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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 18, 1888.

[No. 17.

SLEEPY PEOPLE.

HAVE you ever read that wonderful story of Rip Van Winkle, told by Washington Irving? For twenty years the poor old gentleman slept—slept soundly all the days and nights, through summer and winter, through rain and sunshine, never once so much as even winking. He had gone out on a hunting-tour, and was far up in the mountains, when through a trick of demons he drank a Lethian draught, and lay down to slumber. Up in the

solitudes of the mountain, far from human footstep or habitation, he slept his long, strange sleep. At last when he awoke again everything about him was so strangely changed that it was a long time before he settled himself down to the consciousness that he was still in the same world he had lived in long ago.

This is part of the story of this wonderful sleep. But besides this man, who became the hero of the strange story, there are many other Rip Van Winkles. Indeed, the world is full of them. There are so many that you need only look about you to see some of them. Possibly when you are in your chamber alone Rip Van Winkle may be there. But who, then, are these

Rip Van Winkles? Let us see. I think the persons who, like the young misses in our picture, go to sleep in church may belong to the order of Rip Van Winkle. Then there are many people who are asleep on the progress of knowledge in the world who belong to the same order. There are so many things to be known, so much to instruct and enlarge and enrich the mind, and they are indifferent to it all. I am sorry to know that there are many even among young people who belong to this class.

Well, some time there will be a waking up. Even after years of slumber, one may be aroused at last.

And then the surprise! What an astonishment there will be at the progress things have made.

BE NATURAL.

IN the study of music you meet with a certain note which is known as B natural, and it is near another note which is known as B flat, and an untrained singer is apt to strike the latter when he should strike the former. This is unpleasant to the ear, and should be avoided.

shows this even in her dress, from the little curl on the top of her head down to her shoe-tie, and she mimes her words and tosses her head and assumes at times a tragic air without the slightest cause. She would like to be called Lady Lofty, but she fails to inspire any one with awe.

Be natural. Nothing is so amusing—nay, so disgusting—to a sensible person as to see a human representation of a well-dressed monkey. The best cultured person is the one that acts

GIRLS AT GIRTON.

GIRTON is the great English college for girls, corresponding to our Vassar or Wellesley. This description by a student will give an idea of the life the English girls lead near the great battlements of Cambridge—

“The life at Girton is a wonderfully happy one. I think it is partly the freedom enjoyed—the freedom to choose your subjects of study (that is, within the limits of the Cambridge examinations), the freedom to make your own friends, to work, to play, to get up, to go to bed, to go out or stay indoors—all as seems to you best—conscience your only monitor.

“There are college rules, but they so reasonable that there is little temptation to break them, and no form of penalty corresponding to being ‘gated’ or ‘rusticated’ has yet had to be invented by the Girton authorities. It is as different from school life as possible. The work is hard, but there is not the strain of the daily scramble to prepare, perhaps, five different lessons for the morrow. You attend the lectures fixed for you, but beyond these hours your time is your own to allot. If you are especially interested in your subject, you can go on

working several hours longer than usual; if you are tired, you can lay down your book.

“You are liable to no interruptions save from your friends, from which you can protect yourself, if need be, by pinning a card marked ‘Engaged’ outside your door, which is the Girton equivalent for ‘sporting the cat.’ Thus, when you sit down to your desk, you have an undivided mind to give to what you are about to do, instead of feeling distracted, as one cannot help doing when one tries to read in the midst of home-duties.”—*Our Youth*

We only live to teach us how to die.



SLEEPY PEOPLE.

So it may be with your manners as with your singing, if you are not upon your guard. Let it be your aim in life, then, to be natural and never to be flat.

There is Miss Impressive that you met the other day. When she was a little girl she laughed and talked and played, as did every other girl, in an artless way. She assumed no airs and seemed to be unconscious of self. Now all is changed! She has been at one of those few boarding-schools where show is put before sense and style before learning, and now that she is a mature young lady of seventeen summers she is a mass of affectation. She

with unconscious dignity and grace, and he who has a kind heart and good common sense will soon learn the secret of good manners. Abraham Lincoln spent his early life amid a rough but kindly class of persons, but when he held his receptions at the Presidential mansion he was in his personal bearing the equal of any of the ambassadors who came from the courts of Europe. Be true, then, to thine own self and to thy better nature.

Do not growl when little things go wrong. Always bear in mind that when the thermometer is low coal is high. Life is full of compensations.

The Poor House "Rock me to Sleep."

A LADY of a wealthy Eastern family, through some estrangement, left her home and went to the West. Misfortune and ill-luck swept away her little all, and in her distress she found a home in the poor-house. One evening shortly after she was found sitting by her bed, reading the poem, "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," and weeping. That night the death angel came, and the tired feet rested on "the echoless shore."

"Rock me to sleep, mother rock me to sleep."

Why does the reader pause? Why does she weep?

Withered the quivering lips, head bowing low;

Care worn the wrinkled face where the tears flow;

Far from her childhood home, old and alone,
No one, and nothing, to claim as her own;
Fortune and friends all we lost in the past,
Found, in her old age, the poor house at last.

"Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep,"

Trembles the voice, for the memories that sweep

Far from the sunny land when she was young,

Hushed o'er her heart as a harp long unstrung,

Musical that once has charmed, chords lost so long,

Love's sweetest harmonies, joy's happy song,

Come from the silence so long and so deep—

"Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep."

"Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep,"

Just as when weary of playing "Bo-peep"

Long, long ago, she would turn to her breast,

Ye anin: for love words and kisses and rest,
Turns she to night, a child now once more;

"Mother, come back from the echoless shore!"

What do her dim eyes see, what does she hear?

Why does she linger where tear follows tear?

Over and over in sobs low and deep—

"Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep."

Morn came, the sun like a fond mother's face

Waked earth with a kiss from night's still embrace;

Hushed were those lips in that peaceful repose

Only the friendless who finds it o'er knows,

Mother had come from "the echoless shore,"

Clasped her again in her arms as of yore;

Open the book lay beside the lone dead,

Tear-marked the lines o'er and o'er she had read,

Nevermore here o'er to wake or to weep—

"Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep."

"Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep."

Oh! when the night shadows round the heart creep,

When all the strife and the toiling are done,

Empty and prizeless the fame we have won;

Friends whom we loved passed away from our sight,

Hopes we have cherished all buried in night,
Fondly we turn to our childhood again,
Languishing for love and caresses, as then;

Once more the works from the weary heart leap—

"Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep."

"I WANT TO GO TO JESUS."

I AM going to tell you about a little girl who is in one of the mission-schools in India, whom we will call Lachme. She was only about six years old when it happened.

The teacher of her school was a kind lady who had left her home to go out to India and tell the children there about Jesus Christ. She was very fond of little Lachme, who loved the teacher dearly. Little girls in India are very quick in finding out if the missionaries who come to teach them really love them or not; and if they find they do, they love them very much in return.

Little Lachme had been in school about a year when her kind friend and teacher was taken ill. She was very unhappy, and I have no doubt prayed to God to make her well. But for some good reason God did not see fit to restore her to health.

When the teacher knew she was dying, she called little Lachme to her.

"My child," she said in a very weak voice, "I am going to Jesus."

The little girl looked at her friend's face in astonishment. Could it be that she was going away from them all? That would be very dreadful.

Seeing she did not speak the teacher said again:

"I am going to the good Jesus I have told you about. You must learn to love him and come too, Lachme."

The child threw herself on the bed, and bursting into tears, cried:

"Oh! take me with you now; I will be so good, Miss Sahiba."

The teacher was too weak to say any more, so little Lachme was taken away. Her heart seemed bursting.

Every one was so occupied, no one thought especially of her. She was one among many. Soon afterwards came the news that the kind friend and teacher was dead. Many were the heavy hearts and weeping eyes, but little Lachme seemed to have lost her very best friend. Who would ever be so kind to her again?

Presently a sudden thought struck her—why should she not go to Jesus too? Had not her teacher told her to come? She had been too ill to understand what she meant when she had asked to go with her. It was too late for that, but she would go by herself.

Drying her eyes, she got a clean, white chuddar (the large piece of cloth the girls in India wear instead of a hat) and started off upon her journey.

Nobody saw her, and so she got safely out of the school-room and out of the compound. Now her heart began to fail her, for she had never been outside the school gates alone before, but she drew her chuddar tightly around her and started off for the railway station. Of course she must go in a train. Everybody did that if they wished to go anywhere, and of course she must go to the station first.

When she came to the station she

found a train just going off. There were a lot of people coming and going. She got pushed on the platform, and then she shrank away into a corner. She saw the train move off and wondered if that was the right one for her to go in. It didn't matter much; she would be sure to get to the right place some time or other.

By and by the station became empty, and as the station-master came up the platform, he caught sight of a little, white-veiled figure standing all alone.

"Who is this?" he asked in surprise, for in India it is very strange for little native girls to be seen at railway stations, especially alone.

Lachme began to feel very much frightened, the gentleman spoke in such a big voice. However, she gathered up her courage and raised her dark eyes to the station-master's face. Perhaps he did not look very severe, for she found voice to say in very weak tones:

"Please, I want to go to Jesus."

"Where?" the station-master asked in surprise.

"To Jesus," said the child, her eyes fast filling with big tears, and her little chest heaving with sobs.

"The Miss Sahiba has gone and she said I might go, but she hadn't time to take me."

Then the poor child's courage gave way. I don't think the station-master's eyes were quite dry as he tried to comfort the child; I only know that he soon found out where she came from, and sent a message to the school (where she had already been missed), and poor little Lachme, to her great disappointment, found that she could not go to her friend who was with Jesus, after all, not until Jesus called her himself.

She could not understand this at first, but other kind Christian teachers at the mission-school are teaching her more about Jesus every day. Let us hope she will grow up to be a good Christian worker, and that before she receives her own call to go to Jesus, she may have told the wonderful story of Christ's love to many of the women and girls in India, and have led them to him for their Saviour.—*Indian Female Evangelist.*

FRED AND THE MICE.

Fred was a little five-year-old boy. Everybody loved him, for he was a contented and happy child. He thought himself a little hero, and often, armed with a stick, made war on the chickens and the geese. Although Fred thought himself so brave, there was one animal of which he was much afraid. What do you think it was? Well, it was a mouse. Such a little animal could make our young hero tremble and cry.

In the evening when Fred went to bed he was obliged to go through an unused room where the mice seemed to hold possession. When he saw them running over the floor or heard them

gnawing, he would cry in a cowardly way for his mamma to come to him.

One evening his mamma was sick, and his nurse was away from home. There was no one there but his papa, who was in the sitting-room reading his paper. He told Fred it was time for him to go to bed.

"Oh, papa, will you not take me to bed? I do not like to go through that room alone."

"What do you fear?" asked his father.

"I am afraid of the mice, and I believe there are rats too."

"If that is all," answered his father, "I can soon help you."

He took pen, ink and paper, and quickly wrote the following: "To all the rats and mice in this house: I hereby command you to let my little son go through all the rooms of this house unmolested. Any rat or mouse that does not obey will be dealt with according to law."

The father signed and then read the paper to his son. Fred took it, thanked him, said "Good night" very prettily, and went to bed. He was no longer afraid. He had often seen his father give passes to people who wished to make a railroad journey, so he had a high opinion of passes written by his father.

When he came to the door of the room he stopped and said in a loud voice, "Rats and mice, you cannot hurt me, for here is my pass." And so he did every night afterward until he became a large boy and was no longer afraid of rats and mice.

Cannot our little readers have faith in their heavenly Father as this little boy had in his father?—*From the German.*

THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

SIAM is sometimes called the "land of the white elephant," because that animal is looked upon with so much reverence by the people; even their flag has a picture of one of these animals upon it. They think all white animals purer and better than others, but a "chang phooak," or white elephant, is particularly sacred. These elephants are not really white, but of a much lighter colour than ordinary ones, and they are very rare. When the governor of a province of Siam is notified of the appearance of one in his domain, he commands that prayers shall be made in all the temples, while he sends out an expedition of hunters and slaves to capture the animal. Then he despatches a messenger to inform the king of its sex, probable age, size, complexion, looks and ways. For this good news the king stuffs the mouth, ears and nostrils of the messenger with gold, and he has the elephant brought to the city with as much pomp as if he were some great man. The king usually has a number of white elephants, and the stables he builds for them are almost like palaces.

LABOR is preferable to idleness, as brightness is to rust.

Boys.

O WHAT are you going to do, boys?
 Say, what are you going to do?
 How sellers are plying
 Their muckrums trade,
 While drunks are dying
 And drunks are made.
 An' all the world's looking to you, boys,
 To see what you're going to do.

You surely have something to do, boys,
 And what are you going to do?
 With speeches and singing,
 With badges in view,
 Your school-fellows bringing
 To sign the pledge too,
 Come, tell what you're going to do, boys,
 Yes, show what you're going to do!

As men you'll have something to do, boys,
 And what are you planning to do?
 Be fervent in praying,
 And vote as you pray;
 Be faithful in praying,
 And work day by day;
 You'll soon have the voting to do, boys,
 So all the world's looking to you.
 —N. Y. Pioneer.

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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 18, 1888.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

"I HAVE seen a heavy piece of solid iron hanging on another," says Arnot, "not welded, not linked, not glued to the spot; and yet it cleaved with such tenacity as to bear not only its own weight, but mine too, if I chose to seize and hang upon it. A wire charged with an electric current is in contact with its mass, and hence its adhesion. Cut that wire through, or remove it by a hair's breadth, and the piece drops dead to the ground, like any other unsupported weight. A stream of life from the Lord, brought into contact with a human spirit, keeps the spirit cleaving to the Lord so firmly that no power on earth or hell can wrench the two asunder. From Christ the mysterious life-stream flows, through the being of a disciple it spreads, and to the Lord it returns

again. In that circle the feeblest Christian is held safely; but if the circle be broken, the dependent spirit instantly drops off."

WAITING FOR THE TRAIN.

WE sat in a railroad station. We were waiting for the train. We looked about us. How many kinds of people were there! Burdened with bags or boxes or bundles, all were going somewhere. And to how many different places they were going. Up among lonely mountains, and off by placid lakes, or on to scattered villages or bustling cities, travelling into the night, perhaps through the night, but all going somewhere. Looking out of one window we could see the waiting cars on the iron track, while we heard at another window the voice of the ticket agent as he answered a woman's question. It was toward evening, and we sat busily thinking in the bustling station.

At this time of the year how many people are hurrying away to the railroad station. They are bound for the country, for mountain slope or frothing shore, for glistening lake or river. They are sure to be found, at various hours, waiting for a train. But, after all, whether going away in July or staying at home, what does life seem to be but the frequent waiting for some train? We are waiting that a line of duties may move off, that a church service may begin to-day, the shop open to-morrow or a trade be started. Life may lie within the walls of home, and then it is a succession of various home duties, to be taken up and moved forward, a ceaseless starting of little trains loaded with the delightful burdens and activities in behalf of those we love.

Life is all ajar with the stir of its opportunities, the coming and going of its trains of service. While waiting at the station we mentioned above we heard a voice cry out the warning of a "through train" about to start. Let there be no delay by passengers. At once let ticket be bought and baggage be ready. Is ours in life some special service? Is it a great opportunity? Let there be no tardiness in action. At once be prepared to start. A miss of a minute may be as fatal as the delay of days or weeks or years. Waiting for a train! Something more serious we thought of there in the station. A train is waiting for every one and must be taken. We may hear its announcement any time. People call it death. We need not be afraid of it, and if living aright we shall not be. Are you ready? Is your ticket secured and is it labelled right? Are you bound for the heavenly city? Make no mistake.

Then as the soft, welcome shadows thicken, as the lights of God are kindled in heaven's beckoning windows, in that train you will joyfully guide away. You will not be afraid of hastening homeward, heavenward, Godward.

"THE TWO MASTERS."

UNDER the deep blue midnight sky, spangled with a million diamond stars, in the year 1530, a weary cavalier drew up at the iron bolted doors of Leicester Abbey. A preumptory knock at the gates caused them to be flung open, and when the long line of mule teams and soldiers were seen, the abbot himself came forward to receive his guest.

This was an old man, feeble and tottering. Few would have recognized in that white haired, broken-down figure the once justly dreaded Wolsey, prelate and prince. The scarlet cape was there on the drooping shoulders; the episcopal ring shone on the thin forefinger; the cardinal's hat crowned the weary brow. But yet how different! Few, like the abbot, would have bent their knee to assist the worn-out figure from his mule, for Wolsey was a prisoner about to be tried for his life.

Listen to the words he is saying as he is helped to the bed, which is to prove his last couch on earth: "If I had served my God as diligently as I have served my king, he would not have given me over in my old age," and then was added, with downcast head, "This is my just reward."

It was the year 167. Under a sky of deeper blue, surrounded by a great multitude of witnesses stands another prisoner. He is old too, as his white hairs testify—he is frail and feeble—but his face is uplifted to his Master's throne with joy and trust.

Polycarp of Smyrna is to die that day, but ere he is nailed to the stake he gives his testimony to the King: he has served.

"Renounce Christ, and I will release thee," comes thundering from the proconsul's chair. "Swear by the genius of Caesar, and thou shalt not die."

Gently and bravely the white head is raised as the answer is given: "Eighty and six years have I served God, and he never did me any harm. How, then, can I renounce my King, my Saviour, my Master!"

Which was the best master do you think, dear young friend—Wolsey's or Polycarp's?

Both had received wages. Wolsey's master had allowed him to sleep in a golden bed—to sit in a chair of gold—to eat off a cloth of crimson; he had permitted him to heap up riches to himself—"rich stuffs, silks and velvets of all colours, costly furs, rich capes and other vestments; gold and silver plate, set with pearls and precious stones by the basketful"—and then in his old age he had forsaken his faithful servant, and left him to die unfriended and alone. Yes, I say unto you, Wolsey had his reward.

Polycarp's Master, how did he repay the services of a lifetime? With "tribulation" in this world, yet with a peaceful mind; "not as the world

giveth" had the Master rewarded him, but in the hour of death he stood by his faithful servant. "When thou passeth through the waters I will be with thee," had been his promise, and it was fulfilled. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," is engraven on the stone in Smyrna where Polycarp suffered; but Wolsey's tomb bears no such inscription—he had received all his wages.—*Children's Banner.*

"Little Brown Hands."

They drive home the cows from the pasture
 Up through the shady lane,
 While the quail whistles loud in the wheat field,
 All yellow with ripening grain.

They find, in the thick waving grasses,
 Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
 They gather the earliest snow-drops,
 And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the hay in the meadow,
 They gather the elder-blossoms white,
 They find where the dusky grapes purple
 In the soft-tinted October light.

They know where the apples hang ripest,
 And are sweeter than Italy's wines,
 They know where the fruit is the thickest
 On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate sea-weeds,
 And build tiny castles of sand;
 They pick up the beautiful sea-shells—
 Fairy bark that have drifted to land.

They wave from the tall rocking tree-tops,
 Where the oriole's hammock nest swings,
 And at night-time are folded in slumber
 By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
 The humble and poor become great;
 And from those brown-headed children
 May grow rulers of church and of state.

The pen of the author and statesman,
 The noble and wise of our land—
 Chief, palette, and God's holy Word,
 Shall be help in the little brown hands.

THE BREAD OF LIFE

Most persons have read of the wonderful bread-fruit tree of the South Sea Islands, which forms the support of many of those gems of the ocean. The six seasons into which the year is there divided, are named respectively after the kind of this fruit that then ripens; for the different species continue to bear almost the whole year round. The value of the tree is well substantiated by travellers. Not only has the fruit the appearance of a loaf of bread, but when baked whole, it forms an excellent substitute for it. A native is considered well off if he possesses only two trees of the bread-fruit, as they will supply him with food all the year round. In its perennial value, it may furnish an apt emblem of Christ, "The Bread of Life," "The True Bread."

FLAX from those five Dr's as from the face of a serpent: Drink, Debt, Dirt, the Devil, and Damnation.

Removing stones and thorns from the road is charity; smiling in your brother's face is charity.



THE NOSE-BAG. —(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

The Coming of His Foot.

In the dawn of the morning, in the white-
ness of the snow,
In the glory of the days to come,
In the midnight, robed in darkness, or the
gleaming of the moon,
I listen for the coming of his feet.
I have heard his weary footsteps, on the
sands of Galilee,
On the temple's marble pavement, on the
street,
Worn with weight of sorrow, faltering up
the slopes of Calvary,
The sorrow of the coming of his feet.
Down the mist-rushes of splendour, from
betwixt the cherubim,
Through the wondering throng, with
motion strong and fleet,
Sounds his victor tread, approaching with a
music far and dim—
The music of the coming of his feet.
Sundered not with shoon or silver, girdled
not with woven gold,
Weighted not with shimmering gems and
odors sweet,
But white-winged, and shod with glory, in
the Hermon-light of old—
The glory of the coming of his feet.
He is coming, O my spirit! with his over-
lasting peace,
With his blessedness immortal and com-
plete.
He is coming, O my spirit! and his coming
brings release—
I listen for the coming of his feet.
—Lyman Whitney Allen.

THE NOSE-BAG.

Nose-bags are not used so much in this country as in England. There a scene like the one shown in our cut is very common. The treacherous bag, however, has given way and Dobbin has the not pleasing sensation of seeing his dinner shared by all the fowls in the stable, whose picking will soon make the hole so large that he will lose a good share of his meal.

The King's Messenger;

OR,

Lawrence Temple's Probation.

(A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.)

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER VIII.

WEST WIND AND RED FAWN.

Then the Black-Robe chief, the prophet,
Told his message to the people,
Told the purport of his mission,
Told them of the Virgin Mary,
And her blessed Son, the Saviour;
How in distant lands and ages
He had lived on earth as we do;
How he fasted, prayed and laboured,
How the Jews, the tribe accursed,
Mocked him, scourged him, crucified him;
How he rose from where he laid him,
Walked again with his disciples,
And ascended into heaven.

LONGELLOW.—Hiascutka.

TOWARDS the close of the winter, when the lengthened days and warmer radiance of the sun caused the sap to stir beneath the bark of the trees, like the returning pulse of life in a body restored from suspended animation, a band of Indians pitched their camp in a belt of sugar maples that grow alongside the banks of the Mattawa. They

soon stripped great sheets of bark from the white-skinned birches, leaving the gaping wounds bleeding and raw, like some half-flayed creatures of the woods. Birchen vessels were soon sewn together by the deft fingers of the squaws. Deep incisions were made in the trunks of the maples with a hatchet and the escaping sap collected in the troughs. The kettles were swung and the process of sugar-making was soon in full operation.

Lawrence found his way together with Jim Dowler to the camp one Sunday afternoon, impelled by an ardent desire to tell these poor wanderers of the woods of a fairer land than the fabled hunting-grounds of their fathers in the spirit-world—of the great All-Father of the red and the white alike, the true Great Spirit who will have men to worship him in spirit and in truth. They expected to find the Indians engaged at their usual work—boiling sugar, making snow-shoes and the like,—taking no note of the Christian Sabbath. To his surprise they found everything quiet in the camp, the only exception being two little Indian lads with their dog digging out a badger from under the root of an old hemlock.

They approached the largest wigwam, a conical structure of birch bark stretched over tent poles, and drew aside the blanket that covered the opening which served as a door. A fire smouldered in the midst, its pungent smoke slowly escaping out of the opening at the peak of the wigwam. Crouched or squatted on mats, or on bear or deer skins, were a number of Indians and squaws, young and old, with some children.

Through the smoke, at the further side of the wigwam, Lawrence saw the chief, a venerable old man with strongly marked features, which looked as if carved in mahogany or cast in bronze. His iron-grey hair was bound by a wampum fillet about his brow. He wore a blanket coat, deer skin leggings, fringed with beads, and moccasins. On his breast was a silver medal which Lawrence had never seen before. Most of the squaws sat with their bright-coloured shawls drawn over their heads and wore gilt or glass beads around their necks. A tame raven hopped about and eyed the intruders with a grave and somewhat supercilious air. He gave a loud croak as if to call attention to their presence, of which no one had yet taken any notice. An Indian near the door made room for them beside him and motioned to them to sit down. They did so in silence, wondering what this strange conclave meant.

The old chief had on his knees a large leather-bound book,—the last thing Lawrence expected to find in an Indian wigwam—and was apparently reading from its pages. In a deep guttural, yet not unmusical tone, he went on, his voice rising and falling like the voice of the wind among the pines. Once or twice Lawrence

thought he caught the words "*Gitch Manitou*," the Indian name for the Great Spirit of God, but he was not sure. At length, to his surprise and delight he recognized the familiar names "Jesus," and "Mary," and "Martha," and "Lazarus." This then was an Indian translation of the New Testament, of the existence of which Lawrence had never dreamed, and this must be a band of Christian Indians, and the venerable chief was reading the touching story of the resurrection of Lazarus.

When he was done reading, the old man looked significantly at one of the younger squaws, who thereupon began to sing a sweet, low, plaintive strain, in which she was joined by all present.

Lawrence did not, of course, understand the words, but the tune was the familiar "Old Hundred."

"That's the Doxology," said Dowler who had often heard it at camp-meeting, and they joined, in English, in singing that anthem of praise which ascends to the God and Father of us all from every land and in almost every tongue.

The old man then rose and kneeling reverently, as did all the company, prayed devoutly, concluding with an earnest "Amen," in which his white visitors heartily joined.

When they rose, the chief with a frank smile gave his guests the usual salutation, "Bo' jou," a corruption of the French "Bon jour," which has passed into the Indian language—a striking illustration, as are the French names of lake and river all over the continent, of the widespread influence of those intrepid explorers and pioneers. Kewaydin or West-wind, such was the chief's name, made room for Lawrence and Dowler on the rug beside him, and courteously offered them a curiously-carved pipe of tobacco with a red stone bowl and ornamented with brilliantly-dyed heron's and wood-pecker's feathers. Lawrence politely declined the honour, having, from respect to his father's example and his mother's well-understood wishes, never learned to use the vile weed. Dowler, however, accepted it, and was soon vigorously puffing away.

Lawrence picked up the Bible, which bore, he saw, the imprint of that noble institution, the British and Foreign Bible Society, whose various versions of the Word of God are found alike in the Indian wigwam, the Caffre's kraal, the Hindoo bazaar or bungalow, the Tartar's wandering tent, and the Esquimaux stone cabin, and which speaks to the tribes of men the unsearchable wisdom of God in almost all of the babbling tongues of earth.

"Where did you get this?" asked Lawrence in wondering tones.

"That," said the old man, who spoke English with tolerable facility, "was the parting gift of the best friend that Kewaydin, and many another poor Injun, ever had—good old Elder Case—God bless him."

"Did you know Elder Case?" exclaimed Dowler. "I've heard him at the Beechwoods Camp-meeting."

"When I forget him I'll forget to breathe," said the old man fervently. "I owe him everything. He found me a poor miserable pagan, a-drinkin' fire-water, and beatin' the conjurer's drum and sacrificin' the white dog, and he made me what I am."

Lawrence was overjoyed to meet this unexpected result of Methodist labour in an Indian wigwam. They talked together long and lovingly of the zealous apostle to the Indian tribes of Canada, and Lawrence ventured on a few practical reflections on the story of the raising of Lazarus which had been the subject of the reading, and on the glorious inspirations it imparted. These were translated by the chief and the company manifested their approval by sundry ejaculations and comments in their own language.

"Whar did you get this?" inquired Dowler laying his finger on the silver medal that decorated the chief's broad breast.

"That," said the old man, his eagle eye flashing proudly, "was fastened on my breast in full parade before all the red-coats by Major-General Sir Isaac Brock. See, that is King George's head. I always wear it on Sundays. It minds me of old times."

"Tell us all about it," said Dowler eagerly. "My father fit with Brock at Queenston Heights an' arterwards got wounded at Lundy's Lane."

"Did he?" said the chief. "Well, I dont talk much of these things, but I don't mind telling the son of an old soldier. I entered Fort Detroit side by side with General Brock. It was for that I got the medal. Nine weeks after, I saw him fall at the Big Rapids (Queenston Heights). I helped to carry his body down the hill to the old house, where it lay—that great warrior just like Indian's dead papoose. I stood beside his grave and helped to fire the last volley over his body. But I helped to avenge his death, as we drove the 'Merican blue-coats over the cliff," with sudden energy exclaimed the veteran brave.

But with a tone of compunction he continued, "God forgive me, it was in my pagan days, when I seemed to thirst for blood. It was dreadful to see blue-coats and red-coats struggling together like catamounts, and to see the 'Merican militia rolling down the rocks, torn by the jagged spruce and some of them struggling in the boiling eddies of the river. One man was just going to shoot a British captain when I flung my tomahawk right in his face. He went crashing over the bank, clutching at the spruce boughs, an' he looked right into my eyes with such a dying agony—it's thirty years ago, but I often see it still when I close my eyes at night, and sometimes even when I try to pray. I used to gloat on it in my heathen days, but ever since Elder Case taught me of the Blessed Lord who prayed for his mur-

deers, and said 'I love your enemies,' I have wished I could ask that man's forgiveness before I meet him at the last great review day when all the soldiers and braves—English, Mericans, and Injuns—must stand before the great Captain, the Lord Jesus. He may have had little papooses and a white squaw who wept for him just as mine would weep for me. But, thank God, I saved other lives that day. My braves were mad with slaughter, just as if they were drunk with fire-water; but when the victory was fairly won I dragged them off the prisoners they were going to scalp, though it was like tearing an eagle from a heron he has struck, or the dogs off the haunches of a deer. This killing seems to come natural to the pagan Injun of the woods, but for white men and Christians it seems strange work."

"Yet ther' wuz Chris'n men that fit that," interrupted Dowler. "I hear'd father tell on a Methodist' preacher—a local, ye know, not a reg'lar—who used to preach, an' pray, an' sing, like thunder in barracks; an' he fit like a tiger when the guns was a-rattlin', an' kep' on praying all the time. Yet he wuz gentle as a lamb arter the fight and used to nuss the wounded—even the 'Merikers, too, jist as lovin' an' tender as a woman."

In answer to the inquiry of Lawrence if the Christian converts among the Indians received much opposition from their pagan relatives the old chief told the following story:

"Did you notice that girl with the great scar on her forehead that sat yonder?" pointing to near the door, where had sat an Indian maiden lithe and graceful as one of the mountain birches, with eyes as deep and dark as a forest lake. "Well, she's Big Bear's daughter. He had a streak o' luck winter before last and had two big moose to spare. So he hitched up the dogs and drove down the river on the ice with them and some otter and mink furs to Oka, where the priests have a seminary and a convent. Mere Marie at the convent was buying some mink skins, and asked him if he wouldn't let his pretty daughter, Red Fawn, come and work in the kitchen and she'd teach her to cook and sew. He wanted to please the nuns, so he let her go.

"Well, the nuns taught her to say the *Ave* and *Credo* and to dress the altar of the Virgin. I know their ways, I've lived among the Catholics. Very loving the nuns are when they like, and the poor girl never had any kindness showed her before. So they taught her the catechism, then the priest wanted her to be baptized. They get lots of Injun girls that way—mighty cunning them priests are, beat even an Injun for that. And they called her Marguerite des Anges, which means in the Indian language 'Pearl of the angels.' And they gave her a pretty gilt crucifix to wear on her neck.

"Well, next fall Big Bear was camping down the river, and he went to see Marguerite. He met her in the woods gathering the late autumn flowers to dress the altar. She'd grow'd so tall an' handsome he was quite proud of her.

"Come back, Abdik, an' share my lodge," he said, but she said she couldn't leave the kind good nuns.

"You must leave these Christian dogs," he shouted, "or the wily Black robes will make you a woman worshipper like themselves."

"Nay, father, I like not the wild hunter's life," said Marguerite, and crossing herself, she went on, "I have already vowed to live the handmaid of Christ and his blessed mother, whom, O father! I beseech you blaspheme not."

"What! a daughter of mine become a sis'ar of those pale faced nuns!" he cried. "Why did I leave you among them; I might have known they would teach you to despise the gods of your father."

"But those be no gods, father," she replied, "but evil spirits, says the priest, beguiling the souls of men to perdition."

"Good enough gods for your old father," he passionately answered, "and good enough they must be for his stubborn child. Know, girl, I have promised that when the next snow comes, you shall keep the lodge-fire of Black Snake the bravest warrior of our tribe."

"Nay, father," exclaimed the girl with a shudder, "that can never be: I shrink when I see his glittering eye and gliding step, as though he were indeed a poisonous snake."

"It shall be, girl," he thundered; "Big Bear has said it, and the word of Big Bear was never broken."

"Father, it cannot be," said the brave girl; "I will die first," and in her firm-pressed lips and flashing eye Big Bear saw that she had all his own determination in her slender frame.

"Then die you shall if you obey no: my command," he hissed. Snatching the cross from her neck he stamped it beneath his feet exclaiming, "The accursed medicine charm, ~~you shall~~ it, do you, then you shall wear it in your flesh," and seizing his scalping knife he gashed the sign of the cross upon her forehead, and dragged her off bleeding and fainting to his wigwam.

"A few weeks after, before the wound was well healed, when he wanted to give her to that scoundrel, Black Snake, she fled through the wintry snow to our camp and besought my protection, and my protection she shall have as if she were my own daughter—they are all dead now—so long as this gun can shoot game in the woods," he ended, pointing to his trusty fowling-piece.

"Is she still a Catholic?" asked Lawrence, who had been a deeply-interested listener to this tragic recital.

"She has mostly forgotten the *Aves* and *Paters* that she didn't understand,"

replied Kowaydin, "but, instead, she sings in our own tongue the sweet hymns,

'When I survey the wondrous cross,
'There is a fountain filled with blood,'

and many others. And one day when I was reading in the Good Book the words of Paul 'I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus,' she smiled and laid her finger on the cross-shaped scar on her forehead and said, 'I too bear his sign in my flesh.' And she is so good, and gentle, and patient I sometimes think she is like the saints spoken of in the Revelation, who have come out of great tribulation and have been sealed with the seal of God in their foreheads."

THE "TIMBER JAM."

Now suddenly the waters boil and leap, On either side the foamy spray is cast, Hoarse Genii through the shouting rapid sweep, And pilot us unharmed adown the hissing steep, Again the troubled deep heaps surge on surge, And howling billows sweep the waters dank, Stamping the ear with their stentorian dirge, That loudens as they strike the rock's resist'ing verge.

SANGSTER.

The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay.

At last the spring came to the lumber-camp. The days grew long and bright and warm. The ice on the river became sodden and water-logged, or broke up into great cakes beneath the rising water. The snow on the upland rapidly melted away, and the utmost enegy was employed in getting down the logs to the river before it entirely disappeared. The harsh voice of the blue jay was heard screaming in the forest, and its bright form was seen flitting about in the sunlight. The blithe note of the robin rang through the air. A green flush crept over the trees, and then suddenly they burgeoned out into tender leafage. The catkins of the birch and maple showered down upon the ground. A warm south wind blew, bringing on its wings a copious rain. The river rose several feet in a single night. One timber boom above the camp broke with the strain upon it, and thousands of logs went racing and rushing, like maddened herds of sea-horses, down the stream. Happily the heavy boom below held firm, and they were all retained.

About a mile above the camp was a steep and heavy rapid of many rods in length. Above it a large "drive" of logs had been collected. It was a grand and exciting sight to see them shooting the rapids. As they glided out of the placid water above, they were drawn gradually into the swifter rush of the river. They approached a ledge, where, in unbroken glassy current, the stream poured over the rock. In they rushed, and, tilting quickly up on end, made a plunge like a diver into the seething gulf below. After what seemed to the spectator several minutes' submergence, they rose with

a bound partially above the surges, struggling "like a strong swimmer in his agony" with the stormy waves. Now they rush full tilt against an iron rock that, madly no, challenges their right to pass, and are hurled aside, shuddering, brood, and shattered from the encounter. Some are broken in twain. Others are splintered into splinters. Others, whole by unscathed.

Now one lodges in a narrow channel. Another strikes and throws it athwart the stream. Then another and another, and still others in quick succession, lodge, and a formidable jam is formed. Now a huge log cavers along like a half-ton catapult. It will surely sweep away the obstacle. With a tremendous thud, like the blow of a battering ram, it strikes the mass, which quivers, groods, groans, and apparently yields a moment, but is faster jammed than ever. The water rapidly rises and boils and eddies with ten fold rage.

The "drivers" above have managed to throw a log across the entrance to the rapid to prevent a further run, and now set deliberately about loosening the "jam." With cant hooks, pike poles, levers, axes, and ropes, they try to roll, pry, chop, or haul out of the way the logs which are jammed together in a scantly inextinguishable mass. The work has a terribly perilous look. The jam may at any moment give way, carrying everything before it with resistless force. Yet these men, who appear almost like midgots as compared with its immense mass, swarm over it, pulling, tugging, shoving, and shouting with the utmost coolness and daring. Like amphibious animals, they wade into the rushing, ice-cold water, and clamber over the slippery logs.

Now an obstructive "stick," as these huge logs are called, is set free. The jam creaks and groans and gives a shove, and the men scamper to the shore. But no; it again lodges apparently as fast as ever. At work the men go again, when, lo! a single well directed blow of an axe relieves the whole jam, exerting a pressure of hundreds of tons. It is *saute qui puit*. Each man springs to escape. The whole mass goes crashing, grinding, growling over the ledge.

Is everybody safe? No, Evans has almost got to the shore when he is caught, by the heel of his iron studded boot, between two grinding logs. An other moment and he will be swept or dragged down to destruction. Lawrence, not without imminent personal risk, springs forward and catches hold of his outstretched hands. Dowler throws his arms around Lawrence's body, and bracing himself against a rock they all give a simultaneous pull and the imprisoned foot is freed. And well it is so, for at that moment the whole wreck goes rushing by. The entire occurrence has taken only a few seconds. These lumbermen need to have a quick eye, firm nerves, and

strong thews and sinews, for their lives seem often to hang on a hair.

But what is that lithe and active figure dancing down the rapids on a single log, at the tail of the jam? It is surely no one else than Baptiste la Tour. How he got there no one knows. He hardly knows himself. But there he is, gliding down with arrowy swiftness on a log that is spinning round under his feet with extraordinary rapidity. With the skill of an acrobat or rope-dancer he preserves his balance, by keeping his feet, arms, legs, and whole body in constant motion, the spikes in his boots preventing his slipping. So long as the log is in deep water and keeps clear of rocks and other logs, he is comparatively safe.

But see! he will surely run upon that jutting crag! Nearer and nearer he approaches; now for a crash and a dangerous leap! But no! he veers off, the strong back-wash of the water preventing the collision. Now the log plunges partly beneath the waves, but by vigorous struggles he keeps his place on its slippery surface. Now his log runs full tilt against another. The shock of the collision shakes him from his feet; he staggers and slips into the water, but in a moment he is out and on his unmanageable steed again.

As he glides out into the smooth water below the rapids, a ringing cheer goes up from his comrades, who had been watching with eager eyes his perilous ride. They had not cheered when the jam gave way, ending their two hours' strenuous effort. But at Baptiste's safety, irrepressibly their shouts burst forth. With the characteristic grace of his countrymen, he returned the cheer by a polite bow, and seizing a floating handspike that had been carried down with the wrack, he paddled toward the shore. As he neared it, he sprang from log to log till he stood on solid ground. Shaking himself like a Newfoundland dog, he strode up the bank to receive the congratulations of his comrades.

"That's wuss than breakin' 'a the breachiest hoss I ever see," the comment of Jim Dowler, who spoke from experience of the latter performance.

"I'd as soon go sailin' on a broomstick wid a witch, through the air," said Dennis O'Neal, who spoke as if he had tried that mode of travelling.

"It's better than being caught like an otter in a trap, as I was," said Evans. "I'm like Apollo," he went on, recalling the classic lore he learned at Brasenose, "vulnerable in my heel. But there, I'm sorry to say, the resemblance ends, so far as I can see," and he laughed a hard, bitter, scornful laugh against himself.

(To be continued.)

If life has been but bitterness to you, taste heaven's sweet in the cup of prayer.

The Builders.

ALL are architects of fate
Working in these walls of Time,
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house where God may dwell
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete.
Standing in these walls of Time:
Broken stair-ways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To these turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

—Longfellow.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1400] LESSON IX. [Aug. 26

THE PILLAR OF CLOUD AND OF FIRE.

Num. 9.15-23. Memory verses, 15, 16

GOLDEN TEXT.

O send out thy light and thy truth; let them lead me. Psa. 43. 3.

OUTLINE.

1. The Cloud.
2. The Camp.

TIME AND PLACE.—Same as in the previous lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*On the day . . . the cloud covered the tabernacle*—That was the first day of the first month of the second year. *The cloud*—Not a "cloud"; it was a peculiarly shaped cloud, a dark pillar, not like any other cloud. *The tent of the testimony*—That is, the inner sanctuary or holy of holies, where God typically dwelt over the mercy-seat. *So it was always*—For forty years it was a constant reminder of Jehovah's presence. *Cloud was taken up*—That is, rose into mid-air in sight of all the people. *They pitched*—That is, they pitched their tents and encamped. *The commandment of the Lord*—Not a commandment in word, but they came soon to call this guiding cloud the commandment of the Lord.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. That God honours his house?
2. That God is the guide of his people?
3. That we ought always to obey God's commands?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How did God show his presence among his people? By a pillar of cloud and fire.
2. Where could this always be seen? Over the ark in the tabernacle.
3. How did they regard the movements of this pillar of cloud and fire? As the commandment of the Lord.
4. For how long did God give them this sign of his presence? For forty years.
5. What prayer of David draws its idea from the cloudy pillar? "O send out thy light," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—The guidance of God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

9. Is not your soul then of great value? Yes; because it is myself.
Luke ix. 25. What is a man profited, if he gain the whole world, and lose or forfeit his own soul?

B.C. 1490] LESSON X. [SEPT. 2

THE SPIES SENT INTO CANAAN.

Num. 13. 17-33. Memory verse, 30:32

GOLDEN TEXT.

Let us go up at once, and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it. Num. 13. 30.

OUTLINE.

1. The Spies.
2. Their Report.

TIME.—1490 B.C.

PLACE.—The wilderness of Paran.

EXPLANATIONS.—*This way southward*—This means not to travel toward the south, but into the south country, a name by which the border land of Canaan was well known. *Into the mountain*—This was the hill country of our Lord's time; the mountainous central ridge from Hebron to Esraelon. *The land . . . fat or lean*—That is, whether productive and fertile, or sterile and bare. *Time of the first-ripe grapes*—About July or August. *Floweth with milk and honey*—A poetic way for expressing the wonderful fertility of the land. *Land that eateth up the inhabitants*—Perhaps it means a land of an unhealthy and malarial climate; or a land subject to incessant invasions, and consequent destructions of the people.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, are we taught—

1. That prudence is a Christian virtue?
2. That unbelief makes people cowardly?
3. That majorities are not always right?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Why did Moses send forth twelve spies? To learn concerning the land. 2. How far did they travel? Through the whole land. 3. What did they find? A very fertile land. 4. What was the effect upon ten of the spies? They were filled with fear. 5. How did they express their fear and faithlessness? "They are stronger than we." 6. What was the voice of courage and faith? "Let us go up at once," etc.
DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Forgetfulness of God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

10. Did God create you? Yes; he made me, both body and soul.
Psalm c. 3. Know ye that the Lord he is God; it is he that hath made us.
Job x. 11; Numbers xvi. 22; Hebrews xii. 9.

DO NOT BE AFRAID TO PRAY.

WHEN Sir James Anderson first went to sea he joined a ship where the men in the fore-castle respected the boy on his knees, and did not molest him, among their number being one who took a special interest in the boy as a countryman, and rejoiced in the name of "Scotch Bob." All went well till they reached Calcutta, and another sailor was shipped for the voyage home whose name was "English Bob," to distinguish him from the other. Young Anderson knelt down as usual to pray at night, when, all of a sudden, a boat was thrown at him, and then another, by "English Bob," who took offence at what he called "canting humbug." "Scotch Bob," hearing the noise, came to the rescue of his compatriot, and there was a fight, the Scotchman getting the best of it. Next night young Anderson was afraid to kneel down as usual, and turned into bed prayerless. Presently out he was pulled and planted on the deck by his former defender, "Scotch Bob," who shook him and said: "You little rascal, do you think I am going to fight for you and then see you act thus? If you are not afraid of your Maker's anger, I'll make you afraid of mine, so come out and say your prayers."

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