

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
  - Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
  - Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
  - Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
  - Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
  - Showthrough/  
Transparence
  - Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
  - Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue
  - Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from:/  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison
  - Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison
  - Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VI.

TORONTO, JUNE 12, 1886.

No. 12.

## MADAGASCAR.

THE triumphs of Christianity in Madagascar are among the most notable in the history of Christian missions. In 1818 the first mission was established. In ten years about 15 000 converts were made. Then came a fearful outburst of persecution and thousands—literally thousands—of Christians were put to death. But in 1869 the Queen of Madagascar embraced Christianity. A memorial church of the martyrs was erected; Bibles and tracts were published by the thousand, and it is estimated that there are now over 300 000 Christians in the island. The people are intelligent, docile, and have attained a high degree of civilization. They are brave and patriotic, and have valiantly withstood the assaults made upon them by the French during the last year or two.

## BEES AND THEIR WAYS.

To begin at the beginning—the Queen Bee lays a'out sixteen thousand eggs, of which eight hundred are males, or drones—think of that, you hardworking boys!—the whole remainder being—with the exception of four or five queens, who fight by-and-by for their mother's throne—workers (or females, I suppose). Well, we will leave that, and consider the marvellous wisdom, skill, and foresight of these little beings.

The form of their cells, six-sided, is the very best they could adopt, as it gives the greatest space and strength at a cost of the least amount of material; but what method they pursue to make them that shape no one can tell. These cells are, as you all know, made of wax, and this the bee produces chiefly from its own body: it keeps it



MADAGASCAN FAMILY.

concealed under six little flaps at its stomach, and is moulded with other matter into the firm wax.

The yellow substance you see on the bees' legs is the pollen of flowers, which is kneaded up into a mass by the little fellows, and is by us called "bee bread."

If the Queen Bee should die suddenly, leaving no heirs-apparent to ascend the throne, a working bee is put into a royal cell, fed in a royal manner, and taking in royal principles with its food, it becomes a queen straightway, and is elevated to the vacant throne. Every queen rules absolutely in her

own hive. She has no ministers and courtiers, no parliament or hang-ers on. If a strange queenage, as it is called, there is a battle royal at work, which is continued until one royal lady is destroyed.

As the swarm of time approaches, the queen is worked and troubled by the noisy claims of the various youthful queens, each yearning for the throne, until at last, driven wild by their clamor, she rushes out of the hive, attended by a numerous band of her followers. Thus the first swarm is formed. Seven or eight days after, queen No. 2 departs, taking with her a numerous following. When all the swarms have left the old hive, the remaining queens fight it out for the throne.

Which sounds very much like a footless stocking without a leg, or a saucepan that has no bottom or sides. The thrones of an empty beehive!

Ah! but the bees will gather more honey by-and-by, and the queen will not rule in an empty kingdom.

## INDIAN MEDICINE MEN.

The Indian tribes of North America generally contain a few "medicine" men who are the laziest and at the same time the sharpest men in the tribe. They profess to be wizards, and to do all sorts of impossible things, but though called the "medicine" men they have, as a rule, nothing to do with healing, the

doctors of the tribe being usually some old women. They are, however, expected to cure those diseases which the old woman doctor has given up, and are supposed to be able to cause rain to fall, to make fishes, or beavers, or buffaloes plentiful, and to perform other wonders. Indians being very

superstitious people, these men—who are neither more nor less than clever conjurers and rogues—get a good living by imposing upon the simple men and women. They dress in strange attire, sometimes in a cloak of bird's feathers, with a bird's head, legs, and claws, or in a beaver's skin; at other times they will put on horrible masks, or paint their bodies with hideous designs. But when a "medicine" man makes a mistake, or is found out in any of his tricks, he is severely punished, and often killed.

—S. S. Advocate.

## SPRING.

As little children gather round their mother,  
And beg her a familiar tale to tell,—  
One that is dearer far than any other,  
Because so often heard and known so well;

And as they watch her, prompting should she falter,  
And any variations quickly see,  
And cry: "Don't tell it so, don't change  
and alter,  
We want it just the way it used to be,"—

So do we come to thee, O Nature—Mother,  
And never tire of listening to thy tales.  
Tell us thy springtime story now, no other;  
That hath a wondrous charm, which never fails.

Tell it with all the old-time strength and glory,  
Fill it with many a happy song and shout;  
Don't miss one bird or blossom in the story,  
Don't leave one daffodil or daisy out.

Tell us each shade in all the tree's soft greening,  
Don't skip one blade of grass, one bee, one wren,—  
Each little thing has grown so full of meaning,  
In the dear story we would hear again.

O Mother Nature! thou art old and hoary,  
And wonderful and strange things thou canst tell;  
But we, like children, love the springtime story,  
And think it best, because we know it well.

—Jessie Chandlers.

## "A OFFSCOURING."

"Well, yes, ma'am, I have stole!"  
"Why, John!"  
"You asked me, didn't you?"  
"Yes, I asked you," the mission teacher replied, a sad, almost disgusted expression upon her sweet young face.  
"What did you ask me for, if you didn't want me to tell you? I could a lied," the boy went on in a stolid sort of way, and yet with a ring of feeling in his voice.  
"No, you couldn't, Johnny," the teacher answered with a smile, "because you promised me that you would always tell the truth to me."  
"Well, I didn't go back on it, did I?"  
"No, Johnny. Have you any objection to telling me how often you have taken things that didn't belong to you?"  
"Mebbe I can't remember them all, the boy replied. "I never lifted anything particular. Once when the old woman where I hang out got sick and cried a blue streak for oranges, and nobody had the money to get them, I asked the old cove that kept the grocery store to trust me for a couple tin next day. He wouldn't do it, and that night I stole six from him."  
"Why, Johnny?"  
"Why didn't he let me have 'em then?" the boy went on doggedly. "I'd paid, 'cause I said I would. Anyhow, the old woman got well off them oranges."

"Then you are not sorry you took them?" the teacher inquired.

"Well, the old woman had to have them oranges, and somebody had to get them for her."

The teacher's face was very grave, and as her companion looked up he saw the tears in her eye, a sight which had a curious effect upon him.

"Don't make me tell you any more, please, ma'am," he said, dropping his eyes, while his face flushed scarlet. "I ain't nothing but a offscouring anyhow, and it ain't no good to fret about what I do. I was kinder dragged into this place, else I'd never bother you."

"What name did you call yourself?" the teacher inquired. "I didn't understand you."

"Granny Leeds always said I was an offscouring, and so I am."

"What is an offscouring, Johnny?"  
"Oh! the leavings of something that ain't no good."

"Granny Leeds, as you call her, was very much mistaken about yourself, Johnny," the teacher replied. "You are not an offscouring, but one of God's own children, and He is giving you a chance to make something of yourself. How much do you think the things are worth that you have taken, in all, Johnny?"

"The oranges were worth 4 cents apiece when I took them; that's 24; and then two loaves of bread I lifted for two fellows that froze their feet last winter, and a mackerel to make the bread go down. It's awful tough to eat bread without nothing on it; and then a base ball was worth 50 cents, and all them things would make near hand to a dollar. I don't remember anything else."

"Well, Johnny, I shall give you a dollar, and I want you to go to those places and pay for all the things."

"Then I'll have to own up," the boy interrupted.

"Wouldn't you feel better to confess, Johnny?" the young lady inquired, not a little troubled at the effect of her words.

For a moment the boy seemed lost in thought, and then lifting a frank face to his companion, said:

"I ain't never felt perticler bad about any of them things, 'cept the base ball, and that I could a' done without, but if you say so, Miss Lee, I'll give the whole thing away, only as I ain't lifted anything lately, and don't mean to again, they would suspicion me and make me out a thief when I ain't no such thing. Don't you think it would do, ma'am, if I dropped the money in them places so they'd be sure to find it? If you don't think so I'll blow the whole thing if it takes me to the island."

"What will you do, Johnny, if somebody needs bread and oranges and you haven't got any money to buy them with?"

"That's a sticker, ma'am. I donno."  
"And it wouldn't be strange if something of that kind were to happen any day."

"No, ma'am. There is something putty generally to pay the folks I know."

"Well, Johnny, I will tell you what to do," she replied. "Here is my card, and when any of your acquaintances are in trouble I wish you would come directly to me; and if anything is amiss with you at any time, be sure and send a messenger. You had better come up to-morrow, anyway, Johnny, for I want to give you some warm clothes, and

then it will be easy for you to find the place next time."

Johnny hung his head. The kindness had overpowered him, and not a word could he speak.

"I didn't mean to hurt you, Johnny," the tender-hearted teacher hurried to say. "You are willing I should help you, are you not?"

"I guess you had better let me git now, Miss Lee," the boy replied rather huskily; "you could knock me down with an eye winker. You needn't worry about my remembering all you have said; but just now I'm all broke up."

"And I can trust you, Johnny?" the lady inquired.

"It's a go, ma'am," the boy answered, simply.

Miss Lee tucked a \$1 bill in his hand, and Johnny hurried out of the building.

It took considerable tact and skill, as well as time, for the boy to satisfactorily manage the business which his teacher had provided. "The money for. For instance, the grocer from whom he had "lifted" the oranges had sold out to another, and Johnny was obliged to hunt him up. He was at last found, poor and ill, and the boy without a moment's hesitation confessed the theft and produced the money.

"I guess I can make it 30 cents," he said, "and that'll be a little interest. If I wouldn't like to give \$5 then you may shoot me for a crow."

The ex-grocer was so surprised at Johnny's confession and subsequent generosity that he shook the boy's hand heartily, and invited him to step in again soon, which the lad as heartily promised to do.

By nightfall these "back debts," as Johnny naively called them, were settled, and then, after a scanty meal, the boy started out with evening papers.

About a quarter to 8 he had sold out, and then as fast as his feet could carry him he hurried to the neighbourhood of the Academy of Music to watch the people go into the building. It was opera night, and this was one of Johnny's greatest pleasures, and so, with his back to the lamp-post, he gave himself up to the delight of watching the throng. Johnny wondered what it would be like to drive around in luxurious carriages, and have plenty of money to spend on fine clothes. He thought of the bread and herring he had eaten for his supper, and tried to imagine what it would be like to have turkey and cranberry sauce every day. Every Christmas Johnny had turkey and cranberry sauce for his dinner, and he knew by experience how nice they were. He had ridden in an ambulance with a friend of his—a newsboy, who had been run over by an express waggon, and this was the nearest approach to a carriage ride he had ever enjoyed.

He wondered, as he watched these happy, gaily-dressed people, why it was that some people had all they wanted while others were cold and hungry, and sometimes starved to death. This was not the first time that Johnny had been perplexed with such thoughts, but they had never made him feel quite so uncomfortable as on this occasion. He called to mind the warm underclothing and tidy jacket and pants which Miss Lee had given him that day, and tried to comfort himself with the thought that there was one person in the world who cared for him.

There had been a heavy fall of snow that day, and as Johnny, still absorbed

with his thoughts, started to cross the street, he saw something sparkle in the snow at the side of the crossing. There had been a rush of carriages, and a few had not been able to pull up to the curb. As he picked it up he saw it was an ornament in the shape of a cross and studded with diamonds.

Johnny knew they were shiners, as he called them, as soon as he looked at them, so with his heart in his throat he tucked the precious jewel in his pocket, still holding it firmly in his hand. Johnny's ambition was to start a coffee and cake establishment where the newsboys could be entertained at low rates. For more than a year he had nursed this object, and here was a chance to carry it into execution. There were nine stones in the cross. Disposing of one at a time to avoid suspicion, here was money enough to last him years and years, he told himself. It puzzled him to know where he could keep the shiners, for there wasn't a soul among his acquaintances whom he dare trust with a secret. Not until he had crept into his poverty-stricken bed, with his treasure carefully hidden among the straw, did the thought occur that he ought to try and find an owner for it. Then followed a hard battle between the natural honesty of the lad and his very natural desire for creature comforts.

The person who could wear a gold thing like that "chock full of shiners," he said to himself, must have money enough to buy more shiners. Here he was, cold and hungry, with no prospect before him but to be always hungry, it not always cold; and here were these "shiners" which would set him up in business and give him a chance to help the boys. Why should he find the owner of the cross when he had nothing and the owner had everything? This fight continued until it was time for the lad to start for the morning papers. All through the busiest part of the forenoon the battle still raged, and the newsboy's thoughts were so occupied with his new-found riches that he almost forgot to attend to his customers. About half-past 10, as he passed City Hall park, he noticed a gentleman, and as he heard the words "diamond cross" spoken, Johnny slackened his pace and listened.

"The diamonds were all of the first water," the gentleman said: "it was a gift to my wife from her father, and she is terribly cut up by the loss. I don't suppose we shall ever find it."

"You will advertise it, won't you?" his companion inquired.

"Oh, of course," the gentleman replied, "but more than likely it has fallen into dishonest hands, and unless the reward is equal to the value of the diamonds we shall never see them."

When the gentlemen separated, the one who was interested in the diamonds entered the City Hall, and after a little inquiry, Johnny discovered that this gentleman held a very honourable office in the city department. After reading this out the lad took a turn round the park to think it over again.

"Granny Leeds said I was an offscouring, and Miss Lee says I ain't," he argued to himself. "If I keep these shiners, granny'll be right and Miss Lee'll be wrong. She said the Lord was giving me a chance to make something of myself. Well, now, the question is, am I or am I not an offscouring. If I keep these shiners I am, if I give them up, I ain't. Well, I ain't," and with these words on his lips, Johnny started for

the gentleman's office. Nothing daunted he entered, and presented himself at the door.

"Some of your folks have lost something, ain't they," he asked.

"To'y have," said the gentleman. "Will your honour tell me what it is like?"

"It is a gold cross set with diamonds," and the gentleman described the relative position of the stones. "It was lost either in the Academy of Music last night, or on the way from that place."

Johnny's coat was off in a twinkling, and with the rip at the stitches which confined the treasure, he took it out, and put on his coat again. "I suppose that is it," he said, handing it to the gentleman. "I wanted to keep the suiters awful bad," he continued. "They'd a set me up in business them shiners would, but you see I couldn't be such a offscouring as that, though I have been trying to be a thief all night long. If I were your folks," he went on, "I'd get a stronger string to hold on them shiners for fear they'd be gone for good next time."

"What is your name?" the gentleman inquired, as the lad, with his cap in his hand, stood modestly before him.

"John Resnoy," the boy replied. "Have you a father and mother?" was the next question.

"Nobody, yer honour, but myself." "Which would you prefer to do, Johnny," the gentleman next inquired, "go into business or go to school?"

"Well, I would rather go to school, ten to one," said Johnny, "but there ain't any show for that."

"We will see," said the gentleman. "Will you come into my office, Johnny, until I see what is best to be done?"

"Yes, sir," Johnny replied, the tears starting to his eyes.

"I shall want you to go home with me in an hour or two, and give my wife her diamonds, and see what she thinks of you."

"All right," said Johnny, brushing away the tears. "Anything to do now, yer honour?"

The following Sunday Johnny went to the mission school for the last time, and in such clothes that Miss Lee hardly knew him. The grateful boy told his teacher all that had happened, and concluded as follows:

"I am going away to school to-morrow, and I've got the 'ear-ing stuff in me I can go to college; but Miss Lee, if it had not a been for you and God, I shoud have been a offscouring all the days of my life."

AN EXTRAORDINARY TREE.

In Nevada there is a species of acacia which possesses all the features of a sensitive plant. It is growing rapidly, being now eight feet high. At sunset its leaves fold together, and the ends of the twigs coil up, producing, if handled, evident uneasiness throughout the plant. When it is transferred from the pot in which it had ripened into a larger one, it displayed great agitation; as the gardener said, it went "very mad." It had hardly been in its new home ere its leaves began to stand up like the hairs on an angry cat's tail, and it was soon all in a quiver. Besides, it gave forth a most pungent and sickening odor, which filled the house so that doors and windows had to be opened, and it was fully an hour before the tree lapsed into a state of tranquillity.

KNIGHTS OF LABOUR.

The recent widespread labour agitation in this country has brought into special prominence the organization now so well known as the "Knights of Labour." This is not only the most formidable, extensive and powerful league of working-men which was ever formed in the United States, but also the largest ever formed in the world. Its membership embraces thousands of labouring men in every State, and it is so organized as to act in concert whenever it takes action at all.

The Knights of Labour have been in existence about seventeen years. They were founded in Philadelphia by a tailor, not well-educated, but earnest and energetic, named Uriah S. Stevens.

At first the society was a strictly secret one. The members were bound by oath not to reveal the proceedings of the meetings or the object of the league. Passwords, signs and grips were ordained in order to identify the initiated.

The method of calling the meetings of the Knights of Labour, in the days when it was a secret body, was a curious and mysterious one. It was by making singular chalk-marks on the pavements, walls, and fences. When these chalk-marks appeared in the morning, large gatherings of working-men would assemble in the evening, with every precaution of secrecy.

It was not even known to the public, until four or five years ago, what the name of this secret organization was. But in 1881 the public learned that a powerful body had been organized, numbering many thousands of working-men, banded together for the purpose of protecting themselves whenever they were brought into conflict with capital.

Then the Knights of Labour became so numerous, and their movements so conspicuous, that the society could no longer remain shrouded in the mystery which sheltered the early years of its growth. It became known not only that such an order existed, but that it had branches throughout the Union, all of which obeyed the instructions of a central power.

The members of the body are still not generally known. All that can be said is, that it has reached into every by-way and corner of the country where labour is, to any material extent, employed by capital. During the past few months, particularly, their acts and demands have caused them to be much talked about.

The order admits every sort of labourer, and enters into every department of manual industry. Artisans, in factories, railway workmen, tailors, shoemakers, even horse-car conductors and drivers, are alike enrolled among the Knights of Labour.

At the head of the society is an executive chief, having large and indeed almost absolute powers of command, who is called the "Grand Master Workman." A Pennsylvanian named Powderly has for many years been the occupant of this office.

There are, besides, a general assembly, district and local assemblies, and an executive board to advise the head of the order. Each local assembly is composed of men following a single trade or occupation.

For instance, the shoemakers of a city form one local assembly; the tailors, another; the railway labourers, another; and so on. These send

delegates to the district assemblies, which, in their turn, send delegates to the general assembly, which is the legislative body of the whole country.

The Knights do not exclude any one from membership on account of sex, colour, or religious belief; but their laws forbid that any lawyer, stock-broker, banker, gambler, or liquor-dealer be admitted to their fellowship.

The motto of the Knights of Labour is "An injury to one is the concern of all." They declare the object of their league to be, in general, "to make industrious and moral worth, not wealth, the true standard of individual and national greatness. To secure to the workers the full enjoyment of the wealth they create; sufficient leisure in which to develop their intellectual, moral and social faculties; all the comforts, recreation, and pleasures of association; in a word, to enable them to share in the gains and honours of advancing civilization."

It is no wonder that an organization so powerful in numbers and extending into all parts of the country should attract much attention. Its future depends solely upon the degree of wisdom with which it is managed.

A WONDERFUL PROVIDENCE.

"God evidently meant the Burmans should have the Bible," said Grandma Edson, closing her book and taking off her spectacles.

"Haven't they got it, grandma?" asked Faith, looking up from her algebra, and wondering what grandma meant.

"Certainly, child, certainly," said grandma. "God always fulfils his purposes. Here is one of the ways in which he fulfilled this purpose of his:

"During the terrible Burman war, after Dr. Judson, who was translating the Bible into Burmese, was carried from his dreadful prison at Ava, to his more dreadful one at Oungpen-la, Moung Ing, his faithful servant, found, in one corner of the deserted prison, a hard roll, which had been a part of Dr. Judson's pillow. He supposed it a worthless thing, but took it home as a memento.

"Afterwards it was opened, and found to contain a part of the very manuscript which now forms the Burmese Bible. And so, in this remarkable way, this precious work of years was saved."

"Isn't that what you call a Providence, grandma?" asked Faith.

"Yes, and a wonderful one, too. But, after all," she said, a moment later, "it's no more wonderful than the providence by which our lives are ordered every day, only it is all laid out before us, so we can see it in all its parts, complete and perfect, while the plan of our lives is learned only a little at a time."

We are of the opinion, 1. That a large portion of human misery, poverty, disease and crime, is produced by the use of alcoholic drinks as a beverage. 2. That total abstinence from intoxicating liquors, whether fermented or distilled, is consistent with and conducive to the highest degree of physical and mental health and vigour, . . . and would greatly promote the health, morality and happiness of the people. —Ninety-six Physicians of Montreal, 1877.

THE SUMMER RAIN.

THE rain, the rain,  
The cool, sweet summer rain,  
Flow its falling, softly calling,  
With a rich melodious strain,  
From its thousand silvery voices  
And the earth how it rejoices,  
That so soon, bath thirsty land,  
Longing so, and growing sighing,  
Over the leaves and flowers dying,  
O'er the parched and drooping grain,  
O'er the withering vines and grasses,  
Where the sad breeze, as it passes,  
Murmurs forth its bitter pain.  
To the birds who do not love it,  
That there's nothing left to love it;  
That its music floats in vain,  
Since the flowers are drooping, dying,  
And the leaves all listless lying.  
Since the clouds withheld the rain,  
The cool, refreshing rain!

The rain, the rain,  
The welcome, welcome rain;  
Hark! its calling,  
How its falling,  
On the thirsty earth a rain!  
Now it plashes,  
Now it dashes,  
'Gainst my chamber window-pane,  
Now it murmurs,  
Of lost summers,  
With a low and sweet refrain,  
And it bringeth,  
As it singeth,  
Brightest blessings in its train,  
From the southlands,  
From the cloudlands;  
From the deep, mysterious main!  
Life to all the drooping flowers,  
To the leaflets in their powers,  
To the rose a richer stain,  
And the red fruit blushes deeper,  
While each wasted vine and creeper  
Feels through every throbbing vein  
The fresh pale life current stealing,  
Like to that which wakened feeling,  
In the widow's son of Nain.  
And the breeze, o'er the grasses,  
'Bathing low and solemn masses,  
And the brooklet on the plain,  
With the beebot and thrasher,  
Tell their joy in silvery gushes  
As the precious draught they drain!  
While our prayer of deep thanksgiving,  
To the Father of all living,  
Reaches up a golden chain,  
As we listen to the murmur  
Of the blessed, welcome comer,  
The sweet refreshing rain,  
The pleasant summer rain!

"HIS WORKMANSHIP."

THEODORE MONOD once made use of this beautiful illustration. He said: "If a piece of iron could speak, what would it say? It would say, 'I am black, I am cold, I am hard.' Perfectly true. But put that piece of iron into the furnace and wait awhile, and what would it say? 'The blackness is gone, and the coldness is gone, and the hardness is gone'—it has passed into a new experience. But if that piece of iron could speak, surely it would not glory in itself, because the fire and iron are two distinct things that remain distinct to the last. If it could glory it would glory in the fire and not in itself—in the fire that kept it a bright molten mass. So in myself. I am black, I am cold, and I am hard, but if the Lord takes possession of my soul, if I am filled with love, if his Spirit fills my being, the blackness will go, and the coldness will go, and the hardness will go, and yet the glory does not belong to me, but to the Lord, who keeps me in a sense of his love."

"Why, pa," said little Tooser to Senior Alley the other day, "here comes Mr. Jones into the house, and it has only just begun to sprinkle. Isn't it funny?" "Why so?" asked Mr. Jones, who overheard. "Why," said Tooser, locking up with a rapid countenance, "papa said yesterday that you didn't know enough to come 'n when it rains."

JUNE.

BY REV. J. LAWSON.

It is the pleasant month of June!  
Now the foliage decks the trees,  
Fluttering in the gentle breeze,  
Tuned as the humming bees,  
In the pleasant month of June.

It is the pleasant month of June!  
Birds are singing in the grove,  
Through the woods and fields we roam,  
This we always dearly love,  
In the pleasant month of June.

It is the pleasant month of June!  
Where the snow and ice have been,  
Now the cattle may be seen,  
Feeding in the pastures green  
In the pleasant month of June.

It is the pleasant month of June!  
Various flowers of beauty rare,  
Now are opening everywhere,  
And their fragrance is in the air,  
In the pleasant month of June.

It is the pleasant month of June!  
Night is almost turned to day,  
Fruitful time for work and play,  
Everything looks bright and gay,  
In the pleasant month of June.

OUR PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.....	2 00
Sunday School Banner, 32 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 60
Wesleyan Leaf Quarterly, 16 pp., 8vo.	0 00
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a doz.; 50c. per 100	
Home and School, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies.....	0 20
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies.....	0 50
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies.....	0 15
20 copies and upward.....	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies.....	0 15
20 copies and upward.....	0 12
Wesleyan Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month.....	5 00

Address WILLIAM BRIGGS,  
Methodist Book & Publishing House,  
78 & 80 King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HICKEY,  
3 Huron Street, Wesleyan Book Room,  
Montreal, Halifax, N. S.

Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, JUNE 12, 1886.

**\$250,000**  
FOR MISSIONS  
For the Year 1886.

THE CHARACTER OF GOOD SUNDAY SCHOLARS.

1. They wish to read and to understand the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make them wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus.
2. They always strive to be in good time at school, that they may join in the opening prayer; and may neither lose their precious Sabbath-time, nor grieve their kind teachers.
3. They try to be quiet and attentive while at their lessons, knowing that wisdom is the principal thing, and that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.
4. They behave well at the house of God, and when they go to and return

from that sacred place. They are not forgetful hearers, but doers of the word of God.

5. They pray morning and evening to Almighty God for the pardon of their sins, through the sufferings and death of the Lord Jesus Christ, and then ask for the Holy Spirit to teach them and to make them holy and good.

6. At home they are dutiful to their parents, affectionate to their brothers and sisters, and kind to all their neighbours.

7. They improve their time in reading and learning good books; and especially they love the Bible, and esteem it better than gold and sweeter than honey.

8. In their work they are not slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.

9. They keep from the company of those who lie, swear, and steal; and they love good people, knowing that he who walketh with the wise shall be wise, but a companion of fools shall fall.

10. They feel themselves to be sinners; they believe on the Lord Jesus Christ to the salvation of their souls; they know that he is the good Shepherd who gave his life for the sheep; that he gathers the lambs with his arms, carries them in his bosom, gives unto them eternal life, and that they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of his hands.

"I WILL DIE FOR HIM."

MISS SYBIL CARTER tells this interesting story of a little Chinese boy. She says:

"One of my friends won a whole family to love and serve God through teaching a boy twelve years old. He came to her, starving, in one of the dreadful famines. She gave him rice for several days. When he became a little stronger she began to tell him of our God, who tells us to be kind 'one to another;' and day by day she saw he was more attentive to her teaching. At last he said: 'Your God is the God, but if I pray to him my people will persecute me.'

"She told him how much Jesus had suffered to save us from sinful lives, and showed him a picture of some martyrs who were being burned at the stake for love of Christ, telling him that in all lands people had been willing to suffer even death for the knowledge of so good a Saviour.

"He looked long, and finally he said: 'I love your God, and will die for him if he will only love me.'

"Time passed. The boy, from being wild and rough in his ways, became so gentle and lovable that all were surprised. At last came a time for the teachers to rest, and he went home into the back country to visit his family.

"They were very angry when he would not worship the idols; but he stood firm. They gave him his food on a dish with the dogs; still he would not yield. Then he told his mother of the suffering Lord Jesus; of the martyrs, telling her he had seen the picture; and she became so interested that she would go to see the picture, and if it were true she would hear more of the new religion.

"The poor woman actually walked forty miles to see the picture, and she was so much pleased with all the teaching, that, in a few months, she and the family of seven others were



THE CHAMELEON.

taught about God, received him as their God, and have since stood the storm of persecution as did the boy."

Now, will not you help with larger gifts for foreign missions this year than ever before, as there are so many who need our help?—Church Missionary News.

THE CHAMELEON.

THE chameleon, which is once mentioned in the Bible (Lev. xi. 30), belongs to the family of lizards. Some fifteen or twenty species of it are known, one of which is found in Southern Europe and one in Florida, but most of them live in tropical regions. It is a very sluggish animal, its quickest pace being about five feet a minute. Its power to change its form and appearance is remarkable. By inflating its sides it flattens its body and looks something like a leaf lying flat; and again, by throwing out the air from its lungs and expanding itself upward and downward, it becomes thin like a knife. Sometimes, with its back curved upward and its tail erect, it resembles a small crouching lion, and hence, it is said, comes its name, *chamai lion*, or "ground-lion."

Its natural colour is a light pea-green, blending at times with straw colour or yellow. The least disturbance or excitement, however, causes a change both of colour and appearance. Stripes of deep green appear, nearly encircling the body and reaching from the head to the tip of the tail, and if the excitement continues these stripes change to black. The common idea that the chameleon takes on the peculiar hue of the foliage among which it may happen to be is a mistake.

The body of the chameleon is covered in an armour made of thousands of granular plates or scales placed edge to edge and running in circular bands. At night it hangs by its tail or a claw, or both, from some branch of a tree, and so manages to sleep and rest comfortably. Its eyes, unlike those of most animals, work independently—one looking forward, for instance, while the other is looking backward—and each eye is covered by a lid which is pierced with one small hole. The ears are concealed beneath the skin. The toes are in two opposite sets, fitted for grasping small boughs of trees.

The mouth of the chameleon has been called an "open sepulchre," for when open it shows a deep cavern almost down to the stomach, though no sign of the tongue is visible; but let an insect come within three or four inches of the mouth, and, quick as a flash, a round tongue, in appearance resembling a common angle-worm, is

darted out, and the victim is caught upon its viscid and enlarged tip and carried alive into the stomach. The mucus of the mouth attracts insects within the fatal reach of the unerring tongue, and often the chameleon may be seen quietly basking in the sun, with its mouth wide open, forming a trap to attract the insects which are its chief food.

EVIL OF DISCONTENT.

THERE is a fable told about an Egyptian who had a nice little garden of leeks; but he was discontented at having to toil for his daily bread. His good genius came to his aid, and made him owner of a villa, with two slaves to wait on him.

He was delighted with the gift, and promised to crave nothing more. It was not long before he coveted the neighbouring garden, with its statues and fountains. The garden was given him, and then he took a fancy to the meadow beyond. The meadow was granted him, and then he wanted the park on the farther side of it. The park was bestowed on him, and then, like Ahab, he wanted to rob a poor man of his little vineyard. Open the door to one discontented wish, and you don't know how many will follow.—Exchange.

NOTICE.

SEVERAL urgent applications for second-hand Sunday-school libraries have been received by the Secretary of the Sunday-school Board. Schools having any book of this description to spare will confer a favour by sending them, by express or freight, to Rev. W. H. Withrow, Methodist Publishing House, Toronto. The Sunday-school Board will pay freight charges. Nearly 20,000 volumes have in this way been distributed to poor schools.

THE Canadian Methodist Magazine for May is perhaps the best number that has yet been issued, at all events for illustrations and typographical attractiveness. It is no small feather in the cap of Canadian Methodism that it includes not only this excellent magazine among its publications, but the Christian Guardian, a religious weekly, which is not excelled for freshness and ability by any religious journal published on the continent.—Toronto Globe

No 14 of Cassell's National Library is a beautifully printed copy of Scott's Lady of the Lake, with notes. Pp. 191. Price only 10 cents.



CAPERNAUM.

THE BEST CHOICE.

BY REV. R. BRACHAN.

IN the morning of life—in the bright days of youth,  
The service of God be our choice;  
For his Spirit will help us, and guide to all truth:  
His favour will make us rejoice.

While our hearts are still tender we will not delay;  
To Jesus our Saviour we come,  
He will save us from sin, and will guide in the way  
That leads to his heavenly home.

We have foes to contend with, and dangers to face;  
Our souls to his care we resign.  
We shall fight the good fight in the strength of his grace,  
And trust in a Saviour Divine.

May the God of all grace give us comfort and peace,  
And bless all our days with his love;  
For his grace will not fail, and his care will not cease  
Until we see Jesus above.

O the soul-pleasing prospect, it makes the heart sing  
With sweetness to many unknown,  
We shall soon, with our Saviour as heaven's great King,  
Eternally dwell near the throne.  
Midland, Ont., April, 1886.

CAPERNAUM.

The scene of next Sunday's lesson was also the scene of some of the most remarkable of Christ's miracles and discourses. After his rejection at Nazareth, it became his "own city" (Matt. 9: 1.) Capernaum evidently was a city of considerable size. It had a synagogue in which Christ frequently taught, a Roman garrison, and a custom station. It was here that Matthew was called to be a disciple, and near it that Andrew and Peter were commanded to leave all and follow Christ. Because of their impenitence our Lord pronounced a judgment upon Capernaum and the other cities of Gennesaret. This judgment has been remarkably fulfilled. Even its site is not certainly known. Dr. Robinson placed it at Khan el Minyah, but the more prevalent opinion fixes it at Tell Hum, where there are some ruins, and among them that of a Jewish synagogue. Tell Hum is about two miles south-west of the entrance of

the Jordan into the Sea of Galilee. Capernaum is not mentioned in the Old Testament.

After Jesus left the retirement in which his early years were passed and began his public life he had no settled home. He says, in speaking of himself, "the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head," that is, he who was Lord of all, had no place of his own. He did not return to Nazareth to stay after he was treated so badly there, but was more at Capernaum where he had friends; so the people who were eager to find him sought him at Capernaum. There may not have been many, for the "great multitude" were probably on their way to the passover feast at Jerusalem and had gone on. Jesus told those who came over the sea to Capernaum, that they came because they cared for the food he could provide! Then he went on to tell them not to be so anxious for "the meat that perisheth," or the things of this life, but to seek what would last forever. In the preaching, or talk, that follows are grand truths, hewing Christ as the "bread of life," which will satisfy every hungry soul, and declaring that Christ never will cast out or send away one who "comes" to him seeking salvation.

JOHN CHINAMAN AT HIS LESSONS.

At the Wabash Avenue Methodist Chinese Sunday-school, on a recent Sunday afternoon, one of our reporters found the members paired off into fifty classes, there being one teacher to every pupil. Only half a dozen of the studious Chinamen had reached the stage of civilization marked by parting with their pigtailed and Chinese garments. After the opening exercises, which consisted in reading hymns in concert and then singing them, "the boys" made a rush for the secretary's table, where they received primers. From them they proceeded to study out a few verses of Scripture. At the close of the lesson a number of them were called upon to recite verses, which they did with more or less excellence of pronunciation. A teacher was asked the reason for the individual instruction of the pupils. "They are

awfully jealous," replied she. "In the first place they are very particular about accepting a teacher at all, an old lady being generally declined with little ceremony and great decision. Then after one is installed as teacher, 'the boy' refuses to share her with others. One even he refused a few Sundays ago to allow his own cousin in his class. Many of the teachers are out of the city now, and we have very hard work filling their places. When a teacher intends to be gone only one Sunday, it is often possible for her to induce her pupil to agree to accept another teacher for the time, but unless a positive promise is exacted John is likely to be absent the next Sunday, or, if he comes, he takes a seat in the back part of the room and refuses to be taught. They have excellent memories, however, and they often commit to memory an entire chapter of the Scripture at one lesson. Many recite their verses in very good style. This was the second Chinese school started in the city, the one at Farwell Hall being the first. This one has been running now a little over two years. Some of the boys have been here ever since we started, and show the greatest possible progress. Many of them are exceedingly bright and intelligent, but they are naturally bashful and needs lots of coaxing."—Chicago News.

SHUT YOUR MOUTH.

The habit of breathing through the mouth while sleeping or walking is very hurtful. There are many persons who sleep with their mouths open and do not know it. They may go to sleep with it closed and awake with it closed; but if the mouth is dry and parched on waking, it is a sign that it has been open during sleep. Snoring is another sign. This habit should be overcome. At all times, except when eating, drinking or speaking, keep the mouth firmly closed and breathe through the nostrils, and retire with a firm determination to conquer. The nostrils are the proper breathing apparatus, not the mouth.

Good company and excellent conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

PIONEER METHODISM.

BY THE REV. EDWARD EGLESTON, D. D.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CONFERENCE AT HICKORY RIDGE.

More than two years have passed since Morton made his great resolve. You may see him now sitting at the Hickory Ridge Church a "bowed log" country meeting house. He is dressed in homespun clothes. At the risk of compromising him for ever, I must confess that his coat is straight breasted—shad-bellied as the profane call it—and his best hat a white one with a broad brim. The face is still fresh, despite the conflicts and hardships of one year's travel in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky, and the sickness and exposure of another year in the malarious cane brakes of Western Tennessee. Perils of Indians, perils of floods, perils of alligators, perils of bad food, perils of cold beds, perils of robbers, perils of rowdies, perils of fevers, and the weariness of five thousand miles of horseback riding in a year, with five or six hundred preachings in the same time, and the care of numberless scattered churches in the wilderness, have conspired to give sedateness to his countenance. And yet there is a youthfulness about the sun-browned cheeks, and a lingering expression of humour about the eyes, that match but grotesquely with white hat and straight-breasted coat.

He has been a preacher almost ever since he became a Methodist. How did he get his theological education? It used to be said that Methodist preachers were educated by the old ones telling the young ones all they knew; but besides this oral instruction Morton carried in his saddle-bags John Wesley's simple, solid sermons, Charles Wesley's hymns, and a Bible. For the rest, the free criticism to which he was subject from other preachers, and the contact with a few families of refinement, had obliterated his dialect. Naturally a gentleman at heart, he had, from the few stately gentlemen that he met, quickly learned to be a gentleman in manners. He is regarded as a young man of great promise by the older brethren; his clear voice is very charming, his strong and manly speech and his tender feeling are very inspiring, and on his two circuits he has reported extraordinary revivals. Some of the old men sagely predict that "he's got bishop-timber in him," but no such ambitious dreams disturb his sleep. He acknowledges in class-meeting and in love-feast that he is too much like Lot's wife—he finds his heart prone to look back towards the objects he once loved. Often in riding through the stillness of a deep forest—and the primeval forest is to him the peculiar abode of the Almighty—his noble voice rings out fervently and even pathetically with that stanza:

"The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne  
And worship only Thee!"

He loves his work; its dangers and difficulties satisfy the ambition of his boyhood; and he has had no misgivings, except when once or twice he has revisited his parents in the Hissawachee Bottom.

He is not the only man in a straight-breasted coat who is approaching the country-meeting house. It is Confer-

en-tine, and the greetings are hearty and familiar. Everybody is glad to see everybody, and after a year of separation, nobody can afford to stand on ceremony with anybody else. Morton had hardly alighted before half a dozen preachers have rushed up to him and taken him by the hand. A tall brother, with a grotesque twitch in his face, cries out:

"How do you do, Brother Goodwin! Glad to see the alligators haven't finished you!"

To which Morton returns a laughing reply; but suddenly he sees, standing back of the rest and waiting his turn, a young man with a sallow, yellow face, pinched by sickness and exposure, and bordered by the straight black hair that falls on each side of it. He wears over his clothes a blanket with arm-holes cut through, and seems to be perpetually awaiting an ague-chill. Seeing him, Morton pushed the rest aside, and catches the wan hand in both of his own with a cry: "Kike, God bless you! How are you, dear old fellow! You look sick."

Kike smiled faintly, and Morton threw his arm over his shoulder and looked in his face. "I am sick, Mort. Cast down, but not destroyed, you know. I hope I am ready to be offered up."

"Not a bit of it. You've got to get better. Offered up! Why, you aren't fit to offer to an alligator. Where are you staying?"

"Out there." Kike pointed to the tents of a camp-meeting barely visible through the trees. The people in the neighbourhood of the Hickory Ridge Church, being unable to entertain the Conference in their homes, had resorted to the device of getting up a camp-meeting. It was easier to take care of the preachers out of doors than in. Morton shook his head as he walked with Kike to the thin canvas tent under which he had been assigned to sleep. The white spot on the end of Kike's nose and the blue lines under his finger nails told plainly of the oncoming chill, and Morton hurried away to find some better shelter for him than under this thin sheet. But this was hard to do. The few brethren in the neighbourhood had already filled their cabins full of guests, mostly in firm health, and Kike, being one of the younger men, renowned only for his piety and his revivals, had not been thought of for a place elsewhere than on the camp-ground. Finding it impossible to get a more comfortable resting place for his friend, Morton turned to seek for a physician. The only doctor in the neighbourhood was a Presbyterian minister, retired from the ministry on account of his impaired health. To him Morton went to ask for medicine for Kike.

"Doctor Morgan, there is a preacher sick down at the camp-ground," said Morton, "and —"

"And you want me to see him," said the doctor, in an alert, anticipative fashion, seizing his "pill-bags" and donning his hat.

When the two rode up to the tent in which Kike was lodged they found a prayer-meeting of a very exciting kind going on in the tent adjoining. There were cries and groans and amens and halleluiahs commingled in a way quite intelligible to the experienced ear of Morton, but quite unendurable to the orderly doctor.

"A bad place for a sick man, sir,"

he said to Morton, with great positiveness.

"I know it is, doctor," said Morton; "and I've done my best to get him out of it, but I cannot. See how thin this tent-cover is."

"And the malaria of these woods is awful. Camp-meetings, sir, are always bad. And this fuss is enough to drive a patient crazy."

Morton thought the doctor prejudiced, but he said nothing. They had now reached the corner of the tent where Kike lay on a straw pallet, holding his hands to his head. The noise of the prayer-meeting was more than his weary brain would bear.

"Can you sit on my horse?" said the doctor, promptly proceeding to lift Kike without even explaining to him who he was, or where he proposed to take him.

Morton helped to place Kike in the saddle, but the poor fellow was shaking so that he could not sit there. Morton then brought out his own horse and took the slight form of Kike in his arms, he riding on the croup, and the sick man in the saddle.

"Where shall I ride to, doctor?" "To my house," said the doctor, mounting his horse, and spurring off to have a bed made ready for Kike.

And such a bed as Kike found in Dr. Morgan's house! After the rude bear-skins upon which he had languished in the back-woods cabins, after the musty feather-beds in freezing lofts, and the pallets of leaves upon which he had shivered and scorched and fought fleas and mosquitoes, this clean white bed was like a foretaste of heaven. But Kike was almost too sick to be grateful. The poor frame had been kept up by will so long, that now that he was in a good bed and had Morton, he felt that he could afford to be sick. What had been ague settled into that wearisome disease called bilious fever. Morton stayed by him nearly all of the time, looking into the Conference now and then to see the venerable Asbury in the chair, listening to a grand speech from McKendree, attending on the third day of the session, when, with the others who had been preaching two years on probation, he was called forward to answer the "Questions" always propounded to "Candidates for admission to the Conference." Kike only was missing from the list of those who were to have heard the bishop's exhortations, full of martial fire, and to have answered his questions in regard to their spiritual state. For above all gifts of speech or depths of learning, or acuteness of reasoning, the early Methodists esteemed devout affections; and no man was of account for the ministry who was not "groaning to be made perfect in this life."

The strange mystery in which appointments were involved could not but pique curiosity. Morton having had one year of mountains, and one year of cane-brakes, had come to wish for one year of a little more comfort, and a little better support. There is a romance about going threadbare and uttering in a good cause, but even the romance gets threadbare and tattered if it last too long, and one wishes for a little sober reality of warm clothes to relieve a romance, charming enough in itself, but dull when it grows monotonous.

The awful hour of appointments came on at last. The brave-hearted men sat down before the bishop, and

before God, not knowing what was to be their fate. Morton could not guess where he was going. A miasmatic cane-brake, or a deadly cypress swamp, might be his doom, or he might—but no, he would not hope that his lot might fall in Ohio. He was a young man, and a young man must take his chances. Morton found himself more anxious about Kike than about himself. Where would the bishop send the invalid? With Kike it might be a matter of life and death, and Kike would not hear to being left without work. He meant, he said, to cease at once to work and live.

The brethren, still in sublime ignorance of their destiny, sang fervently that fiery hymn of Charles Wesley's:

"Jesus, the name high over all,  
In hell or earth or sky,  
Angels and men before him fall,  
And devils fear and fly.

"O that the world might taste and see  
The riches of his grace,  
The arms of love that compass me  
Would all mankind embrace."

And when they reached the last stanzas there was the ring of soldiers ready for battle in their martial voices. That some of them would die from exposure, malaria, or accident during the next year was probable. Tears came to their eyes, and they involuntarily began to grasp the hands of those who stood next them as they approached the climax of the hymn, which the bishop read impressively, two lines at a time, for them to sing:

"His only righteousness I show,  
His saving truth proclaim;  
'Tis all my business here below  
To cry, 'Behold the Lamb!'"

"Happy if with my latest breath  
I may but gasp his name,  
Preach him to all, and cry in death,  
'Behold, behold the Lamb!'"

Then, with suffused eyes, they resumed their seats, and the venerable Asbury, with calmness and with a voice faltering with age, made them a brief address; tender and sympathetic at first, earnest as he proceeded, and full of ardour and courage at the close.

"When the British Admiralty," he said, "wanted some men to take Quebec, they began with the oldest General first, asking him: 'General, will you go and take Quebec?' To which he made reply, 'It is a very difficult enterprise.' You may stand aside," they said. One after another the Generals answered that they would, in some more or less indefinite manner, until the youngest man on the list was reached. 'General Wolfe,' they said, 'will you go and take Quebec?' 'I'll do it or die,' he replied. Here the bishop paused, looked round about upon them, and added, with a voice full of emotion, "He went, and did both. We send you first to take the country allotted to you. We want only men who are determined to do it or die! Some of you, dear brethren, will do both. If you fall, let us hear that you fell like Methodist preachers at your post, face to the foe, and the shout of victory on your lips."

The effect of this speech was beyond description. There were sobs, and cries of "Amen," "God grant it," "Hallelujah!" from every part of the old log church. Every man was ready for the hardest place, if he must. Gravely, as one who trembles at his responsibility, the bishop brought out

his list. No man looked any more upon his fellow. Every one kept his eyes fixed upon the paper from which the bishop read the appointments, until his own name was reached. Some showed pleasure when their names were called, so as could not conceal a look of pain. When the reading had proceeded half way down the list, Morton heard, with a little start, the words slowly announced as the bishop's eyes fell on him:

"Jenkinsville Circuit—Morton Goodwin."

Well, at least Jenkinsville was in Ohio. But it was in the wickedest part of Ohio. Morton half suspected that he was indebted to his muscle, his courage, and his quick wit for the appointment. The rowdies of Jenkinsville Circuit were worse than the alligators of Mississippi. But he was young, hopeful and brave, and rather relished a difficult field than otherwise. He listened now for Kike's name. It came at the bottom of the list: "Pottawottomie Creek—W. T. Smith, Hezekiah Lumsden."

The bishop had not dared to entrust a circuit to a man so sick as Kike was. He had, therefore, sent him as "second man" or "junior preacher" on a circuit in the wilderness of Michigan.

The last appointment having been announced, a simple benediction closed the services, and the brethren who had foregone houses and homes and families and mothers and wives and children for the kingdom of heaven's sake, saddled their horses, called, one by one, at Dr. Morgan's to say a brotherly "God bless you!" to the sick Kike, and rode away, each in his own direction, and all with a self-immolation to the cause rarely seen since the Middle Age.

They rode away, all but Kike, languishing yet with fever, and Morton, watching by his side.

#### THE PRETTY DRINKING CUP.

MILLIE has a dainty silver cup which auntie gave her. She is very proud of it, and one day when Cousin Belle was visiting her, she said:

"No one has such a pretty cup as this!"

"I saw a bird drinking from a prettier one than that one day," said papa.

"Birds don't drink from cups, do they?" asked Belle.

"Yes, sometimes. This was a leaf-cup, the cup of the pitcher plant, and it has a lid, and holds water as well as your cup."

"And do the birds really drink out of it?"

"Yes; the rain and dew gather in the cup, and by and by a thirsty bird comes along. 'Now I will have a drink,' says birdie, and he sips from the leaf-cup, and lifts up his head as it to thank God for the drink. No wonder; the heavenly Father loves and cares for the birds, as well as for the children."

#### GOD IS LOVE.

We cannot see God, though he is all around us; and we cannot hear his voice as we hear the voice of father or mother. How, then, are we to know what he wants us to do? If you were walking in a dark path, how glad you would be to have some one hang up a light for you! This is what God has done in giving us the Bible. It is a "lamp to our feet" and a "light to our path."

FIRST TIME AT CHURCH.

GRAVE, sweet wonder in thy  
And look of mingled dignity and grace,  
Such as a painter-hand might love to trace.

A pair of trusting, innocent blue eyes,  
That higher than the stained-glass window  
rise,  
Into the fair and cloudless summer skies.

The people round her sing, "Above the sky  
There's rest for little children when they die—  
To her—thus gazing up—that rest seems  
nigh.

The organ peels; she must not look around,  
Although with wonderment her pulses  
bound—  
The place whereon she stands is holy ground.

The sermon over, and the blessing said,  
She bows—as "mother" does—her golden  
head,  
And thanks of little sister who is dead.

She knows that now she dwells above the sky,  
Where holy children enter when they die,  
And prays God take her there too, by and by.

Yet may he keep you in the faith always,  
And bring you to that home for which you  
pray,  
Where all shall have their child-hearts back  
one day.

—Chambers's Journal.

OPENING OF THE COLONIAL EXHIBITION, LONDON.

THE chief feature of the opening ceremonies was the singing of the new British ode composed by Tennyson for the occasion. The poem was in four parts, one of welcome to the exhibitors; one of prayer for the inheritance by the Colonies of England's attributes; the third describing the loss of America, and the lesson of it; and the fourth containing an appeal for the unity of the Empire. The ode is considered remarkable in many respects as a national hymn, and for the vigour of its lines. The choir accompanied by the orchestra and organ rendered the ode with perfect expression, and the effect was tremendous. All the parts were sung in English but the second. This had been translated into Sanscrit by Prof. Max Muller as a mark of courtesy to the large number of Orientals attending the Exhibition. The Queen was much affected by the singing of the ode. She smiled and nodded approval over each patriotic sentiment rendered, and was fairly radiant with pleasure when the vast audience caught up the poet's spirit and vented their joy in deafening thunders of applause. The text of the ode is as follows:—

Welcome, welcome! with one voice  
In your welfare we rejoice,  
Sons and brothers, that have sent  
From Isle, and Cape, and Continent,  
Produce of your field and flood,  
Mount and lime and primal wood.  
Works of subtle brain and hand,  
And splendours of the morning land;  
Guts from every British zone,  
Britons hold your own!

May we find, as ages run,  
The mother featured in the son;  
And may yours forever be  
That old strength and constancy,  
Which has made you fathers great  
In our ancient Island State:  
And where'er her flag may fly  
Glorying between sea and sky,  
Make the might of Britain known,  
Britons, hold your own!

Britain fought her sons of yore;  
Unto a failed, and never more;  
Careless of our growing kin,  
Shall we sin our fathers' sin?  
Men that in a narrower day—  
Unprophectic rulers they—  
Drove from out the mother's nest

That young eagle of the west,  
To forage for herself alone,  
Britons hold your own!

Share of our glorious past,  
Brothers, must we part at last!  
Shall not we, through good and ill,  
Cleave to one another still?  
Britain's myriad voices call;  
Sons, be wedded, each and all,  
Into one Imperial whole  
One with Britain, heart and soul,  
One life, one flag, one fleet, one throne,  
Britons, hold your own!  
And God guard all.

THE QUEEN'S DEPARTURE.

At the conclusion of the ode the Queen pronounced the Exhibition opened and passed out, the choir singing "Rule Britannia." Her Majesty received another ovation during her departure and plainly indicated how greatly pleased she was with the enthusiasm which her presence evoked everywhere. The Queen's declaration that the Exhibition was opened was signalled to the public by a great flourish of trumpets in Hyde Park, followed by the firing of a Royal salute. Mr. Gladstone was not present at the opening of the Exhibition.

A TRAGEDY.

BY DR. R. W. MORRIS.

IN a narrow passage, one summer day, a terrific conflict took place between a big black beetle and a small spider. It was a tragedy, for the big beetle was slain, and its living blood sucked by the little spider.

The weapons used by the beetle were two pairs of pinchers, while the cunning, bloodthirsty spider used only the sticky threads of its web, in which the beetle became entangled. The power, size, and strength of the beetle as compared with the spider were as that of the great nine-foot giant, Goliath of Gath, and the ruddy youth David.

In trying to break one thread the beetle became entangled by many, until, finding itself hopelessly bound, it seized hold of the ground with the vice-like grip of coming death.

But the little spider, undismayed by its obstinate resistance, simply ran about six inches above its prey, to a heavy cross line, to which it attached and spun web after web, each of which it glued to the body of its antagonist, until their united strength overcame the beetle's hold of the ground and raised it about an inch from the earth, where it was soon bound with cords too strong to break. When perfectly helpless, the spider fixed upon it, lanced its body, and began sucking its blood and life at leisure.

So ended the life of the big black beetle.

Now it followed that after the beetle's veins and heart were drained of living blood, its hitherto attractive body became an unsightly encumbrance to the web and home of its destroyer, who, cutting the threads that bound and held it, cast out its worthless body upon the ground.

Boys and girls, there are living human spiders, who are daily weaving webs in which to catch your precious budding lives.

They say, "Will you walk into my parlour of infamy, or den of death?" (which they make as brilliant, sparkling, and beautiful as the glistening, dew-covered web of the spider, when seen by the rays of the early morning sun.) "Step in and taste the secret

pleasures found therein." Beware of them, for like the bloodthirsty spider, after they have sucked the blood of your respectability and good name, and robbed you of all your money, leaving you the possessor only of a "bear-eyed, inflated, worthless body, they will cast you out in the cold of a winter's night to perish.

Like the beetle you are only desirable to them while you have health, life, and money.

Flee these human spiders, for they only invite you to certain death and ruin.

TAKE OFF YOUR HAT TO A SAVAGE DOG

THE Hon. Phil. Hoynes of Chicago, is responsible for the following:

"I was going along the other evening, when a savage dog flew at me, evidently ready to rend me in pieces. Now, what d'ye suppose I did?"

"Whipped out your pistol, I presume, and let fly at him."

"Not a bit of it. I simply lifted my hat. Don't laugh. The dog stopped, looked at me, growled, and finally crouched back to the doorstep and began wagging his tail. I have done the same thing over and over again with the same result."

"How do you account for the result?"

"This is how I figure it out," said Mr. Hoynes. "Dogs, in my opinion, think—in a crude way. They see a man, such as I, walking along, say with a plug hat on his head, and say forth. To him I present a complete picture, just as a dog with flapping ears, swishing tail, and four legs presents one equally complete. Now, mark! The four-footed creature cannot, so to speak, disintegrate. No dog ever saw another dog take off his tail, or lay down his ears, or throw away one of his hind legs. This human apparition suddenly begins to take himself to pieces. He lifts off his hat. The dog doesn't know what is coming next, perhaps. He begins to think. He is overawed. He meets with a power which is beyond his comprehension, and he succumbs. Mind you, this is only my theory; but I have tried it on several times, and I always found it to succeed."

TEA.

TEA culture is one of the most important industries, and the trade in tea one of the leading features in the commerce of the world. Chinese writers claim that the tea plant is a native of China, having been first discovered in the eighth century. The Japanese claim that it was introduced into Japan in the ninth century, by the Chinese. It has been introduced into various countries since; and though a sub-tropical plant, can accommodate itself to cold winters. But Chinese tea is superior, in flavor, to that produced in any other country.

It is an interesting fact that the different varieties of green and black teas may be prepared from the same kind of leaves, gathered at the same time, and under similar circumstances—the differences in quality, color, odor, and taste—being the result of different treatment of the leaves after they are gathered. The drying process, being either slow, or rapid, and producing different chemical action upon the leaves, causes the various shades of color and flavour.

Tea is used chiefly as a beverage; and

is more universally liked than any other. It is refreshing to the old, and (even a valuable remedy in certain forms of disease. But excessive use of it is ruinous to health of body and mind.

Tea was a great luxury in Europe in the seventeenth century—some of it that was used in England, on rare occasions, costing from thirty to fifty dollars a pound.

A NEW DAY IS DAWNING

Oh, touch not the wine-cup! 'tis filled  
with deep sorrow;  
It brings nought but trouble and care;  
Your mirth of to-day will prove sadness to-morrow.

Unless you escape from its snare,  
The brightest and fairest around us are falling.

Drawn down to a premature tomb,  
And loved ones, in anguish, for succor are calling,  
From households enshrouded in gloom.

Cheer up, weeping mourners, a new day is dawning.

Full freighted with blessings it comes;  
Though dark be your night, there'll be light in the morning.

To brighten your desolate homes,  
For while noble men to your rescue are moving,

Dear woman has entered the strife;  
Those hands that are strong, and these hearts that are loving,

Will conquer the foe of your life.

All hail, valiant heroes! may true love forever

The erring to purity lure,  
Fidelity prosper on his earnest endeavour,  
Humanity's frailties to cure!  
And when, all your efforts for good being ended,

Your spirits from earth shall remove,  
May yours be the home where so sweetly are blended,  
Fidelity, purity, love.

—Kloster House.

WHAT SHALL TOM READ!

You will find it a very hard task to keep the sight and sound of bad reading away from Tom. It is everywhere. If he does not see it at home, some of his schoolmates will have their pockets filled with it. Broad-sides, containing wonderful pictures and the opening chapters of such tales, are weekly distributed by enterprising newsdealers.

And I think these stories are far worse than they used to be; for even pirate stories had in them the smack of the blue ocean, and the fascination of white sails and tropical islands, and all the thousand and one charms that visions of the sea summon up before the eyes of an imaginative boy; and Indian tales bore the flavour of the pirates and buffalo hunts, and of a wild, free open-air life. But these stories which are thrust into Tom's hands and under his eyes at every corner are mainly defective stories, and the reader is led through the lowest slums of New York and London; crimes of the bloodiest and vilest nature are depicted, and the language is the worst of thieves' slang.

The Indian fighter and the pirate were pictured as brave, and even chivalrous. But these villains are only cruel and murderous, from the beginning to the end of the story, and the best way to keep Tom away from them is to fill his reading hours so full of something else that he will have no time for them until his taste is so far formed that they will have no fascination for him; and the remedy lies almost entirely in the hands of the mothers—*Good Housekeeping*.



OUR NATIVE LAND.

What land more beautiful than ours  
What other land more blest  
The South with all its wealth of flowers  
The prairies of the West!

Oh no! there's not a fairer land  
Beneath heaven's azure dome—  
Where peace holds plenty by the hand,  
And freedom finds a home.

The slave who but her name hath heard,  
Repeats it day and night—  
And enters every little  
That takes its northward flight!

As to the polar stars they turn  
Who brave a pathless sea—  
So the oppressed in secret years,  
Dear native land for thee!

How many loving memories throng  
Round Britain's stormy coast;  
Renowned in story and in song,  
Her glory is our boast!

With loyal hearts we still abide  
Beneath her sheltering wing—  
While with true patriot love and pride  
To Canada we cling!

We wear no haughty tyrant's chain,  
We bend no squire's knee,  
When to the mistress of the main  
We pledge our fealty!

She binds us with the cords of love—  
All others we disown;  
The rights we owe to God above,  
We yield to him alone.

May be our future course direct  
By his unerring hand;  
Our laws and liberties protect  
And bless our native land!

THE BAKED BIBLE.

Did you ever hear of the "baked Bible?" There is a German woman living in Ohio who owns a Bible having a remarkable history. It belonged to her grandmother, who lived in Bohemia at a time when there was a great persecution by the Catholics. This woman was a faithful Protestant and dearly loved her Bible; a law had been passed that all the copies of the Scriptures found in the hands of the people should be burned. The day when the priests came to search this woman's house she was just preparing bread to bake. She took her precious Bible, wrapped it up carefully, put it in the centre of a great batch of dough, and placed the whole in the oven. Of course the priests never dreamed of searching in loaves of bread, so the book was saved. It came out of its hiding-place uninjured, and now is more than one hundred and fifty years old.

FREE ACCESS TO WINDSOR.

I HAPPENED to visit Windsor the other day when the Queen was holding an "investiture." Several matters struck me with surprise. For one thing, the remarkable freedom accorded to the public entry to the Castle and its appurtenances. All the open spaces within the precincts, except the quadrangle itself and the private garden, seem to be free to everybody. The Windsor children use as a playground the grassy slope in front of St. George's Chapel and the region about the Windsor end of the Long Walk. There is not a gentleman's seat in the kingdom where very much greater exclusion is not maintained. There are plenty of sentries, but they do not interest themselves in the people who lounge about their beats. Here and there, at long intervals, is a benevolent looking policeman in uniform, whose leading functions seem to be to gossip with him. With some practice in that

sort of introspection, I could not spot a single detective in plain clothes. That the Queen in residence is proclaimed by what I suppose we should call a white flag flying from the top of the Round Tower. But such a flag! No meaner piece of bunting can well be conceived than "the banner of Britain" which, it seems is thought good enough to mark the personal presence of the sovereign. It is not much larger than a good-sized bandana. Too most economical Lord Lieutenant in the kingdom would be ashamed to display so paltry and shabby a rag.

MAKING PAPER FROM WOOD.

A GREAT deal of printing and wrapping paper—formerly made of rags and straw—is now made from wood. Mills where paper is manufactured by this process have a machine resembling in appearance a large cheese box, about six feet in diameter, standing on its edge. In this cheese-box there revolves, at an enormous speed, a strong iron wheel, armed with a great number of sharp steel knives, which cut up the wood into shavings similar to those made by a draw-knife. An eye-witness of its operation says: "While we were looking at this machine an attendant picked up a heavy stick of cord-wood, which he placed in an inclined trough by the side of the machine, and shoved it into the same. In a twinkling the log had disappeared, and a second was sent after it, quickly followed by a third. Although it may seem incredible, that machine reduced those heavy four foot sticks to shavings at the rate of three a minute." The subsequent processes are too intricate to be explained here, but from this cord-wood pulp rolls of paper four miles long are regularly made, and rolls nine miles long have been made. Just think of a car-load of cord-wood going into the machinery at one end of the mill and coming out at the other in a beautiful roll of white paper nine miles long! If that doesn't wake you up and set you to thinking, you had better get somebody to shake you.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

A. D. 29.] LESSON XII. [June 20  
JESUS AND ABRAHAM.

John 8. 31-38, & 44-59. Commit to mem.  
verses 32-36.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day; and he saw it, and was glad. John 8. 56.

OUTLINE.

1. Bond and free, v. 31-36.
2. True and False, v. 37-50.
3. Living and Dead, v. 51-57.

TIME, PLACE.—Same as in last lesson.  
EXPLANATIONS.—Continue in my word—  
Steadfastly obey my commandments. Abraham's seed—Abraham's descendants. Ye shall be made free—Jesus did not mean free from subjection to Roman power, but free from bondage to sin. My word hath no place in you—You do not receive what I teach. Ye are of your father the devil—You are showing an evil disposition and spirit, such as the devil would show. Thou art a Samaritan—An epithet of contempt. Never taste of death—Never die; that is, he shall have eternal life. Rejoiced to see my day—Earnestly desired that he might see. Before Abraham was, I am—This was a direct assertion that he was the eternal God.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where are we taught in this lesson—  
1. That actions determine character!  
2. That sin keeps men under bondage!  
3. That freedom from this bondage is the gift of Jesus Christ!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Jesus say to the Jews who believed on him? "The truth shall make you free." 2. From what does the Gospel make men free? From the slavery of sin.
3. Who did Jesus say alone can give this freedom? The Son of God.
4. What did the Jews who heard Jesus say to him? "Art thou greater than our father Abraham?"
5. What did Jesus say of Abraham in the GOLDEN TEXT? "Your father," etc.
6. What did Jesus say of himself? "Before Abraham was, I am."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Eternal life.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

29. Are there more gods than one? There is one God only, the living and true God. Hear, O Israel. The Lord our God is one Lord.—Deuteronomy vi 4. I am God, and there is none else.—Isaiah xiv. 22.

SECOND QUARTERLY REVIEW.

June 27.

REVIEW SCHEME.

Lesson I. *The Word Made Flesh.* John 1. 1-18.—By whom were all things created? Who is co-eternal with God? What title is given him in this lesson? Of whom is he the Light? How was the Word revealed to men? (GOLDEN TEXT.) By whom was he rejected?

Lesson II. *The First Disciples.* John 1. 35-51.—To whom did Jesus come for baptism? Who were with John? What title did he give to Jesus? What did his disciples do? (GOLDEN TEXT.) What news did Andrew bring his brother?

Lesson III. *The First Miracle.* John 2. 1-11.—What feast did Jesus attend in Cana? What was wanting at the feast? Who called the attention of Jesus to this want? How did Jesus help them? What opinion was given concerning the water that was changed? (Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.)

Lesson IV. *Jesus and Nicodemus.* John 3. 1-18.—What late visitor had Jesus? What did he confess Jesus to be? What did Nicodemus learn? (GOLDEN TEXT.) What gift had God given the world? How many men receive that gift?

Lesson V. *Jesus at the Well.* John 4. 5-26.—To whom did Jesus preach at the well-side? What did Jesus ask of the woman? What did he offer her? What did she confess Jesus to be? What did Jesus say to her about true worship? (GOLDEN TEXT.)

Lesson VI. *Sowing and Reaping.* John 4. 27-42.—What invitation did the Samaritan woman give her neighbours? Why did they believe on Jesus? (Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.)

Lesson VII. *The Nobleman's Son.* John 4. 43-54.—Where did Jesus go from Samaria? On what errand did a visitor seek him at Cana? What assurance did Jesus give him? (GOLDEN TEXT.) How did he receive the assurance? What did he find on returning home?

Lesson VIII. *Jesus at Bethesda.* John 5. 5-18.—Where did Jesus find a disabled man lying? How long had he been a beggar? Why was he not cured? What question was asked him? (GOLDEN TEXT.) What command was given? What followed? Why did the Jews condemn Jesus for this act?

Lesson IX. *Jesus Feeding Five Thousand.* John 6. 1-21.—Who followed Jesus beyond the sea of Tiberias? Why did Jesus pity them? How did he supply their wants? Who can supply all our spiritual need? (GOLDEN TEXT.)

Lesson X. *Jesus the Bread of Life.* John 6. 22-50.—To what place did two people come seeking Jesus? What reason did he give for their seeking him? What did Jesus declare himself to be? What did his hearers ask of Jesus? (GOLDEN TEXT.) What will faith in Jesus secure to all men?

Lesson XI. *Jesus the Christ.* John 7. 37-52.—What was the proclamation of Jesus on the last day of the feast? What title did some give Jesus? What was Peter's testimony? (GOLDEN TEXT.) Why did some hesitate to believe?

Lesson XII. *Jesus and Abraham.* John 8. 31-38; 44-59.—What test of discipleship did Jesus give? Whose children did the Jews claim to be? Why were they not truly his children? (Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.) How did the Jews treat Jesus? How did he escape them?

TEMPERANCE BOOKS FOR THE TIMES.

Little Teachers. By Nellie Parker .....	15c. & \$0 25
Liquor Traffic .....	0 06
Manchester House. A Tale of Two Apprentices .....	0 50
Mind whom you Marry; or, The Gardener's Daughter.....	0 35
More Excellent Way. By M. E. Winslow.....	0 75
More About our Coffee Room. By Lady Hope of Carriden.....	1 00
Motherless Alice.....	0 15
Murray Ballantyne, the Heir of Tillingtonford .....	0 15
My Little Corner.....	0 45
My Nelly's Story.....	0 15
My Parish. By Miss M. A. Paul....	0 70
Never Give Up. A Christmas Story.	0 20
Night Side of New York Life. By Rev T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D....	0 35
No Gains Without Pains.....	0 25
Nothing Like Example. By Nelsie Brook.....	0 30
Old Sailor's Yarn, An.....	0 50
Orations by J. B. Gough.....	0 90
Our Coffee Room. By Lady Hope of Carriden.....	1 00
Pledged Eleven. By Maggie Fearn..	0 90
Plucked from the Burning. By Laura L. Pratt.....	0 50
Physiological Effects of Alcohol. By Dr. Withrow.....	0 05
Prohibition the Duty of the Hour. By Dr. Withrow.....	0 05
Rag and Tag. A Plea for the Waifs of Old England.....	0 50
Red Flag; or, Danger on the Line..	0 15
Rob Rit. A Story of Barge Life....	0 15
Saved in a Wreck. By J. E. Chadwick .....	0 15
Sire and Son: A Startling Contrast. By Rev. Amos White.....	1 20
Sisters of Glencoe. By Eva Winn..	1 50
Step by Step. A New Story. By M. A. Paul.....	1 25
Stony Road, The. A Tale of Humble Life.....	0 50
Stories for Willing Ears.....	0 50
Sunshine Jenny. By Mrs. G. S. Reaney .....	0 45
Sunbeam Willie. By Mrs. G. S. Reaney .....	0 14
Temperance Landmarks. By Rev. Robert Maguire, D.D.....	0 35
Temperance Lesson Book. By Dr. B. W. Richardson, F.B.S.....	0 50
Temperance Primer. By J. J. Ridge, M.D .....	0 35
Temperance Reading Book. By John Ingham .....	0 25
Temperance Landmarks. By the Rev. Robert Maguire, D.D.....	0 45
Temperance Reform of the Nineteenth Century, History of the Great. By the Rev. James Shaw. 505 pp. Illustrated.....	2 50
Temperance Reformation and the Christian Church. Cloth, 8vo..	2 25
Temperance and Bible Commentary. By the Rev. F. Lees, Ph.D. and Dawson Burns, M.A. Cloth....	2 00
Temperance Reciter, The Canadian. Edited by the Rev. A. Sutherland.....	0 30
Temperance Anecdotes Illustrated; or, Facts and Figures for the Platform and the People. Cloth.....	0 50
Temperance Manual. By the Rev. Justin Edwards, D.D. Cloth..	0 30
Temperance Stories and Sketches. Illustrated with Pen and Pencil. For Young Abstainers. By E. Carswell. Paper.....	0 25
Temperance Behind. By John Saunders.	1 25
Ten Lectures on Temperance. By B. W. Richardson, M.A., M.D. Cloth .....	1 00

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

78 & 80 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

G. W. COATES, Montreal. | S. F. HUESTIS, Halifax.