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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. V.

TORONTO, JUNE 13, 1885.

No. 12.

## DID THE KNIGHTS ALL DIE OF YORE?

I WAS sitting in my study,  
And the night was growing cold;  
I was reading from a story  
Of the noble knights of old.

How they fought for fame and glory,  
And befriended weak and old,  
While the wind blew loud and stormy,  
And the snow fell still and cold.

By the fire sat little Nora,  
List'ning to the tale unfold;  
Blue her eyes were, large and dreamy,  
And her hair like waves of gold.

Then we heard a feeble knocking,  
And the door I opened wide,  
"Can I come in," said a beggar,  
"From the cold by your fireside?"

And I answered him quite gruffly;  
"Go away!" and closed the door;  
But my little Nora whispered,  
"Did the knights all die of yore?"

Back I called the poor old beggar;  
Said, "Your pardon I implore;  
You are welcome to my fireside,  
Though I'm not a knight of yore."

## RUSSIAN TARTARY.

FOR centuries the Russians have been steadily and stealthily pushing their domain into Central Asia. They are now almost at the frontier of British India, and it seems as though a struggle of the Titans must settle the question which shall be supreme in that vast continent. Our engraving illustrates the mode of life of one of the many Asiatic tribes subject to Russia. The Calmucks are the most numerous and celebrated of the Mongol nation. They are found in Central Asia, a portion of them being in Southern Siberia under the rule of Russia, and others are in Chinese Tartary, under the rule of the Emperor of China. They are small in size. The men have beardless faces, thick, colourless lips, and long, coarse, black hair. Their food is for the most part a species of oat meal, with pieces of cooked horse flesh. Some of them are Mohammedans, but most of them are Buddhists. The picture shows one of their queer, dome-shaped, and rather luxurious tents. The seated figure is grinding meal with the odd-shaped pair of mill-stones. The mistress is reclining on a rug—one servant plays on an instrument like a two-stringed guitar, and another brings refreshment, perhaps koumiss or fermented mairis mild, of which they are very fond.

A LITTLE girl suffering with the mumps declared she "felt as though a headache had slipped down into her neck."

## THE WORK OF A SONG.

I REMEMBER going to the Great Exhibition in London in 1862, and in the Roman room there was one particular piece of sculpture which I liked

The story was that a number of red men had made a raid into the United States, and had burned a village and tomahawked many a poor creature, and slain and quartered many more. And then they stole a little white

a report reaches her, "There is a white maiden among the red people yonder, nearly a thousand miles away." There was no rail, no road; but off set the mother, and she went over prairie and marsh, and moor and river, and at last, after many a toilsome day, she arrived where the white maiden was.

She thought, "Oh, that is my child!" The face was much altered; it had become Indianized. There was the mark that the child had come from the white race; but it was Indianized. Its language was Indian now, and the maiden had quite forgotten her mother. All her love now was given to the red squaw of the woods that had brought her up. When the mother tried to go near her, the young woman repulsed her; and the poor heart-broken mother knew not what to do.

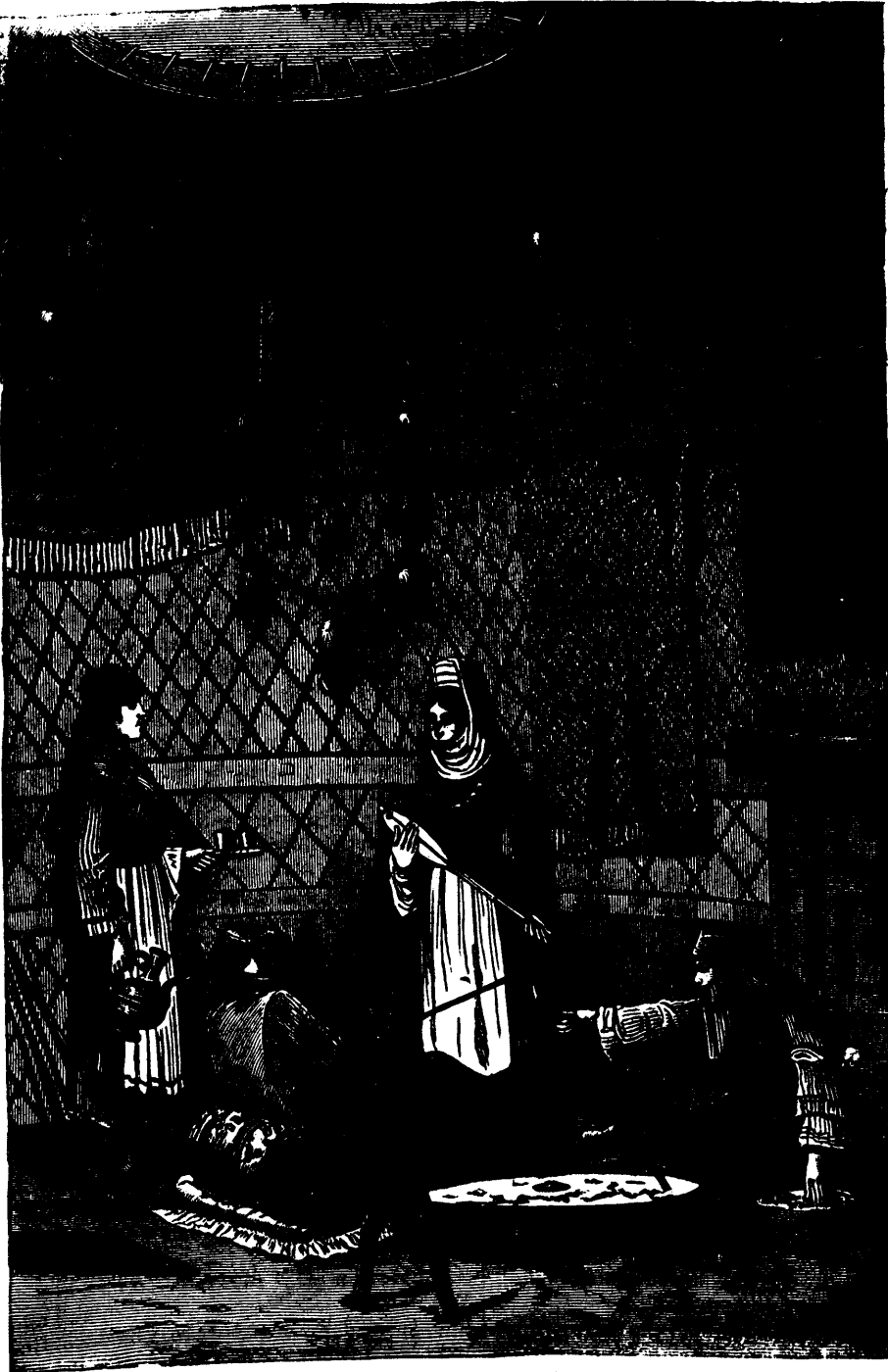
At last, a good thought struck her. She sat down and began to sing a sweet lullaby song that she had always sung her little one to sleep with. At first she listened listlessly; but in a little while (you know how an old tune will fetch up an old thought) the maiden began to listen, and she stood as if all her soul had got into her ears. It was in that attitude that the sculptor carved her—listening; and the story went on to say that, after a little listening, it seemed as if the lullaby had unlocked the cells of old memory, and in a little while that poor maiden was in her mother's embrace.

Ah, friends, let the melodious song of Christ's love and atonement for your sins speak to your hearts, awakening in them the long-forgotten melodies of God's love! Let your Saviour woo and win you back, that there may be joy in your father's house.—Rev. S. Coley.

## JENNY LIND.

ONCE upon a time a little orphan girl lived with an ill-tempered old woman named Sarah, in an almshouse in Stockholm. Johanne, as the lassie was named, used to make hair plaits, and whenever Sarah took them to market to sell them, she would lock the door, and keep poor Johanne a prisoner till she came back. But Johanne was a good little girl, and tried to forget her troubles by working as hard as she could.

However, one fine day, she could not help crying as she thought of her loneliness, but noticing the cat as neglected as herself, she dried up her tears, took it up in her lap, and petted it till it fell asleep.



INTERIOR OF CALMUCK HOUSE IN RUSSIAN TARTARY.

to see; but it was not easy to get near it, as there were so many that wanted to see it. It was really an American work, that is, it was done by American fingers, though it was in the Roman room, because it was carved in Rome. It was called, "List! oh, list!"

maid. I need not tell you how the poor mother's heart was broken when she had lost her child; and there was no day, and no month, and no year, but she was pursuing the question, "Where can I find my lost child?" At last, after many years had passed,

Then she opened the window to let in the summer breeze, and began to sing with lighter heart, as she worked at her plait. And as she sang, her beautiful voice attracted a lady, who stopped her carriage that she might listen.

The neighbours told her about Johanne, and the lady placed her in school. Then she was entered as a pupil elsewhere, and in course of time, under the name of Jenny Lind, the "Swedish Nightingale," became the most famous singer of her day.

#### THE "BEST HAND ON THE FARM."

**U**P with the birds in the early morning—  
The dew drop glows like a precious gem;

Beautiful tints in the skies are dawning,  
But she's never a moment to look at them.  
The men are wanting their breakfast early;  
She must not linger, she must not wait;  
For words that are sharp and looks that are surly  
And what the men give when the meals are late.

Oh, glorious colours the clouds are turning,  
If she would but look over hills and trees;  
But here are the dishes, and here is the churning—

Those things always must yield to these.  
The world is filled with the wine of beauty,  
If she could but pause and drink it in;  
But pleasure, she says, must wait for duty—  
Neglected work is committed sin.

The day grows hot, and her hands grow weary,

Oh, for an hour to cool her head,  
Out with the birds and winds so cheery!  
But she must get dinner and make her bread;

The busy men in the hay field working,  
If they saw her sitting with idle hand,  
Would call her lazy, and call it shirking,  
And she never could make them understand.

But after the strife and weary tussle  
With life is done, and she lies at rest,  
The nation's brain and heart and muscle—  
Her sons and daughters—shall call her blest,  
And I think the sweetest joy of heaven,  
The rarest bliss of eternal life,  
And the fairest crown of all will be given  
Unto the wayworn farmer's wife.

#### JACOB'S DISASTER—A TRUE INCIDENT.

BY L. L. ROBINSON.

In a small log-house, just on the edge of a very fertile-looking field, lived Widow Murray and her only son Jacob, and very happy were the mother and boy, united by the fond dependence that ever grows stronger between those struggling together through life's trials, each striving to make the burden lighter for the other.

But for six long weeks now, the widow had been alone, save the company of a little neighbour at night; for Jacob had heard of work to be found with one of the farmers of the adjoining county, and had gladly taken advantage of the opportunity thus to make a little money during the leisure season, before it would be time to begin work in their own small plot of ground.

Very trying to both had these weeks of separation been, as wearisome, perhaps, to one as the other; but how fully recompensed seemed the mother's loneliness and Jacob's homesickness as the day drew near that was to bring him back. And now, here he was, right at the door, ruddy and warm from his long walk over the hills, and his heart all aglow with happiness as his mother came to welcome him, her eyes bright with eager gladness.

"And tell me, now, all about yourself and your work!" she cried impatiently as they sat down before the great log fire.

"Well, as for myself," said Jake, with a merry laugh, "my tongue can tell all that's worth hearing; but for my work—this will speak best for that, and with fingers clumsy through eager haste, he fumbled in his pockets, till drawing forth his cotton handkerchief tied in a succession of difficult knots, he rapidly loosened them, one by one, and triumphantly extricated a carefully folded twenty-dollar green-back!

"What do you think of that for six weeks' work!" he cried exultantly.

The widow's eyes brightened as much through pride and pleasure in Jake's happiness, as at sight of such a rare sum of money.

"And it is really all yours!" she asked admiringly.

"No," laughed Jake, "for now it is half yours; but we will lay it by, if we can, till I have made my crop, and see if there will not be another to keep it company."

Ah, what a happy evening that was, but Jake had walked far, and as he was to begin ploughing their own field on the morrow, tired eyes and an easy conscience soon brought the hour for sleep, from which he did not waken till the sun was calling all busy people to begin anew their work.

"Jake," said his mother, anxiously, "I hope you have put the money in a safe place; hadn't you better—?"

"Oh, it is safe enough," interrupted Jake, quickly, "trust me for that, mother," and off he hurried to the field.

Had he waited a moment longer she would have urged that the money be given into her safe keeping, but she thought as her eyes followed him, he loves to look at it, and it will be a pleasure to him to hide it away in some safe place of his own; while as wise Jake went on his way he was saying to himself, "I would be foolish indeed to leave such a sum of money as that about the house and perhaps have her murdered some day by tramps when I am out in the field. No, I shall keep it in a safer place than she thinks."

Jake was a bright boy in many things. But, O dear, how much better are two heads than one in most matters!

All through the day a merry whistle rang over the field, gladdening the mother's heart whenever near, as Jake tramped up and down, back and forth, turning up the long furrows with his plough. The fresh-turned sod was damp and chill, but what cared he for that with his heavy boots that kept his feet warm and dry and left the print of their broad, thick soles along many a line that day. And thus, day after day, Jake followed his plough till at the close of a week the work was done, and with tired limbs but a happy heart he went to his little loft-room above his mother's.

"And now for a peep at my nest egg," he said to himself. "I have not looked at it for a whole week," and seated on the side of his bed Jake pulled off one heavy boot, and slipping his hand down inside his well-darned sock drew out—what?

A worn, flimsy, tattered scrap, that looked as though it might possibly once have been a bank-note, but Jake's eyes could not recognize it as such as

he gazed silently upon it. It was not merely soiled or crumpled—that he might have expected; but it was literally in shreds, and almost fell to pieces as, in a dazed way, he tried to smooth it out.

Then slowly, overwhelmingly, the truth dawned upon him. For a whole week that paper note had been at the bottom of his boot, and as he gazed upon the result, his heart seemed to go right down to where the money had lain. How could he bear it! How could he tell his hard-working, patient mother, that the money, on which they had counted so much, was gone—utterly used up, and all for nothing! Oh how poor Jake blamed his own foolish head and his confidence in his own foolish judgment!

But the pain and dismayed astonishment was unbearable; he could not longer endure it alone, and slowly descending the loft stairway in his stocking feet, looked in upon his mother, who with the folded hands of Saturday night, sat gazing meditatively into the fire.

The sight of her tired face was too much for Jake, and it was a kind of gulping sob that first attracted her attention, and with a little cry of alarm she turned quickly, exclaiming:

"What is it, Jake—are you sick, boy—what is it?"

"Oh, mother, mother!" cried Jake, "the money is gone—it is all used up and wore out!"

And opening his hand, he showed the poor dilapidated note, whilst the widow's eyes slowly widened in sorrowful, blank dismay. The story was soon told, but what could she say to comfort him? Poor woman, both she and Jake were well acquainted with ways of doing without money, but knew little of means for restoring it, and it was truly two sad hearts that sat by the fire that night.

"Well, I 'spose it is used up and gone, Jake," said the mother at last, "and I can see no way of bringin' it back; but we can at least try to bear it cheerfully, and to help us do that, 'spose we tell God about it; it always comforts me greatly just to tell him a trouble, and I always know, if there is any way to help it, he will be sure to know it and make it plain."

It is by no means certain that Jake was a particular pious boy; but his heart was so sore and troubled that evening that he made no objection, and joined very fervently in his mother's humble, trustful prayer.

But that night, as Jake lay on his bed, a sudden thought came to his mind, a kind of forlorn hope, but still it was something worth trying.

The postmaster of the nearest village was known throughout the community as a wonderfully "smart" man; the extent of his information and the amount of his knowledge relating to hundreds of things, was simply remarkable. What now if with his mucilage bottles, his sticking papers, etc., he could mend up this poor tattered note! With all his learning he was a genial, kind-hearted man, and Jake would at least go to him with his trouble, it could bring him nothing worse than, perhaps, a good-natured lecture on his foolish, thoughtless act.

He said nothing of his intention to his mother, but Jake was soon on his way to the post-office, knowing he would find the master alone there at that hour making up the evening mail.

With all his genuine sympathy the

good man could scarcely repress a smile when at the end of the story the poor boy drew out the hopeless looking wreck—the note which he had said was "right-sharply rumped."

"It does look like a pretty hard case, Jake," said the postmaster, with a twinkle in his eye, "and it will take a deal of time and mucilage to mend it, but leave it with me, and come back next Saturday evening, I will see what I can do with it."

It was at least a comfort to have even so slight a hope, thought Jake, but he would not tell his mother for fear of causing her only a second disappointment. No, he would keep it all to himself, but morning and evening found Jake telling some One else whom his mother trusted, and asking that the note, if possible, might be restored.

Saturday evening came, and it is needless to say that with it came Jake to the post-office, and with another twinkle in his eye the master looked up to meet him.

"Well, Jake," he said, "I have done the best I could for you, and here it is"—and before Jake's staring, incredulous eyes was laid down a twenty-dollar note, as crisp and bright as if just issued from the Treasury.

"But—how—how did you do it?" he gasped, still fearful it must be only a joke.

"Well, my boy," said the postmaster, kindly, "of course you did not know, but I could have told you, that Uncle Sam at Washington is always ready to make his own notes good, it matters not how worn and tattered they may be, and it has taken just a week to send the one you brought to him, and get this in return. It was a lucky thing that you thought of bringing it to me."

With a heart lighter, if possible, than on that evening two weeks before, Jake hastened home, and soon the widow's heart was again throbbing with glad astonishment.

"Oh, Jake," she cried, "did I not tell you that if there was a way out of the trouble, God would make it plain?"

But Jake had already been thinking of that, and what is more—he never forgot it.

#### TOM'S GOLD DUST.

"THAT boy knows how to take care of his gold-dust," said Tom's uncle, often to himself, and sometimes aloud.

Tom went to college, and every account they heard of him he was going ahead, laying a solid foundation for the future.

"Certainly," said his uncle, "that boy knows how to take care of his gold dust."

"Gold-dust!" Where did Tom get gold-dust? He was a poor boy. He had not been to California. He never was a miner. Where did he get gold-dust? Ah! he has seconds and minutes, and these are the gold-dust of time—specks and particles of time, which boys and girls and grown-up people are apt to waste and throw away. Tom knew their value. His father, our minister, had taught him that every speck and particle of time was worth its weight in gold, and his son took care of them as though they were. Take care of your gold dust, and lay up something for old age—for time as well as eternity.—*Exchange.*

THE SCOTT ACT PASSED.

BY G. C.

"WHERE are you, dear wife!" cried the good Farmer Brown, "Lay your work, for a minute, aside and come down, Do I look any younger? I feel like a lad; And I've something to tell you, will make your heart glad. The cause we so loved, is triumphant at last; Thank God for our victory; the Scott Act has passed.

"Whou our teams to the town have gone loaded with grain, How often awake half the night have we lain: With the lantern left down in the kitchen to burn, Awaiting our boys' long-expected return, Delayed as they were we both well understood, By the licensed temptations to drink on the road; When liquor had drawn all sense from their heads, Also their teams had been stabled; and they in their beds. Our prayers, my dear Mary, that this might not last, Are answered to-day for the Scott Act has passed.

"I know what you're thinking of now, that sad night, When the frozen earth gleamed in a mantle of white, When stern winter reigned monarch, supreme and severe, And we waited in vain till the morning drew near. O! how anxious we grew as the hours fled by, Till we heard a faint tinkle of bells drawing nigh, I opened the door; there were horses and sleigh, But stark frozen and dead in the latter there lay Both our loved ones, for whom we had waited so long, Who but lately had left us so joyous and strong. Oh! I never could tell how we passed through that day I can only remember when friends went away At evening, how lonely and heart-sick we felt.

As hand clasped in hand by our bed-side we knelt, To pray the great Father our grief to assuage, With his sore-needed grace, in our childless old age. And he who sends ever the mourner's relief, Gave us strength to sustain our great burden of grief. No voting can ever undo the sad past, But I thank God to-day that the Scott Act has passed.

"Great Father of mercy, thou knowest what I feel! On behalf of the homes of our land I appeal; May the hearts of the men who are making our laws, By thy wisdom inspired, be true to truth's cause; May they vote to outlaw the vile drug that destroys Our innocent girls, and our brave, noble boys, That robe home of all peace, and all comfort, and then Transforms into demons both women and men; Its fell tide of ruin o'er broken hearts roll, And peoples the nethermost hell with lost souls. May the license issued this year be the last, And the whole land rejoice that the Scott Act has passed."

CANADA AS A WINTER RESORT.

FROM an illustrated article by W. Geo. Beers, in the February Century, we quote the following: "How shall I hope to describe what has been done to make Canada as a winter resort better known to all the world? The first snow-fall is an intoxicant. Boys go snow-mad. Montreal has a temporary insanity. The houses are prepared for the visit of King North Wind, and Canadians are the only people in the world who know how to keep warm outdoors as well as indoors. The streets are gay with life and

laughter, and everybody seems determined to make the most of the great carnival. Business goes to the dogs. There is a mighty march of tourists and townspeople crunching over the crisp snow, and a constant jingle of sleigh-bells. If you go to any of the toboggan slides, you will witness a sight that thrills the onlooker as well as the tobogganist. The natural hills were formerly the only resort; but some one introduced the Russian idea of erecting a high wooden structure, up one side of which you drag your toboggan, and down the other side of which you fly like a rocket. These artificial slides are the most popular, as they are easier of ascent, and can be made so as to avoid *corks*, or bumps.

"Within the last few years a score of regular toboggan clubs have been organized. Everybody has gone crazy on the subject, and men, women and children revel in the dashing flight. The hills are lit by torches stuck in the snow on each side of the track, and huge bonfires are kept burning, around which gather picturesque groups. Perhaps of all sports of the carnival this is the most generally enjoyed by visitors. Some of the slides are very steep and look dangerous, and the sensation of rushing down the hill on the thin strip of basswood is one never to be forgotten.

"How did you like it?" asked a Canadian girl of an American visitor, whom she had steered down the steepest slide.

"Oh! I wouldn't have missed it for a hundred dollars."

"You'll try it again, won't you?"

"Not for a thousand dollars!"

LEISURE HOURS.

A BOY was employed in a lawyer's office and had the daily paper to amuse himself with. He commenced to study French, and at that desk became a fluent reader and writer of the French language. He accomplished this by laying aside the newspaper, and taking up something not so amusing, but far more profitable. A coachman was obliged to wait long hours while his mistress made calls. He determined to improve the time. He found a small volume containing the Eclogues of Virgil, he could not read it; so he purchased a Latin Grammar. Day by day he studied this and fully mastered all its intricacies. His mistress came behind him one day as he stood by the stairs waiting for her, and she asked him what he was so intently reading.

"Only a bit of Virgil, my lady."

"What! do you read Latin?"

"A little, my lady."

She mentioned this to her husband, who insisted that David should have a teacher to instruct him. In a few years David became a learned man, and was for many years a useful and beloved minister in Scotland.

A boy was told to open and shut the gates to let the teams out of an iron mine. He sat on a log all day by the side of the gate. Sometimes an hour would pass before the teams came, and this he employed so well that there was scarcely any fact in history that escaped his attention. He began with a little book on English history that he found on the road. Having learned that thoroughly, he borrowed from a minister Goldsmith's "History of Greece." This good man became greatly interested in him, and lent him

books, and was often seen setting by him on a log conversing with him about the people of ancient times.

Boys, use your leisure hours well.—*Selected.*

ORDER.

"WHERE'S my hat?"

"Who's seen my knife?"

"Who turned my coat wrong side out and slung it under the lounge?"

There you go, my boy! When you came to the house last evening, you flung your hat across the room, jumped out of your shoes and kicked them right and left, wriggled out of your coat and gave it a toss, and now you are annoyed because each article hasn't gathered itself into a chair to be ready for you when you dress in the morning.

Who cut those shoe-strings? You did it, to save one minute's time in untying them! Your knife is under the bed, where it rolled when you hopped, skipped, and jumped out of your trousers.

Your collar is down behind the bureau, one of your socks on the foot of the bed, and your vest may be in the kitchen wood-box for all you know.

Now, then, my way has always been the easiest way. I had rather fling my hat down than to hang it up; I'd rather kick my boots under the lounge than place 'em in the hall; I'd rather run the risk of spoiling a new coat than to change it.

I own right up to being reckless and slovenly, but, ah me! haven't I had to pay for it ten times over! Now, set your feet right down and determine to have order. It is a trait that can be acquired.

An orderly man can make two suits of clothes last longer and look better than a slovenly man can do with four. He can save an hour per day over the man who flings things helter-skelter. He stands twice the show to get a situation and keep it, and five times the show to conduct a business with profit.

An orderly man will be an accurate man. If he is a carpenter, every joint will fit. If he is a turner, his goods will look neat. If he is a merchant, his books will neither show blots nor errors. An orderly man is usually an economical man, and always a prudent one. If you should ask me how to become rich, I should answer, "Be orderly—be accurate."

A BRAVE LITTLE GIRL.

THE following incident, related of a little heathen Bengal girl, shows what children in those far-off countries sometimes suffer for the sake of their religion:

A little girl came to school a few days ago with a severe bruise on her forehead, and on being asked by Mrs. M. what had caused it, would give no answer, but looked ready to burst out crying. But another little child, a relative, was not so reticent, and said that her father, having observed that she had not done her "puja" for a great many days, asked her why she had so neglected her devotions, to which she replied: "Father, I have not neglected my devotions—I have prayed every day to Jesus; I do not pray to idols because I do not believe in them." This so enraged the father that he seized her by the back of the neck, took her before the idol, and,

having first bowed reverently before it himself, forcibly bent the child's head *several times*, striking it so violently on the ground that it bled profusely, the child bitterly crying the whole time. But she smiled happily enough when this was related in school, and said she did not much mind, adding: "I cannot believe that trees and wood and stone will save me."—*Heathen Woman's Friend.*

THIS SIDE AND THAT.

"THE rich man sat in his father's seat— Purple an' liuen an' a'thing fine! 'The puir man lay at his gate i' the street, Sairs an' tatters an' weary pine!

"To the rich man's table ilk dainty comes; Many a morsel gaed frae't or fell; The puir man fain wad hae dined on the crumbs, But whether he got them I canna tell.

"Servants prood, saft-fittit an' stoot, Stan' by the rich man's curtained doors; Maisterless dogs 'at rin about Cam to the puir man an' lickot his sores.

"The rich man deed, an' they buried him gran, In linen fine his body they wrap; But the angels took up the beggar man, An' laid him down in Abraham's lap.

"The guid upo' this side, the ill upo' that— Sic was the rich man's wesome fa'; But his brithers, they eat, an' they drink, an' they chat, An' care nay a strae for their father's ha'.

"The trowth's the trowth, think what yo will; Ah! some they kunna what they wad be at; But the beggar man thoct he did no that ill, Wi' the dogs o' this side, the angels o' that."

—George Macdonald.

THE ORIGIN OF THE POTATO.

THE potato, originally a South American plant, was introduced to Virginia by Sir John Harvey in 1622, though it was unknown in some countries of Europe a hundred and fifty years later. In Pennsylvania potatoes are mentioned soon after the advent of the Quakers. They were not among New York products in 1695, but in 1775 we are told of eleven thousand bushels grown on a sixteen-acre patch in this province. Potatoes were served, perhaps as an exotic rarity, at a Harvard installation dinner in 1707; but the plant was only brought into culture in New England at the arrival of the Presbyterian immigrants from Ireland in 1718. Five bushels were accounted a large crop of potatoes for a Connecticut farmer; for it was held that if a man eat them every day he could not live beyond seven years.

SYMPATHY WANTED.

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

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

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

## "HE KNOWETH ALL."

HE twilight falls, the night is near,  
I fold my work away,  
And kneel to One who bends to hear  
The story of the day.

The old, old story; yet I kneel  
To tell it at Thy call;  
And cares grow lighter as I feel  
That Jesus knows them all.

Yes, all; the morning and the night,  
The joy, the grief, the loss;  
The roughened path, the sunbeam bright,  
The hourly thorn and cross,

Thou knowest all—I lean my head,  
My weary eyelids close,  
Content and glad awhile to tread  
This path, since Jesus knows.

And he has loved me! all my heart  
With answering love is stirred,  
And every anguished pain and smart  
Finds healing in the Word.

So here I lay me down to rest,  
As mighty shadows fall,  
And lean confiding on his breast  
Who knows and pities all.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK:

Rev. W. M. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JUNE 13, 1885.

## BUT ONE SPRING-TIME.

HERE again is the beautiful spring-time—the season of ploughing and sowing, the time for the breaking forth of buds and flowers, the resurrection of the earth's annual glories. The bars of a thousand million tombs are broken, and from each bursts forth a living form. Presently all the earth, hill, mountain, valley, meadow, and cultivated field shall be robed in garments of green, and beautified with a myriad fragrant flowers. And so the spring-times come and go. Each year this miracle of glorious transformation is performed again. How wonderful the wisdom and the power and the goodness of God, by whose hand all these marvels are achieved.

But have you ever thought of it, dear young reader, that to our life there is but one spring-time? After it there come the summer, the autumn, and then the winter. How important it is that we make the best of this one spring-time of our life. It is the time of sowing, and we must sow only the best seed. The evil seed as well as the good is sure to bring its harvests. It is important that we make no mistakes. The husbandman, if he makes

a mistake one spring may correct it the next. But to our life there comes but the one spring, and the mistakes of our youth can never be all rectified. A pure, virtuous, true, and noble youth is likely to be followed by a noble manhood or womanhood, while an impure, wayward, or reckless youth can seldom be followed by any real nobility or worth in later life. The sowing and reaping are one in kind. He that soweth to the flesh—idleness, deceit, falsehood, any form of evil habits, vice, or sin—shall of the flesh reap corruption; he that soweth to the Spirit—purity, love, truth, obedience, every form of virtue and nobleness of life—shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting. —*Children's Friend.*

## THE MISSIONARY PRESENTS FOR 1885.

THE Rev. Dr. Sutherland, the energetic Missionary Secretary, has secured an admirable series of missionary presents for the juvenile collectors for the season of 1884-5. They are as follows:

- No 1.—For collectors of less than one dollar,—"The Story of Nan Inta." A charming little book about a Siamese boy.
- No 2.—For collectors of one dollar and upward,—"Missionary Readings Fourth Series." This contains a portrait and sketch of Rev. Dr. Rice, the Rev. J. Semmens, and other interesting articles.
- No 3.—For collectors of two and a-half dollars and upward,—"Missionary Scenes in Many Lands." By Edward Barrass, M.A. An admirably written and handsomely printed and illustrated book of missionary sketches.
- No 4.—For collectors of five dollars and upward,—"Through the Dark Continent." By H. M. Stanley. This is a book of 312 pages condensed by the present writer from the large work in two volumes costing \$5. It contains nearly the pictures of the large volume and no important information has been omitted.
- No 5.—For collectors of eight dollars and upward,—"Loiterings in Pleasant Paths." By Marion Harland. This is a beautiful book of travel by an accomplished writer. It describes a lady's journey through England, France, Italy, and Switzerland.
- No 6.—For collectors of twelve dollars and upward,—"Upper Egypt: People and Products." By Dr. Klunzinger. This is a large volume with numerous engravings describing one of the most interesting countries in the world, and one to which the attention of both hemispheres is now especially attracted.

The hope is expressed by the Secretary, in which we heartily join, "that the giving of these beautiful presents will not only encourage our young friends who have thus helped the Society during this year, but serve as a stimulus to still greater effort in the future."

THE Indians are greater adepts in the art of signalling than the whites. By day, they use smoke, generating it in a closed cavity and letting it shoot up in a column by a momentary opening. At night, they use fire in much the same way, hiding it behind a little fence, which they open and close in just as much time as is necessary for its observation by the next signaller, who is perhaps twenty or thirty miles away. The rapidity with which news can thus be flashed from point to point over immense distances is extraordinary.



BURNING PLACE, SMITHFIELD.

## ANOTHER BATTLE.

A DESPATCH from Saskatchewan Landing, via Swift Current, per courier, arrived from Battleford, brings news of a battle fought with the Indians at Poundmaker's reserve on Sunday, May 3rd. A flying column of 300 men under Col. Otter attacked the Indians, 600 strong, at five o'clock in the morning. The fight lasted till noon. Poundmaker's reserve lies on the Battle river, between it and Eye Hill Creek, near Manitou Lake. This chief had been joined by other bands under Red Pheasant, Moosomin, Strike-Him-on-the-Back, and others, and was no doubt acting in conjunction with Big Bear, Little Child, and other chiefs operating further west. Our loss was seven men killed, and twelve wounded. The enemy lost 100 killed and wounded. Col. Otter covered, including the engagement, seventy miles, fought the battle, and returned to Battleford, inside of thirty hours. The men behaved magnificently.

The result of the contest, morally and from a military standpoint, must be good. Edmonton has been relieved without a fight. The Body Guard is being entrenched at Humboldt. Another priest, stationed at Batoche, and who had refused to confess for insurrection, has been murdered. There is said to be some danger that a considerable body of Indians who have stolen large supplies of cattle and horses may move northwards in the direction of Peace River, where it would be difficult if not impossible to follow them through woods at so great a distance from the base of supplies.

## THE SCOTT ACT.

OXFORD.—Dear Sir,—Whiskey died hard in this county. The last few hours of the licensed liquor traffic were strikingly characteristic—the ruling passion strong in death. All over the county wherever there was a tavern there was last Thursday night an amount of drinking, cursing, and fighting that was simply terrible. It was pandemonium let loose. However, Friday, 1st of May, came, and with it the Scott Act. And now, speaking for Woodstock only, (as I have not heard from other places) I believe the law has been strictly observed. Saturday was our weekly market day, and there was a very large number of people here, but I have yet to hear of

the first man who showed any sign of having tasted liquor. I know some who that day went home sober the first time for six years. So far, all, including the great majority of those who opposed the passing of the Act, seem glad of the change. I trust this happy state of affairs may long continue. We shall see. Accommodation for man and beast the same as before, with, in some cases, a slight advance in price. A juvenile friend has just handed me the following lines:—

It is May, it is May,  
And all the earth is gay,  
For at last old whiskey is quite away.  
He lingered too long with his crime and woe,  
Till the Scott Act gave him his final blow;  
He felt it, and made no longer stay.  
And now it is May, it is May.  
—W. A. McKay, in *Canada Citizen*.

## BURNING PLACE, SMITHFIELD.

THIS picture commemorates a dark page in English history. Here during the reign of "Bloody Mary" the cruel scene represented in the out was often enacted. Men whose only fault was worshipping God according to the dictates of their conscience were dragged to the stake, surrounded with heaps of faggots and burned to death. And all the while a priest stood by to bless the act or preached to the people that a God of mercy was pleased with this sacrifice of blood. But amid the crackling of faggots and the roar of the flames the martyrs testified to the truth, and glorified God even in the fire. Again and again the old truth was demonstrated—"The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church," and by their dying testimony they made many converts to the faith of Jesus. Time has vindicated their memory. Their names are honoured as among the noblest in England's dead roll of immortal heroes, and the truths for which they died have become the palladium of the nation.

THE Rev. John MacDougall, with some of the loyal Stoney Indians, is rendering the Government good service in the North-West. Mr. MacDougall is thus treading in the steps of his excellent father. On the outbreak of rebellion a telegram was sent to him from the Methodist authorities at Toronto, asking him to go wherever he thought his services or influence would be of value in preventing further uprising among the Indians.



FORT GARRY.

HOME AND HEAVEN.

THE bird let loose in Eastern skies,  
When hastening fondly home,  
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor lies  
Where idle warblers roam;  
But high she shoots thro' air and light,  
Above all low delay,  
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,  
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, Lord, from every snare  
And stain of passion free,  
Aloft through faith's serene air  
To hold my course to Thee!  
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay  
My soul as home she springs,  
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,  
Thy freedom in her wings!

SERVICE IN CAMP.

The service was a very interesting one. Marching a little way out of camp upon the prairie—but keeping on the home side of the creek which defends the camp on the south and east—the Queen's Own formed in a hollow oblong, two deep, one corner being composed of the regular infantry and the Governor-General's Foot Guards. A makeshift pulpit was put up at one end, and the fifes and trumpets occupied the centre. Colonel Miller and his officers stood in front of their men, and listened to the Episcopal service read by one of their subordinates. Private Atchison, of the Queen's Own—a fair, good-looking young man—was the amateur chaplain, and with a fine and expressive voice he did justice to the beautiful service of the Prayer Book. Five well-known hymns were heartily sung by the men—"Onward, Christian Soldiers," "Stand up, stand up for Jesus," "Only an Armour Bearer," "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and "All people that on earth do dwell." The accompaniment of cornets and fifes was a great improvement to the musical part of the service. The young preacher read, in place of a sermon, St. Paul's exhortation to Timothy in the second chapter of his second epistle. Altogether, the service was most impressive; and the sight of those three hundred volunteers kneeling bare-headed in the whistling prairie wind, invoking the help of God in the work of rescue to which they are devoted, was enough to recall a pleasant memory of seventeenth-century Ironsides or of Havelock's Highlanders bound for the relief of Lucknow.

"MAMMA," said Polly on hearing a donkey bray, "I like the donkey, but I don't like to hear him donk."

THE RED RIVER REBELLION.

AT the time of the second audacious revolt of Louis Riel the following short sketch of the first Red River rebellion, condensed from Withrow's "History of Canada," may be of some interest. In 1868, the Rupert's Land Act was passed by the British Parliament, and, under its provisions, the Hudson's Bay Company surrendered to the Crown its rights over the vast region under its control for the sum of £300,000 sterling in money, and one-twentieth of all the land in the great fertile belt.\*

In anticipation of its speedy cession, which was appointed to take place on the 1st of December, surveying parties were sent into the Red River country for the purpose of laying out roads and townships, with a view to its early occupation. Unhappily jealousies were awakened among the settlers lest this movement should in some way prejudice their title to their land.

In the month of September, the Hon. William Macdougall proceeded to Red River to assume the duties of Governor of the North-west Territory so soon as the cession should take place. He was prepared to establish stage and telegraph lines, and to carry out a vigorous policy of internal development and improvement. He was met near the frontier, on the 20th of October, by a band of armed men, and compelled to retreat across the border to Pembina. An insurrectionary council was created, with John Bruce as its president, and Louis Riel as secretary, although the latter was really the leading spirit of the movement. The insurgents took forcible possession of Fort Garry, a stone-walled enclosure containing the valuable stores of the Hudson's Bay Company, together with a quantity of small arms, several pieces of cannon, and a large supply of ammunition.

Colonel Dennis, a Canadian militia officer, who had been conducting the land surveys, organized a force of the loyal inhabitants, for the suppression of the revolt and the vindication of the Queen's authority. A party of these, forty-five in all, were besieged by the insurgents in the house of Dr. Schultz, in the town of Winnipeg, and, on their surrender on the 7th of December, were imprisoned for some months in Fort Garry. The number of prisoners

\* The price paid for this magnificent territory amounts to only one-sixth of a cent per acre, or one-fiftieth the amount paid for acre by the United States for frozen Alaska.

was soon increased by illegal arrests to over sixty.

The temporary success of the revolt seems to have completely turned the heads of its leaders, and to have encouraged them to more audacious designs. A provisional government was created, of which Riel contrived to have himself elected president, February 7. A bill of rights was formulated, the principal feature of which was a demand for local self-government, representation in the Dominion Legislature, and an amnesty to be granted to the leaders of the revolt. Riel had now an armed force of some six hundred men under his control, and carried things with a high hand in the settlement,

arresting whomsoever he chose, confiscating public and private property, and banishing from the country persons obnoxious to himself.

This usurped authority proving intolerable to the loyal inhabitants, they organized a movement for the release of the prisoners and the suppression of the revolt. A large body of men, numbering, it is said, some six or seven hundred, assembled for this purpose in the neighbourhood of Fort Garry. The prisoners in the fort having in the meantime been released, this movement was abandoned. A party of these loyalists, on their way to their homes, were intercepted by an armed force from the fort, and imprisoned, to the number of forty-eight. Their leader, Major Boulton, a Canadian militia officer, was thrown into irons, and, after a summary trial by a rebel tribunal, was sentenced to be shot. He was reprieved only after the earnest intercession of the leading persons of the English-speaking population.

Shortly after, however, another Canadian prisoner fell a victim to Riel's usurped and ill used power. Thomas Scott, a brave and loyal man, for the crime of endeavouring to maintain the authority of his rightful sovereign, after a mock trial by a rebel court-martial, was sentenced to be shot at noon the following day. In spite of the remonstrance and intercession of the Rev. Dr. Young, the Wesleyan missionary at Winnipeg, who attended the prisoner in his last hours, the cruel sentence of this illegal and self-constituted tribunal was carried into execution.

On the 4th of March, Thos. Scott was led from his prison with pinioned arms, and shot in cold blood by a firing party of the insurgents. So unskillfully did the assassins perform their work, that it is said the unfortunate man lived and spoke for some time after he was thrust into his coffin, and was at last despatched with the stab of a knife.

The tidings of this assassination produced intense excitement throughout Canada, especially in the province of Ontario. Tumultuous indignation meetings were held, and a loud demand was made for the punishment of the instigators of the crime. Measures were promptly taken by the Imperial and Dominion authori-

ties conjointly, for maintaining the supremacy of the Queen in the North-West.

In the meantime, Colonel Garnet Wolseley, afterwards distinguished as the successful commander of the British troops in the Soudan, organized a military expedition to restore the authority of the Queen in the insurrectionary province. A body of twelve hundred picked men, about a hundred of whom belonged to the Sixtieth Regiment of the regular army, the remainder being volunteer Canadian militia from both Ontario and Quebec, proceeded by way of Fort William and Rainy Lake and River to Fort Garry. For four hundred miles the expedition traversed a wilderness of labyrinthine lakes or rapid rivers. All the military stores and provisions, and the large and heavy boats, had to be borne with incredible labour over numerous portages,—often long and steep and rugged,—around the falls and cataracts, one of which is shown in the engraving. Yet the little army toiled on through innumerable obstacles, and, on the 24th of August, reached its destination, only to find that, as no amnesty for the leaders of the revolt had arrived, Riel, and his fellow-conspirators had fled from Fort Garry.

The British troops immediately occupied the fort, and, to the great joy of the loyal inhabitants, the Queen's authority was again acknowledged as supreme. The troops of the regular army immediately returned, and the maintenance of order was entrusted to the Canadian militia; most of whom, however, were shortly after withdrawn.

The *Toronto News* has the following good thing:—While Rev. Septimus Jones was speaking on temperance before the provincial license commissioners he referred to the men who might be seen sneaking into a saloon after hours. Using the commonest names there are, as examples, he said:—"First you see John Smith sliding in, then you see him followed by Jones"—"A roar of laughter from those present caused the reverend speaker to stop and he suddenly realized that by his side was sitting the Rev. John Smith, the most active temperance worker in the city, and that his own name was Jones. Think of those two reverends sliding into a saloon, after hours, for a drink.—*Berlin News.*"



KAKABEKAH FALLS KAMINISTIQUIA RIVER.

## NIGHT ON THE RIVER.

THE sun has gone down in liquid gold,  
On the Ottawa's beaming breast,  
And the silent night has softly rolled  
The clouds from her starry vest.  
Not a sound is heard—  
Every warbling bird  
Has silenced its tuneful lay,  
As with calm delight,  
In the moon's weird light,  
I noiselessly float away.

As down the river I dreamily glide—  
The sparkling and moonlit river—  
Not a ripple disturbs the glassy tide,  
Not a leaf is heard to quiver:  
The bright lamps of night  
Shed their trembling light,  
With a tranquil and silvery glory,  
Over river and dell,  
Where the Zephyrs tell  
To the night their plaintive story.

I gently time my gleaming oars  
To music of gladome strains,  
Which the silent woods and listening shores  
Re-echo in soft refrains.  
Let life's holiest thought,  
From this tranquil spot,  
Float up through the slumbering air;  
For who would profane  
With earth's fancies vain,  
A scene so ineffably fair!

Now dark-browed, sorrowful care retires,  
And leaves the bright moments unclouded—  
For why should I shade them with vain  
desires,  
For hopes which the darkness has shrouded?  
Like phantoms grim,  
From the river's brim,  
The trees stretch their shadows before me,—  
But no shadow jars,  
For the blessed stars  
Are tenderly beaming o'er me.

On the swift and storm-swept river of life,  
Fall shadows of grief and sin,  
But we seek not the gloom of the outer strife,  
If no shadows obscure within;  
Though darkness may lower,  
It is rift of power  
Over hearts that are tempted with love;—  
There is a fadeless light  
For life's darkest night,  
With the bountiful Father above.  
—Rev. E. Hartley Dewar, D.D.

## A PRACTICAL JOKE AND ITS RESULT.

BY ELLEN BERTHA BRADLEY.

MRS ALARM was busy making mince pies when Harry came in and asked for some old grease.

"What do you want it for?" she asked. "Go get some soap-fat if that will do," and Harry vanished in the direction of the cellar, rejoicing that she was too busy to notice that he did not answer her question. Not so his sister Jennie, who was stoning raisins.

"Mother," said she, "what is he going to do with the fat?"

"Oh, I don't know. Probably help grease the waggon. He can't do any mischief with it," and Jennie was silent, half ashamed of the suspicion that something was wrong. But she had seen him whispering with Jimmy Johns and Ben Brown at recess, and perhaps that made her uneasy. Happily for her peace she did not know that each of these boys had secured and hidden an old fruit can of grease, though she would have been puzzled to guess what harm could be done with it.

The last mail came to the village at eight o'clock in the evening, being brought by the horse-car from a neighbouring town, and Harry went up street for the letters. To-night he slipped away half an hour early and joined Jimmy and Ben at the corner.

"I've got it," each whispered, and they struck across lots at a lively pace to the foot of a hill which the car had to ascend, just outside the village.

Glancing cautiously about to see

that the coast was clear, they produced their tin cans and began greasing the rails on the steep incline. One watched while the others worked, and they had just finished—they thought without being seen—when they heard the rumbling of a coming car, and hastily hid themselves behind some bushes.

The car whirled around the curve at the foot of the hill, started on the ascent and stopped dead still. The horses strained and pulled under the driver's whip, but the wheels took no hold upon the greased surface and the car would not stir. The boys, shaking with laughter, watched the performance and gloried in their sport, for the driver was a querulous old man whom they delighted to tease.

He jumped down, put his hand on the rail and broke into a volley of oaths. Harry's heart gave a great thump and settled down like a lump of lead. He had not thought of that. The gentlemen in the car got out, assured themselves that the rails were greased, and started in search of the perpetrators of the mischief, who, they thought, would be hidden near. But the boys escaped undetected, and were soon standing in the post-office wondering over the delay of the mail, which did not arrive till half an hour after it was due, as the car could not get up the hill till sand was brought from a considerable distance to sprinkle on the rails.

Harry went home feeling very sober over the joke which he had thought would be such good fun.

"Wasn't it splendid?" asked Jimmy, whose road lay in the same direction; but he was answered sharply,

"No. It was a mean trick that I am ashamed of. I hurt those poor horses to pull like that, and I wouldn't have made Peter swear for anything."

"Hoity-toity, minister's son," said Jimmy.

"Yes," said Harry. "Pity the minister's son isn't worthy of his father," and he shut the gate after him with a bang.

"Whew," said Jimmy, but some way he began to feel ashamed too.

Harry gave the letters to his father, and taking a copy of "Our Young Folks," which had come for himself, went directly to his room. But he threw the paper unopened on the table, and sat moodily looking out of the window at the moonlight. He had cause for reflection, and a certain unpleasant passage of Scripture was running in his head.

Old Peter was a recent convert, being one of those rare cases where a man who has lived a godless life turns in old age to the Lord. But the chains of habit bound him strongly, and it was no easy task for him to break them. Especially hard was it for him to repress the oaths which he had long been accustomed to use. Harry knew that he had helped to bring to a public fall a man over whom his father had for months been watching and praying, and he knew also that there were those in the car who would jeer and triumph over his sin, as if it were not nobler to try to do right and fail than never to try at all.

"Bother!" said he. "What is that text, any way?" and, lighting his lamp, he took the Bible and hunted it out:

"But whose shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were

hanged about his neck and that he was drowned in the depth of the sea."

"That's it, sure enough," said he, shutting the book. "Peter is one of the little ones if he is an old man, and I have offended him; that is, I have made him sin. Well, I guess I'll not drown myself to-night. It wouldn't pay," and he plunged into bed.

A few minutes later his sister Jennie glided in and sat down by his side. She had given one anxious glance at him as he handed her father the mail, and sure that something was seriously amiss, had slipped away to him as soon as she could.

"What is the matter, Harry?" she asked, laying a gentle hand on his head.

"Matter enough," he muttered.

"Is it about the grease?" she asked.

"Oh, sis," he exclaimed, "how did you guess? It was a mean trick," and, boy fashion, he told the story, for he was wont to make a mother confessor of this elder sister and to receive from her sympathy and cheer.

She listened very soberly, evidently regarding the matter even more gravely than he did.

"It certainly was very wrong," she said after thinking a while. "You meant to make Peter angry, so you need not have been surprised at the result. Poor man! I hope he will not be discouraged and give up trying to do right."

"Oh! Jennie, you do not think there is any danger of that?" cried the boy.

"I fear it," she answered. "It would be natural."

"How dreadful!" said he, burying his face in the pillow. "Say, sis, is there anything I can do?"

"Yes, you can go to him to-morrow morning and tell him how sorry you are."

"And let the whole thing out. Oh, Jennie!"

"Yes," said she steadily. "It is comment sufficient on the thing that you are ashamed to have it 'out.' But having it known is a small evil compared with the harm you have done him."

"Very well," said he, after a pause in which he fought down his pride, and decided that he could confess without implicating the others.

"Harry, there is something else you ought to do. You know what it is."

"Yes," the voice came softly from under the clothes, "I suppose you mean pray for him, but my prayers are not good for anything, they will not help him."

She stroked his hair in silence, wondering how long it would be before this noble-hearted young brother would give himself to the Lord. Even as the question flitted through her mind he burst out suddenly:

"I wish I was a Christian. I'll never be worth anything till I am," and her heart gave a great bound of thankfulness. It was more than he had ever said before.

"Now is the time," she whispered. "So it is," said he. "I am sick of myself and my badness. If ever a boy needed help to do right I do. Pray for me, Jennie."

And as she offered a simple petition he gave himself, body and soul, to the Lord and his service.

The next morning before school he went to old Peter and expressed his penitence. He found the old man

testy at first, but quite willing to be appeased by his genuine sorrow, and more than ready to welcome him as a new brother in Christ.

"That's right," he said. "Begin early and you won't have to fight old sins like I do. It's a tough time I have with the devil, but he shan't beat me, God help me."

Much less easy to deal with was the policeman whom Harry met on his way to school, for all three boys had been seen and recognized as they spread the grease on the rails, and were arrested for maliciously interfering with the carriage of the United States mail.

They looked at each other ruefully as they met at the entrance of the court-house.

"I wish I had never seen any grease," whispered Jimmy to Harry.

"I don't," said Harry. "I only hope you may get as much good out of this scrape as I have."

"Good! what good have you got?" Jimmy exclaimed, astonished; but just then they were called into court and no more could be said.

Frightened enough they were, not suspecting that the prosecution was only intended to give them a salutary lesson in good conduct, and great was their relief when the judge dismissed them with a sharp reprimand, considering that it and the mortification of the arrest were punishment sufficient.

"Harry, what did you mean about its doing you good?" asked Jimmy, a-tor.

"I meant that it made me ashamed of myself to some purpose. God helping me I'll be a different boy hereafter."

"Bah!" said Jimmy. "Getting pious!" and turned away.

"Yes," answered Harry, seizing his friend and whirling him about to face him. "Yes. We've done mischief enough together, let's be comrades in this, too."

And Jimmy after a moment's hesitation answered as he clasped hands with his mate:

"I'm sick of myself, too. I'll go with you in this. May God help us both."

Harry told his sister Jennie that night, adding with a boy's sense of humour: "Mother meant to make soap of that fat, but she did not think it would be used for washing two boys' hearts."

"Nor was it," she answered. "It made spots on them which have been cleansed by the blood of Christ. Evil has been over-ruled for good, and your lamentable joke has brought forth a blessed earnest."

"I'm sair fashed wi' a singing in my head, John," said one man to another. "Do ye ken the reason o' that?" asked the other. "No." "Weel, it's because it's empty," said the first man. "Are ye ne'er fashed wi' a singing in your ain head, John?" "No, never," answered John. "And do ye no ken the reason o' that? It's because it's crackit."

"UNCLE John," said little Emily, "do you know that a baby that was fed on elephant's milk gained twenty pounds in one week?" "Nonsense! Impossible!" exclaimed Uncle John, and then asked, "Whose baby was it?" "It was the elephant's baby," said little Emily.

THE TEMPERANCE WAVE.

A MIGHTY wave is sweeping, is sweep-  
ing o'er the land,  
It waters a rich reaping upon the barren  
sand;  
A heavenly Nile o'erflowing spreads soil from  
shore to shore,  
And temperance hands are sowing good seed  
the nation o'er.  
The goodly seed is springing o'er many a  
sunny field,  
The sowers glad are singing to see the promised  
yield,  
For heavenly showers are blessing the seed so  
hopeful sown,  
And sunny skies confessing God smiles upon  
his own  
Even now some fields are showing the ripening  
tinge of gold,  
And reapers forth are going to harvest's battle  
bold—  
Strong in the strength that's lent ye, go forth  
ye good and true!  
Let harvests now be plenty, for lab'ers are  
not few,  
In this God shows most clearly 'tis his cause  
ye fight,  
He holds the cause so dearly he magnifies  
your might,  
When was there such a harvest song, the land  
groans with the load,  
And they that erst were starving throng  
around from every road,  
And as they come one song they sing, 'tis  
freedom's joyous song,  
Their voices have so glad a ring 'twill be  
remembered long,  
"No more shall hapless mothers weep above  
their babes at night  
For him the heartless demons steep till he  
shall shock her sight;  
No more the famished cry for bread stolen by  
the robber hands,  
For temperance is to justice wed—locked are  
their snowy hands.  
Now sorrow shall and sighing forsake our  
happy homes,  
And as the tear is drying the gladd'ning  
laughter comes—  
Now shall the desert place rejoice and blossom  
as the rose,  
The wilderness shall hear a voice and happy  
scenes disclose,  
From arid soil shall waters spring and stream  
the desert through;  
The lame aside their crutches fling and rush  
the sight to view,  
Now shall the mountains and the hills shout  
out for very joy,  
The trees forgetting to be still shall clap  
their hands and cry!"

But, lo! some fields already won and in the  
garner stored,  
The harvesters, their labour done, sit round  
the joyous board,  
From Halton's halls the laughter rings, the  
anthem rises high,  
The joyous song that Miriam sings—the sea  
passed over dry,  
"The Lord hath triumphed gloriously, the  
boasters are no more,  
He led us through victoriously, but sunk  
them far from shore.  
Vain were their vauntings and their boasts,  
for Israel's God still reigns,  
And wrenched from Egypt's slavish host his  
own usurped domains."  
From Simcoe, too, the herald comes to cheer  
us with the news  
That wine in all her happy homes has turned  
to Sharon's dews,  
And from the east, the barren east, where we  
in pity gaze,  
The trumpets sound a harvest feast, and Stan-  
stead shouts her praise.  
And other fields are turning, the reapers to  
them press,  
This lesson quickly learning, God gives the  
right success,  
Of victory certain, who shall cease till every  
field be won—  
Till Scott Act holds a province lease—the  
liquor traffic done!

And this shall be forever where the barren  
sands have blown,  
Where nothing good, or green, or fair has  
ever yet been known,  
There have the heavenly waters flowed, have  
washed the foul away,  
And on the barren land bestowed the rich  
and generous clay,  
And fast the seeds are springing by Temper-  
ance sowers sown,  
And heavenly choirs are singing, for there  
the land is won.

—H. A. Jameson.

"IT GOT AGOING."

ONE bright Fourth-of-July morning,  
I was driving to town. As I came to  
the top of the hill just above the bridge,  
on the outskirts of the place, a little  
boy, from a cottage on the north side  
of the road, fired off a small cannon.  
He was so near the road, the cannon  
made so big a noise, and the whole  
thing came so unexpectedly, that my  
little bay pony took fright and shied,  
with a spring, to the other side of the  
road. He not only nearly overturned  
the carriage in doing so, but was with  
difficulty roined in and prevented from  
running away.

"You should not fire your cannon  
so near the road," said I to the little  
boy, after I had got the pony somewhat  
quiet; "you frightened my horse badly,  
and nearly made him run away."

"I didn't mean to," said the little  
boy; "but it got agoing before I saw  
the horse, and then I couldn't stop it."

I said no more, but drove on, think-  
ing of the boy's answer, as I have often  
thought of it since, though all this hap-  
pened years ago.

What I have thought is this. I  
wish I could make every boy think of  
it, and feel it. It would do him much  
good, especially if he would try to  
apply it to his actions. That little  
boy's cannon was just like his habits—  
just like everybody's habits. Habits,  
like the cannon, are not easy to stop  
when once they get started. They are  
pretty sure to keep going, until, if they  
are bad habits, they do mischief, in  
spite of all you can do to stop them.  
If you get in the habit of telling wrong  
stories, you can't so easily stop it. If  
you get a habit of meddling dishonestly  
with what don't belong to you, it is apt  
to go on until it does you some terrible  
mischief. If you get into the habit of  
being idle, and wasting your time and  
opportunity, be assured it will not stop  
and change to a good habit just when  
you see how bad it is, and wish to get  
out of it.

Look out, then, for the beginning of  
a bad habit. Remember, there are  
things that, like the cannon, you can't  
easily stop when you once set them  
agoing.—Observer.

WHAT TO DO WITH ONE'S BIBLE.

BY REV. J. H. JAMES.

THE Bible of your own is not to be  
kept on a shelf merely to show as one  
of your treasures, but to be used every  
day. Many seem to think it is  
enough to be able to say, "I have read  
so many chapters in the Bible." The  
question in regard to all reading is not  
how much the eye has passed over, but  
how much has remained in the memory.

If you were far away from home  
and your father were to write to you  
about coming home, telling you what  
railroads you were to travel on, and  
what trains to take, cautioning you  
about wrong trains and telling you all  
you needed to know of your journey  
it would be wise to have that letter  
with you and read all its directions  
very carefully, over and over again.  
This is just what our Heavenly Father  
has done in this book. He has pointed  
out the way to heaven, giving us many  
counsels to keep us from getting astray  
and particular directions as to our  
course each day. Yet he knows that  
in order to get the full benefit of his  
instructions we must be really inter-  
ested in the book. So he has taught

us many things by pleasing stories  
which help us to see how he wants his  
children to live. Now it is not best  
for one to go picking out here and  
there a story, and neglecting other  
things; yet I think most children will  
find more interest in the Blessed Book  
if they learn first about Jesus and his  
life on earth from the parts of the New  
Testament that make these things  
plain. In reading the stories, how-  
ever, we must be careful to get not  
merely the facts but the lesson they  
are meant to teach us.

The other day a boy, who is far  
from his parents at school, had a letter  
from home. He cannot read writing  
very well, so he took the letter to a  
friend to read to him that he might  
know exactly what his mother said to  
him. So you should get your friend  
to help you to understand this wonder-  
ful letter from heaven. The object of  
Sunday-school teaching and of preach-  
ing is to help people understand the  
Bible. It is delightful to talk over its  
precious lessons with friends wiser  
than ourselves. But no human friend  
can give us such help as we get by  
asking for the Holy Spirit. There are  
two precious promises about this  
matter of helping us to understand  
and do our Father's will that you will  
do well to find for yourselves, to often  
think of, and to ask the Lord to fulfil  
to you. John 14: 26, and Ezekiel  
36: 27.

I AM NOT MY OWN.

"I wish I had some money to give  
to God," said Susy; "but I haven't any."  
"God does not expect you to give  
him what you have not," said her papa,  
"but you have other things besides  
money. When we get home I will  
read something to you which will make  
you see plainly what you may give to  
God."

So after dinner they went to the lib-  
rary, and Susy's papa took down a large  
book, and made Susy read aloud: "I  
have this day been before God, and have  
given myself—all that I am and have  
—to God; so that I am in no respect  
my own. I have no right to this body,  
or any of its members; no right to this  
tongue, these hands, these feet, these  
eyes, these ears. I have given myself  
clean away."

"These are words of a great and good  
man, who is now dead. Now you see  
what you have to give to God, Susy."

Susy looked at her hands and at her  
feet, and was silent. At last she said  
in a low voice, half to herself: "I don't  
believe God wants them."

Her papa heard her. "He does want  
them, and he is looking for you now to  
see whether you will give them to him,  
or keep them for yourself. If you give  
them to him, you will be careful never  
to let them do anything naughty, and  
will teach them to do every good thing  
they can. If you keep them for your-  
self, they will be likely to do wrong  
and to get into mischief."

"Have you given yours to him, papa?"  
"Yes, indeed, long ago."  
"Are you glad?"  
"Yes, very glad."  
Susy was still silent; she did not  
quite understand what it all meant.

"If you give your tongue to God,"  
said her papa, "you will not allow it to  
speak unkind, angry words, or tell tales,  
or speak an untruth, or anything that  
would grieve God's Holy Spirit."  
"I think I'll give him my tongue,"  
said Susy.

"And if you give God your hands,  
you will watch them, and keep them  
from touching things that do not belong  
to them. You will not let them be  
idle, but will keep them busy about  
something."

"Well, then, I'll give him my hands."  
"And if you give him your feet, you  
never will let them carry you where  
you ought not to go; and if you give  
him your eyes, you will never, never  
let them look at anything you know he  
would not like to look at if he were by  
your side."

Then they knelt down together, and  
Susy's papa prayed to God to bless all  
they had been saying, and to accept all  
Susy had now promised to give him,  
and to keep her from ever forgetting  
her promise, but to make it her rule in  
all she said, and all she did, all she saw  
and all she heard, to remember, "I am  
not my own."—The Sunlight.

ALLSPICE.

THE home of the allspice tree was  
South America and the West Indies,  
especially Jamaica. The tree is a  
beautiful overgreen. The flowers are  
small and do not make much display.  
In Jamaica the tree grows without  
any care, but the fruit is worth so  
much that the planters give more  
attention to this crop than to any  
other.

The berries must be picked before  
they are ripe or they lose their pleas-  
ant flavour. One hundred and fifty  
pounds of the raw fruit is sometimes  
gathered from one tree. The crops are  
uncertain; it is only once in five years  
that it is abundant.

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CLOVES.

THE clove tree is a native of the  
Molucca Islands. It is said to be the  
most beautiful, elegant and precious of  
all trees. It is comical in form and  
lives from one hundred to two hundred  
years. The spice is not the fruit as is  
generally believed, but it is the  
blossoms that are gathered before they  
unfold.

About a dozen of these blossoms  
form a cluster at the end of each branch  
and twig of the tree. Cloves are  
gathered in December and are dried  
quickly in the shade.

In the year 1521 the Molucca Islands  
were inhabited by a great number of  
people who were industrious, enter-  
prising and happy. They devoted  
most of their time to the cultivation  
of the clove tree. Cloves were carried  
to all parts of the civilized world from  
these islands. At that time the  
Spaniards and Portuguese came and  
took the first ship load of cloves to  
Europe. About one hundred years  
later the Dutch drove away the  
Spaniards and Portuguese. They also  
sent ships to these beautiful islands  
and destroyed every clove tree. Every  
year they sent ships there, and to  
other islands where the birds might  
carry the seeds, to destroy all of the  
trees. Any of the natives who dared  
to set out a clove tree was put to  
death. The natives all died or were  
carried away as slaves. Then to raise  
the price of the clove the Dutch burned  
a part of the clove every year. These  
annual burnings continued until as  
late as 1824.

"WILL you join me in a cup of tea,  
Mr. Simpkins?" Mr. Simpkins: "Ah,  
thank you; but wouldn't it be rather  
crowded?"

"GIVE, and it shall be given you."



MOTHERS, WATCH THE LITTLE FEET.

**P**ATTER, patter, all day long.  
 \* What an eager, restless throng,  
 Out among the birds and bees,  
 Out among the flowers and trees,  
 In among the toys and books,  
 Spying out the quiet nooks;  
 Hither, yon, and everywhere—  
 Who shall guide each busy pair?  
 Who shall curb the sports and plays,  
 Teach the ladies gentle ways,  
 Help them as, with noble will,  
 On they strive up Learning's hill?  
 Teach them their brave strength to share  
 For the weak, the old, to care;  
 Lead them, till in turn, they stand  
 Leaders in a royal band.

Who shall on the lassies wait,  
 Knocking at youth's morning gate?  
 Guide their hands to deeds of love,  
 Keep their hearts all wrong above,  
 Teach them kindly words and ways,  
 How to help and when to praise;  
 Guide them, till they make of home  
 The brightest spot 'neath heaven's blue dome!  
 Mothers, who could wish or ask  
 For a sweeter, holier task!  
 Yours it is to guide youth's feet  
 Through life's meadows, pure and sweet;  
 Yours to make fair, bright and good,  
 Gentle tender womanhood,  
 And remember, while you plan,  
 As the boy so is the man.

Mothers, lest their feet may stray,  
 Walk beside them while you may.  
 Sports and plays are wiser far  
 Under love's pure guiding star.  
 Books will sweeter meaning take  
 When they'll read "For mother's sake!"  
 Hither, yon, and everywhere,  
 Mothers, watch with prayerful care.

WHAT IT COSTS.

It is an easy thing in the early stages of missionary work in any field to cavil at the large outlay of money as compared with the small results. But the same thing may be done in any important enterprise. The first steel rail made in America was rolled in Chicago in 1865. It cost those who made it, in experiments and outlay, over \$500,000. When only four rails had been made, each had cost the manufacturers over \$125,000. To-day the cost of a ton of steel rails is only \$40.

It is so in mission-work. It was not till the missionaries in Madagascar had worked ten years that the first convert was baptized. It would have been easy to say that the convert had cost so many thousands of dollars. But four years after that there were two hundred converts. The cost was much diminished. Now there are 75,000 Christians in Madagascar, and the Church among the Hovas, in the bloody and relentless persecution through which it passed, gave to the world one of the noblest examples of Christian heroism and devotion that the world has ever seen. When all the money spent in foreign missions is compared with the present results, how small does the outlay appear!

PUSSY.

Did you ever think why we call the cat pussy?

A great many years ago the people of Egypt, who have many idol gods, worshipped the cat. They thought she was like the moon, because she was more active at night, and because her eyes changed, just as the moon changes, which is sometimes full, and sometimes only a little bright crescent, or half-moon, as we say.

Did you ever notice your pussy's eyes to see how they change?

So these people made an idol with the cat's head, and named it Pasht, the same name they gave to the moon, for the word means the face of the moon.

That word has been changed to puss or pus, and has come at last to be puss, the name which most every one gives to the cat. Puss and pussy cat are pet names for kitty everywhere. Whoever thought of it as given to her thousands of years ago, and that then people bowed down and prayed to her!—  
*Morning Light.*

AN ANIMAL APPLE-GATHERER.

GATHERING fruit is a frequent practice of animals, and yet there is a stratagem attributed to that "walking bunch of tooth-picks" called the hedgehog, which is curious enough to deserve special mention. It seems that fruit is frequently found in the hedgehog's sleeping-apartment, and its presence there is explained in this remarkable way: It is known that hedgehogs often climb walls, and run off upon low boughs, and instead of scrambling down in the same manner, they boldly make the leap from the top to the ground, sometimes ten or twelve feet. They coil into a ball in the air, strike upon their armour of spines, and bound away unharmed. In taking this jump, they have been seen to strike upon fallen fruit, which, thus impaled upon their spines, was carried away by them; and this has given rise to the opinion that in some such way they may have stored their winter homes.—*From "Animal Traps and Trappers," by C. F. Holder.*

I'm going to enlist, boys,  
 I'm going to enlist,  
 To battle with the enemy,  
 His legions to resist.  
 The conflict has begun, boys,  
 Our banner's lifted high;  
 We'll fight them till they die, boys;  
 We'll fight them till they die.

A RICH miser was offered the plate on the occasion of a charity collection. "I have nothing," said he. "Then take something, sir," said the lady collector; "you know I am begging for the poor."

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

A.D. 68.] LESSON XII. [June 21.

CHRISTIAN PROGRESS.

2 Peter 1. 1-11. Commit to memory vs. 5-7.  
 GOLDEN TEXT.

But grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. 2 Pet. 3. 18.

OUTLINE.

1. The Christian Salutation, v. 1, 2.
2. The Christian Plan, v. 3, 4.
3. The Christian Graces, v. 5-7.
4. The Christian Reward, v. 8-11.

TIME.—Supposed to be about A.D. 68.  
 PLACE.—Perhaps Rome, or some place on the way thither.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Precious faith*—Faith is of value when we consider the cost of that which Christ offers to it, and of value also as the instrument by which the soul is saved. *Life and godliness*—Perhaps eternal life as the end and godliness the way to it. *Whereby*—"By his own glorious power," (Clarke, Com.) *Besides this*—The Christian is not to rest in conversion, but to grow in the graces of the Spirit. *Faith*—That faith by which you have been led to accept Christ. *Virtue*—Manliness, courage. *Temperance*—A proper and moderate use of all earthly enjoyments; self-control. *Barren*—Literally, idle, unemployed. *These things*—The virtues which the apostle urges should be added to faith.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we shown—  
 1. That faith is the foundation of Christian growth!

2. That Christian growth follows Christian diligence!
3. That the reward will be in accord with the diligent service!

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What should we add to our faith? Virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, charity. 2. What is he that lacketh these things? "Blind, and cannot see afar off." 3. To what should we give diligence? To make our calling and election sure! 4. If we do these things, what is said as to the result? "Ye shall never fall."  
 DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Growth in grace.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

17. What end does the the law of God serve?  
 The law of God serves, in the first place, as the rule of our conduct; and in the second, to convince us of sin. Psalm xix. 11, 12; Rom. iii. 19, 20.  
 [Matt. v. 17, 18; Romans, vii. 7; 1 Timothy i. 8.]

SECOND QUARTERLY REVIEW.

June 28.

REVIEW SCHEME.

Lesson I. *Paul's Voyage.* Acts 27. 1, 2, 14-26.—Why did Paul start for Italy? In whose company? What event befell them in their journey? What counsel did Paul give his fellow-passengers? What reason did he urge? [GOLDEN TEXT.]

Lesson II. *Paul's Shipwreck.* Acts 27. 27-44.—How long was the vessel in the storm? What reason was there to think land was near? What befell the ship? How were the passengers saved? What refuge have men in peril? [GOLDEN TEXT.]

Lesson III. *Paul going to Rome.* Acts 28. 1-16.—On what island were Paul and his companions cast? How long did they remain there? Where did he finally land? With what feelings did he greet his Roman brethren? [GOLDEN TEXT.]

Lesson IV. *Paul at Rome.* Acts 28. 16-31.—What liberty was granted Paul at Rome? To whom did he preach? How was his message received? To whom did he then declare the Gospel to be sent? [GOLDEN TEXT.]

Lesson V. *Obedience.* Eph. 6. 1-13.—What exhortation did the apostle give? [GOLDEN TEXT.] What divine commandment did he urge? What is the true spirit of obedience? How may strength be obtained for victory?

Lesson VI. *Christ our Example.* Phil. 2. 5-16.—What example of humility did Christ give us? What does the GOLDEN TEXT urge us to possess? What exaltation did Christ receive? What honour will he receive from all men?

Lesson VII. *Christian Contentment.* Phil. 4. 4-13.—What three rules for contentment are given? What will follow their obedience? [GOLDEN TEXT.] What lesson had the apostle learned?

Lesson VIII. *The Faithful Saying.* 1 Tim. 1. 15-20; 2. 1-6.—What is the GOLDEN TEXT? What does Paul declare himself to be? For what purpose did Paul find mercy? What Mediator have men now?

Lesson IX. *Paul's Charge to Timothy.* 2 Tim. 3. 14-17; 4. 1-8.—What exhortation did Paul give to Timothy? What were to be his guides? [GOLDEN TEXT.] What charge did Paul give? What testimony did he offer?

Lesson X. *God's Message by his Son.* Heb. 1. 1-8; 2. 1-4.—By whom did God first speak to men? By whom afterward? To what should men give earnest heed? What is the danger of neglect? [GOLDEN TEXT.]

Lesson XI. *The Priesthood of Christ.* Heb. 9. 1-12.—What marked the first covenant? What was contained in the tabernacle? Who interceded for the people? Who is our high-priest? What does the GOLDEN TEXT say of him?

Lesson XII. *Christian Progress.* 2 Pet. 1. 1-11.—What are given as helps in Christian progress? What is the foundation of Christian life? What is to be added to this? What is the rule of Christian progress as given in the GOLDEN TEXT?

CATECHISM QUESTION.

18. Are all transgressions of the law equally great?  
 Not equally great; for some sins in themselves, and by reason of the way in which they are committed, are worse in the sight of God than others. John xix. 11.  
 [Luke vii. 41-47.]

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(To be continued.)

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