a footstep behind me,
And the sound of merry laugh,
And I knew the heart it came from
Would be like a comforting staff
In the time and hour of trouble.
Hopeful and brave and strong,
One of the hearts to lean on
When we think that things go
wrong.

I turn at the click of the gate-latch,
And met his manly look;
A face like his gives me pleasure,
Like the page of a pleasant book.
It told of a steadfast purpose,
Of a brave and daring will—
A face with promise in it
That God grant the years fulfil.

He went up the pathway singing;
I saw the woman's eyes
Grow bright with wordless welcome,
As sunshine warms the skies.
"Back again, sweet mother,"
He cried, and bent to kiss
The loving face that was lifted
For that which some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on,
I hold that this is true—
From lads in love with their mothers
Our bravest heroes grew.
Earth's grandest hearts have been
loving hearts
Since time and earth began:
And the boy who kissed his mother
Is every inch a man.
—Eben. E. Rexford.

CAPTAIN COOK.

To the older generation of readers the story of Captain Cook is an old and familiar tale.

But the old stories must be often retold to the new generations; and the character and work of Captain Cook entitle him to perpetual honour. To him is due the discovery of many of the islands where his followers wrought mightily for the salvation of souls.

James Cook was the son of a farm laborer in Marton, Yorkshire, England, and was born October 28, 1728. His father was a man of energy and afterward became a bailiff. When James was thirteen years old, in accordance with the custom of the time, he was bound out to a haberdasher at Straiths, near Whitby. He did not long remain here; some difficulty arose between him and his master, and, like so many other adventurous lads, he left, and entered himself as an apprentice on

board a collier, and soon became an officer.

At the age of twenty-seven his naval aspirations led him to join the royal navy, in the service of which he spent his life. Very soon he attracted the notice of his superiors, by his ability, and on the recommendation of the commander of his ship, Cook was appointed master of the *Grampus*, and afterward of two other vessels. While

report of which gave him considerable fame among scientists.

It was known that there was soon to be a transit of Venus; and in view of Cook's evident skill in astronomical work, he was now chosen to conduct an expedition to the Southern Pacific, to take an observation from that point. He was therefore made a lieutenant, and proceeded to Tahiti where a successful observation was made by the

of a southern continent, and Cook was again appointed to make a voyage of exploration in search for it. With two ships and nearly 200 men he left Plymouth, July 13, 1772. He passed Cape Good Hope and then cruised through the southern regions until midsummer of 1774, when having made three voyages to and fro in the southern oceans, he was convinced that no continent was there, and returned to England, where he was further honoured by promotion to be post captain in command of Greenwich Hospital, and was elected to membership in the Royal Society.

And now a third enterprise demanded his services. Arctic discovery took the place of the southern continent, and Cook was sent with two ships to find the "north-west passage" from the Pacific to the Atlantic. He left England early in the summer of 1776; discovered some small islands in the South Pacific, and in January of 1778 started northward, discovering the Sandwich Islands on the way. In March, 1778, he struck the west coast of America, and after following the coast to Bering's Straits, he was stopped by ice, and returned to winter at the Sandwich Islands. Here he lost his life on the 14th of February, 1779, being killed by the natives in consequence of a quarrel arising from their having stolen a boat from one of the vessels.

Captain Cook was a man of fine personal presence, energy and discretion; a favourite with his subordinates, and honoured by equals and superiors. He was the first man to sail around the world, and in his various voyages he discovered many islands of importance, some of which bear his name.

AN ITEM FOR BOYS.

It is not necessary that a boy who learns a trade should follow it all his life. Governor Palmer,

of Illinois, was once a country blacksmith, and began his political career in Macoupin county. A circuit judge in the central part of Illinois was a tailor. Thomas Hoyne, a rich and eminent lawyer of Illinois, was once a bookbinder. Erastus Corning, of New York, too lame to do hard labour, commenced as a shop boy in Albany. When he applied for employment first, he was asked, "Why,



CAPTAIN COOK.

in command of the *Mercury* he was sent to join the fleet in the St. Lawrence, and assisted in the capture of Quebec, and afterward at the capture of Newfoundland, the coast of which he surveyed in the following year—1763. So well was this done that in 1764 he was appointed Marine Surveyor of Newfoundland and Labrador. While in this service he made a careful observation of a solar eclipse, the

scientists of the expedition. This done, he cruised westward through the Southern Pacific to New Zealand, Australia, and Java, where he stopped for repairs and then returned to England by way of Cape Good Hope, having made the circuit of the globe. He arrived in England, June 11, 1771, and was at once made a captain. His stay was short, however, for public discussion had taken up the question

my little boy, what can you do?" "Can do what I am bid," was the answer which secured him a place. Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, was a shoemaker; Thurlow Weed served his time as an apprentice at the printing business; ex-Governor Stone, of Iowa, was a cabinetmaker, as was also the late Hon. Stephen A. Douglass in his youth. Large numbers of men of prominence now living have risen from humble life by dint of industry, without which talent is as a gold coin on a barren island. Work alone makes men bright, and it does not alone depend on the kind of work you have, whether you rise or not; it depends certainly, on how you do it.

THE LITTLE LIGHT.

THE light shone dim on the headland,
For the storm was raging high;
I shaded my eyes from the inner glare,
And gazed on the wet, gray sky.
It was dark and lowering; on the sea
The waves were booming loud,
And the snow and the piercing winter sleet
Wove over all a shroud.

"God pity the men on the sea to-night!"
I said to my little ones,
And we shuddered as we heard afar
The sound of minute-guns.
My good man came in, in his fishing coat,
(He was wet and cold that night),
And he said, "There'll lots of ships go down
On the headland rocks to-night."

"Let the lamp burn all night, mother,"
Cried little Mary then;
"Tis but a little light, but still
It might save drowning men."
"Oh, nonsense!" cried her father (he
Was tired and cross that night),
"The highland lighthouse is enough"—
And he put out the light.

That night, on a rock below us,
A noble ship went down,
But one was saved from the ghastly wreck,
The rest were left to drown.
"We steered by a little light," he said,
"Till we saw it sink from view;
If they had only a left that light all night,
My mates might be here, too!"

Then little Mary sobbed aloud,
Her father blushed for shame,
"Twas our light that you saw," he said,
"And I'm the one to blame."
"Twas a little light—how small a thing!
And trifling was its cost,
Yet for want of it a ship went down,
And a hundred souls were lost."
—Good Cheer.

THE NEW GAME.

IT was a rainy Sabbath afternoon when the five grandchildren of old Mr. Howe gathered into his cosy room to listen to a Bible story. Mr. Howe was in feeble health, and the noise of the children seemed almost too much for him to bear; but remembering that he too in childhood loved to listen to the historical stories of Joseph, Moses, and Elisha, he aroused himself with some effort so as to interest the children.

"Did I hear rightly?" said grandpa. "Did Frank say that he wished he could play games on Sunday?"

Frank hung his head as if ashamed and mortified that Mr. Howe had ever heard the wish, but at length he answered:

"Grandpa, Sunday is so long when it rains that I want to do something besides reading my book and going to church."

"Well, then, suppose we have a new diversion—a new game perhaps you might call it."

"A game on Sunday, grandpa!

You don't mean it, though! Do tell us what you do mean; for you have always told us that it is wrong to play on the Sabbath."

The children were all quiet now, and very curious to hear what grandpa would say. After seating himself in his easy chair, and taking little Willie upon his knee, Mr. Howe began to explain in this way:—

"Did you ever hear," said he, "that the German watchmen have a pretty song, a verse of which they sing at every hour of the night, as that hour reminds them of some scriptural truth or fact? The first lines of one verse are these:—

"Hark ye, neighbours, and hear me tell,
Ten now strikes from the belfry bell."

"Ten are the holy commandments given," etc.

"Now, supposing we take in this manner your various ages—5, 7, 8, 10, and 12—and find what scriptural truths or incidents they remind us of."

This was a new idea to the children, and they were very attentive, as children are always found to be when a new and instructive thought is presented to their minds.

"Let us take Willie's age first, because he is the youngest," said Emily.

"Yes," replied grandpa, "Willie is five years old. Now can any of you think of a miracle recorded in the New Testament of which five might remind you?"

"I can," replied Emily, after a moment's thought. "The five loaves you told us about last Sabbath."

"That is right, my child. Now, Willie, do you remember anything about David that five could remind you of?"

"Oh, grandpa," said Willie, "is it the five smooth stones from the brook?"

"Bravo! my boy, that is it. Who can tell the kind of sufferings of Paul of which five might recall the memory?"

"I know," replied Julia. "Five might remind us of the five times that Paul received of the Jews forty stripes save one."

"You are correct. Now, Emily, we will take your age—seven—do you remember anything about that number in the Bible?"

"Yes, sir," said Emily, after a short pause, "God made the world in six days, and then rested on the seventh."

"Right, my child. But do you remember the name of the city whose walls fell down when an army had gone seven times round it on the seventh day, and the seven priests had seven trumpets?"

"Oh, yes, grandpa; it was Jer—Jericho."

"What churches might this number recall to mind?"

"The seven churches of Asia," replied Frank; "and also the seven church candlesticks."

"Yes; the number seven is used many times in the Bible," said grandpa.

But Mamie, on hearing this, said she "didn't want to hear any more about seven, for she knew something about her own number—eight."

"What is it, Mamie?" inquired grandpa.

"Oh, it was just eight folks that went into the ark," replied the child, "because I just counted them up."

"I am glad you thought of that, Mamie. Now, do you remember the

name of a good king who began to reign when he was but eight years old?"

Mamie could not answer this question, but Frank replied that "it was Josiah."

"You are right, Frank. Now can you tell us of what miracle, wrought by Peter, that eight might remind us?"

"Yes, sir. Peter healed Eneas of the dropsy after Eneas had kept his bed eight years."

"Well, Julia," said grandpa, "of what does your age—ten—make you think?"

"I know, grandpa; of the ten commandments."

"Yes; and what else?"

"Oh, it makes me remember the ten dreadful plagues of Pharaoh."

"There is another thing you might recall, if you wait a moment."

"What book of the Bible is it in, grandpa?"

"It is in the twenty-fifth of Matthew?"

"Oh, now I know. You mean the parable of the ten virgins, don't you?"

"Yes; you remember very well.

Now, Frank, you are the oldest, and I suppose that twelve reminds you of a great many facts and incidents from the Scriptures?"

"Yes, grandpa, I can think of four or five."

"Will you mention them, Frank?"

"Well, there were twelve apostles, and Jacob had twelve sons; then, after a miracle, there were twelve baskets of fragments taken up; and Jesus was twelve years of age when he went up to Jerusalem."

"Very well, Frank. Twelve, like seven, is often used in the Word of God; but I would also like you to think of the glorious company in heaven, of which John speaks in Revelation. There were twelve thousand from each of the twelve tribes of Israel who were sealed and stood before the Lamb, clothed in white robes, and crying 'Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb.'"

"What made their robes so white, grandpa?" inquired Emily.

"Ah, my dear child, they had washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. The blood of Jesus Christ alone can cleanse from sin, and I hope you will each trust in Him now in the morning of life."

Grandpa Howe was just ready to dismiss the children, when Emily said:—

"Grandpa, haven't you got a number, too?"

"Certainly, my child; but I am too tired to talk of it to-day. I am just seventy years of age, and before next Sabbath you may find out what you can about that number."

The children returned to the sitting-room to tell their parents about the interesting game which grandpa had taught them; "and, best of all," said Frank, "it isn't wrong to use on Sunday."—*N. Y. Observer.*

REPEATERS, in firearms, are considered a very fine thing, and capable of great execution; but repeaters in the pulpit are held at heavy discount, and the more the repetition the less the effect. When a thing has been well said once, that is sufficient, and every repetition of it detracts from its interest.

THE SHIP THAT IS COMING FROM OVER THE SEA.

WHEN mamma's ship comes from over the sea,
What do you think it will bring here to me?
I know what I want: a nice parlour-set
For dollie, my baby, my sweet little pet!
With four pretty chairs, a rosewood settee,
And carpet of velvet, how grand she will be!
O! how I do wish it would come right away!
What can be the matter that makes the ship stay!

Dear Annie, my daughter, be patient and wait,
Your wants are so many, so costly, so great!
The country is distant, it takes a long time
For the ship to come back from the far-away clime!

And so through December to April and May,
The last thing at night and the first thing at day,
The two little eyes have been looking to see
The ship that is coming from over the sea!

In the midsummer hours, on the face of the sky,
Many cloud-woven barks sailed lazily by,
To the home of the watcher some came very near,
And loitered a moment, but dropped only a tear,
Till hope from the heart of the watcher had fled,
And the bright little eyes from long weeping were red,
Waiting, and watching, and longing to see
The ship that is coming from over the sea!

And there lay the sick one, in the shadows and gloom,
Near the fond mother's heart, in the small, darkened room,
And the sleeper lies dreaming, and sees from afar
A ship at whose mast-head is a bright-beaming star;
Down, down, it is coming and the Captain is he
Who said, "Suffer the children to come unto me!"
Weep! grief-stricken mother! for thus it must be,
This is the ship that is come from over the sea!

O sorrowful mother! how keen is the dart
That pierces with anguish your grief-laden heart!
Your promises broken bring the thorn of regret
To plant with the flowers on the grave of your pet!
So short is the season, and so brief is the stay
Of life's dearest treasures, till they hasten away,
It is best not to wait for the joys that may be,
Till the great ship is coming from over the sea!

—Henry Heartwell.

HE'LL NOT WAIT.

SOME months after a young man's conversion he chanced to meet one of his former dissolute companions, who seemed overjoyed to see him, and asked him to go with him to a neighbouring bar-room. But the young man refused, saying, "I have a friend with me."
"I don't see any one with you."
"You can't see him, but he is here."
"Bring him in with you."
"No; he never goes into bar-rooms."
"Then let him wait outside."
"No, no," was the final answer; "my friend is Jesus Christ; and if I go in with you he'll not wait."
Noble answer was this! And like his Lord, he was delivered by it from the power of evil.

Remember, this best friend "will not wait" outside of places of sin. Who can take his place if he leaves you?

The life of man consists not in seeing visions and in dreaming dreams, but in active charity and willing service.

"THE LAST GLASS."

"No, thank you, not any to-night, boys,
for me,
I have drunk my last glass, I have had my
last spree;
You may laugh in my face, you may sneer if
you will,
But I've taken the pledge, and I'll keep it
until
I am laid in the churchyard and sleep 'neath
the grass,
And your sneers cannot move me—I've drunk
my last glass.

"Just look at my face; I am thirty to-day:
It is wrinkled and hollow; my hair has
turned gray;
And the light of my eye, that once brilliantly
shone,
And the bloom of my cheek, both are van-
ished and gone.
I am young, but the furrows of sorrow and
care
Are stamped on a brow once with innocence
fair.

"Ere manhood its seal on my forehead had
set
(And I think of the past with undying regret),
I was honoured and loved by the good and the
true,
Nor sorrow, nor shame, nor dishonour I
knew:
But the tempter approached me, I yielded and
fell,
And drank of the dark, damning poison of
hell.

"Since then I have trod in the pathway of
sin,
And bartered my soul to the demon of gin;
Have squandered my manhood in riotous
glee,
While my parents, heart-broken, abandoned
by me,
Have gone to the grave, filled with sorrow
and shame,
With a sigh for the wretch that dishonoured
their name.

I've drunk my last glass! never more shall
my lip
Of that fatal, that soul-scorching beverage
sip;
Too long has the fiend in my bosom held
sway,
Henceforth and forever I spurn him away.
And—God helping me—never again shall the
foul draught,
That brings ruin eternal, by me shall be
quaffed.

"So, good-night, boys, I thank you, no liquor
for me:
I have drunk my last glass, I have had my
last spree:
You may laugh in my face, you may sneer if
you will,
But I've taken the pledge, and I'll keep it
until
I am laid in the churchyard and sleep 'neath
the grass,
And your sneers cannot move me—I've
drunk my last glass.

—Exchange.

THE MUTINY IN INDIA.

INDUSTAN, our readers know,
is a vast and populous coun-
try, inhabited by various
Hindu nations, but governed
by the English. The different pro-
vinces under British control were occu-
pied in 1857 by troops commanded by
English officers, but composed mainly
of natives, who are called Sepoys.
These were of two classes—the Brah-
man and the Mohammedan. As is
apt to be the case in conquered
provinces, the Hindus hated their
English rulers, and longed to free
themselves from them.

It had been a hundred years since
the native army of India was organ-
ized, and the English had in many
cases found them brave and faithful;
but suddenly a terrible mutiny broke
out, and the Sepoys began to plunder
and murder all the white people on
whom they could lay their hands.

What do you suppose was the reason
given for the rebellion?

The cartridges which are put into
muskets and rifles are greased with
tallow, which is taken from beef—or
lard, which is the fat of the pig—to
preserve them from damp. Now, the
Brahmans of India consider the cow a
sacred animal, and never kill or eat it.
So they claimed that the English
Government made them sin by biting
off the ends of their cartridges, as
soldiers do when they load their
muskets.

Then the Mohammedans hate the
pig and consider it an unclean animal,
just as the Jews do; so they said, "It
may be lard, and we cannot put the
fat of the accursed pig into our mouths
to defile ourselves." So Brahman
and Mohammedans united and re-
belled.

On May 10, 1857, the first victims
were slain, and every day others were
added to the number, until more than
fifteen hundred white men, women and
children had been cruelly murdered
and their bodies left unburied, to be
devoured by the vultures and the
jackals.

At Cawnpore, in June, 1857, seven
hundred and fifty Europeans gathered
behind a parapet of earth five feet
high, to defend themselves against four
native regiments. About one hundred
were killed, and their bodies thrown
into a well, because there was no
opportunity to bury them. Then the
native chief, Nana Sahib, offered them
terms of surrender and safe conduct to
Allahabad, down the river. These
terms the besieged accepted, and went
on board of twenty large boats of the
chief. These were put out into the
stream, and then the treacherous native
boatsmen set them on fire and fled to
the shore. Besides this, the Sepoys
began firing into the boats from all
directions, and all the men but two or
three were killed. More than a hun-
dred women and children were marched
back to Cawnpore, and after two
weeks' imprisonment were murdered
and their bodies thrown into a well.

After the mutiny was subdued, the
English Government caused this well
to be enclosed by a high Gothic wall
and surrounded by a park, and over it
was erected a beautiful white marble
monument, on the top of which stands
the Angel of Peace—an emblem of
Christian hope for the dead, and of the
good-will to men which is proclaimed
in the "gospel of peace."

Among those who suffered in this
fearful mutiny were native Christians
who might have escaped by denying
Jesus; but they bravely refused, and
like the martyrs of older times, chose
rather to suffer for Christ, and went
to reign with him in heaven. Four
American missionaries also, of the
Presbyterian Church, were shot by
this same chief, Nana Sahib, together
with their wives and two dear little
children. They died a sudden and
bloody death, but death could not harm
them. They are with Jesus, and it
may be are looking down from heaven
to see how much we, who do not have
to die for Jesus, love him.

After the dreadful mutiny was
quelled, the work of sending the Gos-
pel to India was carried forward with
greater zeal than ever. A few weeks
ago the Rev. Mr. Wilson and Mrs.
Wilson, lately of St. Mary's, Ontario,
sailed for India, having devoted them-
selves to the work of the Gospel in
India.

BE KIND AND FORGIVING.

THANK God that in life's little day,
Between our dawn and setting,
We have kind deeds to give away;
Sad hearts for which our own may pray,
And strength, when we are wronged, to stay,
Forgiving and forgetting!

We are all travellers, who throng
A thorny road together;
And if some pilgrim not so strong
As I, but footsore, does me wrong,
I'll make excuse—the road is long,
And stormy is the weather.

What comfort will it yield the day
Whose light shall find us dying,
To know that once we had our way,
Against a child of weaker clay,
And bought one triumph in the fray,
With purchase of his sighing?

PEARL.

PEARL is a substance the pro-
duct of certain shell-fish, some
being marine and others be-
longing to fresh-water. These
mollusks are provided with a fluid
secretion, with which they line the
interior of their shells, in order to
prevent friction of their tender bodies
against anything rough. When this
secretion is hardened, it is known by
dealers as "mother-of-pearl." Besides
this pearly lining, small rounded por-
tions of this material are often found
within the shell, and it is generally
supposed that these are the result of
accidental causes, such as the intrusion
of a grain of sand, which the mollusk,
not being able to expel, in self-defence
covers over with the secretion, thus
forming what is known as "a pearl."

The clever Chinese avail themselves
of this knowledge to compel one spe-
cies of fresh-water mussel to produce
pearls. They keep a large number of
the mussels in tanks, introducing small
pellets of lead into each shell, and
in course of time they reap their ex-
pected harvest.

The particular oyster which pro-
duces the largest pearls is only found
in tropical waters; Ceylon being from
the earliest times the principal locality
of the pearl fishery. On a certain
bank, about twenty miles from the
shore, these oysters are found in pro-
digious numbers, adhering to one an-
other, and all of a very large size.
Divers are employed to bring them to
the surface of the water, where boats
are waiting to receive the shells. Some
danger is incurred in this work, as
sharks abound in these seas, but it is
a singular fact that accidents seldom
happen. This immunity from apparent
danger is attributed by the divers
themselves to the incantations of shark
charmners, who are employed during
the fishery; but Sir E. Tennant is of
opinion that the bustle and excitement
of the water while the men are diving
has the effect of frightening away these
much-dreaded creatures.

Among the Romans pearls were
highly valued, enormous prices being
paid for those of a fine shape or large
size. Admirable imitation pearls are
made by blowing thin beads of glass,
and pouring into them a mixture, of
which the white matter from the scales
of some fish forms an ingredient. The
French and Germans in this way pro-
duce imitation pearls so fine that the
most practised eyes can scarcely see
any difference between them and the
genuine pearls. Roman pearls differ
from other artificial ones by having
the coating of pearly matter placed on
the outside, to which it is attached by

an adhesive substance. The art of
making these was derived from the
Chinese.

THE CONDOR.

THE announcement that the
Chilian Government has de-
clared a war of extermina-
tion against the monarch of
vultures—the condor—and offers five
dollars for every one killed, justifies
some remarks as to the possibility of
that Government realizing its purpose.
The condor has indeed been declared
"an enemy to the republic," and
condor-hunting has become a highly
lucrative business. But when one takes
into consideration the astounding
powers of the bird, and its wonderful
habits, one finds it hard to believe
that the Government can ever succeed
in destroying the species at any price.

Shooting it on the wing is almost
out of the question, for it sails at al-
titudes far beyond the reach of the
human eye, and roosts on peaks im-
measurably above the clouds. It has
been seen at altitudes of twenty thou-
sand feet. It can withstand variations
of temperature beyond human endur-
ance, and hatches its young above
the snow-line. Nevertheless it rests
quite comfortably on the burning
sands of the southern sea-coast. It
haunts the whole western slope of the
Andes—not only Chili, but Peru,
Bolivia, and Patagonia.

With the vast spread of its wings—
often exceeding twelve feet—it can
perform prodigious journeys in a few
hours. Its eye is miraculously keen;
for when no bird is visible in the sky,
even with the eye of a powerful glass,
if a mule or other animal in a convoy
fall or die, the condors instantly drop
upon it like lightning from heaven.
Latterly the birds have so increased
as to form a veritable scourge, not-
withstanding the fact that the female
lays but two eggs at a time, and that
condor-hunting has been a regular and
lucrative calling for more than a cen-
tury.

Traps are the only reliable means
of catching them; but the day will
certainly come when traps shall be of
no avail whatever. Condors have al-
ready learned to fear a gun; and with
their wonderful sight it is absolutely
impossible to get even within rifle-
range of them.

Birds soon learn to avoid danger, as
has been proved since the erection of
telegraph-lines in the United States.
Few are now killed by flying against
the wires. It will be strange if the
condor does not learn to avoid snares
instinctively. When the birds find
life in Chili or in Peru unusually diffi-
cult, they have only to migrate far-
ther south or north, and propagate
their species in other altitudes, until
they become so numerous as to migrate
again to those regions which outlawed
them. Then the work of destruction
would have to be done all over. All
things considered, it seems impossible
to exterminate such a race of vultures,
unless means of destroying their eggs
can be devised. But nobody—not
even Mr. Graham—would undertake
to scale icy peaks 19,000 or 20,000
feet high, for such a purpose.

The condor is certainly gifted with
rare powers of self-preservation; and
it is not unlikely his huge shadow
may float above the corpse of the last
South American in that lurid twilight
preceding the world's final dissolution.

"GOD'S PROVIDENCE HOUSE."

IN a small, quaint English city,
On the banks of the river Dee,
Is a queer old wooden building
Of a style we rarely see.
Five hundred years it has stood there,
In the narrow and stony street;
Carved, over its oaken doorway,
With a legend, strange and sweet.

The line has been kept so perfect
It is read at a single glance:
"God's providence," so it sayeth,
"Is mine inheritance."
And if one should ask the meaning,
He would hear this story told,
Of a dreadful plague in the city,
Which darkened its days of old.

It ravaged the homes of thousands,
And the people wildly fled,
Calling on God for mercy
While mourning their many dead.
In the street where this house is standing
No other escaped the blow,
And thanks for such special favor
The legend is meant to show.

Each house and heart in the kingdom
Inherits God's love and care;
Yet seldom it shows such a record
As is carved on the cross-beam there.
Stand strong, old house, in thy glory,
Bearing witness, as years advance,
That Providence, caring and loving,
Is man's blessed inheritance.

—Congregationalist.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:
Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MARCH 21, 1885.

"COME HOME."

THERE was once a boy who had a happy home, a kind father and mother, loving brothers and sisters, and everything, it would seem, to make him a contented boy. But he was often impatient, and felt as if he wanted to go away, and at last, one day, when he could not do something that he wanted very much to do, he ran away from home!

Silly boy! He went away from comfort and peace and plenty, and fancied he should be very happy because now he could do as he pleased!

You would feel very sorry for this foolish boy if you knew what wretched days he spent, without money, without friends, without food, without any one to love him or care for him!

And you will be very glad to hear that at the end of the third day, as he was walking through the streets of a town some miles from his home, wishing with all his heart that he was back again in that dear home, he met his dear elder brother! How glad he was!

How he cried out his sorrow and shame in the arms of that brother! And how glad and grateful the brother was!

"Come home, little brother," he said; "father sent me to bring you. He has sent out letters and messages in every direction. He longs to see your face again. He cannot be happy until you are in the home again, and he has sent me to tell you of his love and the welcome that waits for you at home."

Dear children, do you not see here a picture of your heavenly Father's love? Every time you disobey him you are running away from your true home. He has sent letters, a Bible full of them, urging you to come home. He has sent messages, many and many a time, by your parents, your teachers, your pastors, may be by your little friends and playmates, urging you to come home. But, best of all, he sent Jesus, our elder brother, to tell the wandering ones how his Father wants them all to come home! Will you go with him back to your loving, waiting Father?

"I CANNOT FEEL SAVED."

MARTIN LUTHER, in one of his conflicts with the devil, was asked by the arch-enemy if he felt his sins forgiven.

"No," said the great reformer, "I do not feel that they are forgiven, but I know they are, because God says so in his word." Paul did not say, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt feel saved," but "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Ask that man whose debt was paid by his brother, "Do you feel that your debt is paid?" "No," is the reply, "I don't feel that it is paid; I know from this receipt that it is paid, and I feel happy because I know it is paid." So with you, dear reader. You must first believe in God's love to you as revealed at the cross of Calvary, and then you will feel happy, because you shall know that you are saved.

A dear old Christian on hearing persons speaking of their feelings, used to say, "Feelings! feelings! Don't bother yourself about your feelings! I just stick to the old truth, that Christ died for me, and he is my surety right on to eternity, and I'll stick to that like a limpet to the rock."

THE TOBACCO CURSE.

OF course every callow school-boy, straining at the end of a cigarette, thinks he knows more about tobacco than the whole medical faculty. But possibly an exceptional smoker may be found who will "read, ponder, and digest" the reasons given by the Surgeon-General of the United States Army for the prohibition of tobacco in the national military and naval academies. This gentleman declares: "Beyond all other things, the future health and usefulness of the lads educated at the military school require the absolute interdiction of tobacco." The most eminent authorities testify to its evil effects on the digestive organs, the nervous system, the voice, and the eyesight. A special form of irritability of the heart is named "tobacco-heart." In the *Ecole Polytechnique*, in France,



the non-smokers take the highest rank. Even down South, the chewer's paradise, the best schools forbid the use of tobacco. Professor

Richard M'Sherry, President of the Baltimore

Academy of Medicine, declares that "the effect of tobacco on school-boys is so marked as not to be open to discussion." In a late lecture on tobacco by the Rev. R. L. Carpenter, of England, the subject of its singular effect in rendering its devotees insensible to the discomfort of others is sharply put. There is no doubt that, next to drinking and licentious habits, the use of tobacco is one of the most dangerous of the national foes to the true development of manhood—a habit to be discouraged by every teacher of youth.—*Journal of Education*.

CANADIANS ON THE NILE.

THE fact that General Lord Wolseley has led an English army of some thousands of men from Cairo to Khartoum, a distance, following the course of the Nile, of nearly nineteen hundred miles into the fiery heart of Africa, or about twelve hundred miles in a straight line from the Mediterranean Sea, is in itself full of interest. It was the extreme difficulty of the navigation of the Nile, especially of ascending its cataracts and rapids, which suggested to Lord Wolseley the idea of enlisting in the arduous enterprise a corps of voyageurs. His knowledge of the dexterity and bravery of these men, gained in the Red River Expedition, made him feel that he would be safe even in ascending the Nile if he had but a sufficient number of them in his service.

Our picture represents them before they had reached the scene of their labours. So long as the Nile was navigable by steamers of this description there was no need of the dexterity and skill of the voyageurs. It was when they had passed that part of the river in which there was, fair sailing and entered the rapids, that their value to the Expedition became apparent to such as had possessed no previous knowledge of their skill. They were not long in demonstrating their immeasurable superiority to the native

CANADIANS ON THE NILE.

pilots—and though the difficulties which confronted them were unquestionably very great, their first experience in the navigation of Nile rapids furnished good ground for hope that they would prove equal to the occasion. Although deeply laden, and carrying nearly two tons of stores, besides twelve men each, the boats appeared under perfect control. The leading boat, I could see with my glasses, carried the native reis, told off to act as guide. He stood in the bows beside the Canadian, endeavouring to direct the soldier who steered, but for a long time they remained motionless under the current and made little or no headway. At several points they essayed to ascend, but always, apparently, found the current too strong, and drifted back again to their former position. The voyageur I could see go aft and take the tiller himself. Coming close in-shore he made for a rock, behind which a long eddy tailed for a hundred yards. Up this he sailed with great velocity, and just as, apparently, he was about to collide with the rock he sheared out into the stream, his boat met the rush of water—her timbers quivering with the shock—and slowly but perceptibly, with the aid of a friendly puff, passed over the critical point. The men put out their oars. And then they breast the stream with sails and oars together, taking advantage of all the eddies, as far as possible, before attempting to enter the main current. In twenty minutes after the leading boat, the other four had passed; and the first obstacle on the voyage to Dal was overcome.

A good memory built upon a well-made intellectual structure is a noble blessing, but that same memory with nothing to match it is like a garret without any house under it; a receptacle of odds and ends, that are worth less than those papers that losers of lost pocket-books are always advertising for, "of no value except to the owner."



CHINESE GORDON.

KHARTOUM.

INTO the wild untravelled land,
To meet the Mahdi and his band,
Alone he went—with his right hand,
Not with men or cannon boom,
Went the hero of Khartoum.

And there, as meagre records tell,
Alone in their own citadel,
A year he fought the infidel,
And held back thy threatened doom,
White-walled city of Khartoum.

And then he waited for the hum
Of English voices—and a drum;
But all the desert winds were dumb;
'Twas a mirage in the gloom
Showed a rescue for Khartoum.

Now, like a desert storm of sand,
By the sirocco fiercely fanned,
Burying fields of fertile land,
Arab hordes make Gordon's tomb
Of the city of Khartoum.

—James H. Skidmore.

GENERAL GORDON.*

THE brave Gordon is dead—to the sorrow of all civilized people. The brave Christian hero has crowned his heroic life by a heroic death. Our readers will all be glad to have the following brief account of that noble life:

Charles G Gordon, fourth son of the late Lieutenant-General Henry W. Gordon, R A., was born at Woolwich, January 28th, 1833. He comes of a family of soldiers one of his immediate ancestors being a godson of the Duke of Cumberland (of Culloden notoriety), and a distinguished actor in the North American War, having served under Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham.

Gordon worked steadily in the trenches before Sebastopol, where he distinguished himself by his skill in detecting the movements of the enemy. The present Lord Wolseley was his companion-in-arms, and is mentioned in Gordon's journal as having been slightly wounded.

In 1860, Gordon was ordered to

China, and was present during the attack on Peking and the sack of the Summer Palace. This extraordinary rebellion was commenced by a fanatical school-master called Hung, who had attracted to his standard an army consisting of several hundred thousand wild and ferocious followers. Gradually the "prophet" gathered a great army, and gained one victory after another, until he stormed Nanking and established his throne there. The British Government having been asked to appoint an officer to take command of the Chinese Imperialist forces, Gordon was selected for that important post.

THE EVER VICTORIOUS ARMY.

"The ever-victorious army," as Gordon's force was called, at first consisted of only 4,000 men but indifferently armed. Under the sway of his genius, however, they soon became a formidable army, and their superior discipline enabled them to attack much larger forces with unvarying success. Stockade after stockade was stormed, and one city after another taken, till at last the neck of the rebellion was broken. The success of the "ever-victorious" army was largely owing to General Gordon's personal gallantry, without which it would have been impossible to have led his troops in assaults that often appeared like a forlorn hope. He carried no weapon himself, but always went into action armed with a small cane, with which he would stand calmly under the hottest fire, pointing to the spots he wished attacked, and encouraging his soldiers by voice and gesture. No wonder that this little cane was christened by the soldiers "Gordon's Wand of Victory," and as he himself appeared to possess a charmed life, and seemed rather to enjoy standing amid a hail-storm of bullets, his men considered him invulnerable.

His own short summary of the war, written to his mother, says,—"I know I shall leave China as poor as I entered it, but with the knowledge that

through my weak instrumentality upwards of eighty to one hundred thousand lives have been spared. I want no further satisfaction than this."

When a sum of £10,000 was forwarded to him by the Emperor he divided it all amongst his troops.

GORDON AT GRAVESEND.

Even more unknown to the public than his Chinese life are the six peaceful years passed by Colonel Gordon, C.B., at Gravesend, where he was employed from 1865 to 1871 in the construction of the Thames defences. His engineering work afforded full scope for his military talents, whilst the moral and religious side of his nature had an ample field for congenial work. Those six years he describes as amongst the happiest of his life. His house was school, and hospital, and almshouse in turn—and was more like the abode of a missionary than a colonel of Engineers. The troubles of all interested him alike. The poor, the sick, the unfortunate were ever welcome, and never did suppliant knock vainly at his door. He always took a great delight in children, but especially in boys employed on the river or sea. Many he rescued from the gutter; cleansed them and clothed them, and kept them for weeks in his home. For their benefit he established evening classes over which he himself presided; reading to and teaching the lads with as much ardour as if he were leading them to victory. He called them his "kings," and for many of them he got berths on board ship. One day a friend asked him why there were so many pins stuck into the map of the world over his mantelpiece; he was told that they marked and followed the course of the boys on their voyages—that they were moved from point to point as his youngsters advanced, and that he prayed for them as they went day by day. The light in which he was held by these lads was shown by inscriptions in chalk on the fences. A favourite legend was "God bless the Kernel."

"Thus he spent the next six years of his life: in slums, hospitals, and workhouse, or knee-deep in the river at work upon the Thames defence."

After spending a year or two in the scene of his former labours as English Commissioner on the Danube, he was asked to undertake the administration of the Soudan. This office he accepted, but refused to take more than £2,000 per annum; scarcely enough to cover his expenses.

GORDON IN THE SOUDAN.

The Soudan is, strictly speaking, a mere geographical expression, its real meaning being *The Country of the Blacks*. The Egyptian Soudan, with which Gordon had to deal, consists of the country stretching from the Mediterranean nearly to the Equator, a length of almost 1,700 miles, with an average width of nearly 700 miles—or about the size of Europe, omitting Russia.

The principal object of Colonel Gordon's first journey was to establish military posts all along the Nile, from Khartoum to the Lakes. He was also commissioned to put down the slave-trade—an apparently impossible task—but one in which he certainly made some progress, whilst he succeeded in striking terror into the hearts of the slave-dealers.

"I am a chisel which cuts the wood," he wrote, "the Carpenter

directs it. If I lose my edge, He must sharpen me; if He puts me aside and takes another, it is His own good will. None are indispensable to Him."

Colonel Gordon was almost exactly three years in the Soudan. He performed a vast work, and opened the country from Cairo to the Lakes, establishing fortified posts and uprooting the slave-trade in many parts. Nearly all white men who went out to him died, or were invalided home. He alone seemed to brave all vicissitudes; but even his iron frame had many a rude shaking.

His personal servant, a German, forsook him and fled. Upon which he remarked, with characteristic sententiousness, "So much the better! The best servant I ever had is myself; he always does what I like."

Colonel Gordon was not, however, long allowed to remain at home, for we soon find the Khedive (Ismail) putting great pressure upon his friend to induce him to return to the scene of his former exploits. But this time his empire was to be largely extended, and his rule was to be even more absolute.

"I trust God will pull me through every difficulty," he wrote. "The solitary grandeur of the desert makes one feel how vain is the effort of man. This carries me through my troubles, and enables me to look on death as a coming relief when it is His will. I have an enormous province to look after; but it is a great blessing to me to know that God has undertaken the administration of it, and it is His work, and not mine. If I fail it is His will; if I succeed it is His work. Certainly, He has given me the joy of not regarding the honours of this world, and to value my union with Him above all things."

The risk that Gordon ran by going almost alone into the camp of the greatest slave-dealer in the Soudan can scarcely be over-rated. It was one of those acts of audacity which were not uncommon in his remarkable career; but from which he always managed to extricate himself unharmed. The great feature in Gordon's character is his sublime faith, which seems to interpenetrate his whole being, and is able to "remove mountains." This strong faith enabled him to ride single-handed into the camp of the insurgent slave-dealer and order him to give in his submission.

In July, 1879, Gordon left the Soudan. His work against the slave-dealers was ably carried on by his officers and others; and a very considerable success was obtained. In 1881 the slave-dealers again had it pretty much their own way. The result we all know in the revolt headed by the Mahdi.

After Colonel Gordon left the Soudan he undertook a mission to the court of the King of Abyssinia. This mission was one of extreme personal danger and difficulty, and was undertaken purely from a feeling of good nature. The terms offered to King John were such as were not likely to please that irascible monarch; and it is tolerably certain that it was only the coolness and courage of the envoy that prevented the king from carrying out his threat of executing him.

In January, 1884, Gordon was sent by the British Government to restore order in the Soudan. He went for the double purpose of evacuating the country, by extricating the Egyptian garrisons, and reconstituting it, by

* Abridged from the "Life of General Gordon." Pp. 26. Toronto. Wm. Briggs. Price 5cts.

giving back to these Sultans their ancestral powers—withdrawn, or suspended, during the period of Egyptian occupation.

Here is a role worthy, indeed, of the Napoleon of Peace, who went forth unarmed, like David, save with the few "smooth stones" drawn from the Word of God. History records no more heroic figure than that of this simple-minded, God-fearing, Christian officer, perched aloft upon his swift-footed dromedary, and riding forth with only one English friend and companion, the gallant Col. Stewart, and a few Arab attendants, to confront the wild and barbarous hordes of the Mahdi! The eyes of the whole civilized world have followed with eager but anxious gaze the progress of that little cavalcade.

Gordon was hailed with enthusiasm by the people of Khartoum; but soon the city was besieged by the hordes of the False Prophet. For nearly a year the dauntless Christian hero defied the foe, and on the very eve of deliverance was betrayed to his death by the treachery of some of his craven and false-hearted garrison. But death to him had no terror. He has taken his place among the hero-souls whose name and fame shall never die.

A PRONUNCIAMENTO.

Note the errors in pronunciation in these rhymes.

FT. when in a pensive mood,
I have sought th' umbrageous wood,
Plucking flowers one by one—
Daffodil and anemone.
Aw-inspiring is the view,
Mountainous and picturesque!
Now the winged mido doth scar
Up to Zeus and Terpsichore;
New delights to think upon
Sophocles' "Antigone";
Or, perchance, explores the signs
Of the old aborigines;
Till one utters, o'er and o'er,
Language terse and extempore,
Springing from the inmost soul
In the form of hyperbole!
Of the good it is to roam
This is but an epitome,
Of a weekly stroll or two
I'm a zealous habitue.
If one hasn't the time to loaf,
Surely 'tis a catastrophe!

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

Indian History for Young Folks. By Francis S. Drake. 8vo, pp. 479. Illustrated. New York: Harper Brothers. Price \$3.

There is no more stirring tale of heroism and valour on record than that of the fierce struggle of the British colonists in America against the Indian tribes. Every boy ought to know something of the conflicts by which the broad domain of the continent was purchased for civilization by the dauntless daring and often by the blood of the pioneer settlers. The constant shadow of terror under which they dwelt is difficult for us to conceive. The Indian tribes exhibited a fiendish savageness. Like human hyenas, they lay in wait for their prey, thirsting for blood, and, after the savage spring, skulked off into the forest with the victims who were not slain on the spot. Bloodstained and smouldering embers were all that marked the site of many a happy home. Death hovered upon the frontier. Within many a village palisade the sentinel watched the live-long night away. Every house was a fortress. No mother lulled her babe to rest but knew that before morning the roof-tree above her

head might be in flames, or her infant's life dashed out by the blow of a tomahawk; and often, in shuddering dreams, the terrible war-whoop rang like a death-peal in her tingling ears. No man might go abroad in safety. As he held the plough, or reaped the scanty harvest, the bullet of a lurking foe, perchance, would whistle through the air, and the scalpless body would be left lying on the ground. Even little children gathering flowers, and mothers going to the well, or cooking the mid-day meal at their own hearthstone, were startled by the apparition of a dusky form, the glare of fiendish eyes, the gleam of a glistening knife, and were slain on the spot, or dragged off prisoners to a doom still worse than death.

But the march of civilization has made Indian wars of any magnitude no longer possible. It is true, in the United States the frauds of rascally traders and Indian agents have from time to time exasperated the native bribes to savage outbreaks; but the policy of educating and christianizing the Indians is proving far more effectual than that of exterminating them. In Canada, happily, within the memory of living man we have had no Indian war. This is due more than anything else to the labours among the red men of heroic and devoted missionaries, who have saved the country from the hideous Indian massacres which have often taken place among our neighbours. Nowhere else that we know is there such a full, authentic, and fascinatingly interesting account of the relations of the red and white races throughout the whole continent, from the earliest times to the Custer massacre in 1876, as in this book. It is sumptuously gotten up in the Harpers' best style and is illustrated by 250 fine engravings. The stern facts here disclosed will dispel much of the romance about the red man that fills the imagination of dime-novel reading boys.

Left Behind; or, Ten Days a Newsboy
By James Otis. New York: Harper Brothers. Price \$1.

Mr. Otis needs no introduction to the readers of *Harpers' Young People*. His stories in that paper are followed with delighted interest by many thousands of boys and girls. This book is a reprint of one of the most popular of these stories.

AN ANGEL'S TOUCH.

RUGH natures and careless lives often show surprises of redeeming kindness. An instance of this victory of the better feelings, in the presence of innocent want is related in the *San Francisco News Letter*. A little girl of nine or ten years old entered a place which is a bakery, grocery, and saloon combined, and asked for five cents' worth of tea.

"How's your mother?" asked the boy who came forward to wait on her.
"She's sick, and ain't had anything to eat to-day."

The boy was then called to wait upon some men who entered the saloon, and the girl sat down. In a few minutes she was sound asleep and leaning her head against a barrel, while she held the nickel in a tight grip between her thumb and finger.

One of the men saw her as he came

from the bar, and after asking who she was, said: "Say, you drunkards, see here! Here we've been pouring down whiskey when this child and her mother want bread. Here's a two-dollar bill that says I've got some feeling left."

"And I can add a dollar," observed one.

"And I'll give another."

They made up a collection amounting to five dollars, and the spokesman carefully put the bill between two of the sleeper's fingers, drew the nickel away, and whispered to his comrades, "Jist look here—the gal's dreamin'!"

So she was. A tear had rolled from her closed eyelid, but on her face was a smile. The men went out, and the clerk walked over and touched the sleeping child. She awoke with a laugh, and cried out, "What a beautiful dream! Ma wasn't sick any more, and we had lots to eat and to wear, and my hand burns yet where an angel touched it!"

When she discovered that her nickel had been replaced by a bill, a dollar of which loaded her down with all she could carry, she innocently said: "Well, now, but ma won't hardly believe me that you sent up to heaven and got an angel to come down and clerk in your grocery!"

We would like to believe that those men, who let the angel in them speak, went away resolved never to drink whiskey any more.—*Selected.*

SMALL CHANGE IN MEXICO.

IN one of the small towns I bought some limes, and gave the girl one dollar in payment. By way of change she returned to me forty-nine pieces of soap the size of a water-cracker. I looked at her in astonishment, and she returned my look with equal surprise, when a police-officer who witnessed the incident hastened to inform me that for small sums soap was the legal tender in many portions of the country. I examined my change, and found that each cake was stamped with the name of a town and of a manufacture authorized by the Government. The cakes of soap were worth about one cent and a half each.

Afterward, in my travel, I frequently received similar change. Many of the cakes showed signs of having been in the wash-tub; but that, I discovered, was not at all uncommon. Provided the stamp was not obliterated, the soap did not lose any value as currency. Occasionally a man would borrow a cake of a friend, wash his hands, and return it with thanks. I made use of my pieces more than once in my bath, and subsequently spent them.

We have as an experiment bound up in paper covered boards some back numbers of the *Methodist Magazine*—three numbers in a volume—for Sunday-school libraries; each volume contains 288 pages and is beautifully illustrated. We will sell these in sets of four, containing the numbers for an entire year—for \$2 net—and will send them post paid to any address. The Rev. A. Hocking, of the Nova Scotia Conference, in whose school is a set of these books, writes: "I would like to see our magazine from the first number so bound, and in each of our Sunday-schools. I know of no better library that we could obtain."

DOING LITTLE THINGS.

LET us be content in work,
To do the thing we can, and not presume

To fret because it's little. "Twill employ
Seven men, they say, to make a perfect pin.
Who makes the head, consents to miss the
point;

Who makes the point, agrees to miss the
head;

And if a man should cry, "I want a pin,
And I must make it straightway, head and
point,"

His wisdom is not worth the pin he wants.
—Mrs. Browning.

A BROKEN-HEARTED FATHER.

IN affecting scene, one of the saddest, occurred lately at the visiting window of the jail in one of our cities. A boy about eighteen years old was incarcerated, awaiting transportation to Danemora prison, where he is to serve a six years' sentence. The prisoner was a fine-looking young fellow. His father, an aged minister, had come to visit him. The son stood with shamed face on one side of the grating and the grief-stricken father on the other. Drink had been the cause of the boy's troubles. The father pleaded earnestly with his child to reform while in prison, to read his Bible and improve all his spare time in study. "Son," continued the father, "if you had had the grace of God in your heart you wouldn't be here. If those cursed grog shops were swept away I'd have been spared all this. Let it be a lesson to you, boy. This is the last time you will probably ever see me. I am old and probably won't live your six years' out. Oh, my boy, promise me to give yourself to God, that I may see you over yonder." The boy promised, and the old man went his way.

While this father returns to his home to go down to a premature grave in sorrow, the man who ruined his son is now engaged in ruining other sons. Which shall we have, "The Home or the saloon?" It is within the power of the people to answer this question.

THE MINUTES.

WE often think and speak of "making good use of our time," meaning our days and weeks and months and years, forgetting that all these are made up of seconds and minutes. If we waste all our minutes, we waste all our years.

The French have a proverb,—"God works by minutes." His great plans are not wrought out by years, but move on through all time, while we are sleeping or trifling, as well as learning or working, and thus ought we ever to do.

Some people are always complaining that they have not time to read, or study, or think, and that while they are wasting years by casting away the golden minutes as they are given from heaven.

Red Jacket once heard a wise man say, "I have not time enough!" Looking at him in surprise, the Indian exclaimed, "You have all the time there is, haven't you?"

Yes, we have all the time there is. God has given us time to work for ourselves and to bless the world. Let us catch it, minute by minute, and make such use of it as we wish each moment to record in heaven.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

TALKING WITH JESUS.

LITTLE talk with Jesus,
How it smooths the rugged road,
How it seems to help me onward,
When I faint beneath my load.
When my heart is crushed with sorrow,
And my eyes with tears are dim,
There's nought can yield me comfort
Like a little talk with Him.

I tell him I am weary,
And I fain would be at rest,
That I'm daily, hourly longing
For a home upon His breast;
And he answers me so sweetly,
In tones of tender love—
"I am coming soon to take thee
To my happy home above."

Ah, this is what I'm wanting,
His lovely face to see;
And I'm not afraid to say it,
I know He's wanting me!
He gave His life a ransom,
To make me all His own,
And He can't forget His promise
To me, His purchased one.

I know the way is dreary
To yonder far-off clime,
But a little talk with Jesus
Will while away the time.
And yet the more I know Him,
And all His grace explore,
It only sets me longing
To know him more and more.

I cannot live without Him,
Nor would I if I could;
He is my daily portion,
My medicine and my food;
He's altogether lovely,
None can with Him compare,
The chief among ten thousand—
The fairest of the fair.

I often feel impatient
And mourn His long delay;
I never can be settled
While He remains away.
But we shall not 'oug be parted,
For I know He'll quickly come,
And we shall dwell together
In that happy, happy home.

So I'll wait a little longer,
Till His appointed time,
And glory in the knowledge
That such a hope is mine.
Then in my Father's dwelling,
Where "many mansions be,"
I'll sweetly talk with Jesus,
And He shall talk with me.

"ONLY."

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

CLEAR out, boy! we don't
want you and your box on
our steps. Come down from
that lamp-post and take
yourself off, I say!"

Kittie drew her breath
quickly for a moment, as
she heard her uncle's harsh
words to the humble-looking
boot-black, who was dangling from the
tall lamp-post to the delight of a crowd
of ragged urchins.

Only the day before Kittie had been
to Sunday-school, and read about
Christ, and how he went among poor
people, quite as ragged as this boy,
and perhaps even dirtier, and left a
bright look in their suffering faces in-
stead of an angry one.

Uncle William didn't go to Sunday-
school nor church. He said he guessed
he was as good as the average, and so
he would do what he liked—sleep all
day Sunday, if he wanted to. Kittie
knew he didn't like to talk about
Sunday-school, so she said nothing to-
night as they started on their evening
walk after the heat of the sultry
August day. She wondered if he
would not have been kinder if he knew
about Palestine and the gentle Physi-
cian. As the boy sullenly descended
from his perch, and gathered up his

box and brushes, she turned back a
moment, took a white pink from her
belt, and dropped it in his grimy hands.

Half an hour later Uncle William
and his little niece were sauntering
slowly toward home. The streets were
full of people, and carts rattled noisily
over the pavements. Suddenly Kittie
noticed that a good many men and
boys were running, and all in the same
direction. Then a beautiful machine
with gleaming brass and steel, and a
column of black smoke rolling from its
polished funnel, went past them
swiftly, its horses at full gallop.

"It's a fire!" said Uncle William,
"and it must be near here!"

"O look! look!" exclaimed Kittie,
at the same moment. "There it is!
It's the Rawton House! See the
smoke and fire coming right out of the
windows!"

They went as near as they dared,
and stood watching the wonderful
sight. Engine after engine arrived,
and foaming jets of water hissed upon
the hot brick walls from every side.
Still the fire had the mastery of the
building, and all the sky seemed filled
with floating brands.

"A great loss of property," they
heard some one say, as they stood in
the shelter of a huge telegraph pole,
near the centre of a large square on
which the hotel fronted. "A great
money loss, but no lives—ah! what's
that? See, in the fifth storey!"

Strong men groaned, and clenched
their fists, as they saw those windows
filled with the forms of young girls cut
off from escape, and almost sure of a
horrible death.

"Can't they get the ladders up?
O hurry, hurry!" screamed hundreds
of people in the crowd. Then the
poor creatures in the windows began
to jump. Kittie could bear it no
longer. She pressed her uncle's hand
nervously, and found it trembling like
a child's. They were turning away
from the dreadful sight, when there
was a commotion in the crowd close
by them.

"Let me through! let me through!"
they heard a boy's shrill voice calling.
People jostled him from side to side,
heavy boots trod carelessly on his bare
feet, but in a moment more he tore
himself out of the press, and as he
rushed toward them Kittie recognized
the boot-black. Her white pink was
fastened on his ragged jacket with a
bent and brassy pin.

He neither saw her, nor any body
else. He made straight for the tele-
graph pole. He launched himself at
it fiercely, and began to make his way
up. Ten feet, fifteen, twenty. The
crowd noticed him, and, guessing his
purpose, cheered. Still higher, with
feet torn and bleeding from the rough
splinters left by the spikes of the
telegraph men. It was no crowd of
children watching him now, and human
lives hung on his long, thin wrists.
Once he stopped, and his face was so
deadly white that Kittie thought he
was going to fall. A shudder ran
through the crowd. No, he has not
fallen. Clinging with one hand and
his wounded feet, he takes the white
blossom from his jacket and holds it
close to his face, perhaps kisses it.
The crowd see the act, and cheer again
to encourage him. Slowly, inch by
inch, he moves upward. Now he
reaches the cross-bars, and, without
stopping to rest, draws a jack-knife
from his pocket and begins to hack

furiously at the wires with the broken
blade. One part at last, then another
and another. The long, trailing wires
sweep down, hanging from the top of
the blazing building directly across
the windows where the women are
watching and waiting for death. One
by one they try this new road to safety
which has come down to them as if
from heaven itself. They reach the
pavements, and are caught into the
arms of their friends.

IF.

IF you your lips
Would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak,
To whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

If you your ears
Would save from jeers,
These things keep meekly hid:
Myself and I,
And mine and my,
And how I do or did.

HOW BOYS SUCCEED.

A FEW years ago a drug firm in
New York city, advertised
for a boy. The next day the
store was thronged with applicants.
Among them was a queer-looking
fellow, accompanied by a woman who
proved to be his aunt, in lieu of faith-
less parents, by whom he had been
abandoned. Looking at this waif, the
proprietor said, "I can't take him;
besides, he is too small."

"I know he is small," said the
woman, "but he is willing and faithful,
and never drinks, uses tobacco or
profane language."

There was a twinkling in the boy's
eyes which made the merchant think
again. A partner in the firm volun-
teered to remark that he did not see
what they wanted with such a boy—
he wasn't bigger than a pint of cider.
But after consultation, the boy was
set to work. A few days later a call
was made on the boys in the store
for some one to stay all night. The
prompt response of the little fellow
contrasted well with the reluctance
of others. In the middle of the night
the merchant looked in to see if all
was right in the store, and presently
discovered his youthful protegee busy
scissoring labels.

"What are you doing?" said he.
"I did not tell you to work nights."
"I know you did not tell me, so but
I thought I might as well be doing
something."

In the morning the cashier got
orders from the merchant to "double
that boy's wages, for he is willing."

Only a few weeks elapsed before
a show of wild beasts passed through
the streets, and, very naturally, all
the hands in the store rushed to wit-
ness the spectacle. A thief saw his
opportunity, and entered at the rear
door to seize something, but in a
twinkling found himself firmly clutched
by the diminutive clerk aforesaid, and,
after a struggle, was captured. Not
only was a robbery prevented, but
valuable articles taken from other
stores were recovered. When asked
by the merchant why he stayed behind
to watch when all others quit work, he
replied:

"You told me never to leave the
store when others were absent, and I
thought I'd stay."

Orders were immediately given once

more, "Double that boy's wages; he is
willing and faithful."

To-day that boy is getting a salary
of \$2,500, and next month will become
a member of the firm.—*Exchange.*

DR. CAREY AS A BOY.

MR. SMILES tells a story of
Dr. Carey, the Indian mis-
sionary, which you will like
to read.

When he was a boy he was most
persevering. A difficulty seemed to
call out all his courage. In play as
well as in work he never allowed any-
thing to beat him. Well, there was a
tree near his home that no boy had
ever been able to climb. "It shan't
beat me," he said; "I mean to climb
that tree somehow."

So he went to work, and very rough
work he found it. He tore his clothes,
he scratched his flesh, and bruised his
sinews; but he would not give in—he
was determined to climb that tree.
One day he succeeded so far as to get
three parts of the way up, when down
he came and broke his leg.

He was only a little lad, and of
course the suffering was hard to bear.
For six weeks he had to lie in bed,
and it was a long time before he could
walk again. At last he was allowed
to go out. Where do you think he
went first? Why to climb that tree
again, to be sure. Ay, and he did it
too this time before he went home.

This boy was only a poor shoemaker,
and yet he determined to become a
scholar. He had to face difficulties
worse than the high tree, and to suffer
from worse things than a broken leg,
but nothing daunted him. He became
a learned man, and when at last he
went out to India as a missionary he
translated the Bible into sixteen differ-
ent languages, in order that the poor
Hindoos might read the word of God.
By his steady perseverance he altered
the hope and life of thousands, who
might without him have been in dark-
ness.

"I can't" is a coward with a very long face,
And with limbs that are shaky and weak;
Whatever the time, or wherever the place,
You will know if you once hear him speak;
There's a drawl in his voice and a whine in
his tone
That stamp him coward abroad or at home.

"I'll try" is a brave one—so stalwart and
strong,
With a bright cheery manner and word,
Who feels he must conquer before very long,
And who thinks giving up most absurd.
So when anything difficult causes a sigh,
Just take my advice, and call in "I'll try."
—*Illustrated Treasury.*

THE GREATEST WHIRLPOOL
IN THE WORLD.

OFF the coast of Norway, close
to the Lofoden Islands, the
current runs so strong north
and south for six hours, and then in
the opposite direction for a similar
period, that the water is thrown into
tremendous whirls. This is the far-
famed Maelstrom, or whirling stream.
The whirlpool is most active at high
and low tide; and when the winds are
contrary the disturbance of the sea is
so great that few boats can live in it.
In ordinary circumstances, however,
ships can sail right across the mael-
strom without much danger, and the
tales about the vessel and whales
which have been engulfed in the
stream are more or less pure fables.

NOTHING AND SOMETHING,
BY MRS. FRANCIS E. W. HARPER.

IT is nothing to me, the beauty said,
With a careless toss of her pretty head;
The man is weak, if he can't refrain,
From the cup you say is fraught with pain.

It was something to her in after years,
When her eyes were drenched with burning
tears,
And she watched in lonely grief and dread,
And started to hear a staggering tread.

It is nothing to me, the mother said;
I have no fear that my boy will tread,
The downward path of sin and shame,
And crush my heart and darken his name.

It was something to her when her only son
From the path of right was early won,
And madly cast in the flowing bowl
A ruined body and shipwrecked soul.

It is nothing to me the merchant said,
As over the ledger he bent his head;
I'm busy to-day with the tare and tret,
And I have no time to fume and to fret.

It was something to him when over the wire
A message came from a funeral pyre—
A drunken conductor had wrecked a train,
And his wife and child were among the slain.

It is nothing to me, the young man cried;
In his eye was a flash of scorn and pride—
I heed not the dreadful things ye tell,
Can rule myself I know full well.

'Twas something to him when in prison he
lay,
The victim of drink, life ebbing away,
As he thought of his wretched child and wife,
And the mournful wreck of his wasted life.

It is nothing to me, the voter said;
The party's loss is my greatest dread—
They gave his vote for the liquor trade,
Though hearts were crushed and drunkards
made.

It was something to him in after life,
When his daughter became a drunkard's wife,
And her hungry children cried for bread,
And trembled to hear their father's tread.

Is it nothing to us to idly sleep
While the cohorts of death their vigils keep,
To gather the young and thoughtless in—
And grind in our midst a grist of sin?

It is something—yes, for us all to stand,
And clasp by faith our Saviour's hand—
To learn to labour, live and fight,
On the side of God and changeless right.
—*Ind. Forester.*

DON'T WHINE, BOYS.

DON'T be whining about not having a fair chance. Throw a sensible man out of the window, and he'll fall on his feet, and ask the nearest way to his work. The more you have to begin with, the less you will have in the end. Money you earn yourself is much brighter than any you get out of dead men's bags. A scant break fast in the morning of life whets the appetite for a feast later in the day. He who has tasted a sour apple will have the more relish for a sweet one. Your present want will make future prosperity all the sweeter. Eighteenpence has set up many a peddler in business, and he has turned it over until he has kept his carriage. As for the place you are cast in, don't find fault with that; you need not be a horse because you were born in a stable. If a bull tossed a man of mettle sky-high, he would drop down into a good place. A hard-working young man, with his wits about him, will make money, while others will do nothing but lose it.

Who loves his work, and knows how to spare,
May live and flourish everywhere.

As to a little trouble, who expects
to find cherries without stones, or

roses without thorns? Who would win must learn to bear. Idleness lies in bed sick with the mulligrubs, where industry finds health and wealth. The dog in the kennel barks at fleas; the hunting-dog does not know even that they are there. Laziness waits till the river is dry and never gets to market; "Try" swims it, and makes all the trade. "Can't do it" would not eat the bread cut for him, but "Try" made meat out of mushrooms.
—*John Ploughman's Talk*

"THE PICKET-GUARD."

IT is composed of eight boys. It meets quarterly in the pastor's study. A map of the village, the population of which is four thousand and two hundred, is divided into eight parts, one part being assigned to each boy. It is his business to know who lives in every house in his district, and what church each family attends. At the meeting he reports changes of residence and other facts which he may think the pastor would be glad to learn. The houses on the map are all numbered, and lists correspondingly numbered are made of the families.

This plan interests the boys in the work of the church. It saves the pastor much labour, and makes him well acquainted with his field. It brings the boys to the study, where, aside from the work of the evening, they have a social visit and slight refreshments. The opportunity is afforded to give instruction upon some religious topic, and to engage with them in prayer. The plan having been tested, it is confidently recommended to those in similar circumstances.

'GEORGE, dear, don't you think it is rather extravagant of you to eat butter with that delicious jam?'
"No, mamma, it is economical. The same piece of bread does for both."

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTERLY REVIEW.

March 29.

REVIEW SCHEME.

Lesson I. *Paul at Troas.* Acts 20, 2-16. —Where did Paul stop on his way to Troas? What does the GOLDEN TEXT say he did on the Sabbath? How long did he preach? What accident happened? How was life restored?

Lesson II. *Paul at Miletus.* Acts 20, 17-27. —Whom did Paul assemble at Miletus? Of what did he remind them? What had been the theme of his preaching? [GOLDEN TEXT.] How did he regard his sufferings?

Lesson III. *Paul's Farewell.* Acts 20, 28-37. —What charge did Paul give the elders? [GOLDEN TEXT.] What did he foretell? What example did he leave them? How did the elders show their grief at parting?

Lesson IV. *Paul Going to Jerusalem.* Acts 21, 1-14. —Where did Paul first stop? What city was his next tarrying place? With whom did he stay? What visitor did he receive? What warning did the prophet give? What was Paul's answer, as given in the GOLDEN TEXT?

Lesson V. *Paul at Jerusalem.* Acts 21, 15-26. —How was Paul received at Jerusalem? Of what did he make report to the elders? How was the report received? [GOLDEN TEXT.] What objection was made to Paul? What test was proposed?

Lesson VI. *Paul Assailed.* Acts 21, 27-40. —On whose complaint was Paul assailed? How was he rescued? To what place was he taken for refuge? What request did he make? What was his spirit, as given in the GOLDEN TEXT?

Lesson VII. *Paul's Defence.* Acts 22, 1-21. —In what language did Paul make his defence? What confession did he make? What experience did he recount? What charge had he received? What is the GOLDEN TEXT?

Lesson VIII. *Paul Before the Council.* Acts 23, 1-11. —Who was chief of the council that tried Paul? Why did Paul rebuke him? What did he declare himself to be? What commotion followed? How was Paul strengthened in his trial? [GOLDEN TEXT.]

Lesson IX. *Paul Sent to Felix.* Acts 23, 12-24. —What conspiracy was formed against Paul? How was it revealed? Who defeated the plan? To what place was Paul sent? What is the GOLDEN TEXT?

Lesson X. *Paul Before Felix.* Acts 24, 10-27. —What doctrine did Paul declare? What was his especial desire? [GOLDEN TEXT.] What effect had Paul's preaching upon Felix? To what conclusion did Felix come?

Lesson XI. *Paul Before Agrippa.* Acts 26, 1-18. —What history did Paul relate to the king? What did he say of his former spirit? Whose presence had arrested him? [GOLDEN TEXT.] What great commission had been given him?

Lesson XII. *Paul Vindicated.* Acts 26, 19-29. —What was Paul's determination? [GOLDEN TEXT.] What was Festus's opinion of Paul? What was Paul's reply? What was King Agrippa's testimony? What was his final verdict?

SECOND QUARTER.

A.D. 60.] LESSON I. [April 5.

PAUL'S VOYAGE.

Acts 27, 1, 2, 14-26. Commit to memory verses 22-25.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I believe God that it shall be even as it was told me. Acts 27, 25.

OUTLINE.

1. A Voyage, v. 1, 2.
2. A Storm, v. 14-20.
3. A Vision, v. 21-25.

TIME.—A.D. 60, beginning near the close of the summer.

PLACES.—Caesarea, the Roman capital of Palestine, the Mediterranean Sea, near the islands of Crete and Cauda.

EXPLANATIONS.—*We should sail*—Luke and Aristarchus. *Prisoners*—Roman soldiers were responsible with their own lives for the security of their prisoners, hence the custom of chaining them by the right wrist to the left wrist of the soldiers. *Coasts of Asia*—The intention was, probably, to sail to Adramyttium, and thence by some other vessel to Italy. *Euroclydon*—Probably a compound word expressing the direction of the wind E.N.E., and also its extent, bread surging. *Let...drive*—Let the ship drift before the wind. *The boat*—The small boat towed at the stern. *Helps*—Helpful apparatus used in *undergirding*, that is, winding strong, flat ropes around the vessel to prevent its going to pieces. *Harm*—Condemnation for inexcusable misdoing.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we find—
1. Peril through neglected advice?
2. Heavenly comfort in peril?
3. Faith in what God has revealed?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Unto whom was Paul delivered when it was determined he should go to Italy? "Unto one named Julius, a centurion." 2. What happened to the ship in which Paul had embarked? "There arose against it a tempestuous wind." 3. When the tempest raged fiercely what did the voyagers do? "They lightened the ship." 4. When no hope of surviving was left, what did Paul say? "Be of good cheer." 5. What did the angel of God say to Paul? "Fear not." DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The ministry of angels.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

3. What is there said of the excellency of this law?
That "the law is holy, and the commandment holy, and righteous, and good." Romans vii, 12.
4. What are the commandments?
Laws first written by the finger of God on two tables of stone, and given to Moses, but now recorded in the twentieth chapter of the Book of Exodus.

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