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THE PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. II.

TORONTO, JUNE 24, 1882.

No. 12.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

A HERMIT there was, who lived in a grot,
And the way to be happy they said he
had got.
As I wanted to learn it, I went to his cell;
And this answer he gave, when I asked
him to tell;
"Tis being, and doing, and having, that
make
All the pleasures and pains of which
mortals partake;—
To be what God pleases, to do a man's
best,
And to have a good heart, is the way to
be blest."

ADRIANOPLE.

ADRIANOPLE is a large Turkish city of 150,000 inhabitants, on the Maritza River about 130 miles North-West of Constantinople. It is grandly situated. The gardens on the banks of the river, and the neighbouring village of Hiskel, inhabited by the wealthy merchants, are delightful, but the interior of the straggling city, is like that of most Turkish towns, dirty and desolate. It has many interesting historic associations, having been the scene of famous encounters in the times of the Romans, the Byzantine empire and the crusades. The famous mosque of Selim II. with the largest dome in the world, was built largely from the ruins of Famagousta in Cyprus. The most capacious bazaar, named after Ali Pasha is the centre of trade, which is considerable, the city being the focus of the whole of Thrace. Much of the city is now in ruins, and the marks of decay is visible everywhere.

"WHEN I grow up I'll be a man, won't I?" asked a little Austin boy of his mother. "Yes, my son; but if you want to be a man you must be industrious at school and learn how to behave yourself." "Why, mamma, do the lazy boys turn out to be women when they grow up?"

THE CITY AND COUNTRY.

THE Rev. Robert Collyer made the remark on one occasion that during his twenty years' residence in Chicago he had not known of a single man who had come prominently to the front in any pursuit who was born and bred in a large city. All the leading men in every calling—judges, lawyers, clergymen, editors, merchants, and so on, had been reared in the country, away from the follies, the vices, and the enervating influences that are known to exist in all large towns. The *New York Times* takes up the same subject, and says: "Fashion reduces all young men and women to the same dull and unin-

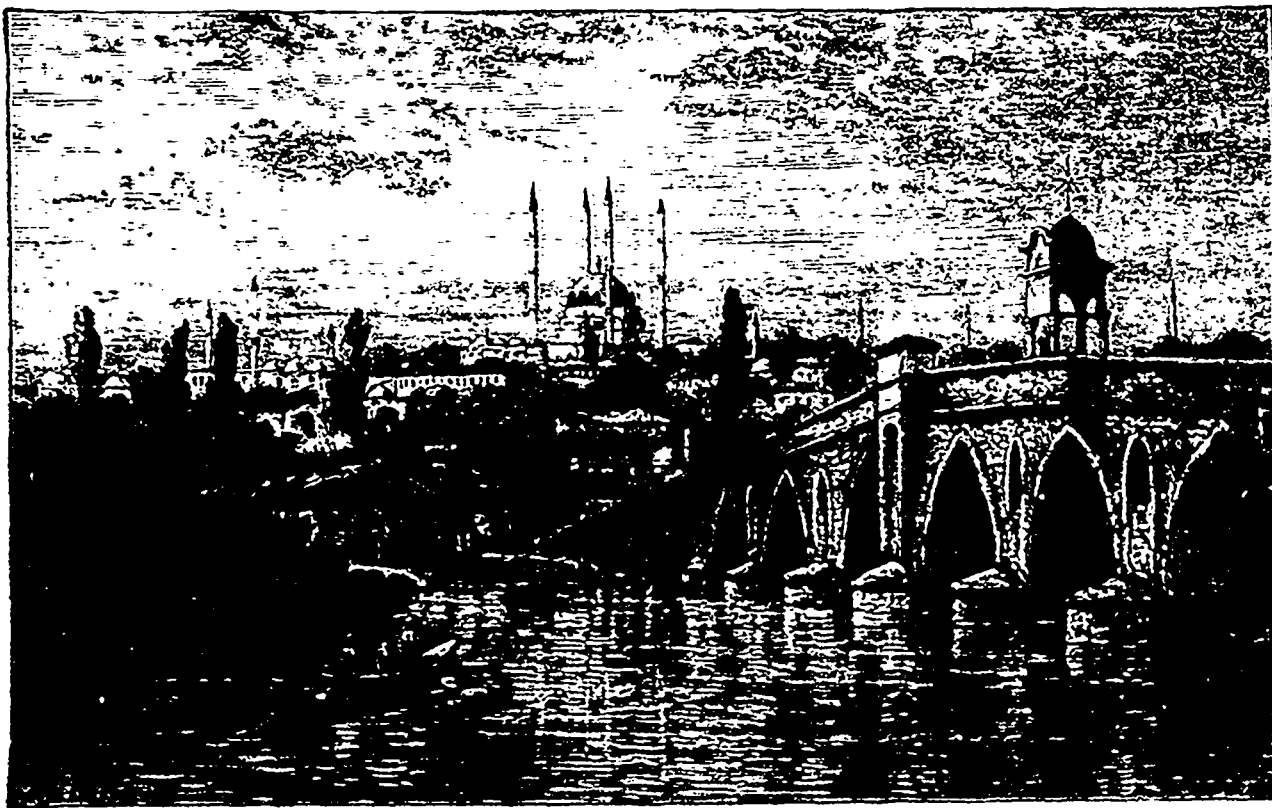
or a glorious mind like Webster's emerging from the false glitter and noisy commotion of the city. We think of Washington, the patrician sage, pacing among the stately oaks of old Virginia, of Jefferson in his country seat, and of John Adams tilling his farm in Massachusetts. These men, it is true, flourished in a time when there were no big cities in the United States. Not one American President, from first to last, was born in a city."

We do not become righteous by doing what is righteous, but having become righteous, we do what is righteous.—*Luther.*

that we may struggle for it. For the same reason he puts gold deep down in the mine, and pearls down in the sea, to make us dig and dive. We all understand that in worldly things; would God we understood it in religious things! Nobody is surprised to read that Cornelius Vanderbilt blistered his hands rowing a ferry-boat.

Nobody is surprised to hear that A. T. Stewart used to sweep out his own store. You can think of those who had it very hard who have now got it very easy. Their walls blossom and bloom with pictures. Carpets that made foreign looms laugh now kiss their feet. The horses neigh and champ their bits at the doorway, gilded

harness tinkles, and the carriage rolls away, like a beautiful wave, on New York life. Who is it! It is the boy who once had all estate slung over his shoulder in a cotton handkerchief. There was a river of difficulty between Benjamin Franklin with a loaf of bread under his arm trudging along the streets of Philadelphia, and Benjamin Franklin the philosopher, outside of Boston, playing kite with a thunder-storm. An indolent man was cured of his indolence by looking out of the window at night into another window, and seeing a man turning off one sheet after another of writing paper until al-



ADRIANOPLE.

most the daybreak. Who was it that wrote until the morning! It was Walter Scott. Who was it that looked at him from the opposite window! It was Lockart, afterward his illustrious biographer. It is push and struggle and drive. There are mountains to scale, there are rivers to ford, and there has been struggle for every body that gained any thing for themselves or any thing for the Church, or gained any thing for the world. We all understand it, in worldly things; why can we not understand it in religious things!

A RIVER OF DIFFICULTY.

BETWEEN us and every thing bright and beautiful and useful and prosperous there is a river of difficulty that we must cross. "O!" said the Israelites to Joshua, "I wish I could get some of those grapes!" "Well," said Joshua, "why don't you cross over and get them?" The grapes are *always* on the other side. You have got to cross over to get them. That which costs nothing is worth nothing. God puts every thing valuable a little out of our reach,

You think it is a mere accident that that old Christian knows so much about the Bible. Why, he was studying his Bible when you were reading your primer. He got strong by running the Christian race. In fifty Sol'ferinos he learned how to fight. In a shipwreck he learned how to swim. It was by pounding at the anvil of trouble he became swarthy. Then when this Christian goes on and gets across all these other rivers of difficulty, there is the river of death still. To some it seems a dreadful river to cross, but here is the Christian coming. His priest, the Lord Jesus Christ, with bruised feet, goes right ahead of him. His breath grows shorter and shorter, and his last breath is gone as he touches the wave. But then all the billows toss their plumes, and begin to sing, "O, death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where thy victory?"

The time will come when we will cast off these sandals which we must wear because there are so many sharp places on the road of life, and with unsandaled feet we will step on the soft bed of the river. Then with one foot in the bed of the river, with the other we will spring up the bank, and that will be heaven."—*The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*

THE MISSISSAGA INDIANS.

BY HERBERT G. PAULL.



AM asked by the children, "Where is Alnwick, and who are the Mississaga Indians?"

First, then, Alnwick is the Indian preserve situated thirty miles north of Colborne, in the beautiful County of Northumberland near the head of Rice Lake, and not very far from another Indian reserve and village called Hiawatha on the opposite side, on the shore of Rice Lake.

Is it not strange that the Indians who were once the only inhabitants, and, therefore, owners of this continent, should now be left out in the cold, and the white men own the land of their fathers, while they are compelled to be contented with a few "reserves" that the Government from time to time allots them? The size of Alnwick reserve is 3,600 acres. The Alnwick band of Mississaga Indians used to reside on the shores and islands of the Bay of Quinte. There were two tribes then, but they moved to Alnwick and became one. A band of the Mississaga Indians used to reside at Port Credit of which I told you before. There are many other tribes of Mississaga Indians scattered throughout Ontario; the Mississaga Indians, therefore, may be generally understood as being the bands who reside principally in the Ontario peninsula.

You want to know why the Indians moved from the Bay of Quinte and the islands that they learned to love.

Well, I must tell you the Indians like best to be alone; they do not like to be overlooked by the white men, any more than you would like to be watched by the Chinamen; and when they discovered that by and by a railway possibly would bring the inquisitive white people too near them, they received a proposal from the Govern-

ment to cede this land to the Government of Canada, and the Government would give them some other land, and would sell the balance of their land on the shores of the Bay of Quinte, and give them their share of the money. Of course the Indians thought this offer an excellent one, and they made a treaty in the year 1836 with the Government to that effect. Then the Government built them cottages, and a council hall, and a church, and they moved to their new home contented.

You want to know what they did with all the money they received from the sale of their land. This money as it is received is kept by the Government, and held in trust. It amounts to nearly \$100,000, and this fund is increasing, for all the land is not sold yet, and twice a year every Indian man, woman, and child receives at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum. Last year every Indian received twice \$9 16, so you see for a family of ten or so this amounts to a rather neat thing, the Indians are very well pleased. The beauty of this arrangement is this: if all the Indians by any means whatever died except one, this one who remained would have a nice little fortune; on the other hand, if the Indians should rapidly increase, and by their increase should require extensive expenditure, their income would be trifling. At any rate they are in splendid spirits, and as Chief Mitchell Chubb informed me, they have no possible grievance, and no fault to find with the Government in any respect. The Government has kept the treaty of 1836 faithfully and well, and every particular is observed as well to-day as the day it was signed, forty-six years ago.

I will tell you what the village of Alnwick is like, and what sort of a country surrounds it. Northumberland, you can easily find it in your atlas, is one of the most beautiful of the counties of Ontario, rolling land full of splendid farms, some of them a great way above the level of the lake, and somewhere near the highest part of the county the reserve is situated. The village consists of one street of about thirty houses; on the right hand side is the Methodist church and near is the new Council Hall, a large, substantial red brick building, of which the Indians are very proud. The old Council Hall was falling down, and the Indians thought they could afford a new one, so they requested the Government to take some of their money and appropriate it for the erection of a more substantial building.

Next to the Council Hall is the residence of the Rev. Mr. Jackes the missionary, whose house is a large antiquated looking place, old fashioned but comfortable enough to look at, though sadly in need of repair. How would you like to be a missionary? You would have to put up with a great deal that you would not enjoy, and forego many comforts which you and I, I am afraid, would grumble to miss. A missionary's life is a very hard one sometimes.

On the other side of the street there are quite a number of little farm houses, some log cabins, and some clap-boarded cottages, all owned and inhabited by the Indians, and down near the corner on the way to Warkworth is the house of Chief Mitchell Chubb, where in the quiet of the Sabbath evenings his little daughter plays

the organ—think of that girl—and she has an idea that an organ is not half grand enough, she wants a piano, so Mr. Chubb is going to purchase a piano for her.

I remember a story of one of these Indians, so interesting and so sad that I must tell it you:

Years ago there lived, on one of the islands belonging to the ancient tribe of Mississagas, an old man and his son. The father's name was Great Eagle, and the son's was White Eagle. What a good time the little fellow had to be sure! I wish I knew all the things he knew; I am sure he could tell me a thousand things about the fish, and the water, and the trees, and the grasses, and the herbs, and the sky, and the weather, and a hundred other things that you and I never heard of. He was a beautiful dark-haired boy full of fun, always laughing and singing with the birds, and then he was so good natured and so kind, why I am sure he would lend you his canoe, and if you were thirsty he would gladly have given you the half of the old skull, which his father gave him, to drink out of, if you had been living then, but this was many years ago. That old skull belonged to his father's foe, whom he slew and took the scalp off. Yes, and he would have given you some of his bear's claws, and probably he would have shown you a trick or two in catching fish through the ice.

And then he had such a pretty wigwam with a hole in the top for the smoke to get out through; it was covered with skins and birch bark, and altogether it looked very pretty and picturesque, looking at it from an Indian point of view. I must not forget to tell you, although I am sorry to say it, his father had hung up inside his wigwam several ghastly scalps, some of them very old, and one or two almost bleeding; so you see, this old Indian and his son had never heard of the wonderful love of our blessed Master.

You and I cannot live on this beautiful earth forever, neither can an Indian Chief, and at last the time came when Great Eagle received a summons from the Great Spirit to go to the "happy hunting ground," and he had to bid farewell to his little boy one autumn evening when the glorious old maple trees were blushing scarlet, and the warm mists of the Indian summer began to make the tired earth ready for the winter covering of ice and snow.

Oh, I am sure you would have cried to see the old man without the knowledge of Christ's love, without a ray of hope of heaven and an eternity of bliss, dying with no one to cheer him, none beside him but his little ignorant, wondering, crying child. There comes to me a picture of him now as he lay on his heap of skins, his withered dark-skinned face turned toward his son, his hand grasping his bow and arrows, and around his neck a necklace of human teeth. The door of the tent is thrown aside, and the streaming light of the golden sun pours a flood of radiance through the mist upon the emaciated features of the dying chief. Outside, the brown leaves of the oak are falling lazily from the weary limbs, and the silver poplars rustle a sad music, a low monotonous dirge as a requiem for the old red man. The waters of the bay are calm and smooth as a mill pond, and so! a long way off is a boat becalmed, lying so still with a white, white sail looming

like a little cloud, whose is it? Indian canoes never have white canvas sails. Never mind, neither Great Eagle nor White Eagle know about it, their attention is wholly engrossed with the awful stranger who is to take the old Chief to the "happy hunting-ground" of his fathers. White Eagle puts his hand on his father's forehead for it shines strangely, and great glistening beads stand out in bold relief on the wrinkled brow; it is wet with the cold and clammy sweat of death.

"Father!" said the lad in Indian tongue, dismayed.

"My son."

"Alas for White Eagle!"

"The Great Spirit shall lead you to the pleasant places."

"And you!"

"When I am cold, lay me where the waters of the bay roll in from the lake. Raise me high on a litter of pine, and put resin underneath and above, cover me with oak leaves, heap them up high, and when the moon begins to rise and shine like a ball of flame, put a torch underneath and when the blaze is high Great Eagle shall reach the happy hunting-ground in peace."

It took a long time for the dying chief to say all this, and when he had finished he waved his hand, and speechless, pointed to his parched tongue for water. White Eagle hastily left the wigwam, and proceeded to the bay, as quickly returned with a refreshing draught; but swift as he ran, Death, the great destroyer, came faster, and the soul of the heathen red man had left its tenement of clay.

Oh, the death of the heathen and the godless, as compared with the exultant triumph of the Christian's departure. Well may the strong in Christ say, "O grave where is thy victory, O death where is thy sting?"

HOUSE AND HOME.

WHAT'S a house? You may buy it, or build it, or rent.

It may be a mansion, a cottage, a tent; its furniture costly, or humble and mean. High walls may surround it, or meadows of green;

Tall servants in livery stand in the hall, Or but one little maiden may wait on you all.

The tables may groan with rich viands and rare,

Or potatoes and bread be its costliest fare. The inmates may glitter in purple and gold,

Or their raiment be homely and tattered and old.

'Tis a house, and no more, which vile money may buy;

It may ring with a laugh or but echo a sigh.

But a home must be warmed with the embers of love,

Which none from its hearthstone may ever remove,

And be lighted at eve with a heart-kindled smile,

Which a breast, though in sorrow, of woe may beguile.

A home must be home, for no words can express it;

Unless you have known it you never can guess it.

'Tis in vain to describe what it means to a heart

Which can live out its life on the bubbles of art.

It may be a palace, it may be a cot;

It matters not which and it matters not what.

'Tis a dwelling perfumed with the incense of love,

A beautiful type of the home that's above.

BE NOT WEARY IN WELL DOING.

BY REV. R. STRACHAN, COLDWATER.

O and labour for the master,
Work is pressing, haste away.
He hath called thee, do not falter—
Let not aught make thee delay;
Fields of usefulness are open,
And the labourers are few.
Some need wait, for each is bidden,
And there's work for all to do.

Every one that will may labour;
Every one good seed may sow;
And on every faithful sower
God a blessing will bestow.
Go, then, be a willing worker,
True to God in word and deed;
Be for him a zealous sower,—
Scattering the precious seed.

Sow the seed beside all waters,
Fill thy hand with precious grain;
He that liberally scatters,
Great increase receive again.
Morn and eve continue sowing,
Watch and work and wait and pray.
Be not weary in well-doing,—
Work while yet 'tis called "to-day."

Though thou goest forth with weeping,
Lest thy work should be for naught,
Thou shalt come again rejoicing
That through thee the Lord hath
wrought;
That the bread cast on the waters
Hath appeared to thee again;
That the seed so freely scattered,
Yields rich sheaves of golden grain.

Labour, then, the world to better,
And the Master's cause maintain;
Earnest, faithful, patient labour
In the Lord is not in vain.
As thy day so shall thy strength be;
Grace sufficient from the Lord
Will be given to assist thee,
And His love will thee reward.

Be encouraged in thy labour;
He'll reward thy toil and pain
With His everlasting favour,
And with Him in life you'll reign.
Wise are they that love and serve Him,
Like the firmament they'll shine.
Labour to lead others to Him.
'Twill enhance thy bliss divine.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.



WE have pleasure in quoting the following passage from the Rev. J. C. Seymour's *Temperance Battle Field*, a book that we would like to see in the hands of every boy and girl in Canada:

A German spoke at a temperance meeting: "I shall tell you how it was. While I was drinking, I put my hand on my head, there was von big pain. Then I put mine hand on my pody, and there was another. There was very much pains in all my pody. Then I put my hand in mine pocket, and there was nothing. I joined de temperance. Now there ish no more pain in mine head. The pains in my pody are all gone away. I put mine hand in my pocket, and there ish twenty tollars; so I shall shtay mit de temperance." It would be well for people's pockets, as well as their health, if they would all join and "shtay mit de temperance," too.

A medical gentleman was taking a walk in Regent's Park, London, when he observed an old man seated upon one of the benches by the roadside, whom by his dress he recognized as a pauper belonging to the Marylebone Poor-house. The gentleman stopped and spoke to him. "It's a pity," said

he, "to see a man of your years reduced to spend the remainder of your life in a poor-house. How old are you?" "Close upon eighty, sir." "What was your trade?" "Carpenter, sir." "Well, that's a good trade to get a living by, surely. Now let me ask you plainly, were you in the habit of taking intoxicating liquors?" "No, sir—that is, I only took my beer three times a day like all the rest—I was never a drunkard, sir, if that's what you mean." "No, I don't mean that, but I should like to know how much on the average your beer cost you per day?" "Well, sir, not more, I should think, than sixpence a day." "And how long did you, speaking roughly, continue that expenditure?" "I can hardly say, sir, but it would be about sixty years." The gentleman taking out his pencil, began to make a calculation, while the old man kept on rambling about his temperate habits, and the misfortunes that had overtaken him. When the sum had been worked out, the gentleman, very much to the astonishment of his listener, said to him: "Temperate, as you say your habits have been, my friend, let me tell you, that your sixpence a day for sixty years, at compound interest, has cost you *three thousand two hundred and twenty-five pounds sterling*, and if, instead of spending it on your beer, you had put it aside for your old age, you would now have been in the receipt of *one hundred and sixty pounds* a year without touching the principle, or in other words, of *three pounds a week*, in place of living in a poor house and being dressed as a pauper." That was an eye-opener to the old man, and if he had opened his eyes about it sixty years before, it would have been a good job for him.

Two drunken Irishmen were staggering along on the banks of the Liffey. Pat shouts, "Arrah! Tim, isn't whusky, mate, and drink, man?" With that he tumbled over into the river and stuck head foremost into the mud. "Yis," said Tim, "ye said that whusky was mate and drink, sure isn't it washing and lodging, too, Pat?" There is a great deal of trouble in poor Pat's country just now, about paying high rents to the landlords, but there ought to be a great deal more trouble about what is paid to the *bar-room landlords*. For every *fifty-seven dollars* the Irishman pays of rent for his land, he pays for whiskey *sixty-nine dollars*! If the Irish would get up an *Anti-whiskey League*, and raise a big rebellion against all this horrible drinking business, there would be some sense in it.

How much money do you think it costs the British Islands every year for drink? Seven hundred millions of dollars. That is too big a sum for boy or man to comprehend. Now, look at that freight car on the railway track. Suppose we fill it with half-dollars. We'll say, we will put fifteen tons of them in that car. Well, is that all? No, fill another car. Surely that will hold the 700 million. No, indeed, you may go on and fill twenty-five cars, and make up a heavy train that it will take a strong engine to pull. And you can with that 700 millions of dollars make up fifty such trains of twenty-five cars each, and each car containing fifteen tons of half-dollars. All this spent every year in Great Britain and Ireland for drink! The beer-mills of one single brewer

in England cover one hundred acres of land, and he has five miles of private railway, which he uses in sending out ten hundred thousand barrels of beer annually, while the profits of his business in one year was over two millions of dollars.

If the money they spend in a single year in the United States for drink, was used to buy barrels of flour, it would buy five barrels of flour for every man, woman, and child in the country. And suppose the flour were loaded on waggons, with ten barrels on each waggon, and allow each team twenty-four feet, it would form a procession ninety thousand miles long, or extending nearly four times around the globe! For every dollar it costs the American people for food, they pay two dollars and a half for intoxicating drinks. They drink up every year the worth of all the horses, mules, cattle, sheep, and hogs there are in the country. They spend every year on strong drink four times as much as it costs to purchase clothes, boots and shoes, hats, bonnets, stockings, and many other articles for all the men, and women, and children in the whole country. If every fifth year a fire should be kindled all over the United States on the first day of January, and burn till the thirty-first day of December, consuming all they raise on every farm and prairie, every rice, and cotton, and sugar plantation, the products of all the fisheries, the products of all the mines, the earnings of all the railroads, it would destroy no more than what the people drink up every five years. There are some sixty-three thousand churches in the United States, and eighty-three thousand ministers; but there are in the same country two hundred and fifty thousand grog-shops, and five hundred thousand whiskey sellers. There is thirty times as much money spent every year in drinking-places in that country as is given to all church and benevolent purposes. In one year their drink bill would build four times as many churches, and as large and as good, as they have now in the whole land. There is not a doubt that our own Dominion has lost as much through drink, in the last five years, as would more than pay all the expenses of building the entire Pacific Railway!

NO WARMTH IN ALCOHOL.

DURING the extreme cold winter of January last a man was found leaning upright against a railing in London frozen to death. This circumstance led an English admiral to write a letter to *Public Opinion*, in which he says:

"I would not impute an improper use of spirits to the watchman found frozen, but I can unhesitatingly say that, from my own experience, nothing would be more likely to cause a stoppage of the heart than for a person, after taking a draught of spirits in a comfortable temperature, suddenly to expose himself to such a biting cold as we have lately had."

The admiral was a member of the last Arctic committee, and says that the witnesses before it were unanimous in the opinion that taking spirits to keep out cold is a fallacy, tea and coffee being much better. He concludes his letter by saying:

"Seamen who were with me in the Arctic regions, after one day's experi-

ence in rum-drinking, came to the conclusion that tea, which was the only beverage I used myself, was much preferable; and they quickly derived great advantage from its use while undergoing hard work and considerable cold. If cabmen, watchmen, and others exposed to the weather would give up *entirely* the use of spirituous liquors, and use hot tea or coffee, I can promise they would be better fortified to withstand the cold, enjoy more comfort, and have more shillings to take home on Saturday night."

STOP AND WEIGH.

ONE morning, an enraged country-man came into Mr. M.'s store with very angry looks. He left a team in the street, and had a good stick in his hand.

"Mr. M.," said the angry country-man, "I bought a paper of nutmegs here in your store, and when I got home they were more than half walnuts; and that's the young villain that I bought 'em of, pointing to John."

"John," said Mr. M., "did you sell this man walnuts for nutmegs?"

"No, sir," was the ready reply.

"You lie, you young villain!" said the countryman, still more enraged at his assurance.

"Now, look here," said John, "If you had taken the trouble to weigh your nutmegs you would have found that I put in the walnuts gratis."

"Oh, you gave them me, did you?"

"Yes, sir, I threw in a handful for the children to crack," said John, laughing at the same time.

"Well, now, if you ain't a young scamp," said the countryman, his features relaxing into a grin as he saw through the matter.

Much hard talk and bad blood would be saved if people would stop to weigh things before they blame others.

"Think twice before you speak once" is an excellent motto.—*Christian World*.

HER NAME.

"I'M lost!" Could you find me please?"

Poor little frightened baby! The wind had tossed her golden fleece, The stones had scratched her dumpled knees,

I stooped, and lifted her with ease,
And softly whispered, "Maybe;

"Tell me your name, my little maid,
I can't find you without it."
"My name is Shiny-eyes," she said,
"Yes, but your last!" She shook her head.
"Up to my house 'ey never said
A single fing about it."

"But, dear," I said, "What is your name?"
"Why, didn't you hear me told you?
Dust Shiny-eyes." A bright thought came,
"Yes, when you're good; but when they blame

You, little one—is't just the same
When mamma has to scold you!"

"My mamma never scolds," she moans,
A little blush ensuing,
"Cept when I've been a-frowning stones,
And then she says (the culprit owns),
'Mehitable Sapphara Jones,
What has you been a-doing?'"

—ANNA F. BURNHAM in *May Wide Awake*.

To be silent, to suffer, to pray when we cannot act, is acceptable to God. A disappointment, a contradiction, a harsh word received and endured as in His presence, is worth more than a long prayer.—*Fenelon*.

A SONG FOR OUR BOYS.

(For Recitation.)

LET those who will
Go drink their fill
Of ale, or beer, or wine, boys;
'Twill better pay,
I boldly say,
To keep to water fine, boys.

With muddled head,
In danger led,
The toper comes to grief, sirs;
But water bright
Will keep one right,
And strong is my belief, sirs.

Take every care,
The foe beware,
Refuse the tempting drain, sirs;
True courage gain,
Like men abstain,
And steady keep the brain, sirs.

With heart of nerve
Your country serve,
Beat down the lust of greed, boys;
'Tis not by gold,
But purpose bold,
The nation shall be freed, boys.

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Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
78 and 80 King Street East, Toronto.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, M.A., Editor.

TORONTO, JUNE 24, 1882.

GOING FROM HOME.

MANY of the young readers of PLEASANT HOURS will be called in the providence of God to leave home, and go perhaps, to some distant town or city to attend school or college, or to engage in business. In leaving the parental roof and going among strangers, they will be exposed to many temptations, and will have need of much watchfulness. The very freedom from the wholesome restraints of home influence, and the fact that they may be where none know them are in themselves a temptation to a license from which they would otherwise shrink. A sense of loneliness, too, may lead them to seek companionship without carefully inquiring into its character. Now the first companionship of a young man in a strange place will largely mould his future, and may be decide his destiny. He will find many who will try to thrust their companionship upon him, and seek to tempt him to wrong-doing. They will invite him to the billiard room, the saloon, the theatre, and other places of immoral amusement. If he yield to these temptations, his moral nature will receive a shock from which it may never recover.

Our urgent advice to young people leaving home, is, to form improving

companionships. Get, if possible, from the minister of your old home, a note to the minister of your Church in the place where you are going. He will be your friend among strangers, he will introduce you to other friends, and you will soon find yourself at home among them. If you have not procured such a letter, go and call on the minister, he will be glad to see you; or speak to him after the church service. Above all do not fail to attend the Sunday-school. There you will feel most at home, among those who like yourself are young.

While writing the above we found in the London Recorder an advertisement, by the minister of the Old City Road Chapel, the mother church of Methodism, which says:

"Young Methodists coming from the country to live in London are cordially invited; they will meet with a warm welcome." Thus the old mother lovingly cares for her children.

The present writer while recently away from home in great cities among strangers, felt strikingly the warmth of Christian affection that glows in every Sunday-school. In hotels and boarding-houses you may receive civility, and even kindness. But when you make yourself known as a stranger in a Sunday-school you are received with brotherly love. There is a sort of Freemasonry about the institution that without the aid of signs or passwords makes you feel a brother's grip in the warm shake-hands that you receive.

Another invaluable institution in large cities is the Young Men's Christian Association. It is a grand thing for a young man to feel that in nearly all the cities of the world, he may find a band of brothers who will gather around him, direct him to a comfortable home, help him to obtain employment, and if sick or in trouble will help him. We have visited such associations in New York, Washington, Baltimore, Albany, Montreal, Liverpool, Edinburgh, and elsewhere, and were always received not merely with courtesy, but with Christian affection, and sympathy. There is nothing that so knits heart to heart the wide world over as love for a common Saviour, and love for his holy cause. While you have these in your hearts, young friends, though you may be far from home, you need never be lonely. You may find a band of brothers everywhere. Above all, keep your heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life. Live near to God, and you may defy temptation. Resist the Devil, and he will flee from you.

OUR PUBLISHING INTERESTS.

WE quote from the Guardian the following statement, with reference to the meeting of the Western Section of the Book Committee of our Churches:—

The reports from all departments of the Book and Publishing business show a steady and rapid increase. Last year the increase in sales and publishing work was so largely in advance that it did not seem probable there could be any great improvement this year. But there is a large increase on the business during the last year. Our publishing business has steadily increased, until our Book Room now does the largest publishing

business in Canada. The premises have been enlarged and improved, and yet there is not room for the increasing business. The circulation of the Guardian, Magazine, and other periodicals has increased during the year, and though still below what it ought to be, is nevertheless far in advance of the circulation of similar publications of any other Church in this country. Some idea of the extent of the work done in the establishment may be learned from the following statement:—

The total number of books bound in this establishment during the past year, 154,314; increase over last year, 20,000 copies; total number of tracts and pamphlets during the past year, 94,696; increase over last year, 28,000; total number Hymn Books sold during the past year, 88,356. These Hymn Books are included in the Books bound.

The above does not include the issues of the Guardian, Magazine or Sabbath-school papers. The combined issues of these periodicals amounting to 161,635 per issue, or the whole amount of 1,922,644, per year's issues. [The total number of printed pages issued has been over fifty millions, or over 150,000 pages a day. Of these over 50,000 are of Sunday-school periodicals.] The sales of our own published books, and the books purchased in England and the United States, have summed up to a figure far surpassing any former year. The Annual Meeting of the Committee was marked by great harmony and good feeling. A statement of the work of the last four years, presented by the Book-Steward, as the basis of a quadrennial Report for the General Conference, indicated most gratifying progress. A very cordial and appreciative resolution, expressing commendation of the fidelity and success of the Book-Steward and Editors, was unanimously adopted.

Among the contents of the Methodist Magazine for June, are the following: "Sea Side Pictures—The coast of Maine and Mount Desert" (illustrated). "The Land of Nile," (illustrated). "New Testament Certainties, or Something to Believe," Rev. W. Harrison. "Shakespeare's Religious Faith," Rev. James Awde. "The Martyr's Grave," Miss J. C. "Life in a Parsonage, or Lights and Shadows of the Itinerancy," Chapters xvi to xviii. "Jerusalem in the Time of our Lord," E. E. Hale. "The Approaching General Conference," David Allison, L.L.D. "The Need of the World," Dr. Nelles. "The Progress of Protestant Missions," Prof. Christlieb. "The Higher Life—Full Salvation, Holiness of Character, The Fulness of God." "Current Topics—The Lesson of the Census, Growth of American Methodism, The Union Movement," etc. "Religious and Missionary Intelligence—Dr. Nelles' Convocation Address," etc. "Book Notices—Kant and his Critics," etc.

The article on Egypt will be of special interest in the present distracted state of that country.

The July number will contain "Foot-prints of Bunyan," "Darwin and Darwinism," by Dr. Canniff; "Emerson," by Mrs. Dr. Castle; "A Visit to Ticonderoga," etc.

Price \$2 a-year; \$1 for six months; 20 cents per number. For sale by Wm. Briggs, and all Bookstores.



A PENN'ORTH O' GIN.

THE picture illustrates a very frequent and very sad scene in England. In many, perhaps most of the inns and refreshment stalls of that land, the bartenders are young women, and many of the customers are of the same sex. It must, we should think, be very destructive of self-respect in any young women to deal out liquor all day, often to a lot of rude and vulgar men, and to listen to their bold remarks and often insulting compliments. The poor haggard creature who has come in for her "penn'orth of gin" was once, perhaps, as handsome and well-dressed as the girl behind the bar; and the latter may perchance become as degraded, and lost as the poor wretch who seeks to appease the insatiable craving of appetite by that which has brought her to such ruin. Would that the accursed drink traffic with all its wretched accompaniments were swept from the face of the earth for ever.

We have received from W. C. Hazelwood, Superintendent of Lakele Sunday-school and forwarded to the Mission Rooms, the sum of \$1.35 for Mr. Crosby's mission boat, being the amount of a collection taken up in the school after reading the article in PLEASANT HOURS on the mission boat. We shall be happy to receive other contributions for the same object.

THE success of PLEASANT HOURS has quite surpassed our expectation. We are now printing 28,000 copies, being 11,000 more than the 17,000 printed at this time last year. We hope still further to improve and to go up to forty or fifty thousand. We are also printing 16,000 of the Sunbeam; 16,000 of S. S. Quarterly against 8,000 last year; 42,000 Berean Leaves, and 12,000 Quarterly Review Service, being a large increase on former years, and constantly going up.

THE Quarterly Review Service, and Canadian Scholar's Quarterly, have both become very popular. The Review Service for June, is now ready, and will be mailed for 50c. per 100. The third number of the Quarterly, that for July, August, and September—20 pages—Map, Lesson Hymns, everything required, will be mailed for \$2 per 100.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge.



P.H. Jan 25 CHINESE RAT MERCHANT. 87

CHINESE RAT MERCHANT.

THE great Empire of China contains a population of 400,000,000 persons, about one third of the human race. To feed such a multitude requires the most strenuous efforts and the utmost economy of food. Nothing must be wasted, and much that would be rejected in more favoured lands as unfit for food for human beings, is eagerly consumed. The flesh of dogs, cats, rats, and other animals which we regard as unclean is exposed in the markets and purchased by the poor. In the picture we see a pedlar of rats vending his unsavory wares from place to place. It is this habit of living on what white men would reject that creates the antipathy to Chinese labour on the Pacific coast. But as they earn better wages they will eat better food, and we do not think there is much danger of their seriously affecting the wages of white men. Instead of abusing and insulting them, we should rather seek to give them the blessings of the Gospel, and of a Christian civilization.

CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE ANNOUNCEMENT FOR VOLUME XVI.

IT will be gratifying to the friends of this Magazine to learn that the last two years of its history have been the most successful it has known. Its circulation and influence have been constantly increasing, and it now occupies a better position than it ever did before. No effort shall be spared to make its future still more deserving of success than its past. We are glad to announce that we have secured the co-operation of a large number of skilled writers, both within our own church and without.

In addition to the papers previously announced, we have arranged for the appearance of a series of articles on LIVING AND RECENT AUTHORS, to be accompanied by portraits, similar in style to that of Longfellow in the May number. The series for volume xvi. will embrace EMERSON, by Mrs. Dr. Castle, author of the Emerson Birth day Book; WHITTIER, by Dr. Nelles; TENNYSON, by Dr. Stevenson, of Montreal; LORD LYTTON, by Professor Reynar; LOWELL, by Rev. Leroy Hooker, and MRS. STOWE, by— The portraits to accompany these

sketches will be in the highest style of the engraver's art.

In the July number an important paper on DARWIN and DARWINISM, by Dr. Canniff, and Mrs. Dr. Castle's paper on Emerson will appear.

We have also secured the promise of a series of LIFE SKETCHES, including DR. CHALMERS, by Dr. Ryckman, ROBERT HALL, by Rev. W. W. Ross, DR. LACHLIN TAYLOR, by Dr. Burwash; JAMES EVANS, by Dr. Carroll, and JUDGE WILMOT, by the Rev. A. W. Nicolson; MEMORIALS of DR. EMERSON and DR. PUNSHON, by Dr. Nelles and Rev. Hugh Johnston, and other important articles.

Important papers on the GENERAL CONFERENCE by leading writers of the connexion will be presented, and a condensed account of its proceedings will be given as a permanent record. Other features of interest and importance will also be presented. A paper on WESLEY and VOLTAIRE, by the Rev. E. A. Stafford, will shortly appear.

The illustrated articles will embrace; LOITERINGS IN EUROPE, by the Rev. C. S. Eby; MISSIONARY HEROES, by the Editor; FOOTPRINTS OF BUNYAN; PICTURESQUE CANADA; ROYAL PALACES OF ENGLAND; ITALIAN PICTURES; PICTURES OF PARIS; BIBLE LANDS, etc.; LIFE IN A PARSONAGE will be concluded.

The Magazine will be sent from July to December for \$1. We can still supply numbers from January. Price of the whole year \$2.

MR. LONGFELLOW AND THE CHILDREN.

PROBABLY no class in the community will feel the loss [Mr. Longfellow's death] so keenly as the children of Cambridge. Between him and them there existed the closest friendship. He loved to witness their gambols and listen to their innocent, cheerful prattle, and he had always a kind word, a pleasant smile, and a paternal pat for the most ragged urchin he met. They all knew him and loved him. His long white hair and beard, his benevolent face, and bright, laughing look captured their little hearts, and those who could read had a fascination for such of his poems as came within the range of their intellectual grasp. Three years ago the school-children

of Cambridge presented him with a hand-somely-carved chair made out of the chestnut tree immortalized in his poem, "The Village Blacksmith." The design of the chair is very pleasing, and in perfect keeping, the colour is a dead black, an effect produced by obotizing the wood. The upholstery of the arms and the cushion is green leather; the castors are glass balls set in sockets; in the back of the chair is a circular piece of exquisite carving, consisting of horse chestnut leaves and blossoms, and horse chestnut leaves and burrs are presented in varied combinations at other points. Around the seat, in raised German text, are the following lines from the poem:

"And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from the threshing floor."

Underneath the cushion is a brass plate, on which is the following inscription:

To the author of the "Village Blacksmith."

This chair, made from the wood of the spreading chestnut tree, is presented as an expression of grateful regard and veneration by the children of Cambridge, who, with their friends, join in best wishes and congratulations on this anniversary, February 27, 1879.

This the distinguished poet prized as the richest trophy won by his pen. He wrote a touching poem in response, which every school child in Cambridge learned by heart. He loved to sit in it, and showed it to strangers who visited him, just as he did the old clock on the stairs, and his numerous souvenirs from abroad. As further illustrating his attachment for children, his friend, Luigi Monti, the celebrated Italian author, relates a little incident. This gentleman had been in the habit for some years of dining with Longfellow every Saturday. On Christmas day as he was walking briskly toward the old historic house he was accosted by a girl about twelve years old who inquired the way to Longfellow's home. He told her it was some distance down the street, but if she would walk along with him he would show her. When they reached the gate she said:

"Do you think I can go in the yard?"

"Oh, yes," said Signor Monti.

"Do you see the room on the left? That's where Martha Washington held her receptions a hundred years ago. If you look at the windows on the right you will probably see a white-haired gentleman reading a paper. Well, that will be Mr. Longfellow."

She looked gratified and happy at the unexpected pleasure of seeing the man whose poems she said she loved. As Signor Monti drew near the house he saw Mr. Longfellow standing with his back against the window, his head, of course, out of sight. When he went in the kind-hearted Italian said: "Do look out of the window and bow to that little girl who wants to see you very much."

"A little girl wants to see me very much? Where is she?" He hastened to the door and, beckoning with his hand, called out: "Come here, little girl, come here if you want to see me."

She needed no second invitation and after shaking her hand and asking

her name, he kindly took her into the house, showed her the "old clock on the stairs," the chair made from the village smithy's chestnut tree, and the beautiful pictures and souvenirs gathered in many years of foreign residence. That child will carry all her life delightful memories of her Christmas call at Mr. Longfellow's

MISTAKES.

VOUCHSAFE to keep me this day without sin!
Yes, Lord! from danger, too, for Christ's dear sake!

Yet more I ask, for more thy help would win!

In thy deep pity, keep me from mistake!

Mistakes of judgment! when no light I see,

Yet in my blindness fain would do my best;

When to life's problem I can find no key,
And grope in darkness, with a weight oppressed!

Mistakes of loving! when my heart leaps forth

To answer heart that faithful seems, and true;

Then learn that hope of gain marks friendship's worth,

That love unselfish is the gift of few!

Mistakes in guiding others on through way

Which shining looks, and leads to sunny height,

Only to lose ourselves at close of day,
And wander in dense woods, through dangerous night.

Yet teach me, Lord! that if with purpose true,

With unperverted will, I firmly make

My choice—that is the best that I could do,
And thou didst mean that I should oft mistake!

Thus through my failures lead to sure success,

Through falls to stand on ground that never quakes,

Through error learn thy strength, my feebleness,

Climb nearer heaven by means of my mistakes!

Susan Molley.

AN UNCOMMON BANKRUPTCY CASE.

A LITTLE boy applied to Gen. Clinton B. Fisk for capital to go into business. Amount wanted—seventy-five cents. Business—boot-blacking. Station—near Fulton Ferry, New York. Profits to be divided at the end of six months. The arrangements were made and the firm began business. One morning, however, the working partner came into the General's office wearing a very lugubrious countenance.

"What's the matter?" asked the General.

"Oh," says the boy, "it's all up."

"All up!" said the General, "what do you mean?" "Oh," replied the urchin, "the firm is busted." "How is that?" was the inquiry. "Well," said the boy, "I had \$492 on hand, but yesterday a man came into our Sunday-school and said we must give all of our money to the missionary society, and I put all in—couldn't help it—an' it's all up with us." "We have no doubt that the firm immediately resumed business again—but it is the first partnership we ever heard that has been busted in that way! Hence our sympathy.—National S. S. Teacher

THE TWO BRIGADES.

(For Imitation.)

WALKING early down the street
In the morning, you will meet,
Keeping time with rested feet,
The tin-pail brigade.
When the twelve of noon rings out,
Round the friendly water-spout
They will dine, those workmen stout,
The tin-pail brigade.

There's another army quite,
Such a shambling, shambling sight
In their ragged, wretched plight;
'Tis the jug brigade.
When the twelve of midnight rings,
These the ones the watchman brings
And within the guard-house things;
'Tis the jug brigade.

Now, who would't rather be
These that in the morn'g I see?
Oh, all honour give will we
The tin-pail brigade.
But if there is a sight
We'll despise with all our might,
'Tis the strugglers of the night—
'Tis the jug brigade.—*Good Times.*

THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

POSSIBLY many of the young people who read and enjoy PLEASANT HOURS, are not aware that, in the City of Toronto, 245 Elizabeth street, there is an institution called the Hospital for Sick Children. This institution was founded more than six years ago, by two or three devoted Christian women, who were sorry to see little children whose parents were poor, suffer when sick, and sometimes die for want of proper food, medicine, and nursing.

Those of you who know by experience what a miserable thing it is to be sick, and how much petting and attention from every one in the house you have demanded when ill, will be glad to hear that since the hospital was opened, several hundred little boys and girls have been carefully nursed through sickness and supplied with all needed comforts, and even luxuries. Many have recovered under the skillful treatment and nursing given, and have been sent home well and strong, while a few have been taken to the heavenly home, where there is neither sickness nor pain. A dear baby boy, only three years old, died a few days ago. He had been a terrible sufferer, lying for weary weeks moaning and tossing in his little cot, and yet, though he was a great deal of trouble, his kind nurse loved him so, that, often she slipped away from his bedside, and ask God to restore "wee Tommy," if it was His will, to health. But God wanted him, and so one morning Tommy gently breathed away his little life in the arms of the nurse who loved him so well.

At present there are in the hospital twenty-two sick children, two of this number are dangerously ill, and we tell you about them so that in the morning when you kneel to thank God for giving you a comfortable night's rest, and at night, when you praise Him for keeping you well and strong, able to run, jump, and play, you may also ask that these two little sufferers may be healed, or, if not, that they may be speedily added to the throng of happy children in heaven. The little girl's name is Janey, and her body is almost covered with painful ulcers, and often those are so sore, that she can only rest at night on her face and knees. But she is very patient, and best of all, we believe loves and trusts Jesus. The lad's name is Johnny, and

he lies day after day hardly noticing anything, so weak that it seems an effort for him either to think, speak, or look at any one. Yesterday he expressed a wish for a certain article of food, and the good matron was delighted to hear that Johnny had really asked for "something to eat."

It takes a great deal of money to support the Hospital, about seventy-five dollars per week, and as no one is ever asked for a contribution, you will, perhaps, wonder how, or from where and whom, this large sum comes. We gladly tell you. A few Christian women who manage the affairs of the Hospital, meet every Friday morning to ask our Heavenly Father to send, through those who love Him, in Toronto and elsewhere, everything—money as well as other things—needed to supply all the wants of the sick children in their care. Last year these prayers were abundantly answered, because at its close, after paying every debt, the treasurer had in the bank nearly three hundred dollars, with which to begin the new year. There are several "cots" in the hospital supported, either by individuals, families, Sabbath-schools, Bible-classes, or bands of young people. It requires one hundred dollars a year for the support of a "cot." About two years ago some friends suggested that an attempt should be made to endow a cot, to be called the "Canadian Children's Cot." The plan was made known, and since this time, all the contributions sent specially for the "Canadian Children's Cot," have been placed in the Toronto Post-Office Savings' Bank. As yet, scarcely one hundred dollars have been received, and it will require almost eighteen hundred dollars, at six per cent. interest, to realize the sum necessary for the endowment of a cot.

The following extracts from the Secretary's diary will give some idea of the way in which the Hospital is supported.

February 14th, 1881, the following letters received:—

TORONTO, Feb. 13th, 1881.

DEAR MADAM,—The members of my Bible-class, in All Saints' Church, being anxious to do what they could for the Master, have agreed to give the sum of \$50 during the ensuing year (payable quarterly), towards the support of half a "cot," in the "Children's Hospital," the sum of \$50 being, I understand, the amount required for the purpose. They accordingly have signed the enclosed letter to you, and I trust the gift will be acceptable.

Believe me, yours very truly,

W. R. M.

Accompanying the above was the "boy's letter," and its seventeen signatures:—

TORONTO, April 14th, 1881.

DEAR MADAM,—My little boy gave up taking sugar for six weeks, on condition that he should be allowed to give the money saved to the little sick children.

With kind regards,

Believe me, very sincerely yours,

A. F. O.

Collingwood, 1y 10th, 1881.

DEAR MADAM,—I enclose \$3.26 for the "Children's Hospital," which was found in our little darling's purse, soon after she entered into the Paradise of God. We send it for the little ones to the Hospital, because young as she was she ever took a deep interest in the sick.

Faithfully yours,

L. H. B.

July 13th, 1881.—From May and Birdie D., St. From the Girls' 5th Division, Park School, one quilt.

Many such extracts might be given, but should this article be too long and prosy, we fear the kind Editor of

PLEASANT HOURS will not let us write again to tell you about the "Hospital for Sick Children."

L. J. H.

Any contributions for the Hospital, sent to the Editor of PLEASANT HOURS will be duly acknowledged and forwarded to the managers.

STAND TRUE TO YOUR COLORS.



BY EDWARD POULSON.

"WONDER what sort of a chap that is that started on the lathe last week? He don't patronize the 'pub' much; never so much as called in on Saturday—his first reckoning day, too. I'll go over and sound him." These remarks were made by Andrew Bunce to his friend and shopmate, Frank Stokes, one Monday morning; and the subject of these remarks was one Fred Pearce, a young fellow who had started work in their shop a week before. It was not long before Andrew went over to Fred's lathe and commenced his soundings:

"Good morning, mate; got in at six, I see; don't lose much time as a rule, do you?"

"No, I do not; nothing like keeping your time; it's better for yourself, also for the master."

You went off pretty quick on Saturday; we fully expected you to call in at the White Hart, just to have a pint along with us."

"Well, you see, mate, I don't drink at all," said Fred, good-temperedly, and added: "I am a Good Templar; and we are pledged neither to drink ourselves nor to offer strong drink to others, for I see what you are driving at. Come, out with it, mate."

"Well, you know, it's a usual thing for a new hand to stand his 'foot' ale; and if you don't you will not get much peace in this shop. Not as I want any drink off you or anybody else—I can pay for my own; still it looks bad; so if I was you, and if I wanted to get along comfortably, I should take the chaps over at dinner-time and pay for a quart or two among them. Nobody at your place will be any the wiser."

"Now look here," said Fred; "my word is pledged, and if there is one thing I hate to see more than another it is a man who is so mean as to betray his principles. I cannot do it; and I don't mind telling you in all good-fellowship that I think none the better of you for suggesting such a course to me."

At dinner-time—for most of the men brought dinner to the shop—Fred, in a straightforward manner, told them that it was not his intention to spend money among them in drink, for on principle he could not do so. "But," said he, "chaps, it stands like this: I have a shilling or two here, and if any of you can show me that you are in want of it more than I am myself I shall be only too pleased to hand it over; but seeing that you have been all in regular work lately, and I have been out of work for some weeks past, I don't think any of you will claim it on that score. If you blame me and call me mean for not wasting it in drink among you, I am ready to bear your blame; but I mean, by God's help, to stand true to my colors. My principles are dearer to me than

all I can lose by your blame, and if you will but think of all the good that temperance has done for the country, if you will only think of all the good it will do for you if you will but adopt its principles, you will not, I am sure, dare to call a man mean or stingy because, on principle, he cannot and will not stand his 'foot' ale."

A BOY-TRAP.



BOY-TRAP? what is that? we have read of man-traps; but what is a boy-trap? Read the following narrative and see:

A few years since I was remonstrating with a confirmed inebriate—one whom I had known from boyhood and I said to him; "Wellington, how is it that a boy brought up as you were by pious parents, and in the midst of churches and Sabbath-schools, learned to drink?" He replied, "M—, now I will tell you just how I learned to drink. Do you remember Smith that used to keep the big white tavern on the corner in the village some twenty years ago? when I was about twelve or fourteen years old, I with other neighbour boys would come down to the village of an evening, and we soon found our way into Smith's bar-room. It was not long, however, till Smith began to invite us into a back sitting-room, where he first brought on cards and dominoes and taught us to play; and then brought wine and beer and treated us till we liked it and wanted something stronger, there is how I learned to drink."

"But," said I, "can you not reform yet, can't you give it up?" He replied; "no, its too late, I'm a goner!"

And this is what hundreds—yes thousands—of our licensed taverns are doing to-day! The traps are set—whose boy will be caught?

THE DECEITFULNESS OF RICHES.

I WAS walking through an orchard, looking about me, when I saw a low tree laden more heavily with fruit than the rest. On a nearer examination, it appeared that the tree had been dragged to the very earth, and broken by the weight of its treasures. "Oh," said I, gazing on the tree, "here lies one who has been ruined by his riches."

In another part of my walk, I came up with a shepherd, who was lamenting the loss of a sheep that lay mangled and dead at his feet. On inquiry about the matter, he told me that a strange dog had attacked the flock, that the rest of the sheep had got away through a hole in the hedge, but that the ram now dead had more wool on his back than the rest, and the thorns of the hedge held him fast till the dog had worried him. "Here is another," said I, "ruined by his riches."

At the close of my ramble, I met a man hobbling along on two wooden legs, leaning on two sticks. "Tell me," said I, "my poor fellow, how you came to lose your legs?" "Why sir," said he, "in my younger days I was a soldier. With a few comrades I attacked a party of the enemy and overcame them, and we began to load ourselves with spoil. My comrades were satisfied with little, but I burdened myself with as much as I could carry. We were pursued; my companions escaped, but I was overtaken and so cruelly wounded that I only saved my life afterwards

by losing my legs. It was a bad affair, sir, but it is too late to repent of it now." "Ah, friend," thought I, "like the fruit tree and the mangled sheep, you may date your downfall to your possessions. It was your riches that ruined you."—*Old Humphrey.*

REQUIRED READING, S. S. R. U.
STORIES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY.
BY THE EDITOR.*

THE FALL OF FORT GEORGE.



A short respite was granted before the full of the blow which, for a time, annihilated British authority on the frontier. On the

third day after the reception of the evil tidings of the capture of York, Chauncey's fleet was seen in the offing; but for six days adverse winds prevented it from landing the American troops beneath the protection of the guns of Fort Niagara. Day after day they stood off and on, but were unable to make the land. "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera," said Jonas Evans, as he watched the baffled fleet, "and the Lord, with the breath of His mouth, fighteth for us."

At length, having landed General Dearborn and his troops, Chauncey conveyed his wounded to Sackett's Harbour, the great American naval depot on Lake Ontario, and hastened back with a strong body of re-inforcements. The gallant Colonel Vincent, commandant at Fort George, bated not a jot of heart or hope,—although he was able to muster only some 1,400 troops. Yet these, with spade and mattock, toiled day after day to strengthen its ramparts and ravelins, and to throw up new earthworks and batteries. One fatal want, however, was felt. The stock of ammunition was low, and as Chauncey, with his fleet, had the mastery of the lake, it could not be replenished from the ample supply at Fort Henry, at Kingston.

At length the fateful day arrives. On the twenty-sixth of May, at early dawn, Chauncey's ships, fifteen in number, are drawn up in crescent form off the devoted town, their snowy sails gleaming in the morning sun. On the opposite sides of the river the grim forts frown defiance at each other, and guard like stern warders, the channel between them. The morning reveille seems the shrill challenge to mortal combat. Sullen and silent, like couchant lions, through the black embrasures the grim cannon watch the opposite shores; and at length, from the feverish lips of the guns of the American fort, as if they can no longer hold their breath, leap forth, in breath of flame and thunder roar, the fell death-bolts of war. The fierce shells scream through the air and explode within the quadrangle of Fort George, scattering destruction and havoc, or, perchance, bury themselves harmlessly in the earthen ramparts. The ships take up their part in the dreadful chorus.

From their black sides flash forth the tongues of flame and wreaths of smoke, and soon they get the range with deadly precision. The British guns promptly reply. The gunners stand to their pieces, though an iron hail is crashing all around them. Now one and another is struck down by a splinter or fragment of shell, and while another steps into his place, is borne off to the bomb-proof casemates, where the surgeon plies his ghastly but beneficent calling.

For hours the deadly cannonade continues, but amid it all, the dead General, buried in a disused bastion, sleeps calmly on:

"He has fought his last fight, he has waged his last battle,
No sound shall awake him to glory again."

Jonas Evans, who had been an old artilleryman, takes the place of a wounded gunner, lifts the big sixty-eight pound balls, rams them home, and handles the linstock as coolly as if on parade. "Bless the Lord!" he said to a comrade while the piece was being pointed, "I am ready to live or die; it's no odds to me. For me to live is Christ, to die is gain. Sudden death would be sudden glory. Hallelujah! I believe I am doing my duty to my country, to God and man, and my soul is as happy as it can be this side heaven."

Strange words for such a scene of blood! Strange work for a Christian man to do! It seems the work of demons rather than of men, and yet godly men have, with an approving conscience, wielded the weapons of carnal warfare. But in this much at least all will agree: An unjust war is the greatest of all crimes, and even a just war is the greatest of all calamities. And all will join the prayer, "Give peace in our time, O Lord, and hasten the day when the nations shall learn war no more!"

The bombardment lasted a large part of the day. Fort George was severely damaged. Several of its guns were dismounted, and the whole place rendered almost untenable.

The night was one of much anxiety. The force of the enemy was overwhelming. The fate of the fortress seemed certain; but Vincent, with gallant British pluck, resolved to hold it to the last. The wearied troops snatched what refreshment and repose they could amid the confusion and discomfort and danger by which they were surrounded. At intervals during the night the American fort kept up a teasing fire, more for the purpose of causing annoyance and preventing rest than with the object of doing any serious damage. As a mere display of fire-works it was certainly a grand sight to watch the graceful curves of the live shells through the air—a parabola of vivid brightness against the black sky, as the burning fuse, fanned by its rapid motion, glowed like a shooting-star. The loud detonation and explosion of fiery fragments that followed, however, was rather discomposing to the nerves, and unfavourable for restful amber to the weary warriors.

Another cruel refinement of war was still more disconcerting. In order, if possible, to ignite the barracks, the gunners of Fort Niagara kept firing at intervals red-hot cannon balls. A vigilant look-out for these had to be kept, and a fire brigade was specially

organized to drown out any incipient conflagration that might occur.

A similar compliment was paid by the artilleryists of Fort George. No little skill was required in handling these heavy red-hot projectiles. In order to prevent a premature explosion of the charge, a wet wad was interposed between the powder and the red-hot ball. In the walls of Fort Mississauga, at Niagara, may still be seen the fire-places for heating the shot for the purpose here described.

But, notwithstanding the tumult, the roar of the cannon near at hand, the explosion of shells, and the thud of the balls striking the casements, or burying themselves in the earthen ramparts, the weary garrison snatched what repose was possible; for the morrow, it was felt, would tax their energies to the utmost.

The morning of May 27th dawned as bright and beautiful as in Eden's sinless garden—as fair as though such a deadly evil as war were unknown in the world. The American shipping stood in closer to the shore. The bombardment was renewed with intense fury. It was evident that an attempt was about to be made to land a hostile force on Canadian ground. Every available man, except those required to work the guns of Fort George, and a guard over the stores, was hurried down to the beach, to prevent, if possible, the landing. Boat after boat, filled with armed men, their bayonets gleaming in the morning sunshine, left the ships, and, under cover of a tremendous fire from the American fort and fleet, gained the shore. First Colonel Scott, with eight hundred riflemen, effected a landing. They were promptly met by a body of British regulars and militia, and compelled to take refuge under cover of the steep bank which lined the beach to the north of the town. From this position they kept up a galling fire on the British troops in the open field. The broadsides of the fleet also swept the plain, and wrought great havoc among the brave militia defending their native soil.

At length, after three hours' desperate struggle, a hostile force of six thousand men stood upon the plain. The conflict then was brief but strenuous. Many were the incidents of personal heroism that relieved, as by a gleam of light, the darkness of the tragedy. Jonas Evans was in the foremost files, and, as they lay upon the ground, his comrade on either side was killed by round shot from the ships, but, as if he bore a charmed life, he escaped unhurt. At length the bugles sounded a retreat. Slowly and reluctantly the British troops fell back through the town. A strong rear-guard halted in the streets, seeking the shelter of the houses, and stubbornly holding the foe at bay, while Vincent made his preparations for abandoning Fort George. All that valour and fidelity could do to hold that important post had been done. But how were a few hundred weary and defeated men to withstand a victorious army of six-fold greater strength?

The guns of the fort were spiked and overthrown, and baggage, ammunition, and moveable stores were

* The details of the account above given were narrated to the author by the venerable Father Brady, for many years class-leader of the Methodist Church at Niagara, who was an actor in the events described.

hastily loaded on teams volunteered for the service, to accompany the retreat of the army. With a bitter pang, Vincent ordered the destruction of the fort which he had so gallantly defended. When the last man had retired, with his own hand he fired the train which caused the explosion of the powder magazine. When the victorious army marched in, they found only the breached and blackened walls, the yawning gates, and dismantled ramparts of the fort. From the shattered flagstaff, where it still waved defiantly, though rent and scared by shot and shell, the brave red-cross flag was hauled down and replaced by the guilty fluttering Stars and Stripes.

Many a time has the present writer wandered over the crumbling and grass-grown ramparts of the ruined fort, where the peaceful sheep crop the herbage and the little children play. Some of the old casements and thick-walled magazines still remain, and are occupied by the families of a few old pensioners. In these low-vaulted chambers, with their deep and narrow embrasures, once the scene of the rude alarm of war, often has he held a quiet religious service with the lowly and unlettered inmates, who know little of the thrilling history of their strange abode.

Often at the pensive sunset hour, reclining in a crumbling bastion, has he tried to rehabilitate the past, and to summon from their lonely and forgotten graves upon the neighbouring battle-field, or in quiet church-yards, it may be, far beyond the sea, the groups of war-scarred veterans who once peopled the now desolate fort. Again is heard, in fancy, the quick challenge and reply, the bugle-call, the roll of drums, the sharp rattle of musketry, the deep and deadly thunder of the cannonade. How false and fading is felt to be the glory of arms, and how abiding victories of peace, more glorious than those of war!

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The path of glory leads but to the grave.

But hark! a loud report awakes the dreamer from his reverie. It is the sunset gun from old Fort Niagara; and as stern reality becomes again a presence, the gazer's glance rests on the peaceful beauty of the broad blue Lake Ontario, on which, at this quiet hour, so many eyes, long turned to dust, have rested in the years forever flown.

HERE AND THERE.

WHEN night drops the dusky curtain,
And we lose the sight of sun,
In Chinaland it is certain,
That daytime has just begun.
And while you are sweetly sleeping,
In cradle or bed, warm and still,
The Chinese children are leaping
And romping as children will.
Children like you and the others,
Their long locks braided in queues,
Little almond-eyed sisters and brothers,
With their feet in queer turned-up shoes.

But when you waken at daylight,
And the big sun is rising fair,
Perhaps in the Chinese twilight
Each child is saying a prayer.

* This sketch is taken from a volume by the Editor, entitled "Novilla Trueman, the Pioneer Preacher—a story of the War of 1812," pp. 244, price 75 cents. Wm Briggs, Toronto, Publisher.

PUZZLEDOM.

ANSWERS FOR LAST NUMBER.

I. DIAMOND.—

S
A P R
A V A B T
S P A R T A N
E S T O P
T A P
N

II. HIDDEN TREES.—1. Plum, 2. Damson; 3. Fig.

III. ABSENT CONSONANTS.—
Changing, fading, falling, flying,
From the home that gave them birth,
Autumn leaves in beauty dying,
Seek the mother brood of earth.

IV. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—

D e a R
E i s E
A b b A
R a p S
T r i O
H o r N

NEW PUZZLES.

I. BIBLE RIDDLE.

Beneath Philistia's sunny skies
They roamed o'er hill and dell;
They quenched their thirst at morn or eve
At Beersheba's well.

Within a rich sojourner's tent
They helped a woman's plan,
To have her will and circumvent
A blind and aged man.

She placed the two on willing hands
Of her beloved son,
Who bore them to the old man's couch,
And, by their presence, won

The treasure that he coveted.
Now let it be understood,
These two, though they helped on a fraud
From first to last were "good."

II. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A lake in Switzerland.
2. A river in northern Asia.
3. A city in New York.
4. A bay on the coast of Newfoundland.
5. An island of the West Indies, land.

The initials form a European city,
The finals an African river.

III. CHARADES.

1. My first is an iron pin, my second is first, my whole is a glass vessel.
2. My first is a urion; my second is a period; my whole is a slavery.
3. My first is to deprive of bones; my second is finery; my whole is a kind of lace.
4. My first is to supply with bones; my second is a row, my whole is a plant.
5. My first is a large bird; my second is a small house, my whole is a kind of sleigh.

HOOR GLASS.

1. A multitude.
 2. Ranking.
 3. A musical instrument.
 4. A bird.
 5. In America.
 6. An animal.
 7. A fowl.
 8. To frolic.
 9. With wicked intent.
- Centrals name a poet.

LITTLE SINS.

DO you know how the Suspension Bridge below the Niagara Falls was built? It is a light, airy structure to look at, but weighs many tons. Over it heavily-loaded cars pass and re-pass each day. How were those huge wire cables, each of them as big round as a man's arm, carried across the stream? The span is some 750 feet. The height of the bridge above the water is 238 feet—higher than the Bunker Hill Monument—higher than our loftiest spires. How deep the water is below has never been ascertained. The current is so swift, and the pressure of the water between the banks so great, that the lead is thrown to the surface before it reaches the bottom. Now, how were those cables on which the bridge is suspended stretched across this rushing, foaming flood? No boat could cross, of course. But the engineers resorted to a novel expedient. A boy's kite was sent up on one side of the river, and carried by the wind across to the other side. There it was suffered to fall. To the string of the kite was attached a cord, and to the cord a rope. Thus a communication was established, and a single cable suspended. On this the daring inventor, in his iron basket, crossed and re-crossed, until all the wires were stretched from bluff to bluff, and the whole structure was complete. So a single sin, even a small sin, may draw after it the most weighty consequences. The only safety is in avoiding, if possible, the first sin. It is the first false step, in many cases, that ruins. Beware, then, of the first sin, the first oath, the first glass of strong drink, the first falsehood, the first petty dishonesty.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

A. D. 29.] LESSON I. [July 2.

A LESSON ON HOME.

Mark 10. 1-16 Commit to memory v. 13-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I will walk within my house with a perfect heart. Psa. 101. 2.

OUTLINE.

1. On Marriage, v. 1-12.
2. On Childhood, v. 13-16.

TIME.—A. D. 29, during Christ's ministry in Perea, about a month after the crucifixion.

PLACE.—Perea, east of Jordan.
PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Matt. 19. 3-15; Luke 18. 15-17.

EXPLANATIONS.—*From thence*—From Galilee, probably stopping at Jerusalem on his way. *Farther side of Jordan*—The province of Perea, east of Jordan, a region which he had never before visited. *Resort . . . again*—For some months Jesus had been in retirement with his disciples. He now meets with crowds of people once more, only a month before his death. *To put away his wife*—In the ancient world the wife was the property of her husband, and could be set aside at his will. *Tempting him*—Trying to lead him into some mistake or wrong teaching. *What did Moses command?*—By this he showed respect for the word of God as given by Moses. *A bill of divorcement*—By Moses' law a man who divorced his wife was required to give her a writing stating the reason why she was divorced. This was much better than among other nations, where the husband could do as he pleased, with or without reason. *The hardness of your heart*—The law was made as the best that could be given to a people who were tending to wickedness. A stricter law would have been neglected; and this law was very loosely interpreted by the scribes. *God made them*—Thus God established the relation of marriage. *Put away . . . marry . . . adultery*—Christ's law is, therefore, much more strict and high than that of

Moses. *Touch them*—To give the children a blessing. *Of such*—Those who enter Christ's kingdom must come in the submissive spirit of children.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

How are we here taught—

1. The duty of love at home?
2. The duty of bringing children to Christ?
3. The duty of seeking salvation as little children?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where did Jesus teach during the last month of his life? In Perea, east of Jordan.
2. What did he there teach concerning marriage? That God established marriage.
3. Who were brought to Christ for his blessing? Little children.
4. What did Jesus say of children? "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The family relation.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

44. What were their peculiar laws, considered as a nation?
The laws which God gave the children of Israel, and which were peculiar to them as a nation, were such as related to their peace and wars, to their houses and lands, to their wives and servants, to their lives and limbs.

A. D. 29.] LESSON II. [July 9.

THE RICH YOUNG MAN.

Mark 10. 17-31. Commit to memory v. 21-24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

One thing thou lackest, v. 21.

OUTLINE.

1. The Cross Required, v. 17-21.
2. The Cross Rejected, v. 22-27.
3. The Cross Rewarded, v. 28-31.

TIME.—A. D. 29, while Christ was in Perea, immediately after the events of the last lesson.

PLACE.—Perea, east of Jordan.
PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Matt. 19. 16-30; Luke 18. 18-30.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Kneeling*—Showing reverence for Christ as a teacher. *Why callest thou me good?*—Christ wanted to find whether he meant what he said. *None good*—Showing that Jesus was God, if he was good. *Defraud not*—Here in place of "Thou shalt not covet," as coveting leads to fraud. *Loved him*—Because of his sincerity, earnestness, and noble purpose. *Sell . . . and give*—The apostles had thus left all their possessions, and Christ offered him a place among them. *The cross*—The burdens of being a disciple. *Went away*—Preferring his riches to the honors of a disciple. *How hardly*—With what difficulty. *Astonished*—Supposing that the rich were fortunate, while Christ counted them unfortunate. *Trust in riches*—That is, make the things of the world their chief aim in life. *Easier for a camel*—An Oriental manner of speech, meaning "exceedingly difficult," but not to be understood literally. *All things are possible*—For God can change even the heart that trusts in riches. *Left house, etc*—As many disciples of Christ have done, giving up all for his service. *Shall receive*—That is, shall find in the service of Christ that which will more than repay for all losses, even in the midst of persecutions. *First . . . last*—Many rich here shall be poor hereafter, and so on the other side.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in the lesson do we find—

1. That we must obey God's law?
2. That we must submit wholly to Christ?
3. That we must give up all that keeps us from our duty?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did a young man ask of Christ? How to find eternal life.
2. What did Jesus tell him to do? To keep the commandments.
3. What did the young man say to this? "All these have I kept."
4. What did Jesus then command him? To sell all and follow him.
5. How did he receive this? He went away sad.
6. Who did Jesus say find it hard to enter God's kingdom? Those who trust in riches.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Eternal life.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

45. Why did God himself give them such particular rules about these common things?
God gave the children of Israel many particular rules about common things, to distinguish them from all other nations as God's own people, and to show that he was their King as well as their God.

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