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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VI.

TORONTO, JUNE 26, 1886.

No. 13.

## CANOE LIFE IN THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.

WHAT the horse is to the Aral, the camel to the desert traveller, or the dog to the Esquimaux, the birch-bark canoe is to the Indian. The forests along the river shores yield all the materials requisite for its construction; cedar for its ribs; birch-bark for its outer covering; the thews of the juniper to sew together the separate pieces; red pine to give resin for the seams and crevices.

"And the forest life is in it—  
All its mystery and magic,  
All the lightness of the birch-tree,  
All the toughness of the cedar,  
All the larch's supple sinews,  
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,  
Like a yellow water lily."

During the summer season the canoe is the home of the red man. It is not only a boat, but a house; he turns it over him as a protection when he camps; he carries it long distances over land from lake to lake. Frail beyond words, yet he loads it down to the water's edge. In it he steers boldly out into the broadest lake, or paddles through wood and swamp and reedy shallows. Sitting in it he gathers his harvest of wild rice, or catches fish, or steals upon his game; dashes down the wildest rapid, braves the foaming torrent, or lies like a wild bird on the placid waters. While the trees are green, while the waters dance and sparkle, and the wild duck dwells in the sedgy ponds, the birch-bark canoe is the red man's home.

And how well he knows the moods of the river! To guide his canoe through some whirling eddy, to shoot some roaring waterfall, to launch it by the edge of some fiercely-rushing torrent, or dash down a foaming rapid, is to be a brave and skilful Indian. The man who does all this, and does it well, must possess a rapidity of glance, a power in the sweep of his paddle, and a quiet consciousness of skill, not attained save by long years of practice.

An exceedingly light and graceful craft is the birch-bark canoe; a type of speed and beauty. So light that one man can easily carry it on his shoulders over land where a waterfall obstructs his progress; and as it only sinks five or six inches in the water, few places are too shallow to float it. In this frail bark, which measures anywhere from twelve to forty feet long, and from two to five feet broad in the middle, the Indian and his family travel over the innumerable lakes and rivers, and the fur-hunters pursue their lonely calling.

Canoe travel in the Fur Land presents many picturesque phases. Just

as the first faint tinge of coming dawn steals over the east, the canoe is lifted gently from its ledge of rock and laid upon the water. The blankets, the kettle, the guns, and all the paraphernalia of the camp, are placed in it, and the swarthy voyagers step lightly in. All but one. He remains on the shore

of beauty, some changing scene of lonely grandeur. The canoe sweeps rapidly over the placid waters; now buffeted with, and advances against, the rushing current of some powerful river, which seems to bid defiance to further progress, again, is carried over rocks and through deep forests, when some

bow—the important seat in the management of the canoe—rises upon his knees, and closely scans the wild scene before attempting the ascent. Clinking down again, he seizes the paddle, and pointing significantly to a certain spot in the chaos of boiling water before him, dashes into the stream. Yard by yard the rapid is thus ascended, sometimes scarcely gaining a foot a minute, again advancing more rapidly, until at last the light craft floats upon the very lip of the fall, and a long smooth piece of water stretches away up the stream.

But if the rushing or breasting up a rapid is exciting, the operation of shooting them in a birch bark canoe is doubly so. As the frail birch-bark nears the rapid from above, all is quiet. The most skilful voyager sits on his heels in the bow of the canoe, the next best oarsman similarly placed in the stern. The Bowman peers straight ahead with a glance like that of an eagle. The canoe, seeming like a cockle-shell in its frailty, silently approaches the rim where the waters disappear from view. On the very edge of the slope the Bowman suddenly stands up, and bending forward his head, peers eagerly down the eddying rush, then falls upon his knees again. Without turning his head for an instant, the sentient hand behind him signals its warning to the steersman. Now there is no time for thought, no eye is quick enough to take in the rushing scene. There are strange currents, unexpected whirls, and backward eddies and rocks—rocks rough and jagged, smooth, slippery, and polished—and through all this the canoe glances like an arrow, dips like a wild bird down the wing of the storm.

All this time not a word is spoken, but every now and again there is a quick twist of the bow paddle to edge far off some rock, to put her full through some boiling billow, to hold her steady down the slope of some thundering chute.—*Methodist Magazine for June.*

## ALWAYS A POISON.

YEARS ago an aged and eminent man said: "If there is a particle of depravity in a man's heart a glass of brandy will find it out and stir it up." And what is true of brandy is true of alcohol in every shape. From the time of Noah till this day its effects have shown that it has an affinity for the worst parts of our nature. Hence we cannot be too careful in guarding young people against it. Strong drink is everywhere and always a poison. Let us firmly resolve that we will have nothing to do with it.



SHOOTING A RAPID.

to steady the bark on the water, and keep its sides from contact with the rock. The passenger takes his place in the centre, the outside man springs gently in, and the birch-bark canoe glides away from its rocky resting-place.

Each hour reveals some new phase

of foaming cataract bars its way. With a favouring breeze there falls upon the ear the rush and roar of water; and the canoe shoots toward a tumbling mass of spray and foam, studded with huge projecting rocks which mark a river rapid. As the canoe approaches the foaming flood, the voyager in the

## THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

BY W. H. WITTELOW.

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtle to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point that human capacity can soar to.

"Methinks I see her as an angel mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unweaving her night at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance." *Milton's "Areopagitica."*

**NATION**, young and fair, and strong!

To the full stature of thy greatness now!  
Thy glorious destiny doth these endow  
With high prerogative. Before thee lies  
A future full of promise. Oh! be wise!  
Be great in all things good, and haste to

The present with rich germs from which  
Sublime results and noble, high embrace.

Oh! be it hence thy mission to advance  
The destinies of man, exalt the race,  
And teach down-trodden nations through the

Of the round earth to rise above their base  
And low estate, love Freedom's holy cause,  
And give to all men just and equal laws.

Oh! let us plant in the fresh virgin earth  
Of this new world, a scion of that tree  
Beneath whose shade our fathers dwell, a

And noble nation—of heroic birth.  
Let the Penates of our fathers hearth  
Be hither borne; and let us bow the knee  
Still at our fathers' altars. O'er the sea  
Our hearts yearn fondly and revere their

And though forth-faring from our father's  
Not forth in anger, but in love we go.  
It lessens not our reverence, but doth rouse  
To deeper love than ever we did know.  
Not alien and estranged, but sons are we  
Of that great Father-land beyond the sea.

## FORGIVE MUCH.

"Very well," said the head of the firm, looking over the top of his glasses at the erect figure of the boy in front of his desk. "References all satisfactory. Will engage you from to-morrow morning as office boy. Be round early now, and keep up to time."

He made a motion with his hand towards the door, but the boy lingered, twirling his well-worn cap in his hand.

"Please, sir," he said at length, "I've a dog, a real clever little chap. Mother's out washing all day, and I don't know where to leave him. He follows me round everywhere, and if I should turn him out by himself he might get lost. Would you mind, sir, if he sat in the entry while I was inside?"

It was a novel request for the new office boy to make, and the head of the firm frowned, but fortunately for the boy he was fond of dogs.

"Have you got the animal with you?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," was the eager answer, "right outside, sir."

He followed the boy out through the front office where three clerks were sitting writing busily.

The dog, a small Scotch terrier, was lying on the pavement, his bright eyes fixed on the door, patiently waiting for his master to come.

"He's not bad, not bad at all," said the head of the firm, surveying him critically. "You wouldn't want to sell him, now?"

"Please, sir," said the boy, flushing, "I'd a deal rather have Mop than the money he'd bring."

"Well, well," said the old gentleman, somewhat touched at the boy's evident devotion to his little favorite, "keep

the dog and bring him every morning if he gives no trouble."

And so the matter was settled. How proud and happy Mop and his master felt as they ran home through the streets of the city that afternoon, to think that they had obtained the coveted position.

"I wonder, Mop," said the boy, "what Jim Elder will say when he hears of it. I guess he wanted the position most as bad as we did." And Mop wagged his tail as if to say he was glad they had been the successful candidates.

Suddenly the tall, ungainly figure of the subject of their thoughts loomed up before them with a dark scowl on his face.

"I say you, Nat Meadows," he commenced. "So I hear you've sneaked into that place. You know I wanted it, and it was mighty mean—that's all I have to say. Everywhere, in school and out of it, you are always getting in my way."

He spoke with a mixture of despair and passion that was pitiful to see.

"I can't say I'm sorry I got the place," said Nat, gently, "but I wish you had one too, Jim."

"Oh, it's all very well for you to say that," said the boy. "Get out of my way," and he gave the inquisitive Mop a kick with his foot, and was off the next instant down a side street. Mop pursued him, barking furiously, but Nat called him back, and they went home quite soberly together.

The next morning Nat commenced his work, and very soon had become a great favorite with the clerks, as well as with the head of the firm. He was always conscientious, prompt and obliging, and full of a certain bright humor that brought freshness and life into the quiet office. Mop, instead of being a trouble, was a great amusement, and the young men taught him a number of tricks, of which he was very proud. Sometimes they noticed a shade of anxiety and trouble on Nat's bright face, but they did not know that on the boy's way home at night he was often subject to petty persecutions that he found it hard to bear. One morning he burst into the office with flashing eyes and the tears running down his face. The clerks looked up in consternation.

"What is the matter?" one of them asked, anxiously.

"Jim Elder's killed my dog," cried Nat, passionately. "I could stand anything he did to me—but Mop—." He stopped—it seemed as if he could not go on.

"What a shame—how did he do it?" asked his sympathizing and indignant listeners.

"Threw a stone at him, and it hit him in the head," said Nat in a smothered tone. "When I took him up he was quite dead."

"Where is the wretched boy?" they asked, with righteous indignation.

"He cut and run while I was seeing to Mop," said Nat, dejectedly. "Oh, there is nouse talking any more about it."

The boy went around for the next few days looking as if he had lost a near and a dear friend, and they all felt profoundly sorry for him. On his way home in the evening Nat looked in vain for the destroyer of his dog, intending to take summary vengeance on him, but nowhere did he see him.

"I guess he knows enough to keep out of my way," he thought, gloomily.

"Oh, Mop, Mop, how I miss you!" Not long afterwards a messenger

boy came into the office with a note directed to Master Nat Meadows, from one of the nurses in B— Hospital.

"There is a boy in my ward," the note ran, "very ill with a kind of low fever. He says he has done you an injury, and cannot rest until he sees you. Will you come to him?"

"It must be Jim Elder," thought Nat, "and I don't want to go."

All his life Nat had been taught by his honest, hard-working mother to listen to the voice of Conscience, and do always what was right, yet it was hard to put down anger, and the sense of injury and injustice done to himself and to his companion Mop. But the next afternoon he walked slowly up to the hospital, and with a hesitating hand pulled the iron door-bell. In one of the upper wards he was met by the nurse who had written to him, and was taken to the end of the room where Jim Elder lay tossing to and fro.

As soon as the sick boy saw Nat he sat up in bed, strong with fever, and held out his hand. "Nat," he said, "I want to hear you say that you forgive me. I've been awful jealous, and mean as could be to you, and then I killed Mop; I am sorry. Every night it seemed as if you came and stood beside my bed, and I can't get any sleep."

The boy sank back on his pillow exhausted, with his bright eyes fixed on Nat, who was not looking at Jim, but at a spot in the carpet; and a tumult was surging within him. The one who had done him more injury than anyone else in his life lay before him. He was afraid he could not say from his heart that he fully forgave him for wantonly killing his little favorite. No, the words choked him. At length he raised his eyes. The victory was half won, but only half. "I am sorry you're sick, Jim," he said, drawing a long breath.

"Say you forgive me," whispered the sick boy, but still Nat was silent.

Over the bed hung a colored text, at which Nat looked vaguely for a minute without taking in its meaning. "Forgive and ye shall be forgiven," he repeated to himself. Suddenly his face flushed and he grasped his cap with a convulsive movement. The words which seemed written all over the wall in letters of light entered his heart. Could he ever pray, "Forgive us our trespasses," unless he freely forgave his prostrate enemy? Ah, no, never. How bitter and hard he had been, and a great wave of contrition swept over him. The battle was won at last, but not in his own unaided strength. "Jim," he said, "I do forgive you, for Mop, for everything," and, breaking down with a sob, he left the room. Every visitor's day after that saw a bright, dark-eyed boy sitting beside the now convalescent Jim, talking, reading to him and filling that little corner of the ward with sunshine. When the sick boy was able to leave the hospital he found a place open to him. He did not know that Nat had gone to one of the clerks in his office and that it was through his intercession with the head of the firm that the place had been secured. But he guessed that Nat was the mainspring of his good fortune, and it touched him to the quick.

Nat forgave much, and found great joy in doing it; peace of conscience, a chance to help another back to health and useful labor, and bound to his side by ties of gratitude and love a life-long friend.—*Joan Sutherland Rees.*

## JESUS KNOWS.

ALL our little heart-aches,  
All our joys and woes,  
All our hopes and wishes,  
Jesus says he knows.

And our every action  
Is to Jesus known,  
From the time we're little  
Till we're fully grown.

When we play or study,  
When we wake or sleep,  
He delights to bless us,  
And his children keep.

He will always guide us,  
Listen to our prayers;  
For the loving Saviour  
For his children cares.

## A HINT FROM BIRDS AND INSECTS.

WHILE watching a pet canary enjoying its morning bath, hopping in and out and flitting the water about in all directions, then shaking its wings and pluming its feathers, I thought how wonderfully dumb creatures, and even little insects, learn by instinct to keep themselves clean and to dislike dirt. Even our little city sparrows do their best to keep themselves tidy. During the severe frost last winter we poured canfuls of water on the garden-walks, hoping to have a good slide. The water did not freeze, so our hopes were disappointed; but we were amply repaid for our trouble by seeing eleven sparrows and two robins washing themselves most industriously in the water that cold winter morning. We wished some of the boys and girls who take so little trouble to keep themselves clean could have seen those poor birds.

Then, again, how careful old Pussy is to lick her little kittens after you have been nursing them, for fear their glossy coats have been soiled! Cats are provided with very rough tongues, by which they can keep their fur very and clean.

We have all watched a fly busily rubbing his legs over his wings above and below, until we thought the tiny fellow would be tired out; but if we could examine him under a microscope we should find at the bottom of each foot two rounded combs consisting of two or three rows of teeth, with which he regularly rubs his wings and body until he feels himself clean enough to visit his friends.

The fly's mortal enemy, the spider, also possesses a comb—not on his feet, but in his mouth. His way of getting a living exposes him to dust and dirt, and sometimes he has to run into very dirty corners. So, whenever he requires a wash, instead of having a bath, he puts his leg in his mouth and draws it through the teeth, and when every particle of dirt is combed off he collects it into a ball and throws it away. Thus we find that all creatures—even the tiniest insects—naturally love to keep themselves clean. What a pity it is that so many intelligent boys and girls, and men and women too, do not take greater pleasure in keeping their skin pure and clean!

Our little friends must learn that if they wish to have a pure white skin they must not be afraid of washing their faces and hands frequently. We wish all our boys and girls would learn a lesson from the sparrows and spiders, and we are sure they would be healthier and happier children.—*Child's Companion.*

DOMINION DAY ODE.

BY REV. JOHN DUNBAR.

WILL the nations of antiquity,  
The noble and the strong,  
Have their deeds embalmed in history,  
Or immortalized in song,  
Let us sing of youthful Canada, let her banner  
be unfurled,  
And her name, and her fame, be proclaimed  
throughout the world.

May her song be aye her glory,  
And her daughters be her pride,  
May her morals be her bulwark,  
And her Bible be her guide,  
May wisdom be her counsellor, alike in Church  
and State,  
And her motto ever be that the good alone  
are great.

May her press be aye untrammelled,  
And her Senate ever pure,  
May her pulpit aye be honoured,  
And her school be made secure,  
Till intelligence and enterprise be seen on  
every hand,  
And science and religion be the glory of our  
land.

May her arts and manufactures,  
With the products of her soil,  
Be at once the wealth and witness  
Of her hardy freeman's toil,  
And the cause of truth and freedom, may she  
ever lead the van,  
In fostering and defending all that's dignified  
in man.

May her ever-growing commerce  
Be aye rattling o'er the rails,  
Or, borne onward by her navy,  
Amid steam and prosperous gales,  
Till her men and manufactures be diffused  
through every zone,  
And honoured, loved and valued, aye, where-  
ever they are known.

May rapid be her progress,  
May lofty be her name,  
May honour, truth, and liberty  
Be woven in her name,  
Ever rising 'mid the nations, till, like yonder  
shining sun,  
She reach that meridian glory which can  
never be out-shone.

WHY THE DRUMMER LEFT  
OFF DRINKING

"No I won't drink with you to-day, boys," said a drummer to several companions, as they settled down in the smoking-car and passed the bottle. "The fact is, boys, I have quit drinking—I've sworn off."

His words were greeted by shouts of laughing by the jolly crowd around him. They put the bottle under his nose, and indulged in many jokes at his expense, but he refused to drink, and was rather serious about it.

"What is the matter with you, old boy? sang out one. "If you've sworn off drinking, something is up. Tell us what it is."

"Well, boys, I will, although I know you'll laugh at me. But I'll tell you, all the same. I have been a drinking-man all my life, ever since I was married—it's as sweet in my mouth as sugar—riced. As you all know, I love whiskey and God only knows how I'll quit it. For seven years, not a day passed over my head that I didn't have at least one drink. But I am done. Yesterday I was in Chicago. On South Clark street a customer of mine keeps a pawnshop in connection with his other branches of business. Well, I called on him, and while I was there a young man of not more than twenty-five, wearing threadbare clothes, and looking as hard as if he hadn't seen a softer day for a month, came in with a little pledge in his hand. Tremblingly he unwrapped it, and handed the article to the pawnbroker, saying:

"Give me ten cents."

"And boys, what do you suppose

that it was? A pair of baby-shoes, little things with the buttons only a trifle soiled, as if they had been worn only once or twice.

"Where did you get these?" asked the pawnbroker.

"Got 'em at home," replied the man, who had an intelligent face and the manner of a gentleman, despite his sad condition. "My—my wife bought them for our baby. Give me ten cents for 'em—I want a drink."

"You had better take the shoes back to your wife: the baby will need them," said the pawnbroker.

"No, a-sho won't, because—because she's dead. She's lying at home now—died last night."

"As he said this the poor fellow broke down, bowed his head on the showcase, and cried like a child. Boys," said the drummer, "you can laugh if you please, but I—I have a baby of my own at home, and I swear I'll never drink another drop."

Then he got up and went into another car. His companions glanced at one another in silence; no one laughed; the bottle disappeared, and soon each was sitting in a seat by himself reading a newspaper.

JAPAN LIFE IN BOATS.

In Poland some families are born and die in salt mines, without ever lying above ground, and in Japan some are born and die the same way on boats, without ever lying on shore.

"One of the most interesting features of Japanese life to me," says a recent traveller there, "was the manner of living in the boats and junks, thousands of which frequent every bay along the coast. The awkward junks always belong to the member of one family, and usually every branch of the family, old and young, live on board.

"The smaller sailboats are made like a narrow flatboat, and the sail (they never have but one) is placed very near the stern, and extends from the mast about the same distance in either direction, i. e., the mast runs in the middle of the sail when it is spread.

"In these little boats men are born and die, without ever having an abiding-place on shore. Women and all are nearly naked, except in rains, when they put on layers of fringed straw mats, which gives them the appearance of being thatched. At night, if in harbour, they bend poles over the boat from side to side in the shape of a bow, and cover them with this straw, water-tight straw, and go to sleep all together, like a lot of pigs.

"A child three years old can swim like a fish, and often children who will not learn of their own accord, are repeatedly thrown overboard until they become expert swimmers. In the harbours children seem to be perpetual y tumbling overboard, but the mothers deliberately pick them out of the water, and cuffing them a little, go on with their work. It is really astonishing at what an age these boys and girls will learn to scull a boat.

"I have seen a boat twenty feet long, most adroitly managed by three children, all under seven years of age. I am told that notwithstanding their aptness at swimming many boatmen get drowned, for no boat ever goes to another's aid, nor will any boatman save another from drowning, because, as he says, it is all fate, and he who

interferes with fate will be severely punished in some way. Besides this, the saving of a boatman's life only keeps a chafing soul so much longer in purgatory, when it ought to be released by the death of the sailor which the gods, by fate, seem to have selected for the purpose."

ABOUT SOME JAPANESE BOYS.

BY REV. C. T. COOKING.

I HAVE about twenty-five boys and young men who gather for an hour and a half, three evenings in the week, in the adjoining church, for the purpose of studying the English language; most of them are very intelligent; three are school teachers; about half of them come a fourth evening in the week for Bible instruction, which our indefatigable pastor gives them, and some half-dozen of these come on Saturday afternoon to my study for a catechism lesson. I have never felt such joy in my life before as I have lately; it is a work that angels might well envy, and the fact that I speak so little of the language yet is a sore trial to me. But I must hasten to give you their compositions. Here is one:

"Religions are very important; but there are two kinds among them, that is, bad and good. In our country there are two religions, Christianity and Buddhism, and both professors are now claiming their own causes to lead our brethren into their doctrines. Hence we shall compare them, and then we will take either of them that we believe."

Here is an extract from another entitled

"THE LION."

"It has a large head comparatively with body; and a long and curled neck-hair: which is its particular form. Though it placed on its greatness under other beasts, on its fierceness overpowers all them. When it roars it is solemnly as a thunder. And the beast lives on a meat. Therefore it will put the another beasts which met with into death and eats them fondly if it was at hunger. But if the case is not so; on the contrary it behaves a greatness, and loves his inferiors. This virtue has been esteemed so much by Englishmen that they fixed the figure as their own state's-sign on the standard."

Perhaps these two will be sufficient for this letter.

A WATER-MUSEUM.

A WATER-MUSEUM consists of glass vessels containing fish, mollusks, larvae, and such other creatures as will live in the small quantity of water these vessels hold. The great advantage that the water-museum has over an aquarium is, that while the latter is bulky and has many dark corners in which you can see only with difficulty, if at all, the jars of the museum can be easily carried about and held to the light, so that you can readily observe the smallest movements of your specimens. Besides, in an aquarium you can have but one kind of water at a time, either salt or fresh, and you can keep only those specimens that will live together peaceably; but in a water museum one may have both sorts of water (in different vessels), and both marine and fresh water specimens. This museum, or water-cabinet, too, costs very little, while an aquarium is not only expensive but troublesome.

We must first make sure of a sunny window, where the museum will be out of the way, and where there is room for a small table. Then we must forage for the vessels in the glassware shops, or at the dealers in chemical apparatus. I have often been able to pick up confectionery jars which I got cheaply because their tops were broken which, of course, made no difference to me. I consider these the best for our purpose, in size from four inches in diameter by six in height to seven inches in diameter and nine in height. The jars must be placed on the table in the sunny window, so that they will all get plenty of light, as this is necessary to most forms of life. One or two of the larger jars had best be used for fish, and to make them attractive their bottoms should be covered with clean river sand and pebbles, or fragments of rock in the shape of grottoes, as the fish like to rest on these and to eat the almost invisible weeds that grow upon them. Of course, all the vessels must be filled with water and sprigs of aquatic plants, such as water-cress, Vallisneria, or duck-wood, placed in them to keep the water pure. Many kinds of water insects are carnivorous, or prey upon the weaker species. Of course, it won't do to keep these in the same jar with their victims. To find out which kinds agree, we can mix them in the clear, shallow bowl-glass, where we can easily observe the peculiarities of each.—G. E. Channing, in *St. Nicholas* for August.

AN INDIAN'S IDEA OF  
LIBERTY.

A FEW years ago Standing Bear, the great Ponca chief, came to New York, with his daughter Bright Eyes. The old man, sitting in his room at the hotel, talked about freedom. He described the life of the Indian as typical of freedom in its highest sense. He compared the liberty of the Indian with that of the eagle, which lifts its wings and soars whither it pleases. The old chieftain was taken upon the streets. He watched the sights with the closest attention—peered into the shop-windows, where only a fragile pane of glass protected thousands of dollars' worth of property from thieving hands; saw the roads crowded with wagons moving in opposite directions, and the children playing without danger along the pavements.

He watched policemen helping ladies across crowded thoroughfares, and the thousands of people hurrying in every direction, bent upon different errands, working at cross-purposes, opposing each other in the battle of life, especially interested him. In this great struggle nothing but order could be observed. Standing Bear pondered long upon the wonderful sight; and at last he turned to Bright Eyes, recalled his remarks in the hotel, and said, "I now see that law is freedom."

So when we learn to know the beauty of law, and love to obey it, we learn also that "law is freedom."

Paul says, "The law of love which is in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death."

LIFE, God's best gift to man.  
Christ is a bee,  
And heaven his nest.  
So use the first that through the best  
You may obtain the last.

SARA E. GRADAM,

Portsmouth, Ont.



## WORK FOR JESUS.

OUR Master has taken his journey  
To a country far away,  
And has left us a task to finish  
Against his reckoning day.

Your task may be great and glorious,  
And mine but a simple one;  
It differs little. The question is  
Will his coming find it done?

It may be our hands are forbidden  
To work for him day by day,  
Our feet cannot run on his errands,  
But still we can watch and pray.

It matters not in this little while  
Whether we work or watch or wait,  
So we fill the place he assigns us,  
Do its service small or great.

There is one thing only concerns us,  
To find the task that is ours,  
And then, having found it, to do it,  
With all our God-given powers.

Our Master is coming most surely  
To reckon with every one,  
Shall we then count our toil and sorrow,  
If his sentence be, "Well done!"

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK:  
Rev. W. H. W. THROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JUNE 26, 1886.

\$250,000

FOR MISSIONS  
For the Year 1886.

## PURE IN HEART.

THE cure for the evils of this life cannot be found in outward surroundings. These help to some extent. But evil finds its birth in the soul's choices. To meet this want Christianity is radical. The Word of God reaches to the purposes of men's hearts, and thus seeks to control outward acts. Formalism makes the outside clean. That purifies the fountain from whence life issues. Outward influences may restrain in some degree, but no life can be made pure from without. The body may be surrounded by pure air, and yet be filled with disease. But let healthful lungs bring the pure air in contact with the blood which flows to the heart, and disease is driven out. Christ cast the devils out. The Spirit

in the heart keeps them out, and so the life remains pure. Seek that inward purity. This only is purity. All else is delusion or deceit. This within, all else is harmless. Temptation may rage, but it must stay outside. It is dangerous only when it is permitted to rest within.

## MANNERS.

MANNERS are more important than money. A boy who is polite and pleasant in his manners will always have friends, and will not often make enemies. Good behavior is essential to prosperity. A boy knows when he does well. If you wish to make everybody pleasant about you, and gain friends wherever you go, cultivate good manners. Many boys have pleasant manners for company and ugly manners at home. We visited a small railroad town not long since, and were met at the depot by a little boy of about eleven or twelve years, who conducted us to the house of his mother, and entertained and cared for us, in the absence of his father, with as much polite attention and thoughtful care as the most cultivated gentleman could have done. We said to his mother before we left her home, "You are greatly blessed in your son. He is so attentive and obliging."

"Yes," said she, "I can always depend on Charley when his father is absent. He is a great help and comfort to me."

She said this as if it did her good to acknowledge the cleverness of her son.

The best manners cost so little and are worth so much that every boy can have them.—S. S. Herald.

## "I'LL TAKE WHAT FATHER TAKES."

"WHAT will you take to drink?" asked a waiter of a young lad who for the first time accompanied his father to a public dinner. Uncertain what to say, and feeling sure that he could not be wrong if he followed his father's example, he replied, "I'll take what father takes."

The answer reached the father's ear, and instantly the full responsibility of his position flashed upon him. And the father shuddered as the history of several young men, once promising as his own bright lad, ruined by drink, started up in a solemn warning before him. Should his hopes be blasted, and that open faced lad become a burden? But for strong drink they would have been active, earnest, prosperous men; and if it could work such ruin upon them, was his own son safe? Quicker than lightning these thoughts passed through his mind, and in a moment the decision was made. "If the boy falls, he will not have me to blame;" and then in tones tremulous with emotion, and to the astonishment of those who knew him, he said, "Waiter, I'll take water;" and from that day to this strong drink has been banished from that man's home.

LIQUOR is at the bottom of all our poverty. If the tax for it were lifted, there would not need to be a man, woman or child without bread. There cannot be a more pitiful or contemptible sight than a man quarrelling over and bemoaning his taxes while tickling his palate and burning up his stomach and his substance with glass after glass of whiskey.—J. G. Holland.

## THE SPOILT DOG.

THE great and good missionary, Moffat, relates a funny adventure about a Bible: "One day," says he, "as I was passing by the hut of one of the most important, but least attentive of my Sunday hearers, this exclamation: 'Oh, what a misfortune!' pronounced by a man's voice, struck my ear. Quite concerned, I pushed open the door, and went in. 'What is the matter, Tamra?' I said; 'what misfortune has happened to you? I hope neither your wife nor your son is ill, my poor friend.'"

"No," replied he, "there is no one ill in the hut." "Well, what trouble were you speaking of in such a melancholy tone?"

The man scratched his woolly head with an embarrassed air. "Why, the boy has just come to tell me that my dog has eaten a leaf of the Bible you gave us." "Oh, well," I said, "that mischief is not irreparable. I can, perhaps, replace the leaf." "Ah! but," said the man, "my dog is spoiled! He will never more fetch me the smallest bit of game, nor will he fly at the throat of my enemy when I tell him to. He will become as gentle as a lamb, like all our warriors do now who read that Book! I tell you what, missionary, my dog is ruined, and it is your fault!"

## READING ONE HOUR A DAY.

THERE was once a lad who, at the age of fourteen, found himself an apprentice to a soap-boiler. Having a spare hour every day, he decided to pass that fleeting time in reading. Within a few weeks the habit became fixed, and then he thoroughly enjoyed his lesson. He stayed seven years at the place, and when he was twenty-one he took a position that could be filled only by an educated man.

Now, let us see how much time he spent in reading during the seven years. At the rate of one hour a day, the whole time thus passed would be 2,555 hours. In other words, it was equal to the time one would spend in reading at the rate of eight hours each day, three hundred and ten days, or nearly a whole year.

## BRAGGING AND DOING.

HAVE you not heard how some boys brag about what they are intending to do? They are always going to do wonders.

"You just wait," said they, "and we will show you, some day, what we can do."

Now is your chance, we would say to you. You are old enough now, and you will never have a better time. Better begin now, we are anxious to see your first effort. Let us at once see you animated by the practical purpose of doing, not by the dream, and we will compute your future for you.

Make an effort even if you shall fail the first time, a hundred times, still continue to try. The result is inevitable. It is only those who falter that come to grief.—Well-Spring.



GENERAL WOLFE.

## TEMPERANCE.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL is authority for the statement that in five years, from 1865 to 1870, the expenses for spirituous liquors in Great Britain were one-half more than the national revenue for the whole time; that they were twice the capital of all the savings-banks; that they were three times the annual railway incomes of the United Kingdom; and that they were fifty times the collected revenues of all the religious and philanthropic societies.—Rev. O. H. Tiffany.

We can prove with mathematical certainty that as much flour as can lie on the point of a table knife is more nutritious than eight quarts of the best Bavarian beer; that a person who is able daily to consume that amount of beer, obtains from it in a whole year, in the most favourable case, exactly the amount of nutritive constituent which is contained in a five-pound loaf, or in three pounds of flesh.—Baron Liebig.

THE fact of the matter is, if we want to multiply diseases, poverty, crime, indolence, and all the stages of idiocy and drunkenness and the consumption of the stronger drinks, introduce the more mild drinks and make them cheap, and they will make the rest.—Prof. S. M. D. Fry, relating the result of her observations in London.

Boys were never seen in drinking places as long as whiskey was the standard. But after lager beer was introduced, the boys would go to the saloons where games were prepared for them, such as bagatelle and pool, and in a little while you found drunken boys.—Chief of Police of Baltimore

THE Beer Bill has done more to brutalize the English labourer, and take him from his family and fireside into the worst associations, than almost any measure that could have been devised. It has furnished victims for the jails, the hulks, and the gallows, and has frightfully extended the evils of pauperism and moral debasement.—G. F. Drury, Magistrate, England.

WHEREFORE do ye spend your money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not?

BEER stupefies and besots.—Bismarck.



THE DEATH OF WOLFE.

SOMETHING SURE.

WHAT a pity nothing ever  
Has a beauty that will stay!  
Said our thoughtful little Nellie,  
Stopping brief / in her play,  
"All these velvet pannies withered,  
And I picked them just to-day!

"And there's nothing very certain,"  
Answered Beas with face demure;  
"When it rains, we can't go driving,  
I wish promises were truer!  
I could rest if I were certain  
Of a single thing that's sure!"

Grandma smiled from out her corner,  
Smoothing back a soft gray tress;  
"Sixty seconds make a minute;  
Did you know it, little Beas!  
Sixty minutes make an hour,  
Never more, and never less.

"For the seconds in a minute,  
Whether full of work or fun,  
Or the minutes in an hour,  
Never numbered sixty-one!  
That is one thing that is certain  
Ever since the world begun.

"Though the rose may lose its crimson,  
And the buttercup its gold,  
There is something through all changes,  
You may always surely hold:  
Truth can never lose its beauty,  
Nor its strength, by growing old."  
—Our Little Ones.

THE REAL KING.

A WRITER of great intellectual ability and fame, being reproved for carrying in his winter's coat, replied: "The man who is ashamed to carry in his own coat deserves to sit all winter by an empty grate." Honest toil, to the noble mind, brings no disgrace. As between the man who lives by his own labour and the one who lives by the labour of others, the first is the real king and hero. It deserves the strongest emphasis with the young, that labour crown life with honour and idleness with shame.

THE wine of Judea was the pure juice of the grape, without any mixture of alcohol, and commonly weak and harmless. It was the common drink of the people, and did not tend to produce intoxication.—Rev. Albert Barnes.

THE BATTLE OF THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.\*

THIS stirring story can never lose its interest to Canadian youth. We abridge from Withrow's "History of Canada," the following account:

On the early moonless morning of September 13th, 1759, before day, the fleet dropped silently down the river with the ebbing tide, accompanied by thirty barges containing sixteen hundred men, which, with muffled ears, closely hugged the shadows of the shore. Pale and weak with recent illness, Wolfe reclined among his officers, and, in a low tone, blending with the rippling of the river, recited several stanzas of the recent poem, Gray's "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard." Perhaps the shadow of his own approaching fate stole upon his mind, as in mournful cadence, he whispered the strangely-prophetic words,

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Alike await the inexorable hour;  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

With a prescience of the hollowness of military renown, he exclaimed, "I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec to-morrow."

Challenged by an alert sentry, an officer gave the countersign, which had been learned from a French deserter, and the little flotilla was mistaken for a convoy of provisions expected from Montreal. Landing in the deeply-shadowed cove, the agile Highlanders climbed lightly up the steep and narrow path leading to the summit. "Qui vive!" demanded the watchful sentinel. "La France," replied Captain McDonald, the Highland officer in command, and, in a moment, the guard was overpowered. The troops swarmed rapidly up the rugged precipice, aiding themselves by the roots

\*The cuts which accompany this sketch are from Dr. Redpath's Cyclopaedia of History, recently reviewed in these pages.

and branches of the stunted spruce and savins; the barges meanwhile promptly transferring fresh re-enforcements from the fleet. With much difficulty, a single field-piece was dragged up the rugged steep.

When the sun rose, the plain was glittering with arms of plaided Highlanders and English red-coats, forming for battle. A breathless horseman conveyed the intelligence to Montcalm at early dawn. At first incredulous, the gallant commander was soon convinced of the fact, and the roll of drums and peal of bagles on the fresh morning air, summoned the scattered army to action. With tumultuous haste, the skilful regiments hurried through the town, and formed in long thin lines upon the Plains of Abraham, without waiting for artillery, except two small field pieces brought from the city. The French numbered seven thousand five hundred famine-wasted and disheartened men, more than half of whom were, in the words of Wolfe, "a disorderly peasantry." Opposed to them were less than five thousand veteran troops, eager for the fray, and strong in their confidence in their beloved general.

Wolfe passed rapidly along the line, cheering his men, and exhorting them not to fire without orders. Firm as a wall, they awaited the onset of the French. In silence they filled the ghastly gaps made in their ranks by the fire of the foe. Not for a moment wavered the steady line. Not a trigger was pulled till the enemy arrived within forty yards. Then, at Wolfe's ringing word of command, a simultaneous volley flashed from the levelled guns, and tore through the adverse ranks. As the smoke-wreaths rolled away upon the morning breeze, a ghastly sight was seen. The French line was broken and disordered, and heaps of wounded strewed the plain. Gallantly resisting, they received another deadly volley. With cheer on cheer, the British charged before they could reform, and, trampling the dying and dead, swept the fugitives from the field, pursuing them to the city gates, and to the banks of the St. Charles. In fifteen minutes, was lost and won the battle that gave Canada to Great Britain.

Beside the multitude of slain on either side, whose death carried desolation into many a humble home, were the brave commanders of the adverse hosts. Almost at the first fire, Wolfe was struck by a bullet that shattered his wrist. Binding a handkerchief round the wound, he led the way to victory. In a moment a ball pierced his side, but he still cheered on his men. Soon a third shot lodged deep in his breast. Staggering into the arms of an officer, he exclaimed, "Support me! Let not my brave fellows see me fall." He was borne to the rear, and gently laid upon the ground. "See! they run!" exclaimed one of the officers standing by. "Who run!" demanded Wolfe, arousing as from a swoon. "The enemy, sir; they give way everywhere," was the reply. "What! already!" said the dying man, and he gave orders to cut off their retreat. "Now, God be praised," he murmured, "I die content," and he gently breathed his last.

His brave adversary, Montcalm, also fell mortally wounded, and was borne from the field. "How long shall I live?" he asked the surgeon. "Not many hours," was the reply.

"I am glad of it," he said; "I shall not see the surrender of Quebec." He refused to occupy his mind longer with earthly concerns. To another he said: "Since it is my misfortune to be defeated and mortally wounded, it is a great consolation that I have been defeated by so great and generous an enemy." He died before midnight, and, confined in a rude box, was buried amid the tears of his soldiers in a grave made by the bursting of a shell. So perished a brave and noble-hearted man, a skilful general and an incorruptible patriot.

Near the scene of their death, a grateful people have erected a common monument to the rival commanders, who generously recognized each other's merit in life, and now keep for ever more the solemn trace of death. The two races which met in the shock of battle dwell together in loving fealty, beneath the protecting folds of one common flag.

STRENGTHENED BY EXAMPLE.

AT a large boarding house in the South, a guest was asked at dinner if she would have some plum pudding with wine sauce. "I will have some of the plum pudding but none of the wine sauce," was her reply. Her friends laughed at her, and insisted that she should take some, but she replied, "I decline upon principle; I take no alcohol in any form."

The conversation turned to other topics, but a young man whom she noticed sitting opposite her at dinner, approached her and requesting a word with her, said, "I want to tell you how much good you did me to-day by your prompt and decided rejection of the wine in the pudding sauce. I had been deliberating what I would do, being strongly tempted by the smell of it, which reached me. I think I should have yielded to my desire and the solicitation of my friends, who called my resolution a whim, if I had not heard your refusal. That gave me the courage to resist the temptation. I have an inherited appetite for liquor, but by the grace of God I have been enabled to control it; but if I had got a taste of wine to-day, I should have fallen again."

It was a very light thing for that woman to put aside an indulgence which cost her no sacrifice whatever. But by so doing she gave strength and courage to one whose feet had well nigh slipped. We need to look at these things, not merely in the light of personal desires or personal experience, but with reference to the condition and dangers around us. We know not what eyes are watching us; we know not who may be benefited or injured by our actions. Our decision, which may be but a passing, transient choice, may forge the fetter which shall bind some other soul in bonds never to be broken. "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, or anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." Rom. 14: 21. "We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak and not to please ourselves." Rom. 15: 1.

LET every labourer know this fact:—That at least one full hour's toil of each day's labour is his tax for the support of the dram-shops of America.—Rev. J. H. Sherman.

## "ALWAYS SUNRISE SOMEWHERE."

HERE is always sunrise somewhere! Though the night be round thee round,

Somewhere still the east is bright'ning  
With the rosy flush of dawn  
What though near the bat is flitting,  
And the raven croaks his say,  
Somewhere still the sun bids a greeting  
Hails the rising of the day!

Should bereavement's heavy shadow,  
Fall like, of the thy stricken heart,  
And the very star above thee  
Cease their lesson to impart,  
Think the dear one, whose departure  
Bound thy soul such darkness cast,  
Somewhere finds the heavenly morning  
That may rise on thee at last.

Gropest thou in failure's valley,  
Sad disheartened, and dismayed,  
Lest as in the past thy footsteps  
May be yet again betrayed?  
Fix thine eyes upon the sunset,  
Turn thee from the sorrow's feast,  
Till the never-fading sunrise  
Glistens the darkened east!

Let us lay to heart the comfort  
In this sweet reflection found,  
That, however dense our darkness,  
Somewhere still the world around  
Flows are glimmering, flowers uprising,  
Wild birds warbling, us return,  
Lakes and streams and woods and mountains  
Melting in the kiss of morn!

Ne'er was night, however dismal,  
But withdrew its wings of gloom,  
Ne'er was sorrow, but a day-star  
Himself of the morrow's bloom,  
Ne'er was woe, but in its bosom  
Was the seed of hope imperled;  
There is still a sunrise somewhere,  
Speeding, speeding round the world!

—Congregationalist.

## PIONEER METHODISM.

BY THE REV. EDWARD EGLESTON D.D.

## CHAPTER V.

## SELF-SACRIFICE.

At last Kike is getting better, and Morton can be spared. There is no longer any reason why the rowdies on Jenkinsville Circuit should pine for the muscular young preacher whom they have vowed to "lick as soon as they lay eyes on to him." Morton and Dr. Morgan have exhausted their several systems of theology in discussion. So, at last, the impatient Morton mounts his impatient horse, and gallops away to preach to the impatient brethren and face the impatient ruffians of Jenkinsville Circuit. Kike is left yet in his quiet harbour to recover. The doctor has taken a strange fancy to the zealous young prophet, and looks forward with regret to the time when he will leave.

Ah, happiest experience of life, when the flood tide sets back through the veins! You have no longer any pain; you are not well enough to feel any responsibility; you cannot work; there is no obligation resting on you but one—that is rest. Such perfect passivity Kike had never known before. He could walk but little. He sat the livelong day by the open window, as listless as the grass that waved before the wind. All the sense of dire responsibility, all those feelings of the awfulness of life, and the fearfulness of his work; and the dreadfulness of his accountability, were in abeyance. To eat, to drink, to sleep, to wake and breathe, to suffer as a passive instrument the play of whatever feeling might chance to come, was Kike's life.

The austerity of Kike's conscience had slumbered during his convalescence. At last it is awakened. He sat one evening in his room trying to

see the right way. According to old Methodist custom he looked for some inward movement of the Spirit—some "impression"—that should guide him.

During the great religious excitement of the early part of this century, Western pietists referred everything to God in prayer. The opening of a Bible at random for a directing text became so common during the Wesleyan movement in England, that Dr. Adam Clarke thought it necessary to utter a stout Irish philippic against what he called "Bible sortilege."

These devout divirings, these vain attempts to catch the direction of heavenly breezes, could not but impress so earnest a nature as Kike's. Now in his distress he prayed with eagerness and opened his Bible at random to find his eye lighting, not on any intelligible or remotely applicable passage, but upon a bead-roll of unpronounceable names in one of the early chapters of the Book of Chronicles. This disappointment he accepted as a trial of his faith. Faith like Kike's is not to be dashed by disappointment. He prayed again for direction, and opened at last at the text: "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?" The marked trait in Kike's piety was an enthusiastic personal loyalty to the Lord Jesus Christ. This question seemed directed to him, as it had been to Peter, in reproach. He would hesitate no longer. Love, and life itself, should be sacrificed for the Christ who died for him. Then he prayed once more, and there came to his mind the memory of that saying about leaving houses and lands and wives, for Christ's sake. It came to him, doubtless, by a perfectly natural law of mental association. But what did Kike know of the association of ideas, or of any other law of mental action? Wesley's sermons and Benson's Life of Fletcher constituted his library. To him it seemed certain that this text of Scripture was "suggested." It was a call from Christ to give up all for him. And in the spirit of the sublimest self-sacrifice, he said: "Lord, I will keep back nothing!"

But emotions and resolutions that are at high tide in the evening often ebb before morning. Kike thought himself strong enough to begin again to rise at four o'clock, as Wesley had ordained in those "rules for a preacher's conduct" which every Methodist preacher even yet promises to keep. Following the same rules, he proceeded to set apart the first hour for prayer and meditation.

He conducted his devotions in a state of great mental distraction. Seeing a copy of Baxter's Reformed Pastor which belonged to Dr. Morgan lying on the window-seat, he took it up, hoping to get some light from its stimulating pages. He remembered that Wesley spoke well of Baxter; but he could not fix his mind upon the book. He kept listlessly turning the leaves until his eye lighted upon a sentence in Latin. Kike knew not a single word of Latin, and for that very reason his attention was the more readily attracted by the sentence in an unknown tongue. He read it, "*Nec propter vitam, vivendi perdere causas.*" He found written in the margin a free rendering: "Let us not for the sake of life, sacrifice the only things worth living for." He knelt down now and gave thanks for what seemed to him Divine direction.

Kike rode to his old home in the

Hissawacheo Settlement. The cabin in which his mother lived was very little different from what it was when he left it. The old stick chimney showed signs of decrepitude; the barrel which served for chimney-pot was canted a little on one side, giving to the cabin, as Kike thought, an unpleasant air, as of a man a little exhilarated with whiskey, who has tipped his hat upon the side of his head, to leer at you saucily. The mother received him joyously, and wiped her eyes with an apron when she saw how sick he had been.

Kike had come home to have his tattered wardrobe improved, and the thoughtful mother had already made him a warm, though not very shapely, suit of jeans. It cost Kike a struggle to leave her again. She did not think him fit to go. But she did not dare to say so. How should she venture to advise one who seemed to her wondering heart to live in the very secrets of the Almighty? God had laid hands on him—the child was hers no longer. But still she looked her heart-breaking apprehensions as he got out from home, leaving her standing disconsolate in the doorway wiping her eyes with her apron.

Was Kike unhappy when he made his way to the distant Pottawottomie Creek Circuit?

Do you think the Jesuit missionaries, who traversed the wilds of Canada at the call of duty as they heard it, were unhappy men? The highest happiness comes not from the satisfaction of our desires, but from the denial of them for the sake of a high purpose. I doubt not the happiest man that ever sailed through Levantine seas, or climbed Cappadocian mountains, was Paul of Tarsus. Do you think that he envied the voluptuaries of Cyprus, or the rich merchants of Corinth? Can you believe that one of the idlers in the Epicurean gardens, or one of the Stoic loafers in the covered sidewalks of Athens, could imagine the joy that tided the soul of Paul over all tribulations? For there is a sort of awful delight in self-sacrifice, and Kike defied the storm of a northern winter, and all difficulties and dangers of the wilderness, and all the hardships of his lonely lot, with one saying often on his lips: "O Lord, I have kept back nothing!"

I have heard that about this time young Lumsden was accustomed to electrify his audiences by his fervent preaching upon the Christian duty of Glorifying in Tribulation, and that shrewd old country women would nod their heads one to another as they went home afterward, and say: "He's seed a mighty sight o' trouble in his time, I 'low, yer a young man." "Yes; but he's got the victory; and how powerful sweet he talks about it! I never heard the batin all my born days."

## SYMPATHY WANTED.

An eminent clergyman sat in his study, busily engaged in preparing his Sunday sermon, when his little boy toddled into the room, and, holding up his pinched finger said, with an expression of suffering, "Look, pa, how I hurt it!"

The father, interrupted in the middle of a sentence, glanced hastily at him, and with just the slightest tone of impatience said, "I can't help it, sonny."

The little fellow's eyes grew bigger, and, as he turned to go out, he said in a loud voice, "Yes you could. You might have said, 'Oh!'"

## WHAT DETERMINATION DID.

A YOUNG man had decided to devote his life to the study of natural history. Lack of money to buy books met him in the outset. Determined to succeed, he copied with his own hands two large books whose possession he deemed indispensable. He was still pursuing this toilsome plan, when he became convinced that this acquisition of book-knowledge and of technical names was leading him away from study of the great book of nature written by our heavenly Father.

Then he began to collect fishes, and keep them in a stone basin under the fountain in his father's back-yard, that he might study their habits; he hunted the neighbouring woods and meadows for caterpillars, and raised from them "fresh, beautiful butterflies;" in fact, he saw that the study of the objects themselves was far more attractive than the study of the books he had coveted.

When, in later years, he had access to these books, he wondered that they contained so little about the habits and actions of animals with which he had grown familiar.

"And now that large libraries are accessible to me," he adds, "I usually content myself with turning over the leaves of the works on natural history, and looking at the illustrations that they may guide me should I have an opportunity of studying them in nature."

Thus we see that that which looked like a misfortune proved to be a "blessing in disguise."

## THE CANDLE-FISH.

PEOPLE do not get candles from water, as a rule, I believe, but nevertheless there was a time when men were indebted to the ocean for much of the light that made their homes pleasant at night. The best candles and all of your forefathers' time came from whales. There is, however, a very remarkable light-giver, which is nothing more nor less than a small fish. This fish is so very oily that all you have to do, after it has departed this life, is to fasten it by its tail between two pieces of wood, touch a match to its head, and a flame will arise from the fish's mouth that lasts until, like a candle, the fish is slowly consumed.

The useful fish, moreover, is a very important one to people living on the northwestern coast of North America. At certain seasons the candle fishes swarm the bays and rivers in vast numbers, and every native man, woman, and child is engaged in capturing them. And how do you suppose they catch them? They actually comb them in. The boats drive them in shore, where each native, armed with a gigantic weapon with teeth eight inches long, sweeps or combs them up by the hundred.

When the boats are loaded full, the fish are carried ashore, where women and children take charge of them. After being dried and smoked, they are ready for candles. They are also used as food, and in that case the oil is tried out and put away for winter use.—From "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," in *St. Nicholas for March*.

NEVER was a sincere word uttered, never a magnanimity fell to the ground; there is some heart always to greet and accept it unexpectedly.



THE CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN.

FROM out the crystal fountain  
That flows in beauty free,  
From shady hill and mountain,  
Fill high the cup for me.  
Sing of the sparkling waters,  
Sing of the cooling spring;  
Let fre dom's sons and daughters  
Their joyous tribute bring.

From many a happy dwelling,  
Late misery's dark abode,  
Now the glad peal is swelling,  
The hymn of praise to God.  
Hear the glad song ascending  
From many thankful hearts;  
Hope, Joy, and Peace are blinding,  
And each its aid imparts.

We'll join the tuneful chorus,  
And raise our song on high,  
The cheering view before us,  
Delights the raptured eye.  
The glorious cause is gaining  
New strength from day to day,  
The drunkard host is waning,  
Before cold wat. 's away.

A BROKEN-HEARTED PRINCE.

BY M. M.

PERHAPS some boy who reads this true story may think it would be a fine thing to be a prince; to live in a palace, and have scores of servants to do one's will; to be flattered and courted and envied, and to have everybody say, "there goes the prince!" when he so much as goes out for an airing.

But look upon some pictures in the real life of a real prince of the blood, and say if you would like to leave your free, happy country and take your chance among the uneasy heads that are doomed to wear crowns, if they are not snatched off by envious hands!

Less than a hundred years ago, Louis XVI., king of France, was told that it had been decided that he should die within twenty-four hours, not for any crime that he had done, but because the country was in a state of turmoil, a revolution was in progress, and the insane people were clamouring for change.

He was allowed to see his family ones more. For nearly two hours on the last evening of his life he sat with his loved ones about him, his wife and sister on either side, his young daughter in front, and his one dear little son upon his knees. The little Louis was scarcely eight years old, but the shadow of that awful night never left his young life!

For a little while the children were left with their beautiful mother, Queen Marie Antoinette, and Madame Elizabeth, the king's sister, and then the little boy, shy, timid, clinging child as he was, less than nine years old, was taken from the others and put into a room by himself where he had no one to speak to him but the gruff man who was supposed to take care of him, but who treated him unkindly at first, and finally with wicked cruelty. Sometimes crafty men would come and talk with the poor boy about his former life, and when, by and by, his mother was brought to trial, things which he had said were told in such a way as to make it appear that the queen had done very evil things of which she was quite innocent. When the little Louis was told this he said he would never speak again, and for a long time he kept his word.

Both the queen and Madame Elizabeth were put to death, and the royal children were left without a friend in these sadly troubled times. You do not wonder, do you, that the gentle

child fell ill, and, in time, seemed to become almost an idiot!

When, at last, people began to come to their senses a little, and a kind guardian was given him who tried to amuse him and make him happy, it was too late. The little prince born to the throne of France died of a broken heart a year or two after his father's death!

Perhaps you want to know what became of the princess? She was older and stronger and of a more resolute nature than her brother. She lived to escape from her prison, and to grow to womanhood, when she wrote a very spirited account of the way she and her family had been treated.

THE LORD'S MONEY.

"BERTIE, Bertie, isn't this a shame!" cried little Caspar Hall, as he held up a silver quarter for his older brother to look at.

It was a bright quarter, and at first sight there was nothing the matter with it; but closer inspection showed that it had been bored, and the hole had afterward been carefully filled up.

"They wouldn't take it where I bought my slate," said Caspar, ruefully; "and then I tried to pass it at the candy-shop, and the lady shook her head; and when I offered it to the conductor of the car he was quite cross, and asked me if I didn't know how to read. When I said, 'Yes, of course I do,' he printed a notice in big letters, 'No mutilated coin received here.' What shall I do with it?" finished the little fellow, with a sigh.

"You have no idea who gave it to you; have you, Caspar?" said Bertie. "Not the least. It is part of the change I had from Uncle John's Christmas-gift to me."

"Well, you must be sharper next time. Now if I were you, I would put it into the missionary-box. The society will work it off somehow."

"But—I don't want to put a whole quarter in the box."

"It is not a whole quarter, Caspar; it's a quarter that's had a hole in it. Nobody'll take it from you. You may just as well get rid of it in that way as any other."

Bertie and Caspar Hall were in their father's library when this conversation took place. They thought themselves alone; but just on the other side of a curtain which divided the room from the parlour their little cousin Ethel was sitting. As Caspar moved toward the mantel where the family missionary box stood in plain sight, Ethel drew the curtain aside and spoke to him.

"Boys," she said, "I did not mean to listen, but I could not help overhearing you; and Caspar, dear, don't drop that quarter into the box, please."

"Why not, Ethel?"

"The Lord's money goes into that box."

Bertie looked up from his Latin grammar to meet the glowing face of the little girl. Her eyes were shining, and her lips quivered a little, but she spoke gravely: "It was the lamb without blemish, don't you know, that the Hebrews were to offer to the Lord? If you saw Jesus here in this room, you would not like to say, 'I will give this to thee because no one else will have it.' It was gold, frankincense, and myrrh that wise men offered to the infant Jesus."

The boys drew nearer Ethel. She

went on: "It isn't much we can give to him who gave himself for us, but I believe we ought to give him our best, and what cost us something. Excuse me, but it seems mean to drop a battered coin into God's treasury, just to get it out of sight."

Caspar and Bertie agreed with Ethel. They were about to do wrong for want of thought. Are there no older people who should remember that the Lord's money ought to be perfect, and of our best?—M. E. Sangster.

A TERRIBLE DANGER.

MATTIE DYER BRITS

PEOPLE read, with pale faces, the account of a tornado, and the single word "cyclone" is all that is required to terrify the dwellers in some of our States. They build cellars and bank-houses in which to hide from the fury of the storm, and run to their refuge at the first approach of the dreaded visitor. And yet the same persons sit calmly down, and witness the terrible tornado of intemperance sweeping furiously broadcast over the length and breadth of the land—its breath foul with poison, its hands red with murder, its voice hoarse with curses—woe, and death, and destruction, following in its wake everywhere. And, if one dares to lift up the cry of "danger!" and entreat men to fly for safety to a sure refuge from this appalling storm, he is called "a crank," and "a fanatic" and laughed, or sneered at, for his earnestness.

Not by everybody thank God! There are those who would gladly help him; but by too many, and by very many who know too well the fearful ravages of the awful cyclone of intemperance.

No one who uses even one drop of intoxicating liquor is safe. Some of our best and brightest men and women have sunk under this dreadful scourge, unable to resist the appetite, when once it was yielded to. The only perfect hope of safety is, never to touch the vile thing. And the next, to do all we can by example, law, and influence, to save those who are in danger.

Our best hope for the future, dear children, is in you. Will you do all you can to avert the storm of intemperance, and bring a better and brighter day? Intemperance is the leading crime of the age, and you must make a mighty struggle to overcome it.

JACK'S SCAR.

ALMOST every boy has some kind of a scar. Theodoro has a scar upon his cheek, made by falling against the stove; Albert a scar on his foot, cut with a hatchet; Franklin a scar on his shoulder, where a horse, named Lucy Lolly bit him; but Jack's scar is not like these.

I heard about Jack's scar at the prayer meeting last night, and a voice in my heart whispered, "Tell that story to all the boys you know."

Though, to be sure, Jack is not a little boy. He is a young man—a conductor on a railroad train.

A great railroad has its headquarters in our town, so almost every man is at work for the railroad company.

Last week a conductor was killed—somebody is killed nearly every week. While Jack, with a group of his comrades stood sadly talking about the conductor's death, one of their number,

a Christian gentleman remarked, "There is hardly a man in the railroad service but has been in some way hurt—carries some scar." Whereupon Jack proudly replied that he had been in the employ of the railroad company for years, and he had never been hurt—he carried no scar; and to make his statement stronger, he used some very wicked words; for alas, alas, Jack had learned to swear!

The gentleman looked sorrowfully at the young man. He knew his history; knew that Jack had not been brought up to swear, but that he had kept company with profane boys and men until he had fallen into the habit almost unconsciously, scarcely knowing when he did swear. The comrade thought of all this, then said earnestly, "Jack, you do carry a scar." But Jack again asserted with an oath that he did not; he was very positive there was no scar upon him. "Ah, Jack, Jack!" answered the Christian friend, "you have a bad scar—in your mouth!"

And girls, too, sometimes have ugly scars. I know a lady who says she has a scar on her heart, made by listening to some bad stories one day, when she was a girl at school.

Dear boys and girls, you may not be able to prevent the scars of accidents upon hands and faces; but I entreat you to strive earnestly all the time, fervently seeking the help of the Saviour, to keep your minds and hearts free from the scars of sin.

THE DRINK FOR ME.

THE drink that's in the drunkard's bowl  
Is not the drink for me!  
It kills his body and his soul,  
How sad a sight is he!  
How sad a sight is he!  
But there's a drink that God has given,  
Distilling in the showers of heaven,  
In measure large and free;  
Oh, that's the drink for me!

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS AND HIS MOTHER.

THE mother of John Quincy Adams said in a letter to him, written when he was only ten years old, "I would rather see you laid in your grave than grow up a profane and graceless boy." Not long before the death of Mr. Adams a gentleman said to him, "I have found out who made you."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Adams.

The gentleman replied, "I have been reading the published letters of your mother."

"If," this gentleman remarks, "I had spoken that dear name to some little boy who had been for weeks away from his mother, his eyes could not have flashed more brightly, nor his face glowed more quickly, than did the eyes of that venerable old man when I pronounced the name of his mother. He stood up in his peculiar manner, and said, 'Yes, sir; all the good that is in me I owe to my mother.'"

John Quincy Adams could say with Dr. Bethune:

"I've pored o'er many a goodly page  
Of ancient wisdom, and have won,  
Perchance, a scholar's name, but sage  
Or bard has never taught thy son  
Lessons so dear, so fragrant with holy truth  
As those his mother's faith shed on his youth."

A LITTLE child, becoming weary with the quarrelling of two younger children over a glass of milk, exclaimed, "What's the use of quarrelling over that milk? There is a whole bowlful out in the barn!"



BRAVE BOYS! GLAD GIRLS!

**BR**AVE boys, glad girls, who have no fear  
Of summer's heat, of winter's cold,  
I hold it good that ye be glad,  
I count it well that ye be bold!

The world shall need, ere ye be old,  
Your valour and your mirth, I trow—  
Your strength to strike for truth, your smiles  
To lift the cares from heart and brow.

Brave boys, be strong; grow fit to face  
The lettered lie, the spoken wrong;  
Glad girls, be gay; your womanhood  
Shall help the weak and bless the strong.

Glad girls, brave boys, with shout and song  
Play on: we ask but this of you,  
That you, glad girls, be kind and pure,  
That you, brave boys, be straight and true.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITING OF JOHN.

A.D. 29.] LESSON I. [July 4.

JESUS AND THE BLIND MAN.

John 9. 1-17. Commit to mem. vs. 1-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see. John 9. 25.

OUTLINE.

1. Darkness, v. 1-4.
2. Light, v. 5-7.
3. Wonder, v. 8-17.

TIME.—On same day with events in Lesson XII. of last quarter.

PLACE.—Jerusalem. In the city streets, not in the temple.

EXPLANATIONS.—Who did sin?—It was a common belief among the Jews that calamities and bodily afflictions were the result of sin. Neither hath this man sinned—This means that this blindness was not the result of any sin. Of course he was a sinner, as we all are. Works of God—These were the miracles which Jesus was constantly doing, and which he proposed now to do for this man. Night cometh—Jesus means death is coming to all. Spat on the ground, and made clay—A symbolic act, probably designed to aid the man's faith. A sinner—A deceiver, an impostor. The people did not believe the charge which the rulers were all the while making.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. To improve every opportunity for service!
2. To find light through obedience!
3. To confess Jesus as the giver of the true light!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Whom did Jesus and his disciples see in Jerusalem? A man born blind. 2. What did Jesus say when he saw the blind man? "I am the light of the world." 3. What did he do to the blind man? He anointed his eyes with clay. 4. What did he tell the man to do? To wash in the pool of Siloam. 5. What then took place? He washed, and came seeing. 6. What did the blind man say of the miracle in the GOLDEN TEXT? "One thing," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The light of the world.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

31. What do you call this mystery? The mystery of the Holy Trinity.  
32. What do you mean by mystery? A truth which man's reason could not discover, and which God by degrees makes known.

A.D. 29.] LESSON II. [July 11.

JESUS, THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

John 10. 1-18. Commit to mem. vs. 14-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. John 10. 11.

OUTLINE.

1. The Fold, v. 1-4.
2. The False Shepherd, v. 5-13.
3. The Faithful Shepherd, v. 14-18.

TIME.—Closely following the events of last lesson.

PLACE.—Jerusalem. Probably in the temple.

EXPLANATIONS.—This passage is one long word picture—of the sheep, the shepherd, the fold, and the enemies of the sheep; of the pasture and the common labourer hired to tend the flocks in the fields. It needs no word explanations. It is a beautiful picture, and one which every scholar should try to see with his own eyes.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. The safety of the Christian!
2. The reason of that safety!
3. The cost of their security!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What does Jesus call himself? The good shepherd. 2. Who are his flock? Those who believe in and follow him. 3. What does Christ do as the shepherd? He calls and leads his own. 4. What does Christ say of his knowledge of his flock? "I know my sheep." 5. What does Christ say in the GOLDEN TEXT? "I am," etc. 6. How did he give his life for us? By dying on the cross.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The good shepherd.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

33. What do you mean by the attributes of God? All the perfections of his nature.  
34. What do the Scriptures teach concerning God's attributes? That he is omnipresent and almighty, that he is omniscient and all-wise.

SERPENTS AMONG THE BOOKS.

I READ, not long ago, a story of a gentleman who lived in the far-away land of India.

One day he went to his library and took down a book from one of the shelves. As he did so he felt a slight pain in his finger, like the prick of a pin—only a slight pain. He thought nothing of it, except that some careless person had stuck a pin in the cover of his book. But in a little while his finger began to swell, then his whole body, and in a few hours he died. It was not a pin among the books, but a small and deadly serpent.

There are serpents among books in America; one need not go out to India to be poisoned by serpents more deadly than the cobra. Never take up a book and read it without first looking to see if perhaps a serpent is lurking between its covers. You know what I mean. It may seem but a pin-prick at first—that foolish love-scene, that exciting revel, that fascinating piece of villainy that escapes into your mind; but beware! Before you know it, it will fester, and begin to poison all the pure enjoyments of your life. Let nothing tempt you ever to read a bad book, for it will have power to defile your heart; and you remember what the Bible says: "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life."

Read, boys and girls, read, read—let not a day go by without reading at least a paragraph in some good book, but resolutely resolve to choose your reading—not to read what you happen to pick up, or some school-mate happens to lend you, but to read books of real power and worth, books that instruct as well as entertain, so that you will be the wiser for having read them—books that you can show to mother and father, and tell them all about; then you will never die a loathsome, horrid death from the secret, poisonous stinging of "a serpent among the books."

THE heart of the prudent getteth knowledge.

The most beautiful thing in human life is attainment to a resemblance of the divine.

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