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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. V.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 21, 1885.

No. 4.

## WE CAN MAKE HOME HAPPY.

**T**HOUGH we may not change the cottage  
For a mansion tall and grand,  
Or exchange a little grass plot  
For a boundless stretch of land,  
Yet there's something brighter, nearer  
Than the wealth we'd thus command.

Though we have no means to purchase  
Costly pictures, rich and rare;  
Though we have no silken hangings  
For the walls so cold and bare,  
We can hang them o'er with garlands,  
For flowers bloom everywhere.

We can always make home cheerful  
If the right course we begin;  
We can make its inmates happy  
And their truest blessings win;  
It will make the small room brighter  
If we let the sunshine in.

When we gather round the fireside  
When the evening hours are long,  
We can blend our hearts and voices  
In a happy, social song;  
We can guide some erring brother,  
Lead him from the path of wrong.

We may fill our home with music  
And with sunshine brimming o'er,  
If against all dark intruders  
We will firmly shut the door;  
Yet should evil's shadow enter,  
We must love each other more.

There are treasures for the lowly  
Which the grandest fail to find;  
There's a chain of sweet affection  
Binding friends of kindred mind;  
We may reap the choicest blessings  
From the poorest lot assigned.

## KIND ROVER.

**R**OVER is not one of those  
snarling little curs that  
"delight to bark and bite."  
He has a good strong voice  
and a sound set of teeth of his own,  
but he does not seem to think they  
were given him for the purpose of  
annoying or injuring his neighbours,  
so he keeps his bark for burglars  
and his bite for beef-bones. When  
an impudent puppy yelps at him as  
he goes along he makes no reply; he  
just raises his nose a little higher in  
the air and passes on. When an  
evil-disposed dog is on the point of  
attacking one that is smaller and  
weaker than himself he first looks  
up the street and down the street to  
make sure that Rover is not in sight,  
for he knows that Rover will not will-  
ingly allow the weak to be oppressed.  
When any one falls into the water his  
scream is very likely to be speedily  
followed by Rover's plunge, for it does  
not take him very long to get to any  
particular spot if he should not happen  
to be there just at the moment. Once  
and again he has dragged a drowning  
boy ashore or kept him afloat till  
further help arrived. This time it is  
one of his own species that he is bring-  
ing to land. Even dogs can be

drowned, especially when they are  
young and inexperienced and under-  
take a long swim. It was good for  
this one that a better swimmer than  
himself got sight of his sinking head,  
plunged in to his rescue, dived be-  
neath him, bore him to the surface,  
and with wonderful adroitness and  
skill supported him to the bank.  
Kind, noble Rover! it is no wonder  
that all the dogs respect him, and that  
all the boys are fond of him.

In large cities, saloons, barber-shops,  
cigar-shops, and other places of busi-  
ness are kept open on Sunday, for no  
other purpose than to make money;  
for our experience and the history of  
these Sunday places of business, teaches  
that they lead young men astray, and  
bring about a lack of respect for the  
teachings of the Bible, and a want of  
reverence for God's Sabbath.

The passenger trains they say must  
run on Sunday for the convenience of

trains to run, and post-offices kept open  
on Sunday that they may go on busi-  
ness errands or send or receive business  
letters! Oh, no! If the street-car  
and railroad companies were to receive  
no pay from passengers, nor any pay  
for carrying mails on Sunday, would  
their cars and trains continue to run  
on the Sabbath!

Is it not a money consideration that  
runs the printing press on Sunday, and  
sends hundreds of little boys out to  
sell the papers who ought and  
might otherwise be in Sabbath-  
school; that runs the saloons, the  
barber-shops, the cigar-shops, the  
street-cars, the railroad trains, and  
the livery stables on Sunday!

Is it in accordance with the word  
of God and our Saviour's teaching,  
for men to labour hard all day  
Sunday, cleaning of the engines in  
the round-house; pulling the throttle,  
firing the engines, driving street-  
cars, and many other kinds of work,  
for from seventy-five cents to three  
dollars per day! Will not God  
bring a curse upon this far nation  
if the Church does not rise up to  
condemn and correct the evil of  
Sabbath-breaking! Our Saviour  
said: "It is lawful to do good on  
the Sabbath," but we suppose he  
meant visiting the sick and father-  
less, feeding the hungry, supplying  
the wants of the needy, expounding  
his word in his earthly temples,  
praising, praying, and such like.  
Will any one dare say he meant  
that men should work in the field,  
on the train, on street-cars, in post-  
offices, barber-shops, and such like  
places on the Sabbath-day for  
money? No, verily, and his anger  
is kindled against us as a nation for  
these violations of his holy law; as  
has been evidenced by droughts,  
storms and plagues in different parts  
of the United States. He will not  
always chide. God commands us to  
do all our work in six days, and to  
rest on the seventh—the Sabbath.  
How absurd, then, to say a man can  
work all day Sunday for money, and  
not incur God's displeasure. Moses  
told the children of Israel if they



KIND ROVER.

## THE NATION'S GREAT SIN.

**T**HERE is probably no other  
sin that is more likely to  
bring down God's wrath and  
displeasure upon us as a  
nation than Sabbath-breaking. Fathers  
cut wool, and allow, if not compel,  
their children to do so on the Sabbath  
day; livery stable men make lots of  
money on the Sabbath; street-car  
companies make more money, running  
their cars and working their men on  
Sabbath perhaps than on Monday.

the public, and to carry ministers to  
their appointments, etc., and the mails  
must be carried on Sunday, and the  
post-offices must be kept open an hour  
or two on Sabbath, and why? Well,  
because the Postmaster-General says  
so, and because the public convenience  
demands it, and because we expect  
that through them we will receive  
some message of love, or send some  
tidings of joy or grief, and thereby  
"do good on the Sabbath day."

Of course no one in this God-  
favoured land wants street-cars and

failed to keep all the law and com-  
mandments and obey the voice of the  
Lord, all these curses should come  
upon them and overtake them.  
"Cursed shalt thou be in the city, and  
cursed shalt thou be in the field;  
cursed shall be thy basket and thy  
store; cursed shall be the fruit of thy  
body, and the fruit of thy land, the  
increase of thy kine, and the flocks of  
thy sheep; cursed shalt thou be when  
thou comest in, and cursed shalt thou  
be when thou goest out. The Lord  
shall send upon the cursing, vexation,

and rebuke in all thou settest thine hand unto for to do, until thou be destroyed, and until thou perish quickly; because of the wickedness of thy doings, whereby thou hast forsaken me. The Lord shall make the pestilence cleave unto thee until he have consumed thee off the land, whither thou goest to possess it. The Lord shall smite thee with a consumption and with a fever, and with an inflammation, and with sword, and with blasting, and with mildew; and they shall pursue thee until thou perish. And thy heaven that is over thy head shall be brass, and the earth that is under thee shall be iron. The Lord shall make the rain of thy seed powder and dust; from heaven shall it come down upon thee until thou be destroyed." But you say, surely these curses will not come upon us for breaking God's law in reference to keeping the Sabbath holy? Why not? The law is more binding now than ever, for Christ said he came not to destroy the law, but to fulfil it—strengthen it, confirm it—and therefore we shudder when we think of this open violation of holy writ and the countenance and indifference of the Church towards it.—*J. T. D., in Wesleyan Christian Advocate.*

## WATCH YOUR WORDS.

KEEP a watch on your words, my darlings,  
For words are wonderful things;  
They are sweet, like the bees' fresh honey—  
Like the bees, they have terrible stings.  
They can bless like the warm, glad sunshine,  
And brighten a lonely life;  
They can cut, in the strife of anger,  
Like an open two-edged knife.

Let them pass through the lips unchallenged,  
If their errand is true and kind—  
If they come to support the weary,  
To comfort and help the blind;  
If a bitter, revengeful spirit  
Prompt the words, let them be unsaid;  
They may flash through a brain like lightning,  
Or fall on a heart like lead.

Keep them back, if they are cold and cruel,  
Under bar and lock and seal,  
The wounds they make, my darlings,  
Are always slow to heal.  
May peace guard your lives, and ever,  
From the time of your early youth,  
May the words that you daily utter  
Be the words of beautiful truth.

## GOLDIE'S RING.

BY MRS. A. ELMORE.

ONE fair autumn Sabbath afternoon, when the scattered few of early scholars were conversing in little groups about the large, bright chapel, I sat alone, for my boys were always tardy on a bright day; loitering to play, I regret to say, and then quite likely to come tumbling in all in a huddle, for they were not the champion good boys of the large school. During my four months' acquaintance with them there had been but little improvement in their methods and manners. I was thinking rather sadly of my failure to interest them when the class sitting next to mine, who were awaiting the arrival of their teacher, attracted my attention.

A tall, slender lad of fifteen, with a keen, interesting, pure face, held in his hand a very small plain gold ring which was attached to the centre of a very fine gold chain, one end of which evidently kept guard over his watch;

the other end probably held a counterpoise in the way of a key in the opposite pocket. Several of his companions wore showy chains with lockets of rich, heavy charms, and evidently they had been chaffing him about his very modest jewelry.

It was the first Sabbath following the close of the summer's vacation, and the first full attendance of the class for three months. Some had been away to the mountains, others to the seaside, or country homes near to the city; and all were glad to return again to the noisy city and the excitements and ambitions of school-days.

The first words reaching my ears distinctly were,

"All your charms, lockets, and watches put together would not buy that one little ring, or the chain either."

"Why, Bert, is it a talisman for good luck?" eagerly from a very bright-looking lad, slightly the senior of his friend.

"A tali man it is, but the good luck, as you call it, depends on how Bert Raymond obeys the dictates of his conscience, I take it."

"Don't preach now, Bert," said another boy, "but tell us about the ring, if you don't mind."

"Yes, Bert, tell us; Miss Paine is always late, you know, and there's plenty of time. Tell us, please;" and four heads—shaded from black to blond—were brought in close proximity to Bert's chestnut curls as he said very softly, with his kind, brown eyes bent on the ring,

"Did any of you boys ever see my little sister?"

"Oh, little Goldie? Yes," said one. "That darling little mite with blue eyes and yellow hair you used to take cut in the park last summer!" inquired one boy with a tender tone to his voice. "Yes, I remember her. I have not seen her—"

"Hush, Bob," whispered the first speaker, with a significant look, and Bert began again with a sigh,

"Yes, that was my little sister Goldie, the only sister I ever had. She died last June, just a few days before vacation, when we were almost ready to go to the farm, and I tell you, boys, it was a lonesome summer for all of us without her."

"I should say so," joined in Bob. "She looked such a jolly, good-natured little thing."

"She was as good as a boy for fun; no cry-baby about her," added another, and Bert gave him a grateful look as he went on with his story.

"This was her ring and her chain. I saved up my own money and bought them for her. She knew that she was going to die for nearly two days, and she divided up her things. It was wonderful how she remembered everybody she knew and everything that she had."

Bert ceased speaking for a few moments. The other boys waited in sympathetic silence as he turned the ring slowly on the chain until he conquered the pain sufficiently to begin again in lower voice.

"The last thing she ever did was to take the ring from her dear little hand and give it to me. With little gasps for breath she asked me, 'Will you wear this always on my little gold chain you gave me when I was a baby? It is my prettiest one.' I answered, 'Yes, Goldie darling.' We were all crying around her. Mamma was so heart-broken we were afraid she would

die too. Papa was there sobbing, with his face hid in Goldie's soft curls, and grandma was fanning her with her prettiest fan. It had canaries on it, and Goldie fancied sometimes that the painted birds were singing to her. After I promised her to wear it she rested a little, and then opened her eyes and looked at me so lovingly as she said,

"Bertie, you'll never, never take Goldie's ring into bad places where bad boys go, and get tipsy like Tommy Gunning did, will you?"

"No, Goldie, never as long as I live."

"She said, 'Thank you, Bertie dear, but you must remember to say your prayers about it.'"

"Then she closed her eyes again, and in a minute more grandma said, with a sob, 'She is gone.'"

"I went the next morning to the jeweller's and had the chain put on to my watch and the ring fastened to it, and I have worn it every day since."

"Did she know you were tipsy yourself that time with Gunning?" eagerly inquired one of the boys.

"I don't know, but I hope not. She saw Gunning herself, and was frightened. Mamma found out about me, I think, and Goldie was her comforter and counsellor, she always says, so I don't know if Goldie knew all the story about that awful party. She was just like a beautiful grown-up Christian lady. She never told tales on a fellow, or scolded and nagged and taunted him like some girls do; but if a fellow did a mean, wrong thing she looked so sorrowful at him, it made him feel like a whipped cur."

"I guess you're bound up now so you never can have any fun," suggested one.

"I'm pledged the very strongest way against drinking and bad company; but there's better fun without carousing than there is with it. Papa says if a man can look back when his hair is gray, and laugh over his boy fun without being ashamed of it, he's a rich man. I've promised always to wear Goldie's ring and never to take it into any bad places, and, boys, I'll never break either promise."

"How about the ring wearing out?"

"I intend some time to have the ring and chain put into a locket; it won't take a very large one to hold them; and as long as my life is spared they will never go where I would not willingly take Goldie. And I loved her, boys, oh, you don't know how much!"

"I do," said one in a sorrowful tone. "Our little Bess was just like her; she died two years ago, and last summer when I used to see you frolicking with her on the green, I envied you so. I was real wicked; I didn't know you then."

"Bert, I was tipsy that day, too," said Bob.

"I've no Goldie or grandma or papa or mamma, or anything but a cranky old aunt and a mint of money, and I've pretty much cut loose from church and all that, for I didn't care what I did; but I'll buy me a ring like that and call it 'Goldie's Pledge,' and wear it to keep me in mind to behave myself. You wont care, will you, Bert?"

"No, Bob, if you keep the pledge; but if you break it, I—"

"Well?"

"I was going to say what I would do, but it's best unsaid, I guess."

Just then my troop of "Arabs"

came noisily in, the bell tapped for the opening exercises, and I was kept busy trying to prevent an embryo riot which would disturb the entire school.

Miss Paine came not at all, but there was a low murmur of voices in her class, and I fancy a total abstinence society was formed there and then, of which "Goldie's ring" was the chief corner-stone.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

## THE TEMPERANCE SHIP.

TAKE courage, temperance workers!  
You shall not suffer wreck  
While up to God the people's prayers  
Are rising from your deck.  
Wait cheerily, temperance workers,  
For daylight and for land;  
The breath of God is in your sail,  
Your rudder in His hand!

Sail on! sail on! deep freighted  
With blessings and with hopes;  
The good of old with shadowy hands,  
Are pulling at your ropes.  
Behind you, holy martyrs  
Uplift the palm and crown;  
Before you, unborn ages send  
Their benedictions down.

Courage! your work is holy,  
God's errands never fail!  
Sweep on through storm and darkness,  
The thunder and the hail!  
Work on! sail on! the morning comes,  
The port you yet shall win;  
And all the bells of God shall ring  
The ship of temperance in.  
—*John G. Whittier.*

## OUR TONGUE.

M. R. WASHINGTON MOON has written a work on bad English. Some of the errors which he singles out are decidedly amusing. For example:

"A furrier lamenting, in an advertisement, the tricks played on the public by unprincipled men in his own trade,

"'Earnestly requests ladies to bring him their skins, which he promises shall be converted into muffs and boas.'"

"Another advertisement ran thus: 'Two sisters want washing.'"

"Here must have been a strange sight:

"'He rode to town, and drove twelve cows on horseback.'"

"A gentleman advertised for a horse,

"'For a lady of dark colour, a good trot'er, high stepper, and having a long tail.'"

Better, more amusing, more instructive, and more credible is the following illustration of the inevitable ambiguities involved in accurate language. One gentleman observed to another—

"'I have a wife and six children in New York and I never saw one of them.'"

"'Were you ever blind?'"

"'Oh! no,' replied the other.

"'A further lapse of time, and then the interrogator resumed the subject.

"'Did I understand you to say that you had a wife and six children living in New York, and you had never seen one of them?'"

"'Yes, such is the fact.'"

"Here followed a still larger pause in the conversation, when the interrogator, fairly puzzled, said—

"'How can it be that you never saw one of them?'"

"'Why,' was the answer, 'one of them was born after I left.'—*Our Boys and Girls.*

SHE HAD NEVER SEEN A TREE.

HEY took the little London girl from out the city street To where the grass was growing green, the birds were singing sweet; And everything along the road so filled her with surprise, The look of wonder fixed itself within her violet eyes.

The breezes ran to welcome her; they kissed her on each cheek, And tried in every way they could their ecstasy to speak; Inviting her to romp with them, and tumbling up her curls, Expecting she would laugh or scold, like other little girls.

But she didn't—no, she didn't; for this crippled little child Had lived within a dingy court where sunshine never smiled; And for weary, weary days and months the little one had lain Confined within a narrow room, and on a couch of pain.

The out-door world was strange to her—the broad expanse of sky, The soft, green grass, the pretty flowers, the stream that trickled by; But all at once she saw a sight that made her hold her breath, And shake and tremble as if she were frightened near to death.

Oh, like some horrid monster of which the child had dreamed, With nodding head and waving arms, the angry creature seemed; It threatened her, it mocked at her, with gesture and grimace, That made her shrink with terror from its serpent-like embrace.

They kissed the trembling little one, they held her in their arms, And tried in every way they could to quiet her alarms, And said, "Oh, what a foolish little goose you are, to be So nervous and so terrified at nothing but a tree!"

They made her go up close to it and put her arms around The trunk and see how firmly it was fastened in the ground; They told her all about the roots that clung down deeper yet, And spoke of other curious things she never would forget.

Oh, I have heard of many, very many, girls and boys, Who have to do without the sight of pretty books and toys, Who have never seen the ocean; but the saddest thought to me Is that anywhere there lives a child who never saw a tree.

—Harper's Young People.

A LONG, LONG JOURNEY.

WHEN the doctor came downstairs from the sick-room of Mrs. Marshall, the whole family seemed to have arranged themselves in the hall to waylay him.

"How soon will mamma dit well?" asked little Clyde, the baby.

"Can mamma come downstairs next week?" asked Katy, the eldest daughter and the little housekeeper.

"Do you find my wife much better?" asked Mr. Marshall, eagerly. He was a tall, grave man, pale with anxiety and nights of watching.

The doctor did not smile; he did not even stop to answer their questions.

"I am in a great hurry," he said, as he took his hat; "I must go to a patient who is dangerously ill. This evening I will call again. I have left instructions with the nurse."

But the nurse's instructions were all concerning the comfort of the patient; she was professionally discreet and silent. The children playing on the stairs were told to make no noise.

The gloomy day wore on and the patient slept and was not disturbed. But that night before they went to bed, they were allowed to go in and kiss their mother good-night. This privilege had been denied them lately and their little hearts responded with joy to the invitation. Mamma was better or she could not see them. The doctor had cured her. They would love him for it all their lives!

She was very pale but smiling, and her first words to them were:

"I am going on a journey!"

"A journey," cried the children. "Will you take us with you?"

"No; it is a long, long journey." "Mamma is going to the South," said Katy; "the doctor has ordered her to She will get well in the orange grooves of Florida."

"I am going to a far-distant country, more beautiful than even the lovely South," said the mother faintly, "and I will not come back."

"You are going alone, mamma?" asked Katy.

"No," said the mother, in a low, sweet voice. "I am not going alone, my Physician goes with me. Kiss me good-by, my dear little ones, for in the morning, before you are awake, I shall be gone. You will all come to me when you are made ready, but each must make the journey alone."

In the morning she was gone. When the children awoke their father told them of the beautiful country at which she had safely arrived while they slept.

"How did she go! Who came for her?" they asked amid their tears.

"The chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof," their father told them solemnly.

People wonder at the peace and happiness expressed in the faces of these motherless children; when asked about their mother they say: "She has gone on a journey," and every night and morning they read in her guide-book of that land where she now lives, whose inhabitants shall no more say, I am sick, and where God himself shall wipe all tears from their eyes.—*Detroit Free Press.*

ON FISHING.

HAD you been with me on the day referred to in this story, you would have seen a sportsman fishing on a Highland stream. You could see he was a sportsman by his long boots, his large basket (which was empty), and his hat covered all round with the most brilliant artificial flies. You could see he was a fisherman, too, by the long salmon-rod with which he kept whipping the stream. In spite of his boots, his basket, his hat, his rod, and his flies, somehow or other the fish would not bite. Now this was all the more provoking since just opposite to him was a little ragged bare-footed urchin with no particular dress on him at all (at any rate, his feet and legs and head and neck were all bare), and a common hazel rod. But there beside him on the grass lay a row of shining fish, all of which had been caught with that little hazel rod under the sportsman's very eyes, while the latter spent his skill in vain. The boy was leaning against a little angle of rock, behind which he was partly hidden as if ashamed to be seen, but the fisherman stood boldly on the river's brink, as he, at any rate, had nothing to be

ashamed of—except that he had caught no fish. Now he was ashamed of this; so much ashamed, indeed, that he pocketed sufficient of his pride to enable him to ask the boy how it was all the fish were on his side of the river. The reply was brief and to the point. "The feesh will come you're side, mon, if you stand like me. If ye want to catch feesh, ye maun hide yersel."

THE SELFISH POOL AND GENEROUS STREAMLET.

SEE that little fountain yonder, away on the distant mountain, shining like a thread of silver through the thick copse, and sparkling like a diamond in its healthful activity. It is hurrying on with tinkling feet to bear its tribute to the river. See, it passes a stagnant pool, and the pool hails it, "Whither away, master streamlet?" "I am going to the river to bear this cup of water God has given me." "Ah, you are very foolish for that; you'll need it before the summer is over. It has been a backward spring, and we shall have a hot summer to pay for it; you will dry up then." "Well," says the streamlet, "if I am to die so soon, I had better work while the day lasts. If I am likely to lose my treasure from the heat, I had better do good with it while I have it." So on it goes, blessing and rejoicing in its course. The pool smiled complacently at its own superior foresight, and hoarded all its resources, letting not a drop steal away.

Soon the midsummer heat came down, and it fell upon the little stream; but the trees crowded to its brink and spread out their sheltering branches over it in the day of adversity, for it brought refreshment and life to them; and the sun peeped through their branches and smiled complacently upon its dimpled face, and seemed to say, "It is not in my heart to harm you;" and the birds sipped its silver tide and sang its praises, the flowers breathed their perfume upon its bosom, the beasts of the field loved to linger near its banks, the husbandman's eye always sparkled with joy as he gazed upon the long line of verdant beauty that marked its course through his fields and meadows, and so on it went, blessing and blessed of all.

But where was the prudent pool? Alas! in its inglorious inactivity it grew sickly and pestilential. The beasts of the field put their lips to it, but turned away without drinking; the breezes stopped and kissed it by mistake, but caught the malaria in the contact, and carried the ague through the region, and the inhabitants caught it, and had to move away; and, at last, heaven, in mercy to man, smote it with a hotter breath and dried it up.

But did the little stream exhaust itself? Oh, no! God saw to that. It emptied its full cup into the river, and the river bore it to the sea and the sea welcomed it, and the sun smiled upon the sea and the sea sent up its incense to greet the sun, and the clouds caught in their capacious bosoms the incense from the sea, and the winds, like waiting steeds, caught the chariots of the clouds and bore them away—away to the very mountain that gave the little fountain birth, and there they tipped the brimming cup and poured the grateful baptism down. So God saw to it that the

little fountain, though it gave so fully and so freely, never ran dry.

MORAL.

If God so bless the fountain, will he not also bless you, my children, if "as ye have freely received, ye also freely give?" Cannot we all learn a useful and blessed lesson from the selfish pool, remembering the words of the Lord Jesus, "It is more blessed to give than to receive?"—*Missio y Review.*

HEAVEN IS NEAR.

Heaven is nearer than mortals think, When they look with a trembling dread

At the misty future that stretches on From the silent homes of the dead. 'Tis no lone isle, in a lonely main, No distant but brilliant shore Where the loved ones are called away— Must go to return no more.

No: heaven is near us; the mighty veil Of mortality blinds the eye; That we see not the hovering angel band, On the shores of eternity. Yet oft, in the hour of holy thought, To the thirsting soul is given The power to pierce through the mist of sense To the beauteous scenes of heaven.

Then very near seem its pearly gates, And sweetly its harpings fall, The soul is restless to soar away, And longs for the angel's call. I know when the silver cord is loosed, And the veil is rent away, Not long nor dark will the passing be To the realms of endless day.

The eye that shuts in a dying hour, Will open the next in bliss; The welcome will sound in a heavenly world Ere the farwell is hushed in this. We pass from the clasp of mourning friends To the arms of the loved and lost; And the smiling faces will greet us there Which on earth we have valued most.

MY FATHER.

IN a storm at sea, when the danger pressed, and the deep seemed ready to devour the voyagers, one man stood composed and cheerful amidst the agitated throng. They asked him eagerly why he feared not; was he an experienced seaman, and did he see reason to expect that the ship would ride the tempest through? No; he was not an expert sailor, but he was a trustful Christian. He was not sure that the ship would swim; but he knew that its sinking could do no harm to him. His answer was, "Though I sink to-day, I shall only drop gently into the hollow of my Father's hand; for He holds all these waters there!" The story of that disciple's faith triumphing in a stormy sea presents a pleasant picture to those who read it on the solid land; but if they in safety are strangers to his faith, they will not in trouble partake of his consolation. The idea is beautiful; but a human soul, in its extremity, cannot play with a beautiful idea. If the heart do not feel the truth firm to lean upon, the eye will not long be satisfied with its symmetry to look at. Strangers may speak of Providence; but only the children love it. If they would tell the truth, those who are alienated from God in their hearts, do not like to be so completely in His power. It is when I am satisfied with His mercy, that I rejoice to lie in his hand.—*Arnol.*

BEWARE of those who are homeless by choice! You have no hold on a man whose affections have no tap-root.

## THE CHILDREN OF JERUSALEM.

BY ANELIA E. BARR.

**O**FTEN think how the children's hearts

Would burn with an angry flame,  
As through the streets of Jerusalem  
The bleeding Saviour came,—  
The lad who gave him the barley loaves  
Under the evening skies,  
And felt the touch of the Saviour's hand,  
The thrill of the Saviour's eyes.

The child he had lifted in his arms,  
Who had leaned upon his breast;  
The little children of every name  
Whose Jesus had been a guest.  
Oh! the men he loved, the men he saved,  
In terror kept far apart,  
But I'm sure that many a little child  
Had an aching, breaking heart.

And when they heard he had risen again,  
Would they not watch and wait  
For the coming of those pierced feet  
From the dawning hour till late!  
And though, to the doubting and the cold,  
The risen Lord was dim,  
Can we doubt that many a loving child  
Had a token sweet from him?

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 21, 1885.

## THANKSGIVING.

**T**HE Editor of this paper desires to offer devout thanksgiving to God for signal blessings conferred upon himself and family during a serious visitation of sickness. Out of a household of eight persons six were at one time prostrate with typhoid fever; and though lying in adjacent rooms were for weeks unable to see one another. But, through the good providence of God, they have all been protected in the hour of danger, and are in a fair way of gradual recovery. The writer desires to acknowledge with gratitude the many tokens of sympathy received, and especially the kind services of the Rev. W. S. Blackstock, by which the Sunday-school papers were all got out on time. Of the rich and gracious spiritual blessings of this affliction the writer has not now strength to write, but they are engraved in his heart forever.

Our West the cellar is the place to go in time of a cyclone, and when a man has a barrel of cider in the cellar, it is surprising how many times a day he thinks there's a cyclone coming.

## CANADIAN S. S. PAPERS.

"THE S. S. papers, edited by W. H. Withrow, D.D., of Toronto, and published by Rev. Wm. Briggs, of that city, have within a few years attained a circulation almost phenomenal. They are wonderfully cheap. *Home and School*, an eight-page semi-monthly, costs 30 cents or 22 cents, according to the number of copies taken, and *PLEASANT HOURS* is the same size and price, being issued so that it arrives at alternate fortnights with *Home and School*. These publications are thoroughly Canadian and should by all means be preferred to similar periodicals printed across the border in which George Washington and Abraham Lincoln are the central figures."—*Halifax Mail*.

THE Editor of the S. S. papers and *Magazine* regrets to say that, through illness, he was unable to press the interests of those periodicals, as has been his custom at this time of the year. He is glad to learn, however, that subscriptions are coming in, in even more than usual numbers. The best tonic that can aid his recovery will be a largely increased circulation of those periodicals.

THE February number of the *Methodist Magazine* contains a portrait and life sketch of Dr. Rice, and sketches of Dr. Carroll and others recently deceased; also, illustrated articles on "The Canadians on the Nile," "The Alps and their Avalanches," "The Cruise of the *Challenger*," including visits to Bermuda and Halifax, with numerous engravings; also, a striking chapter of our Serial Story of Outpost Methodism in Newfoundland, with other articles of connexional interest.

DR. CURRY, in the *Methodist Review*, the leading organ of American Methodism, says: "The October and November numbers of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* increase our respect for this excellent religious family magazine. Its papers on travel, education, mission work, and religion, are excellently well adapted to increase intelligence, inspire devotion, and quicken religious activity. It is a singular fact that no religious periodical of this class seems to succeed this side of the Dominion line."

## VALUE OF A SINGLE SOUL.

**I**T was but a few weeks ago that I visited the Tower of London. We were shown through its various rooms, and called to examine the various mementoes of bygone ages that are there preserved, and, as we were passing out, the guide asked us if we would like to visit the jewel room. We told him yes, and were conducted thither. There we saw the crown with which Queen Victoria—God bless her!—was crowned. We saw all the royal plate, and, with Yankee inquisitiveness, we asked the person in attendance what the present value of those jewels and that plate was. He replied, £4,000,000 sterling in gold. The next day, in company with two beloved ministers, I visited schools for ragged children, where were gathered one thousand three hundred children from the worst dens in London; and as I stood at the desk of the



A POLYNESIAN IDOL.

## A POLYNESIAN IDOL.

principal, there sat before me a little girl—she may have been thirteen years of age—bare-footed, bare-headed, uncombed hair and unwashed face, and, as I looked down into her bright eyes, and thought of the jewels in Queen Victoria's crown, I said to myself, "That little girl is the possessor of that which is of more value than all the crown jewels of England," for I saw in those eyes a gleam that told me she had faith in Jesus, and that shall remain when all else has passed away from earth.—*George H. Stuart*.

*From Wealth to Poverty.* By the Rev. Austin Potter. (Toronto. William Briggs.)

We have been too ill to write a notice of this stirring book, but we heartily endorse the following from the *Canada Presbyterian*: As the full title, "From Wealth to Poverty; or, the Tricks of the Traffic, a Story of the Drink Curse" indicates, this is what is usually called a temperance tale. It is, however, no ordinary one. Its author is in downright earnest in seeking the banishment of the drink plague from among men. The book is a fervent and powerful plea in behalf of temperance. There is no half-heartedness or a shadow of suspicion about it. There is nothing overdrawn or exaggerated in this excellently-written story. It is strong and vigorous in sentiment and clear in style. Its publication is most opportune. Advocates of the Scott Act will find their zeal intensified by reading the book. Though it is admirably fitted for the present time, it is worthy of a permanent place in temperance literature. It is another illustration of the adage, for it rests on a broad basis of fact, that truth is stranger than fiction. Both from its intrinsic merit and the cause it is designed to promote we cordially wish it a wide circulation.

THE whole of the inhabitants of the Polynesian Archipelago, in the Southern Pacific, were, at the beginning of the present century, idolaters. The vast proportion of them are now Christians. Never, even in the days of the apostles, nor when the Roman Empire was converted to Christianity, have the triumphs of the Gospel been so marked and so glorious. In the Fiji islands, where only a few years ago the inhabitants were the most degraded cannibals on the face of the earth, there are now 900 Wesleyan chapels, 240 other preaching places, 54 native preachers, 1,405 local preachers, 2,200 class leaders, and 106,000 attendants on Methodist worship out of a population of 720,000, and this is very largely the result of the labours of the late missionary, John Hunt, a Lincolnshire plough boy, who grew up to man's estate with no education, and died at the early age of 36. Yet in twelve short years he became the apostle of Fiji, and brought nearly the whole nation to God.

The picture shows the character of some of the hideous idols, which the South Sea heathen in their blindness used to worship. But, thank God, they are casting their idols to the moles and to the bats, and turning to the living and true God! Many churches now have their missionaries among the heathen, whose labours have been gloriously blessed. We hope that every school and every scholar in Canada will have a part in the grand work of sending the Gospel to the heathen.

"Shall we whose lamps are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to men benighted  
The light of life deny?  
Waft, waft, ye winds, his story!  
And you, ye waters roll!  
Till like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole."



ALICE'S TALENT.

ALICE'S TALENT.

**A**LICE sat with her Bible on her lap. She has been reading, but now she sat very still, with a troubled look on her face. "Oh, dear!" said she after awhile, "I don't believe I have got any talent. Now, there's Emma. Miss Wilson says she certainly has a talent for music, and Lou Benson can draw anything she sees, and is going to take painting lessons; but I don't seem to have a talent for anything. May be it only means grown people; but then the verse says, 'He called his own servants,' and oh, I do want to be one of the Lord's servants!" And one or two tears fell on Alice's open Bible.

Aunt Bell happened to pass through the room just then, and, noticing Alice's downcast face, stopped to ask, "What is the matter with this little girl?"

"Because, oh, because—I don't seem to have any talent, Aunt Bell."

"Let us read those verses over together, dear," said Aunt Bell. "It is a good thing to think about what we are reading, Alice, if we cannot discover at once what our talent may be."

So Alice and Aunt Bell read the parable together.

"Do you notice, Alice, it says, 'to every man according to his several ability?' What does that mean, do you think?"

"As much as he was able to have or to do; don't it, auntie?"

"Yes; and I don't think the Bible anywhere tells us we must do any more than we are able to do. God gives each one of us talents according to our several ability. You are only a little girl, and he requires of you only a little girl's work."

"But what can I do, aunty? I can't sing in the choir, as Emma does; I can't give to our mission society as Lizzie Barr does, for her father gives her more for her monthly spending money than I can have in a whole year; I'm not smart about writing compositions as Nellie Gifford is. So what can I do?"

"All those things are talents, certainly. But, Alice, did you ever think about opportunities? There is a great talent given to all!"

Somebody called Aunt Bell just then, and with a hasty kiss to her little niece she left the room! "Opportunities!" said Alice, going slowly down stairs, "I believe I'll go over to Nellie Gifford's, and talk with her about it. Maybe we can find some opportunities to do good."

She was taking her hat from the rack when Brother Will came whistling through the hall.

"O Allie!" said he, "you're the very girl I'm looking for. I want these gloves mended, please, and a button on my overcoat, and I'm in a hurry." Alice was about to say, "I'm in a hurry, too;" but she kept back the disobliging word, and only said, "Wait till I get my basket."

Then she sat down and mended the gloves, replaced the missing button, and neatly sewed a ripped place in the overcoat lining.

"I wonder if this can be called an opportunity," she said aloud, as she worked, forgetful of Brother Will's

presence; for he had taken up a newspaper and was half hid behind it.

"To be sure it can," said Will, laughing. "A very good one for me too. I advise you, Allie, to always make the most of opportunities, when you can help people as nicely as you are doing now."

"I was thinking about the talents," said Alice, simply. "What is yours, Will?"

"It seems to be to make work for a dear little sister. Really, I'm afraid I don't think as much about that as I might—or ought. Is that done? I'm much obliged." And Will kissed her and went off in a quick way, as if he feared she would say more.

Dear little Alice! she did not know she had improved two opportunities, and that her words were stirring her brother's conscience uneasily.

"It's too near lunch time to go to Nellie's now," thought Alice. "I can read my 'Life and Adventures in Japan' until the bell rings." But as she went into the sitting-room, where she had left her book, she found that she had left her book, and she was engaged in knitting, said:

"Can my little girl stop long enough to pick up these stitches for grandma? My old eyes won't let me see to put them on just right."

So Alice patiently took up the dropped stitches in grandma's knitting, and the lunch bell rang just as she finished. She could not help giving a little sigh as she thought of her book; but grandma stroked the curly hair, and thanked her in a way that made Alice feel that grandma knew of the small self-denial. Somehow grandma always seemed to know about things without anyone telling her. In the afternoon Alice had to go to her drawing class. When she came home and was laying off her wraps in the hall, she heard mother and Aunt Bell talking in the parlour.

"I was in to see Mrs. Elton this morning," said Aunt Bell; "she has been so shut up all winter; she has no nurse, and cannot leave her baby."

"I have missed her from church and prayer-meeting," said mother; "she used to go so regularly."

Alice went into the room and sat down to her book, but somehow she kept thinking about Mrs. Elton and prayer-meeting.

"Mamma," said she very slowly, and colouring a good deal, "would you care if I went over to Mrs. Elton's and took care of her baby, so she could go to prayer-meeting?"

"Certainly not, my dear. I think it would be a very kind, neighbourly thing for a little girl to do; but be very careful with baby."

"Indeed, it's very good of you Allie," said Mrs. Elton, when Alice made known her errand. "I have wanted to go so much."

Alice took faithful care of her little charge, and felt not a little weary when the mother returned. But Mrs. Elton's brightened face and heartfelt thanks were a sweet reward for one hour's work, and her own heart told her it was more blessed to give than to receive.

"Has Allie found any opportunities to-day?" asked Aunt Bell, as she told Alice good-night.

"So many, auntie, that I feel almost afraid of such a great talent. Though, to be sure, I have done only very little things."

"Your Bible says, 'Despise not the

THE CHILD'S REBUKE.

**T**HE pet of the household had overslept. While breakfast was waiting below: And his auntie was chiding the little boy That he was in dressing so slow.

A shoe-string was missing, a button was off, And everything seemed out of place, And clouds of discouragement gathered around The dear little fellow's face.

At length his toilet was all complete, But the little boy still delayed, And cried, "Dear auntie, I cannot go down Till my morning prayer I've said."

"Wait till breakfast is over," his auntie cried, "For once it will not be wrong." The little boy, startled and grieved replied: "What, keep God waiting so long!"

VICTORIA AND THE OLD WOMAN.

**I**T is said that the Queen is a most considerate visitor, always being pleased with whatever is done for her; but sometimes, from her fondness for going about in the country, especially in Scotland with almost no special attendant, awkward or amusing incidents occur. On one occasion, while staying at the house of a Scotch nobleman, she was walking about the park with only the Princess Beatrice, and encountering an old woman, entered into conversation with her. The dame asked her almost at once whether she had seen Her Majesty, and on the Queen replying, "Yes, I see her every morning before breakfast," the old woman inquired eagerly: "Oh, but is she as good as she looks in the prints I used

to see of her when I was younger?" The Queen laughed at her and replied that Her Majesty was rather flattered in her pictures; and the woman again urged her to see what she looked like. "Well," said the Queen, still much amused, "she and I are said to look so much alike you would hardly know us apart." "Well, you are not so very ill-favoured yourself," was the dame's considerate answer, which so entertained Her Majesty that she bade the woman come to the castle that afternoon, promising her that she should not only see but speak to the Queen herself.

The sequel may be imagined. Dressed in her very best the old Scotch woman presented herself at Castle R—at the appointed time, was conducted through endless corridors, and up and down, to a room in which, soon after she entered, the Queen appeared. "Eh! so you are here too!" the old woman exclaimed; but almost immediately it was made known to her in whose presence she was standing. As may be inferred the visit resulted in much profit to the good woman, and considerable amusement to the Queen and Princess Beatrice.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

A FIVE-year-old boy who could not keep awake through a long sermon suddenly became wide awake, and noticing that the preacher was still holding forth, inquired, "Mother, is it this Sunday night or next Sunday night?"

day of small things.' There are a few of us, dear Allie, who do realize what a great talent opportunity is. In the meanwhile, look for it, and try to trade it well, and you may gain even ten talents."

#### OVER THE FENCE IS OUT.

ON the noisy plays of our boyish days,  
As we batted the ball about,  
We had a rule, after hours of school,  
That "Over the fence was out."  
And though we are men we think now and then  
Of that rule of our childish day:  
We feel its force, with a tinge of remorse,  
In graver matters than play.

In struggle and greed, to supply every need,  
We shorten life's meagre span;  
And the gush of joy in the beardless boy  
Is lost in the bearded man.  
We rear up false claims, we miss our best aims,  
And go down in the noise and rout;  
We find out too late, by not battling straight  
That "Over the fence is out."

We toil and we dig, we rear and we rig,  
We barter, we venture, we sail;  
We bend every will, we mount every hill—  
Forget we are human and frail.  
Our energies wasted, true bliss untasted,  
We are whirled like dead leaves about,  
In life's bleak December, too late to remember  
That "Over the fence is out."  
—Frank H. Stauffer.

#### LETTER FROM MR. CROSBY— THE MISSION SHIP.

MY dear Young Friends,—  
You will be pleased to hear that the little Mission Ship *Glad Tidings* has made her first trip of over 500 miles. It took us a long time to get her complete outfit, etc. The journey up the coast at such a late time of the year gave our friends some concern. As it was in the days of Noah, so we had all kinds of comforters during our fitting out. Some would say she would never ride a sea, she would tip over, as she was too narrow and too top-heavy. However, as she was complete and out for a trial trip with 40 people on board, she made nine miles an hour. Men of good judgment pronounced her a safe and well-built little yacht, and the inspector said we could safely go to Japan with her.

We left Victoria on Saturday, spent the Sabbath with brother Robson and his people at Nanaimo—a blessed day. As we were delayed Monday coaling, etc., we had a meeting on Monday night when the people gave us a collection towards the *Glad Tidings*. Tuesday morning, at 7.30 a number of the dear friends were on the wharf to say good-bye, and "God-speed *Glad Tidings*." We were soon out in the gulf to find that we were to be tried by a south-east gale. After being pitched about a little, and nearly losing part of our cargo, we got up sail and, although the sea ran high, the little ship did nobly. As the gale increased it was thought best to take shelter at the lee of an island where we anchored for the day and night. I visited a settler on the island who had never seen a missionary on the island before.

In crossing Queen Charlotte Sound we also had a very high sea and all our crew were sick but your missionary and the captain. By calling at the different places and watching for good weather, we reached Bella Bella by Saturday night, spent the Sabbath with Brother and Sister Cayler and their people, had a well-filled church three times on the Sabbath as well as

at the early morning prayer-meeting. I was told of the good work done among this people, and the neat little houses showed the temporal improvement. On account of the lateness of the season I did not go to Bella Coola. Monday night we spent at Hyhiso, forty miles on our way towards Port Simpson; preached to the people and visited the sick. Wednesday by 11 a.m. we anchored at Port Essington, spent the day with Brother Jennings and his people, preached at night and baptized a number of children and one adult. On Thursday morning at daylight we got on our way, called at Inverness, and arrived here about 3 p.m., although we had been in a fog part of the day. For days the people had been looking for us, and they had begun to be much concerned as it had been very stormy weather; so at the first sight of smoke they were all out, cannons were fired and flags were flying from every pole in town, and as I got ashore and shook hands with hundreds of people, the brass band was ready to escort us up to the Mission-house, and all along the road groups were standing to welcome us.

Next day a great tea-meeting of nearly all the village was held, when a general thanksgiving went up to God for the safe arrival of the missionary and the Mission Ship. One man said they had talked about taking canoes to go to look for us, for they feared that we had got wrecked in a storm. As I visited among the sick, one old man who had been sick for months said, as the Mission Ship came in he crawled to the door and saw the steamer. "Now," he said, "I can die, for I have seen the Mission Ship." An old woman came in to see us two days after, and said, "I could not get strength to come to see before, although I wished to; for as the boat came in the other day I could not keep from crying when I thought of my late husband, for oh how he used to talk about the missionary steamer, and I thought how he would have liked to see it, but he died without the sight." "Yes, but," I said, "he is all right." "Yes," she said, "but he would like to have seen it."

Well, here we have Christmas on us. The children are getting up singing for Christmas trees. The young people are practising singing for Christmas, and all seem happy and in good spirits. Our boat is 71 feet by 14 beam, schooner rigged, three men can run her, and she is very easy on fuel; can carry eight or ten persons in cabin and twenty-seven tons of freight, and lumber besides. We look for a grand and useful career.

Our last bills are to be paid in March next, so I hope you will all help to pay off the last thousand dollars, and thus let this grand little ship float off without one cent of debt on her. We are confident this will be done, as we see through the papers our friends are doing something all the time.

Your Missionary, T. Crosby.  
Port Simpson.

"EXPERIENCE may be a dear teacher," remarked a clergyman as the contribution box returned to him empty, "but the members of this particular flock who have experienced religion have accomplished it at a very trifling cost. The choir will sing the seventy-ninth hymn, omitting the first, third, and fourth verses, in order to save unnecessary wear on the organ."

#### PANCRATIUS, THE BOY-MARTYR OF ROME.

THERE is a beautiful legend (if it be nothing more) to the effect that Pancratius, a noble Roman youth of only fourteen years of age, heroically suffered martyrdom in the Diocletian persecution, rather than abjure his faith in Christ.

ALONE he stood, erect and calm,  
Though all around there lay  
The prostrate forms of martyred ones  
Whose souls had passed away.

He was a youth of noble blood,  
To royalty near allied;  
But rank and wealth he counted "loss"  
For Christ the crucified.

Ten thousand eyes were fixed on him  
With looks of scorn and hate;  
But fear of neither beasts nor men  
Could turn him from his fate.

In vain the shouts from that vast throng,  
In vain that savage roar;  
He heard o'er all the angels' song,  
And saw the eternal shore.

His arms were folded on his breast,  
His eyes were raised to heaven,  
As for his enemies he prayed  
That they might be forgiven.

Once only did he turn his gaze  
On her who gave him birth—  
A look of tenderness and love,  
Which was not of the earth.

The signal's given. A stealthy tread—  
A low, deep growl so dread—  
A sudden bound, a fatal blow,  
And he was with the dead.

Bless'd boy! but scarcely fifteen years  
His earthly race he'd run,  
Ere he had gained the martyr's crown,  
And palm of victory won.

#### THE PRINCESS ALICE.

WHEN we think of princes and princesses, we sometimes forget that they are children like ourselves, and lead very much the same kind of lives. The Princess Alice was one of the sweetest children you could ever wish to read of, and perhaps when you have heard a little about her you will try to follow her example, and be noble and loving in heart.

The Princess Alice was born on April 25, 1843, and was a good and merry child. When she was four years old, a little lamb was given to her, decked gaily with bells and ribbons. The princess was delighted with this live plaything, but unfortunately the lamb would not be petted quietly, but would either run away, or butt naughtily at his little mistress. This did not, however, make her angry, but we are told that she coaxed him all the more, and whispered, "Milly, dear Milly! do you like me?"

What an example to us when our loving acts and words are received roughly! Although the princess was so gentle and good, she was full of fun and mischief, and fond of riding, jumping, skating, and all such healthy exercises. One great point about her seems to have been her thoughtfulness for others.

Once when a lady, who was taller than most people, passed along the corridor where the royal children were playing, the Prince of Wales made a joke about her height. The Princess Alice immediately said, "It is very nice to be tall; papa would like us all to be tall."

At Christmas-time she would buy presents for every one with her own pocket-money, taking special thought to give to each person that which she

felt would please them most. For instance, to one German lady she took care to give with a little present a card, with a greeting written in German, because she remembered how much the lady must miss her own home on that day when all families try to meet.

Being the second daughter, and, as she thought, less clever than her elder sister, she always took the second place; but there was never the faintest shadow of discontent or temper. Such a childhood could only lead to a happy girlhood, when she began to take an interest in all work for the good of others.

The Swiss Cottage at Osborne, which had a museum, kitchen, and store-room for the amusement of the royal children, gave her an opportunity of learning how to do household work and cooking, and it was no doubt owing to this early training that the princess was able to take an active part in works of charity in after years. It is all very well to know how a thing ought to be done, but it is better still to know how to do it.

Now, every one knows, too, that it is no use reading about good people if we do not try to follow their examples. So let us all try to be as humble, gentle, loving, and industrious as was the Princess Alice.—*Child's Companion*.

#### BOYS, HEED AND READ THIS.

MANY people seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on ready-made with womanhood or manhood; but day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all those admirable qualities? When he was a boy? Let us see how a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is too late at breakfast, late at school, stands a poor chance of being a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot; I didn't think!" will never be a reliable man; and the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kind man—a gentleman.

#### MOTIVE FOR TEMPERANCE.

WHEN Admiral Farragut's son was about ten years old, the father said in his hearing, that when he was old enough to make a compact and keep it, he had a bargain to offer him. The son rose up and asked his father what the compact was. The admiral said, "The proposal I intend to make is this: If you will not smoke nor chew tobacco, drink intoxicating drinks nor strong wines, till you are twenty-one years of age, I will then give you one thousand dollars." "I am old enough to make that bargain now," said young Farragut; "I will accept the offer." The bargain was closed; and when young Farragut was twenty-one the cash was handed over to him.

LEAVE THE LIQUOR ALONE.

**I**'m anxious to tell you a bit of my mind,  
If it won't put you out of the way;  
For I feel very certain you'll each of you find  
There's wisdom in what I would say.  
We've maxims and morals enough and to spare,  
But I have got one of my own  
That helps me to prosper and laugh at dull care,  
It's leave the liquor alone.  
Leave the liquor alone, my lads,  
Leave the liquor alone;  
If you'd win success and escape distress,  
Leave the liquor alone.  
To avoid neglect and to win respect  
Leave the liquor alone.

The brewer can ride in a coach and pair,  
The drinker must trudge on the road;  
One gets through the world with a jaunty air,  
The other bends under a load.  
The brewer gets all the beef, my lads,  
And the drinker picks the bone;  
If you'd have your share of good things, take care,  
And leave the liquor alone.  
Leave the liquor alone, my lads,  
Leave the liquor alone;  
You'll enjoy good health, and you'll gain in wealth,  
If you leave the liquor alone.  
A man full of malt isn't worth his salt;  
Leave the liquor alone.

A drinker is ready to own at last  
He played but a losing game;  
How glad would he be to recall the past  
And earn him a nobler name!  
Don't reach old age with this vain regret  
For a time that's past and gone;  
You may win a good prize in life's lottery yet  
If you'll leave the liquor alone.  
Leave the liquor alone, my lads,  
Leave the liquor alone;  
You'll find some day it's the safest way  
To leave the liquor alone.  
Resolve like men not to touch again;  
Leave the liquor alone.

—*Youth's Banner.*

A POCKET MEASURE.

**N**OW what is it all for? Here you have been working over that wonderful box every evening for a week. I believe you are a miser, and that box is to hoard up your treasure in." And pretty Eva Trumbull fixed her roguish eyes on Rufus, the farmer boy, and waited to see what he would say. "Why, I just as soon tell you about this box," he said. "You'll laugh, of course; but I don't suppose that will hurt me." "I won't laugh a bit, unless it is something funny." "Well, it's a money-box." "A money box. I told you you were going to be a miser." "Well, I'm not," said Rufus, laughing. "I'm planning to spend it, not to keep it; but I like to be sort of systematic about things. You see, I know just about what I'm worth now-a-days. There's about six months in the year that I am earning money; and, in one way and another, I earn about \$60, besides my board. Now, it happens that there are ten things for which I need to spend that money, and, as nearly as I can calculate, it might be equally divided between them; so thinking it all over, I concluded that the systematic way would be to have a box with ten compartments, all labelled, and drop the money in \$1 at a time, may-be, or 10 cents at a time, just as I happen to be paid." "That's a real nice idea," said Eva, admiringly; "but I can't imagine how you can have ten different things, for which you used to spend money regularly. Now, I have a hundred different ways of spending money, but hardly any of them regular." Here she gave one of her merriest laughs.

"O, well, it is different with me," explained Rufus. "You see, I don't know much about spending money; for things I might happen to like to buy. I have to spend mine for the things that must be bought anyhow; and so it's easier to calculate."

"Still," persisted Eva, "I don't know how to make ten."

"Well, I'll tell you." There was a little flush on Rufus' face, but Eva looked so sober and so interested, that he determined to trust her. "In the first place, there's mother; I shall paint her name on this first department, and one-tenth of everything I ever earn is to pop in there. Then there's clothes for me, they will take another tenth."

"A tenth for clothes! That will be only six dollars a year, Rufus Briggs! Do you mean to dress in birch bark, that you think you can make six dollars a year do it?"

"Well," said Rufus, in a determined tone, when a fellow has to, you know, why, he has to; besides, that's only for general clothes; I've got a department here for boots and shoes, and another for shirts, and if I have to borrow from one of those departments for the other, why, it will do no harm."

But still Eva laughed; she knew that six, twelve, or eighteen dollars a year were of no account so far as clothes were concerned. Didn't she wear clothes? She knew what they cost.

"They can't cost more than you've got to buy them with," Rufus said, firmly, and went on with his plan. "There are Mamie and Fannie, my two little sisters; I've given them each a department. Of course mother will spend the money for them, but I kind of like to put it in their own name. Then here's the corner for books; I need school books and paper and pens, and all such things you know; but they must all come out of this general fund. Then here's the housekeeping; I have a corner for that, because mother must be helped, you know; that place where her name is means for her own private use, and here's the rent corner; mother has hard times bringing that in every month. Now, you see, I've got mine, and I haven't looked out for sickness at all, that troubled me at first, but then I concluded that if any of us were sick we shouldn't need so many clothes or books, and that it would even itself out; so here's my last corner." And very carefully Rufus printed the words, "Benevolence," over this compartment.

"Benevolence," spelled out Eva, and now she was too much astonished to laugh. "Why, Rufus Briggs! Just as though you could afford to give six dollars a year to benevolence."

"Why, it's only a tenth," said Rufus stoutly; "and it's got to be divided up more than any of the others, there are so many things to give for."

"The idea!" said Eva. Just then her aunt called her, and she went away thinking about the wonderful box with its many compartments, and only sixty dollars to put into them all. "And six of them to put away!" she said again, and she thought of a dollar and a half a week that her father gave her for "pin money," out of which she had never given a cent for benevolence in her life. Who are going to try to be like Rufus or Eva?—*The Pansy.*

DANGERS OF IDLENESS.

**A** MAN who wastes his time and his strength in sloth offers himself to be a target for the devil, who is a wonderfully good rifleman, and will riddle the idler with his shots; in other words, idle men tempt the devil to tempt them. He who plays when he should work has an evil spirit to be his playmate; and he who neither works nor plays is a workshop for Satan. If the devil catch a man idle, he will set him to work, find him tools and before long pay him wages. Is not this where the drunkenness comes from which fills our towns and villages with misery? Idleness is the key of beggary, and the root of all evil. Fellows have two stomachs for eating and drinking when they have no stomach for work. We have God's word for it that "the drunkard and glutton shall come to poverty," and to show the connection between them, it is said in the same verse "and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags." I know it as well as I know that moss grows on an old thatch, that drunken, loose habits grow out of lazy hours. I like leisure when I can get it, but that is quite another thing; that's cheese and the other is chalk. Idle folk never know what leisure means; they are always in a hurry and a mess; and by neglecting to work in the proper time, they always have lots to do. Lolling about hour after hour, with nothing to do, is just making holes in the hedge to let the pigs through, and they will come through and no mistake, and the rooting they will do nobody knows but those who have to look after the garden. The Lord Jesus tells us himself that when men slept the enemy sowed the tares; and that hits the nail on the head, for it is by the door of sluggishness that evil enters the heart more often, it seems to me, than by any other. Our old minister used to say "A sluggard is fine raw material for the devil; he can make what he likes out of him, from a thief up to a murderer." I'm not the only one that condemns the idle, for once, when I was going to give our minister a long list of the sins of one of our people that he was asking after, I began with "He's dreadfully lazy." "That's enough," said the old gentleman; "all sorts of sins are in that one; that's the sign by which to know a full-fledged sinner."—*John Plowman.*

THE SOLDIER AND HIS BIBLE.

**D**URING my residence in India I frequently visited a British soldier who was under sentence of death for having, when half intoxicated, wantonly shot a black man.

In some of my visits to the jail, a number of other prisoners came and sat down with this man to listen to a word of exhortation. In one instance I spoke to them particularly on the desirableness of studying the Bible. "Have any of you a Bible?" I enquired; they answered "No." "Have any of you ever possessed a Bible?"—a pause ensued. At last the murderer broke silence, and, amidst sobs and tears, confessed that he once had a Bible. "But oh," said he, "I sold it for drink. It was the companion of my youth. I brought it with me from my native land, and have since sold it for drink! Oh, if I had listened to

my Bible I should not have been here"

Will not the lamentation of this soldier be the bitter lamentation of multitudes in the bottomless pit, to all eternity! Amidst the shrieks and agonies of the lost, will they not be heard exclaiming, "Oh, if I had listened to my Bible I should not have been here!" Reader, take care how you trifle with the invitations, the promise, and threatnings of the Bible.

NEWTON'S CHILDHOOD.

**S**IR ISAAC NEWTON is the greatest of modern philosophers and mechanics. When he was born, December 25, 1642, three months after his father's death, he was so small and feeble that no one supposed he would live a day, but the weak infant grew to be a healthy, robust man, who lived until he was eighty-four years old. He began to invent or contrive machines and to show his taste for mechanics in early childhood. He inherited some property from his father, and his mother, who had married a second time, sent him to the best schools, and to the University of Cambridge. At school he soon showed his natural taste. He amused himself with little saws, hatchets, hammers, and different tools, and when his companions were at play spent his time in making machines and toys. He made a wooden clock when he was twelve years old, and the model of a windmill, and in his mill he put a mouse, which he called his miller, and which turned the wheels by running round its cage. He made a water-clock four feet high, and a cart with four wheels, not unlike a velocipede, in which he could drive himself by turning a windlass.

His love of mechanics often interrupted his studies at school, and he was sometimes making clocks and carriages when he ought to have been constructing Latin and Greek. But his mind was so active that he easily caught up again with his fellow-scholars, and was always very fond of every kind of knowledge. He taught the school-boys to make paper kites; he made paper lanterns by which to go to school in the dark winter mornings, and sometimes at night he would alarm the whole country round by raising his kites in the air with a paper lantern attached to the tail; they would shine like meteors in the distance, and the country people, at that time very ignorant, would fancy them omens of evil and celestial lights.

He was never idle for a moment. He learned to draw and sketch; he made little tables and sideboards for the children to play with; he watched the motion of the sun by means of pegs he had fixed in the wall of the house where he lived, and marked every hour.

A FLOWER has been discovered in South America which is only visible when the wind is blowing. The shrub belongs to the cactus family, and is about three feet high, with a c c o o k at the top, giving it the appearance of a black hickory cane. When the wind blows a number of beautiful flowers protrude from little lumps on the stalk.

Let us love life and feel the value of it, that we may fill it with Christ.



OUT IN THE COLD.

OUT of a rum-shop on a dreary night,  
Reeled a husband and father in pitiful  
plight;  
His face was haggard, his garments were thin,  
And his soul was scorched with the fires of  
sin;—  
Weary and hungry his children sat down  
To wait his return from the distant town;  
In helpless silence, in grief untold,  
They wait for father out in the cold,  
Out in the cold.

Out of the bar-room into the cold,  
Money all gone and manhood sold,  
The poor man, wasted and worn with sin,  
Breasted the storm with quivering chin,  
Only the storm, with its spectres, was out,  
And the eddying snow that went whirling  
about,  
Thousands were happy in the home-fold,  
Nor thought of the drunkard out in the cold,  
Out in the cold.

The rum-seller sat by his fire that night,  
Smoking his pipe by his warm firelight,  
And he clapped his hands in rolicking glee  
"The wind and the storm are nothing to me;  
I've plenty of coal in my cellar," he said,  
"My children are hearty, and warm, and  
well fed;"  
But his children were warmed by the poor  
man's gold—  
Only the wind heard those in the cold,  
Out in the cold.

And when the morn broke in the twilight  
gray,  
In a white sheet of snow the poor man lay,  
And this was the verdict the coroner gave:  
"Frozen to death and no one to save."  
The wife and the children wept alone,  
But the trullie is king and sits on a throne,  
And who are the young and who are the old,  
That next may go forth to die in the cold?  
Out in the cold.

—Temperance Record.

HOW COFFEE IS CULTIVATED

THE manner of cultivating the  
coffee plant varies but little  
in the several Central Ameri-  
can States.

The coffee-beans are first planted in  
hot-beds, from which they sprout, and  
shoot up five or six inches high, when  
they are removed singly and taken to  
the fields which have been prepared to  
receive them. There the young sprouts  
are planted anew, in rows, with a  
space of from four to six feet between  
the plants. For two years they need  
no more care, except an occasional  
ploughing out of the weeds which spring  
up around them. The third year the  
plant is from three to four feet high,  
and commences to bear, producing  
about a pound of coffee fruit. Each  
year adds to the size and productiveness  
of the tree, till it reaches about  
ten feet in height, after which it gives  
a product of from twenty to thirty  
pounds of green fruit.

BREVITIES.

THE Bible is a window in this prison  
of hope, through which we look into  
eternity.

As the sword of the best-tempered  
metal is most flexible, so the truly  
generous are most pliant and courteous  
to their inferiors.

BECAUSE a girl wears a wing in each  
side of her hat it doesn't prove that  
she is an angel. Neither is it con-  
clusive evidence that she is a goose.

DR. SOUTH, once when preaching  
before Charles II, observed that the  
monarch and several of his attendants  
had fallen asleep. Presently one of  
the latter began to snore, whereupon  
the bishop broke off his sermon and  
exclaimed: "Lord Lauderdale, I am  
sorry to disturb your repose, but let  
me entreat you not to snore so loud,  
lest you awaken his majesty."

"Is the howling of a dog always  
followed by death?" asked a little girl  
of her father. "Not always, my dear.  
Sometimes the man that shoots at the  
dog misses him," was the parent's reply.

"THOMAS, spell weather," said a  
schoolmaster to one of his pupils.  
"W-i-e-o-t-h-e-r, weather." "Well,  
Thomas, you may sit down," said the  
teacher; "I think that is the worst  
spell of weather we have had since  
Christmas."

A RECENT writer on the subject of  
common school education declares his  
opposition to prize giving. It is very  
certain that the system is quite as  
likely to develop an unworthy cunning  
on the part of students as it is to excite  
a creditable spirit of emulation.

"WIFE, I wish you could make  
pies that would taste as good as my  
mother's used to." "Well, my dear,  
you run out and bring in a pailful of  
water and a hodful of coal and an arm-  
ful of wood, just as you used to for  
your mother, and may be you will like  
my pies as well."

A YOUNG mother proposed to visit,  
with her little children, the grave of a  
little one, who had been but recently  
laid away; and when she spoke of the  
matter her young daughter asked to  
be dressed altogether in white to go  
there. A beautiful thought, born of a  
desire to be pure when she stood on  
that sacred spot.

JONES and Brown were talking of a  
young clergyman whose preaching they  
had been to hear. "What do you  
think of him?" asked Brown. "I  
think, said Jones, he did much better  
two years ago." "Why, he did not  
preach then," said Brown. "True,"  
said Jones, "that is what I mean."

THERE never was a better example of  
the concise form of expression com-  
mon to real Western Americans than  
the answer of the man of the Sierras,  
who, when asked about the character  
of a neighbour, replied, "Mister, I  
don't know very much about him;  
but my impression is that he'd make a  
first-class stranger."

LESSON NOTES.

A. D. 58.] LESSON IX [March 1.

PAUL SENT TO FELIX.

Acts 23. 12-24. Commit to memory vs. 20-22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If any man suffer as a Christian, let him  
not be ashamed. 1 Peter 4. 16.

OUTLINE.

1. A Cruel Conspiracy, v. 12-22.
2. A Night Journey, v. 23, 24.

TIME.—In the spring of A. D. 58, immedi-  
ately following the last lesson.

PLACES.—Jerusalem and Caesarea. See  
Descriptive Index.

EXPLANATIONS.—A curse—The herem, the  
curse of divine wrath and rejection. They  
could only be released from this vow by the  
rabbi. Or ever—Before they purposed to  
slay him at a distance, to prevent suspicion  
attaching to the Sanhedrin. Kill him—This  
proposition was not so remarkable, as the  
greatest Jewish writers, the Talmud, Josephus,  
and Philo, maintained the right of summary  
assassinations of apostates from God. Paul's  
sister's son—Whether this nephew dwelt at  
Jerusalem, or was there as a pupil, is un-  
known. Would enquire—This pretence was  
very plausible as the proceedings of the court  
had been suddenly interrupted the day before.  
Make ready—He was doubtless anxious to  
get rid of a prisoner who created such excite-  
ment. Then, too, if Paul were murdered,  
Lysias might have been charged with having

accepted a bribe. Soldiers—So large a force  
was ordered in order to secure against any  
attempt at capture. Tenth hour—Nine  
o'clock in the evening. Beasts—The Greek  
word denotes any riding beasts, as horses,  
mules, or camels. Felix—The governor, to  
whom the chief captain was subordinate.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we shown—

1. That enmity to Christ makes men cruel?
2. That God provides for and protects his servants?
3. That great good may be done by the humblest?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did certain of the Jews do?  
"Banded themselves together to kill Paul."
2. Under what vow did they bind themselves  
to do this? Neither to eat nor to drink.
3. How many were there in this conspiracy?  
More than forty.
4. Who informed Paul of  
their plot? His sister's son.
5. When the  
chief captain became aware of this plot what  
did he do? He sent Paul to Felix.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's uncon-  
scious instruments.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

10. What is the Spirit's work in believers?  
He enlightens their minds to understand  
the Scriptures, bears witness with their spirits  
that they are the children of God, helps  
their prayers; purifies them from inward and  
outward sin; and fills their hearts and lives  
with perfect love and every grace.
11. Where is the Spirit said to bear this  
witness?  
Romans viii. 16; Galatians iv. 6; 1 John  
iii. 24.

A. D. 58.] LESSON X. [March 8.

PAUL BEFORE FELIX.

Acts 24. 10-27. Commit to memory vs. 14-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

A conscience void of offence toward God,  
and toward men. Acts 24. 16.

OUTLINE.

1. A Good Confession, v. 10-16.
2. A Plain Statement, v. 17-21.
3. A Long delay, v. 22-27.

TIME.—This lesson extends through two  
years, from A. D. 58-60.

PLACE.—Caesarea, the Roman capital of  
Palestine. See Descriptive Index.

EXPLANATIONS.—Beckoned—A nod from  
the judge permitting Paul to speak. Many  
years—Felix had resided six years in Caesarea.  
Because—Paul now answers to the first  
charge, namely, of sedition. Twelve days—  
Since the Pentecost. They call—But I do  
not admit. Heresy—The second charge was  
of heresy, and this Paul replies to in vers.  
14-16. God of my fathers—As a Christian,  
Paul revered the god of the Jews, and  
was not therefore guilty of irreligion. Now—  
(ver. 17)—Paul now replies to the third  
charge, namely, sacrilege. Vers. 17-21.  
Many years—Rather, after some years more,  
the four years since he was last in Jerusalem.  
Chap. 18. 22. Purified—As a Nazarite.  
One voice—Exclamation that uttered. That  
way—Because he knew more exactly what  
referred to Christianity. Reasoned—Con-  
versed. Trembled—More correctly, was  
fearful.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we shown—

1. The boldness of a clear conscience?
2. The power of divine truth?
3. The excuses of a worldly-minded man?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Of what did Paul say he had hope?  
Of the resurrection of the dead.
2. Paul  
exercised himself to have what? "A  
conscience void of offence."
3. Of what did  
Paul reason before Felix? "Righteousness,  
temperance, and judgment to come."
4.  
What effect had this on Felix? He trembled.
5. How long did Felix keep Paul in prison?  
Two years.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The power of  
conscience.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

12. What is declared of His helping us in  
prayer?  
Romans viii. 26  
[Ephesians vi. 18; Jude 20.]
13. Where is he spoken of as teaching us  
to understand the Scriptures?  
John xvi. 13, 14; 1 Corinthians ii. 14;  
1 John ii. 20.

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