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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IV.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 23, 1884.

No. 4.

A WINTER SONG.

☉ SUMMER has the roses
And the laughing light
south wind,
And the merry meadows lined
With dew dancing posies;
But winter has the sprites
And the witching frosty nights.

O, summer has the splendour
Of the cornfields wide and deep,
Where the scarlet poppies sleep
And wary shadows wander;
But winter fields are rare
With diamonds everywhere.

O, summer has the wild bees,
And the ringing, singing note
In the robin's tuneful throat,
And the leaf-talk in the trees;
But winter has the chime
Of the merry Christmas time.

O, summer has the lustre
Of the sunbeams warm and
bright,
And rains that fall at night
Where reeds and lilies cluster;
But deep in winter's snow
The fires of Christmas glow.
—St. Nicholas.

TAHITI.

CAPTAIN WALLIS, commander of his Majesty's ship *Dolphin*, when crossing the comparatively untraversed waters of the Southern Pacific Ocean, in the year 1767, discovered the splendid island of Tahiti, which has since occupied so prominent a place in the annals of Missionary enterprise. Little did its discoverer think, when hoisting the broad pennant on the Tahitian shores, and taking possession of the island in the name of his sovereign, King George III., that in a few short years the Missionary, sent by the liberality and sustained by the prayers of British Christians, would follow in his track, search for the lovely spot he had discovered, unfurl another banner, and take possession of that and other islands in the name of the King of kings. This has been effected under the guidance of Him

"Who plants His footsteps in the sea;"

for the providence of God has evidently conspired with the Spirit of God in the accomplishment of this great work.



NATIVES OF TAHITI.

The following were the views of the Rev. J. Williams, who went as a Missionary to Tahiti, in the year 1817:

To this mission, considered in its relation to other islands, too much importance cannot be attached; for, in addition to the numerous islands now professedly Christian, there are, within a comparatively small distance, many large and extensive groups of which little is known. Among these are the Fiji, the New Hebrides, New Caledonia, Solomon's Archipelago, New Britain, New Ireland, and, above all, the immense island of New Guinea. This island is said to be 1200 miles in length, and, in some parts, about 300 in breadth.

"When Pomare, the king of Tahiti, first determined to embrace Christianity, and attempt the introduction of it among his people, before taking any decided steps, he convened a number of powerful and influential chiefs, and stated his wishes to them. Very many made strong objections to the proposed innovation; but Tenania, and his wife, who were reigning chiefs in a neighbouring island, cordially approved of the king's proposition, stating that they themselves had almost come to a determination to burn their god. This feeling had been induced by the death of a beloved and only daughter, who was to inherit their titles and estates; and, as might be expected, was the object in which their affections centred, and on whom their hopes were placed. She was a fine girl, about fifteen or sixteen years of age; and when she was unexpectedly taken ill, every priest of note, far and near, was applied to, and every god propitiated with the most costly offerings which it was in the power of this mighty chief to command. Still the disease increased, and the child died; and as this happened only a short time before Pomare made his important proposition, Tenania and his wife were well

prepared by it to enter most cordially into the king's wishes, for they were bitterly enraged against the gods they had in vain endeavored to conciliate. Thus Pomare had the influence of a powerful chief on his side, on the very first announcement of his intentions. Tapoa, another chief of equal fame, was present at this important consultation. He was a mighty warrior, the Benaparte of the Tahitian and Society islands; and, having conquered all the latter, had come to Tahiti, ostensibly to assist Pomare in regaining his ascendancy in that island, but actually to conquer it for himself. Tapoa was a bigoted idolater, and, at the meeting in question, expressed his full determination to oppose, in every possible way, so impious an innovation as the destruction of the gods. Although ill at the time, he removed immediately to Tahiti, for the purpose of making arrangements for the battles he expected to fight; but disease made rapid inroads upon his constitution, and he died very shortly after he attended the meeting of his brother chiefs. It is the general opinion of intelligent natives to the present day, that, had Tapoa lived, Christianity could not then have been introduced among the people. These events, therefore, show us that, although the age of miracles has ceased, God has ample means of effecting the purposes of His love by the ordinary interpositions of His providence, which are equally mighty to the pulling down of the strongholds of heathen superstition, and in removing obstacles to the progress of His truth.

The Tahitians are very fond of flowers, and wear wreaths and garlands of them, as shown in the picture and in that of page 1 of the number for December 1. Through Christian influences they have learned to wear Christian costume, and are now found sitting clothed and in their right mind at the feet of Jesus.

MARY'S PLEDGE.

"MAMMA, do not cry so," said little Mary Burns to her mother. "It does make me feel so bad. Let me wipe your eyes, mamma," and she seized a tiny rag she called her handkerchief, and tenderly wiped her mother's eyes?"

The poor woman kissed her tenderly. "Do you know, my darling," she asked, "that we have nothing in the house to eat?"

The child looked for a moment as if she were about to cry also. Then, all at once her face brightened, and she said: "God will feed us, mamma. You said the other day that He took care of the widows and orphans, and He will take care of us. There comes papa: Shall I go to meet him?"

Mary ran to meet her father, and they went back into the house. Then going to the closet, he took out a bottle and raised it to his lips. Finding it empty he said:

"Mary, I want you to go to the store and get this bottle filled with whiskey," and he held it toward her.

"No, papa," she answered, "that is the awful stuff that makes you so naughty. When you drink that, you are not my good papa any more, and poor sick mamma cries and cries all the time, and it hurts me to see her cry."

He looked at her a moment in utter astonishment, and then repeated with a sneer:

"Your mamma cries, does she? And she has been teaching you, I suppose. She told you what to say, and you have learned your lesson very well."

"No, mamma did not teach me. I taught myself, and I love her very dearly."

"And you mean to say that you will not mind your father?"

"I'll mind my good papa," she answered.

"Your good papa, eh? A nice child, surely, presuming to judge her own father. Mary," he said more sternly, "I tell you to take this bottle at once, and do as I directed. Are you going to mind me, or not?"

"No, papa, I cannot take that bottle."

"You refuse to do what I tell you?" and he made an angry movement towards her.

"O papa," she pleaded, "you will not beat me because I do not want to get the bad stuff that hurts you and makes poor mamma cry. Stay, my nice, good papa;" and drawing nearer to him, she raised her soft eyes beseechingly to his. His silence gave her courage, and she said, "Won't you let me take the money to buy bread? There is nothing to eat at all, and mamma and I are so hungry."

"Nothing to eat?" he repeated.

"Did your mother say so?"

"Yes, indeed, she said so just before you came."

He was silent for a long time, the child standing as motionless beside him. Perhaps for the first time he realized his own selfishness and cruelty. Some good impulse moved him, for he said suddenly:

"Mary, would you like to have me sign the pledge?"

"Sign the pledge? What is that?"

"It is to make a promise that I will never drink any more whiskey."

"Oh, yes," she cried, clapping her hands in delight, "that will be splendid! Mamma will be so happy."

"Can you write, Mary?" he asked, for he knew very little in regard to his child's capabilities.

"I can print. Mamma has taught me to print in nice big letters."

"Then get a paper and pencil, and you shall print my pledge for me."

She collected her materials as directed, and then stood, pencil in hand, waiting for his dictation. He hesitated a moment, being anxious to express himself in the simplest manner.

"I promise little Mary," he said at last, "that I will not drink any kind of liquor after this day—Henry Burns."

It was a great task for the child, but she accomplished it nevertheless; and, although she spelled liquor "licker," what matter? It was not a spelling-lesson, but something far more important; and, when she had finished it, she hugged and kissed her father a dozen times.

"Now let me show it to mamma," she cried. "She will be so glad."

When the poor woman, after some trouble, succeeded in making it out, she kissed the child tenderly. Then calling her husband, she threw her arms around his neck, shedding grateful and happy tears.

"Mary tells me there is nothing to eat," he said after a little while. "I will go and get something."

So he went out, returning in a few

moments with bread, meat, and tea. The meal was soon prepared, and they were once more a hopeful and united family—*Well Spring.*

SNOW.

T. BERRY SMITH.

How bleak is the wind,
How clear is the scene,
How white is the world
That erst was so green!

All week o'er the skies have lowering rolled
Gray clouds from the north and regions so cold.

Last night in the dark
From heavens so gray
Fell flakes aiter flake,
And still with the day

The flakes floated down unceasing and fast,
Where deep over all the whiteness was massed;
And yet at the noon they fall and they fall
And deepen the white now deep over all.

No ruggedness now
Is seen anywhere—
The earth is all smooth.
Her face is all fair;

The rough places now lie buried below—
All, all is the same, in the beautiful snow.

The fences are higher
And thicker the roof;
The cedars green warp
Is filled with white wool

So close and so clean, so fair and so fine—
And so is the cypress, the spruce and the pine.

Methinks that I know
Why fall th the snow,
And burthen so deep
All nature below;

The earth, as you know, is the mother of all—
Her bosom is where her children find rest;
When winter would freeze them, snow is the
shawl
That wraps them up warm and keepeth them
lest.

The roots and the buds—
The wheat and the grass
Would freeze in the storm,
And die in the blast

That sweeps from the north so bleak and so
cold,
Unless the snow wrapped them fold over fold.

How kind and how good
The Father that gives
Protection to all
That is and that lives!

And suiteth to man, to beast, and to plant
The things that are fitted for every want.

MRS. FULLER'S BOY.

THE Fullers—we do not give the real name—were an influential family. They were wealthy, cultured people, and among the most prominent members of the principal church in the Western town in which they lived. Every Sunday they filled their pew, gave liberally to church and other charities, and the minister was always welcomed to their table.

Mrs. Fuller was a sincere Christian woman. No one acquainted with her daily life could question her sincerity. But she was peculiarly reserved and sensitive, with an extreme dislike of obtruding on the reserve of other people. Her son was her constant companion as he grew to early manhood—a clever, spirited boy; keen of apprehension and eager for knowledge. His mother discussed every subject but that of religion freely with him. He had been sent constantly to Sunday-school and had been taught the chief facts in Jewish history, and that relating to the life and mission of Christ. But she had never asked him to consider the relation in which he himself stood to God, or urged him to take Christ as

the guide and model of his life—his Friend and Master. There had been times when she felt almost driven to do this, but when the lad was at her side, and they were surrounded by the atmosphere of every-day life, her courage had failed her and the subject had been deferred. He was a handsome, perfectly healthy young man, a noted athlete, with a life full of plans and hopes before him; there was plenty of time, she felt, for such counsel and entreaties.

Last October the boy was struck down with diphtheria. On the second day the physician told him he had not an hour to live. While he lay stunned and silent, some one spoke to him of Christ as a Saviour.

"Saviour? Why, I never thought about Him! he cried. "He is no Saviour of mine. Mother, why didn't you talk to me of Him?"

These were his last words. In a few moments his senses were clouded, and before the hour was over he was dead.

Every mother will understand the intolerable legacy of remorse that was left by these words. Yet how many mothers, although religious women in their profession and habits of life, never break the silence between themselves and their sons on this subject! They defer it to a more convenient season, and soon the tender boy is a hardened man, and has left home and passed from under their influence. If a man's mother has not cared for his soul, who will?—*Youth's Companion.*

WHAT ARE YOU READING?

STEP into this public library and watch the many comers and goers. Is it not a little awesome to think that here, preserved in a life beyond life, wait the spirits of thousands of the mighty dead—wait to be invited to hold communion with these living minds, to touch and stir these eager, throbbing, human hearts? Do we carefully select from among them "the best society?" Let us watch this pretty young girl passing near us. Her eye glances along the full shelves. Here Sir Walter Scott throws open to her ancient castles and baronial halls, but she does not pause to enter; then Tennyson pushes gently toward her the light shallop of the Lady of Shalott, but she lets it drift idly past; Milton opens before her heedless vision heights crowned by angels, and depths blackened by demons, but still that unsatisfied look of search is upon her face; Shakespeare clears a little glade in the greenwood, and makes room for her among Titania and her circling fays, but she only looks bewildered and amazed. Then Science comes forward with adjusted telescope and microscope; with bird, and beast, and butterfly; with stones, and shells, and crimson corals. History and Travel unroll brilliant panoramas of all lands and ages. Art sets up before her fine buildings, grand statues, and beautiful paintings, while Religion proffers knowledge and consolation and growth in grace from many an open page of truth. But see! the girl we are watching pushes past them all, and says to the librarian, "Haven't you any novels in this library? I've been looking all through these shelves, and I can't find one." Yet that girl will not bate jot or tittle, mind you, of her rightful claim to a place in "the best society."—*Cumberland Presbyterian*

THE PRICE OF A DRINK.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"Five cents a glass!" Does any one think That that is really the price of a drink? "Five cents a glass," I hear you say, "Why, that isn't very much to pay." Ah, no, indeed; 'tis a very small sum You are passing over twist finger and thumb; And if that were all that you gave away, It wouldn't be very much to pay."

The price of a drink! Let him decide Who has lost his courage and lost his pride, And lies a grovelling heap of clay, Not far removed from a beast, to-day.

The price of a drink! Let that one tell Who sleeps to-night in a murderer's cell, And feels within him the fires of hell. Honour and virtue, love and truth, All the glory and pride of youth, Hopes of manhood, the wreath of fame, High endeavour and noble aim, These are the treasures thrown away As the price of a drink, from day to day.

"Five cents a glass!" How Satan laughed, As over the bar the young man quaffed The beaded liquor; for the demon knew The terrible work that drink would do; And ere the morning the victim lay With his life-blood swiftly ebbing away; And that was the price he paid, alas! For the pleasure of taking a social glass. The price of a drink! If you want to know What some are willing to pay for it, go Through the wretched tenement over there, With dingy windows, and broken stair, Where foul disease, like a vampire, crawls With outstretched wings o'er the mouldy walls.

There poverty dwells with her hungry brood, Wild-eyed as demons for lack of food; There shame in the corner crouches low; There violence deals its cruel blow; And innocent ones are thus accursed To pay the price of another's thirst.

"Five cents a glass!" Oh, if that were all, The sacrifice would, indeed, be small! But the money's worth is the least amount We pay; and whoever will keep account Will learn the terrible waste and blight That follows the ruinous appetite. "Five cents a glass!" Does any one think That that is really the price of a drink?

BEECHER ON THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST.

HIGHLY COMPLIMENTARY REMARKS FROM THE PLYMOUTH PREACHER.

REV. HENRY W. BEECHER in his new lecture on "A Circuit of the Continent," says: It has been supposed, even up to a very recent period, that the north-western portion of our continent must be given up to winter and to desolation. We have very few American towns that can surpass Winnipeg, whether you view its business houses or the residences of its wealthy citizens. I recognized hardly anywhere else in the West such magnificent houses and homes as are seen in that new city in the wilderness scarcely ten years old. The Hudson Bay Company's store surpasses Stewart's store in New York, and they were on the point of doubling its capacity when I was there. All that I saw, all that I learned, filled me with surprise as well as gratification. One of the revelations made to me was the fact that instead of this North-Western territory being a howling wilderness and a desolation, it is the very paradise of wheat on this globe, and nowhere else in our own land and nowhere else abroad is there any such wheat field as that which includes the territory on the north and on the south of the great Pacific Railroad.

A NOBLE TYPE OF CIVILIZATION COMING.

It is destined to be occupied by probably ten millions of people before the end of this century. The sum-

mer is from four to five months in duration. The winter there is winter. It is considered a warm day when the temperature is ten degrees above zero. It is a wholesome and refreshing time when the thermometer goes down from forty to sixty degrees below zero That would seem to stand in the way of population, but I am informed by those living there who have come from New York, that they do not suffer in their winters half as much as they used to in New York city. That was also the testimony of Minnesota, Dakota, and Montana. On account of the great dryness of the atmosphere at 40° below zero, they do not feel so cold as they used to in New York city when the mercury was a little below freezing point. The population of this British possession is mainly Scotch and English, with a scattering of Scandinavian people, and is destined to carry English civilization with it on our great Northern border. Shut up, as they are, for nearly eight months by winter, what must result? More or less social relaxation and home life; entertainments and amusements that do not turn on mere roaming and passions. The best civilizations on the globe are those in which the populations are shut up for a considerable period of the year and are obliged to find their enjoyments in domestic relations and domestic life. I have been accustomed to say, thinking of California, that no people would, through a period of several generations, fail to run out more or less in a climate where they had no cellars to dig and no barns to build; that is to say, where nature is so provident that man is not obliged to look forward and make provisions for the future. The British possessions are, in the near future, going to develop a very noble type of civilization after the method of our ideas, for the Government of the Dominion is substantially republican. Nominally it is a colony of Great Britain, but in the management of its own affairs it is almost absolute.

Great Britain has learned how to manage her colonies; namely, to pay them very large sums of money for their internal improvements and then leave them alone. If that policy had been pursued toward these colonies of ours before we learned our trade, I know not but what we should still be under the Crown. If we had to be under a crown, I do not know of any that I should prefer to that which is worn by the illustrious Queen of Great Britain.

GOUGH AND THE CIGARS.

THE least meddling with liquor or tobacco should be avoided. A famous temperance lecturer, who once in a while indulged in a cigar, tells us that, on one occasion, he had engaged to attend a meeting of children. Before he went, a friend said to him,

"I have some first-rate cigars; will you take a few?"

"No, I thank you." "Do, take half-a-dozen." "I have nowhere to put them."

"You can put half-a-dozen in your cap." I wore a cap in those days, and I put the cigars into it, and at the appointed time I went to the meeting. I ascended the platform, and faced an audience of more than two thousand

children. As it was out of doors, I kept my cap on, for fear of taking cold, and I forgot all about the cigars. Toward the close of my speech, I became much in earnest, and after warning the boys against bad company, bad habits, and the saloons, I said—

"Now, boys, let us give three rousing cheers for temperance and cold water. Now then, three cheers. Hurrah!"

And taking off my cap, I waved it most vigorously, when away went the cigars right into the midst of the audience. The remaining cheers were very faint, and were nearly drowned in the laughter of the crowd. I was mortified and ashamed, and should have been relieved could I have sunk through the platform out of sight. My feelings were still more aggravated by a boy coming up the steps of the platform with one of those dreadful cigars, saying, "Here's one of your cigars, sir."

It is hardly possible to taste liquor or have anything to do with it, without being found out, indeed all *secret sins* sooner or later come to light. Those who think they can take a little on the sly and escape detection, are not likely to practise that sort of thing long, without being discovered and disgraced.

The president of a college once had reason to suspect that some of the college boys had planned to rob his hen-roost. Near the henery were two large apple trees, so he went quietly out at night and waited near the trees. And after a while two of the boys came, one went up a tree while the other remained below. When they commenced operations, the doctor made a slight noise, and the one below took to his heels. The one in the tree asked in a whisper—

"What's the matter?"

To which the doctor replied, also in a whisper, "All's right."

"Here, catch hold," said the upper one, handing down a rooster.

"Here's old Prex."

And handing down a hen, "Here's Mrs. Prex."

"And here, handing down a chicken, 'Here's Miss Prex; I guess that'll do.'"

The doctor quietly got over the fence with the fowls and went to his house. The poor robber of the hen-roost descended to find his companion gone. The next day the two young gentlemen received a polite invitation to dine with the president—an honour they could not very well decline. When they sat down at the table, they saw three roasted fowls, and we can imagine their sensations when the doctor said, "Now, young gentlemen, will you have a piece of old Prex, Mrs. Prex, or Miss Prex?"—*The Temperance Battle-Field*.

TRUTH IN A NUTSHELL.

JUDGE JOHNSON, of California, in passing sentence of death on a criminal, made use of the following language:

"Nor shall the place be forgotten in which occurred the shedding of blood. It was one of those ante-chambers of hell, which mar like plague-spots the fair face of our State. You need not be told that I mean a tippling-shop—the meeting-place of Satan's minions, and the foul cesspool which, by spontaneous generation, breeds and nur-

tures all that is loathsome and disgusting in profanity, and babbling, and vulgarity, and Sabbath-breaking. I would not be the owner of a groggery for the price of this globe converted into ore. For the pitiful sum of a dime he furnished the poison which made the deceased a fool, and this trembling culprit a demon. How paltry a sum for two human lives! This traffic is tolerated by law, and therefore the vendor has committed an act not cognizable by earthly tribunals; but in the sight of Him who is unerring in wisdom, he who deliberately furnishes the intoxicating draught, which inflames men into violence and anger and bloodshed, is *particeps criminis* in the moral turpitude of the deed. Is it not high time that all these sinks of vice and crime should be held rigidly accountable to the laws of the land, and placed under the ban of an enlightened and virtuous public opinion?"—*Morning and Day of Reform*.

THE BELLS OF TRINITY.

THE bells of Trinity ring out, And far and wide their music ring; Above the noise and tramp and shout, Between the earth and heavens they ring.

A moment stay Upon your way, And hear them say: "Chime, happy bells, all strife above— Chime, chime, 'The Bread of Life is Love.'"

The bells of Trinity ring out Like tongues of angels, glad and strong; The hammer's beat, the workman's shout, Their wondrous harmonies prolong

A moment stay Upon your way, And hear them say: "Brave hearts, true hearts, no duty shirk; Labour: 'The Salt of Life is Work.'"

The bells of Trinity ring glad, Ring happily over joy and grief, And hearts with dark despairing sad Find in their chime some sweet relief.

"Hope on," they say; "The dawning day Drives clouds away. If faint and thirsty in the strife, Then Hope, for Hope's the Stream of Life."

The bells of Trinity ring clear Above the sounds of trade and gain; And weak souls halting in their fear, Perchance may hear this bolter strain:

"Flee not from grief; Time brings relief— The watch is brief. Hold on; be patient in the strife, For Patience is the Strength of Life."

The bells of Trinity ring sweet. Ah! gentle soul, if you draw near, Perchance may drop into the street Some to us so musical and clear

That day by day Upon your way Your soul shall say: "I know, though I be true and strong, The sweetness of my Life is Song."

The bells of Trinity ring high, Ring far and wide, ring east and west. O toiling men that fear and sigh, Hear what they say, and be at rest:

"True hearts, good cheer! There is no fear, For God is near. However hard and dark the strife, Trust Him; Faith is the Light of Life."

LADY BLOOMFIELD tells us a curious anecdote about her own father, who isolated himself from the young members of his family on account of his dislike to the noise of children. "It is said," she writes, "that one day my father was walking in Portland Place, when he met a nurse carrying a baby in her arms; and, being struck by the beauty of the infant, he inquired whose it was. The nurse much astonished answered: 'Your own, Sir Thomas!'"

SYMPATHY.

Oh, mothers whose children are sleeping,
Thank God by their pillows to-night;
And pray for the mothers now weeping
O'er pillows too smooth and too white;
Whose bright little heads have oft lain,
And soft little cheeks have been pressed,
Oh, mothers who know not this pain,
Take courage to bear all the rest.

For the sombre-winged angel is going
With pitiless flight o'er the land,
And we wake in the morn, not knowing
What ho ere the night may demand.
Yes, to night while our darlings are sleeping,
There's many a soft little bed
Whose pillows are moistened with weeping
For the loss of one dear little head.

There are hearts on whose innermost altar
There is nothing but ashes to-night;
There are voices whose tones sadly falter,
And dim eyes that shrink from the light.
Oh, mothers whose children are sleeping,
As ye bend to caress the fair heads,
Pray, pray for the mothers now weeping
O'er pitiful, smooth little beds.

—Selected.

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8 Blouay Street, Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Halifax, N. S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:
Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 23, 1884.

MISSIONARY MATTERS.

AN important meeting of the leading men of American Methodism was held in New York the other day to discuss missionary matters. The meeting grew in interest and spiritual power to the end. It seemed to all present that the Divine Spirit was resting upon all hearts. At the close of the discussion the following resolutions which are equally applicable to our own Church were, in substance, unanimously adopted:

"That we regard it of the utmost importance to secure a contribution from every member.

"That we render thanks to God for the noble advance made by our people in their contributions, and pray him to continue the enlargement of their hearts till they shall make their contributions bear a just proportion to their ability.

"That we feel deeply the need of a more profound conviction on the subject of missions, and for this we ask the attention of our preachers to the necessity of preaching upon the great themes—self-sacrifice, the need of the world, the conversion of the world, the duty of giving, the duty of prayer for the speedy conversion of the world, and cognate subjects that will lead the

people to a more heroic and unselfish faith.

"That we regard the dissemination of missionary information as necessary to the growth of our work, and for this we recommend the frequent presentation of this subject from our pulpits and in our prayer-meetings.

"That monthly missionary prayer-meeting, established and maintained in every charge, will be an inspiration to holy living, to the spirit of consecration and sacrifice, and to generous giving; pastor and people would be constantly in the atmosphere of a missionary revival, from which there would be that continued spiritual growth in Church and home life that would hasten the coming in of the permanent kingdom.

"That the organization of a juvenile missionary society in every Sunday-school, and the training of the children in this generation in the missionary spirit, is one of the best means of creating a liberal, reliable, giving membership, who will in the generation following proportionately give double the sum of money now contributed to all the benevolences of the Church."

UNION, IN THE INTERESTS OF CHRIST'S KINGDOM. THE DUTY OF TO-DAY.

BY THE REV. JAMES MITCHELL, D.D.,
Secretary of Georgia Board of Education,
Methodist Episcopal Church.

THIS fragment of the nineteenth century will soon pass; yet not without first entombing from thirty-five to forty millions of earth's inhabitants each year. Of that number the writer and many of our readers may constitute a part of the shrouded multitude who will enter the city of the dead, whilst our spirits will pass before Christ the Judge, to display the tempers begotten of grace, the beneficent imprint of God's Holy Spirit, or the passions and tempers akin to hell. This test will have passed on half a generation before the twentieth century sets in, so that what some of us do for the final triumph of Christ's kingdom we must do now or not at all.

Happy will be the leader of men who in the Judgment can point to the clear record of duties performed, in strict harmony with the subject of Christ's last and greatest prayers for the Church, whilst the agony of death was in His soul and the dark shadow of the cross upon Him. Happy will be the man who can point to acts promotive of Christian union and fraternal regard, to the acts which show the full and glorious realization of God the Father's answer to the prayer of His Son, "that they may be one even as we are one."

In the dawn of the Reformation, Melancthon was much troubled in spirit by the forebodings of a divided Church, and the hydra-headed monster of sectarianism through the ambition of many leaders, each one disposed to make himself a Pope. Nor was Luther free from this fear, for he confessed that "there is a Pope in every man." This personal ambition and spirit of dictation has been sadly illustrated in Methodism. The first-born of the family is not one hundred years old, and we can count some thirty distinct organizations, one to every three or four years of the century.—*Methodist Magazine for February.*



DEATH IN THE BOTTLE.

DEATH IN THE BOTTLE.

THIS is not a very pretty picture; but it is just as pretty as the hideous traffic it depicts. Death as a gaunt and grinning skeleton is pointing to the coffin hidden in every whiskey or brandy bottle. There's death in the cup; there's poison in the bowl. Did you ever think that the word in-toxic-ate means to poison? The following lines describe the picture better than we can:

Oft have you seen attractive signs
That told of old and costly wines,
Or couched in terms to catch the eye
And lure the thoughtless passer-by;
You have beheld the devil's bait
Concealed in showy cards, that state
How whiskey, brandy, rum, or gin
May all, and more, be had within;
And you have smiled and caught the hook,
Nor thought to give a second look.
But turn the glass, 'twould well define
The shape of each deceitful sign.
One is a coffin, one a tomb,
That wait the toper's early doom;
While near at hand, beside the wall,
There stands the drunkard's waiting pall.
Fit things, indeed, to lure the blind,
Make ere a grave is close behind.

ENGLISH EDITION OF "THE KING'S MESSENGER."

WE are gratified to learn that our first Canadian story, "The King's Messenger," after reaching a fourth edition in Canada, has reached a second edition in England, and is published in a handsomely illustrated volume. It has been very favourably received, the following being press notices:—

"The King's Messenger; or, Lawrence Temple's Probation. By W. H. Withrow, D.D. T. Woolmer.—Dr. Withrow's story is an admirable one. It abounds in thrilling incidents; and is not only a most interesting story, but also a valuable account of some of the difficulties and triumphs of Christian workers in the rougher Canadian districts. No one will read it without thorough enjoyment and spiritual profit.—*Christian Miscellany.*

"Valeria, the Martyr of the Catacombs; The King's Messenger; or, Lawrence Temple's Probation. By Rev. Dr. Withrow. T. Woolmer.—The first of these well-written books gives, in the form of a very interesting narrative, a picture of a period in the Church's history which should never be forgotten. It is profusely and well

illustrated, and is just the book for presentation to intelligent young people. The second is a pleasing story illustrative of Canadian life, and of the triumphs of the Gospel in Canada."—*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.*

The Canadian edition of both these books can be had at the Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. They are specially adapted for Sunday-schools, to whom special discount will be given. The profit on these books goes to the Superannuated Ministers' Fund.

The Canada Methodist Magazine for February, 1884. Price \$2 a year; \$1 for six months; 20 cents per number. For sale at all book stores.

The February number of the new series more than maintains the high character of artistic illustrations of this *Magazine*. The score of engravings, of Moose-Hunting in Canada, Seal-Fishing in Newfoundland, the Mammoth Cave (splendidly illustrated), and Lady Brasse's Adventures in South America, are of rare excellence. The discussion of Christian Unity is continued with wide range of contributors. Bishop Fuller, Dr. Mitchell, of Georgia, and Dr. Cooke, of London, England, take part therein, and urge from their different points of view, the importance, advantages, duty and feasibility of Christian Unity. The series of articles on this subject now running through the *Magazine* is of unique interest, and presents a many-sided discussion of this important subject by eminent writers of different Churches and different countries, all earnestly desiring to promote Christian Unity and Brotherhood. Able articles are also contributed by Dr. Laing, on the Bible in the Public Schools; by Dr. Nelles, on the University Question; and by Mrs. Lauder. The Serial Story glows in interest.

The March number will contain articles by the late Dr. Puncheon, Professor Reynard and Dr. Clarke, of the Toronto Asylum for the Insane. Also, finely illustrated articles on Newfoundland, the Mammoth Cave, the Pampas of South America, etc.

The most splendid creation of God is good, great man; higher is he than the sun, or the stars, or the shining glory of the firmament.



PUNCH AND JUDY IN CHINA.

PUNCH AND JUDY IN CHINA.

DON'T know whether the Chinese borrowed Punch and Judy from England, or England from China. I rather suspect the latter. As our almond-eyed friends possessed the art of printing, and knew all about the mariner's compass, and how to make gunpowder before Europe, why should they not have known Punch and his termagant wife as well? Certain it is, that they have a sort of puppet show worked by a concealed man, quite like the English Punch performance. In the picture the Evil One seems to be after his victim in earnest, which doubtless conveys a wholesome moral to the young Celestials who are such interested spectators.

PRACTICAL UNITY.

A STRIKING illustration of Christian brotherhood and sympathy has just come under our notice. On Sunday afternoon, January 20th, the large and beautiful structure, known as Erskine Presbyterian Church, Toronto, was destroyed by fire. In a few hours—almost before the ashes were cold—seven of the city churches—three of them Methodist, one Presbyterian, one Reformed Episcopal, one Unitarian, and one Congregational—were offered to the burned-out congregation for use on part of the Sundays for their religious services, and one of these offers was accepted.

A few days later the Berkeley Street Methodist Church, Toronto, suffered by fire to the extent of \$2,000. In a similar spirit of Christian brotherhood to that above recorded, the Rev. Mr. Sanson, rector of Trinity Church (Church of England) offered the large school building of his church for the use of the Methodist Congregation—

if it should be needed—which, happily, it was not.

Our Father in heaven is bringing His children on earth in all the Churches nearer together, in the true spirit of Christianity.

“It is pleasant to see the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* beginning the year not alone beautified outwardly, but breathing a spirit of broad catholicity and earnest dispositions to promote the unity of the different branches of the Church of Christ. There are three articles on the subject of the Unity of the Church, and the means for its promotion, by Bishop Fuller, Dr. Laing, and Dr. Withrow, all of them representative men of the three great bodies of Protestant believers in Ontario. Dr. Withrow very truly says:—We think that by the exercise of a little Christian common-sense and courtesy, a more kindly feeling and more intimate relationship may be cultivated between Methodism and the other sections of the Church of Christ, which, if it do not, in our time, result in organic union, shall at least lead to mutual respect and mutual helpfulness in Christian work, and prepare the way for the blessed consummation foretold by our Lord, when ‘there shall be one fold, and one Shepherd.’”—*Toronto Globe*.

BISHOP USSHER, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, and Rev. W. R. Cruikshank, of St. Matthew's Presbyterian Church, Montreal, lately exchanged pulpits. “Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!” The editor of this paper has frequently preached for the Reformed Episcopal Church, using the Revised Liturgy.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

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

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

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

Yes, it is unlucky to have thirteen at table when you have only made preparations for twelve.

THE WEEK OF PRAYER.

A WORLD'S THANKSGIVING.

BY MARGARET J. BRISTON.

WITH sacred joy and solemn exultation
We lift our hands, that thousands
more to-day
Than ever since this hoary world's creation,
With single purpose moved, have met to pray.

From hemisphere to hemisphere is surging
One mighty impulse—one divine accord,
That, with a Pentecostal power, is urging
All Christendom to bow before the Lord.

Across our Continent the anthem ringing
Mingles with Britain's splendid psalm of praise
We catch the undertone that France is bringing;
We hear the hymn that German voices raise.

From hamlets hidden in Waldensian mountains
Come back the strains their ancient martyrs sung;
Above the tinkling lapse of Roman fountains
Prayer rises in the soft Italian tongue.

In snowy Swede shafts of song, ascending,
Meet at the firs Norway's answering swell,
O'er Holland's fl the worshippers are wending;
From Alp to Alp re-sounds the chapel bell.

Somewhere among the Russian steppes are kneeling
Earnest believers who have come to pray,
Across Armenian plains are softly stealing
Such orisons as bear the soul away.

Where Hafiz sang among his Persian roses
Fair bands of Christian choristers are seen;
The proud Parsee his Zend-Avesta closes,
And bends before the lowly Nazarene.

Sad women, shut in many a dim z-nana,
Weep now for joy to find the peace they crave;
The Hindu spurns the dreams of his Nirvana,
And learns at last that Buddha cannot save.

The cold Confucian casts aside his Morals,
Islam mistrusts the creed of his Koran;
Broken petitions rise from Kiooman corrals;
And prayer betrays the yearnings of Japan.

On the Dark Continent are faintly straying
Songs from the hut beneath the mango hid,
Along the Nile brave Christians still are praying
Within the shadow of the pyramid.

Unnumbered Ocean Isles unite their voices
In one prolonged, magnificent refrain;
East with the West, North with the South
rejoices,
Shore answers shore, and main responds to main.

Therefore we lift our hands in exultation,
Ascribing, with all Christians everywhere,
Of every kindred, every name and nation,
Thanksgiving for the blessed Week of Prayer!

A SLAVE'S SYMPATHY.

THE following extract, translated from *Al Moghrebal Aksa*, a journal published in Morocco, will show that even the poor slaves are not entirely devoid of human sympathy:—“A short time ago a slave woman was set free by her master as a reward for her excellent behaviour and industry. She began work, and her wages added to what she had received from her former master enabled her to save a moderate sum of money. One day passing through the street she heard the auctioneer selling a negress. The conscience of the former slave was touched and her sympathy aroused by the remembrance of her former life. In a spirit of sublime charity she bought the slave, took her to her own house, and declared her free, and the two women are now working contentedly together.”

HOME-BREWED BEER.

THE harvest of rich and golden sheaves
Had been safely gathered in
From the well tilled fields of Farmer Brown,
And the feast and the mirth begun
There was good roast-beef, there was puddings
And plenty of wholesome cheer;

But the glasses were filled from the crystal
spring,
Instead of with home-brewed beer.

And visitors wondered to see the change;
For William Brown's farm-house
Had long and far been famed for the skill
Of his clever, thrifty spouse.
And specially was it whispered round,
In homestead far and near,
That none to beat her could be found
In her tap of home-brewed beer.

"I'll tell you, my friends," the farmer said,
As he met inquiring eyes,
"Wh. water, instead of home-brewed beer,
To day each glass supplies
My first-born son, dear to my heart—
Words cannot tell how dear—
To-day a homeless wanderer roams
Because of our home-brewed beer.

"He learned to love it whilst a boy,
And the taste grew with his years;
I saw his danger when too late,
I sought with bitter tears
To win my boy, my first-born, back
From the power of the deadly snare;
But all in vain—he cared for naught
But to quaff the accursed beer.

"One day when drink had made him mad,
And passion had made me wild,
I struck him, and he returned the blow,
And I savagely fought my child.
I cast him forth from his childhood's home,
I banished him—though 'twas here
He had learned to love the dangerous taste
Of his mother's home-brewed beer.

"But oh! since then my stricken heart
Hath enlightened my once dark eyes
To see my folly, and though so late,
To choose a course more wise,
No child of mine again shall learn
From father or mother here,
Nor servant be taught by me to love
The taste of home-brewed beer."

—Mrs. E. C. A. Allen.

A MOTHER'S PRAYERS

BY DR. TALMAGE.

THINK there must be somewhere a fragment of a cradle that could tell a story of midnight supplication in your behalf. Where is the old rocking chair in which you were sung to sleep with the holy nursery rhyme? Where is the old clock that ticked away the moments of that sickness on that awful night when there were but three of you awake—you and God and mother? Is there not an old staff in some closet? Is there not an old family Bible on some shelf that seems to address you, saying: "My son, my daughter, how can you reject that God who so kindly dealt with us all our lives and to whom we commended you in our prayers living and dying! By the memory of the old homestead, by the family altar, by our dying pillow, by the graves in which our bodies sleep while our spirits hover, we beg of you to turn over a new leaf for the new year." Oh, the power of ancestral piety, well illustrated by a young man of New York who attended a prayer-meeting one night and asked for prayer, and then went home and wrote down these words:

"Twenty-five years ago to-night my mother went to heaven, my beautiful blessed mother, and I have been alone, tossed up and down the billows of life's tempestuous ocean. Shall I ever go to heaven? She told me I must meet her in heaven. When she took her boy's hand in hers and turned her

gentle loving eyes on me and gazed earnestly and long into my face, and then lifted them to heaven in that last prayer, she prayed that I might meet her in heaven. I wonder if I ever shall?

"My mother's prayers! Oh, my sweet, blessed mother's prayers! Did ever boy have such a mother as I had? For twenty-five years I have not heard her pray until to-night. I have heard all her prayers over again. They have had, in fact, a terrible resurrection. Oh, how she was wont to pray! She prayed as they prayed to-night, so earnest, so importunate, so believing. Shall I ever be a Christian? She was a Christian. Oh, how bright and pure and happy was her life! She was a cheerful and happy Christian. There is my mother's Bible. I have not opened it for years. Did she believe I could ever neglect her precious Bible? She surely thought I would read it much and often. How often has she read it to me.

"Blessed mother, did you pray in vain for your boy? It shall not be in vain. Ah! no, no, it shall not be in vain. I will pray for myself. Who has sinned against so much instructions as I have? against so many precious prayers put up to heaven for me by one of the most lovely, tender, pious, confiding, trusting of mothers in her Heavenly Father's care and grace. She never doubted. She believed. She always prayed as if she did. My Bible, my mother's Bible and my conscience teach what I am and what I have made myself. Oh, the bitter pangs of an accusing conscience. I need a Saviour mighty to save. I must seek Him. I will. I am on the sea of existence, and I can never get off from it. I am afloat. No anchor, no rudder, no compass, no book of instructions, for I have put them all away from me. Saviour of the perishing, save or I perish."

Do you wonder that the next day he arose in a prayer-meeting and said: "My brethren, I stand before you a monument of God's amazing mercy and goodness, forever blessed be His holy name. All I have and all I am I consecrate to Jesus my Saviour and my God?" Oh, the power of ancestral prayer. Hear it! Hear it!

OUR kind confrere of the Halifax Wesleyan writes: "We congratulate the Rev. H. Lewis, of Newfoundland, on a fine start-off in his story of outport life, commenced in the January number of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*. The continuation of this graphic story, and the promised illustrated articles on several localities in the colony and on its fisheries, will well repay Newfoundland Methodists for the outlay of the one dollar necessary to secure this Magazine for six months. Other illustrated articles will be of equal interest to our readers in the other Maritime Provinces. The chaste cover, and improved paper and clearer illustrations of this first number for the new year are all fitting a magazine which Dr. Withrow is making a success when every other Canadian venture of the kind has proved a failure."

A FRENCHMAN writes in a Paris newspaper that "a French major is a man who has three decorations. The third was given him because he had two, the second because he had one, and the first because he had none."

DON'T BE STINGY.

WE ought, certainly, to give money as liberally to help such a work as the temperance cause as any other good work that is being carried on; but we are afraid with a good many people that this is not the case.

There are grasping people in the world that grudge giving a dollar to almost any good cause. They seem to think that happiness lies in getting hold of every cent they can, and keeping it with a dreadfully tight grip. They are as likely to find happiness in this way as a Scotchman once was in catching fish. He had been out fishing one day in a loch in Selkirkshire, and had never had a bite. A shepherd had been watching him all the time, and as he was turning to go home in a very desponding mood, the shepherd said—

"Ye'll no hae killed mony trout the day?"

"No; I've had no sport at all—not a nibble."

"I dare say no," replied the shepherd, "for it's weel kent there was never a trout in that loch since the beginning of creation."

A man who seeks happiness in mere money, is fishing where there has been no fish since the creation of the world.

"I've been a member of this church for twenty years," said a man in a social meeting, "and it has only cost me twenty-five cents." The minister, who was present, said to him, "The Lord have mercy on your poor stingy soul!"

A man once was noted for his loud "Amen's" in prayer-meetings. He would shout and respond at a great rate, and sometimes rather disturbed the quieter portion of the worshippers. One evening he was unusually demonstrative. The leader of the meeting requested a brother to try and stop him. In a few moments the exclamations all ceased.

"How did you succeed so quickly?" asked the leader afterwards.

"Oh, I just asked him for a dollar for foreign missions, and that stopped him!"—*Seymour's Temperance Battle-Field*.

LOVE OF FUN.

LYMAN BEECHER was fond of amusements and of real fun, as well as of hard work and preaching. His violin was as often heard as his saw, and heard not only in his study, which was in the upper storey of his house, but also in the family circle and at family prayers.

At times he was so absorbed in writing his sermon when called to family worship, that he would call for his violin, and with its lively notes break the connection and free his thoughts for the service in hand.

There was a perennial fountain of boyish spirits in the heart of Lyman Beecher. I once called at his house with a young friend to see his children, soon after his arrival in Boston. One of the daughters responded to the call. After an introduction she said, "We are having fun with father in the dining-room. Come out and see us." So we both went out to see the fun. And, sure enough, there was Dr. Beecher on "all fours," with two children on his back playing "riding horse." He would run horse fashion, trot, gallop, stop, run back, kick up,

throw a riders, and then run away, with all the children screaming after him with delight.—*Rev. J. C. White's Reminiscences*.

STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

THIS said where Strasburg's glorious spire
Its sculptured beauty lifts on high,
One lovely, polished stone is found,
Though now unseen by mortal eye.

Long years ago—when love and zeal
Aspired the holy fane to raise—
A peasant woman longed to aid
In building up God's house of praise.

Over one stone her loving care
For many a weary year was poured,
Till, bowed with age, at last she brought
Her finished offering to the Lord.

"Too late," the builder kindly said,
"Your offering comes; no place below
Is left in which your polished stone
Its beauty to the world can show."

"Far up upon the lofty spire
One little niche is left to hold
Your gift, but ah! no human eye
Your work of love can there behold!"

A smile lit up her old worn face;
"That niche is just the place for me—
My stone will meet the eyes I love—
The angels and my Lord can see."

TOY CIGARS.

AS the toy pistol has been conceded to be a more dangerous weapon in the hand of the thoughtless boy than the real pistol, so may it as well be conceded that the cigarette, the toy cigar of the present day, is far more harmful than the real cigar. When one thinks of the number of boys who have been killed and injured by it, one is astonished that any parent will allow it to be used.

It ought to be suppressed by law. And what should be the fate of those bits of poison called cigarettes? Are they to be offered for sale without hinderance when we know their tendency is to stunt manhood, and to poison the fountains of health? Would we might see these vile things swept from the land, even if law has to be brought to bear upon them.

Young men, readers of the *Christian Advocate*, have you been enticed into the use of cigarettes? Do you know how they are made? I will tell you.

Old, cast-away cigar-stumps are used in their manufacture. Boys are employed to gather them from hotels, bar-rooms, sidewalks, or wherever they are thrown. Collectors buy them, and send them to the manufactories by the barrel. No matter how disgusting the spot whence they are picked—whether from the spittoon with its dangerous saliva, or the gutter with its filth—the refuse finds its way into the mouth and nostrils of the cigarette-smoker.

But even this is not the worst of it. These cigar-stumps have been in the mouths of all sorts of men—drunkards, fast young men, rotten old rones, whose very kiss, or touch, or even the pencil they have held in their mouths, might communicate the foulest and most fearful disease that comes to a human being.

Knowing this, can you ever put a cigarette in your mouth again? Commence the new year with the resolution to let smoking alone, and let nothing tempt you to swerve from it.

I FIND more marks of authenticity in the Bible than in any profane history.—*Sir Isaac Newton*.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

"GIVE us a song!" the soldier cried,
The outer trench guarding,
When the heated guns of the campallied
Grew weary of the bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening under;
And the tawny mould of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A Guardsman said,
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may—another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon;
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon

They sang of love and not of fame,
Forgot was Britain's glory.
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong—
Their battle eve confession.

Dear girl! her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Ran on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Norah's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honoured rest
Your truth and valour wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.

THE QUEEN'S TENDERNESS.

HERE is so much of forgetfulness of the rights of inferiors and servants, on the part of the "privileged classes" generally, that we are always pleased and refreshed to read the stories which are told of Victoria's good heart and kind considerateness. Grace Greenwood relates the following:

When I was in England I heard several pleasant anecdotes of the queen and her family from a lady who had received them from her friend, the governess of the royal children. The governess, a very interesting young lady, was the orphan daughter of a Scottish clergyman. During the first year of her residence at Windsor, her mother died. When she first received the news of her mother's serious illness, she applied to the queen to be allowed to resign her situation, feeling that to her mother she owed a more sacred duty than to her sovereign.

The queen, who had been much pleased with her, would not hear of her making this sacrifice, but said in a tone of most gentle sympathy: "Go at once to your mother, child; stay with her as long as she needs you, and then come back to us. Prince Albert and I will hear the children's lessons; so, in any event, let your mind be at rest in regard to your pupils." The governess went and had several weeks' sweet, mournful communion with her dying mother. Then when she had seen that dear form laid to sleep under the daisies in the old kirkyard, she returned to the palace, where the loneliness of the royal grandeur would have oppressed

her sorrowing heart beyond endurance had it not been for the gracious womanly sympathy of the queen—who came every day to her school room—and the considerate kindness of her young pupils.

A year went by, the anniversary of her great loss dawned upon her, and she was overwhelmed as never before by the utter loneliness of her grief. She felt that no one in all the great household knew how much goodness and sweetness passed out of mortal life, that day a year ago, or could give one tear, one thought, to that grave under the Scottish daisies.

Every morning before breakfast, which the elder children took with their father and mother in their pleasant crimson parlour looking out on the terrace at Windsor, her pupils came to the school room for a brief religious exercise. This morning the voice of the governess trembled in reading the Scriptures of the day. Some words of divine tenderness were too much for her poor, lonely, grieving heart—her strength gave way, and laying her hands on the desk before her, she burst into tears, murmuring, "O, mother, mother!"

One after another, the children stole out of the room, and went to their mother to tell her how sadly the governess was feeling; and that kind-hearted monarch, exclaiming, "O, poor girl, it is the anniversary of her mother's death," hurried to the school room, where she found Miss—struggling to regain composure. "My poor child," she said, "I am sorry the children disturbed you this morning. I meant to have given orders that you should have this day entirely to yourself. Take it as a sad, sacred holiday—I will hear the lessons of the children." And then she added, "To show you that I have not forgotten this mournful anniversary, I bring you this gift," clasping on her arm a beautiful mourning bracelet, with a lock of her mother's hair, marked with the date of her mother's death. What wonder that the orphan kissed with tears this gift, and the more than royal hand that bestowed it?

CHARMING GIRLS.

THE most charming woman in Queen Victoria's court a few years ago, was one whose features were homely, and whose eyes were crossed. The secret of her attraction lay in a certain perpetual bright freshness, in her dress, the turn of her mind, and her temper.

Jane Welsh Carlyle, when an old, sickly, ugly woman, could so charm men, that a stranger meeting her in a stage-coach followed her for miles, post-haste, to return a parasol which she had dropped. The charm lay in her bright vivacity of manner, and the keen sympathy which shone through her features.

Margaret Fuller also possessed this magnetic sympathy, in spite of her enormous egotism. Men and women, the poor and the rich, felt themselves drawn to open their hearts and pour out their troubles to her. Yet Margaret was an exceptionally homely woman.

The popular belief among young girls who read the *Companion*, is that it is only a pretty face which will bring to them the admiration and love which they naturally crave. No books, it is said, have a larger sale than those written that give rules for beauty, recipes to

destroy fat or freckles, and to improve the skin or the figure.

Now, no recipe will change the shape of a nose or the color of an eye. But any girl, by daily baths, and wholesome food, and by breathing pure air, can render her complexion clear and soft. Her hair nails and teeth can be daintily kept. Her clothes, however cheap, can be fresh and becoming in color. She can train her mind, even if of ordinary capacity, to be alert and earnest; and if she adds to these a sincere, kindly, sunny temper, she will win friends and love as surely as if all the fairies had brought her gifts at her birth.

But it is of no use for a woman whose person is soiled and untidy, and whose temper is selfish and irritable at home, to hope to cheat anybody by putting on fine clothes and a smile for company. The thick, muddy skin, and soured expression will betray her.

"John," said an artist the other day, to a Chinaman who was unwillingly acting as model, "smile. If you don't look pleasant I'll not pay you."

"No use," grumbled the washerman. "If Chinaman feelee ugly all the time, he lookee ugly," which is true of every other man and woman in the world as well as John Chinaman.

Hawthorne's weird fancy that our secret weakness or sin should hang like a black veil over our faces between us and other men, is true in fact.

TRUTHFULNESS.

TWO country lads came at an early hour to a market town, and arranging their little stands, sat down to wait for customers. One was furnished with fruits and vegetables of the boy's own raising, and the other supplied with clams and fish. The market hours passed along, and each little merchant saw with pleasure his store steadily decreasing, and an equivalent in silver bits shining in his little money-cup. The last melon lay on Harry's stand, when a gentleman came by, and placing his hand upon it, said, "What a fine, large melon! What do you ask for it, my boy?"

"The melon is the last I have, sir; and though it looks very fair there is an unsound spot in it," said the boy, turning it over.

"So there is," said the man; "I think I will not take it. But," he added, looking into the boy's fine open countenance, "is it very business-like to point out the defects of your fruit to customers?"

"It is better than being dishonest, sir," said the boy, modestly.

"You are right, little fellow; always remember that principle, and you will find favour with God, and man also; I shall remember your little stand in future. Are those clams fresh?" he continued, turning to Ben Wilson's stand.

"Yes, sir; fresh this morning. I caught them myself," was the reply, and a purchase being made, the gentleman went away.

"Harry, what a fool you were to show the gentleman that spot in the melon! Now you can take it home for your pains, or throw it away. How much wiser is he about those clams I caught yesterday? Sold them for the same price as I did the fresh ones. He would never have looked at the melon until he had gone away."

"Ben, I would not tell a lie, or act one either, for twice what I have

earned this morning. Besides, I shall be better off in the end, for I have gained a customer, and you have lost one."

And so it proved, for the next day the gentleman bought nearly all his fruits and vegetables of Harry, but never spent another penny at the stand of his neighbour. Thus the season passed, the gentleman, finding he could always get a good article of Harry, constantly patronized him, and sometimes talked with him a few minutes about his future prospects. To become a merchant was Harry's great ambition, and when the winter came on, the gentleman wanting a trusty boy for his warehouse, decided on giving the place to Harry. Steadily and surely he advanced in the confidence of his employer, until, having passed through various posts of service, he became at length an honoured partner in the firm.

MR. GLADSTONE'S LATIN VERSION OF TOPLADY'S "ROCK OF AGES."

[This fine Latin version of the "Rock of Ages," almost an impromptu, we believe, by Mr. Gladstone, was first published about twenty-five years ago in the *Guardian*; but as it has often since been asked for, our readers will, we are sure, thank us for republishing it, which we do with the author's permission.—*Ed. Spectator.*]

IESUS, pro me perforatus,
Condar intra Tuum latus:
Tu per lympham profluentem,
Tu, per sanguinem tepentem,
In peccata mi redunda,
Tolle culpam, sordes munda.

Coram Te nec justus forem
Quamvis tota vi laborem;
Nec si fide nunquam cesso,
Fletu stillans indefesso:
Tibi soli tantum munus,
Salva Tu, Salvator unus.

Nil in manu mecum fero,
Sed me versus Crucem gero:
Vestimenta nudus oro,
Opem debilis imploro,
Fontem Christi quaero immundus,
Nisi laves, moribundus.

Dum hos artus vita regit,
Quando nox sepulchro tegit,
Mortuos cum stare jubes,
Sedens Judex inter nubes,
Jesus, pro me perforatus,
Condar intra Tuum latus.

ADVICE TO A BOY.

GET away from the crowd a little while every day, my dear boy. Stand one side and let the world run by while you get acquainted with yourself, and see what kind of a fellow you are. Ask yourself hard questions about yourself, ascertaining from original source if you are really the manner of man people say you are, find out if you are always honest; if you always tell the square, perfect truth in business dealing; if your life is as good and upright at eleven o'clock at night as it is at noon; if you are as sound a temperance man on a fishing excursion as you are at a Sunday-school picnic; if you are as good a boy when you go to Chicago as you are at home; if, in short, you really are the sort of a young man your father hopes you are, your mother says you are and your sweetheart believes you are. Get on intimate terms with yourself, my boy, and, believe me, every time you come out from these private interviews you will be a stronger, better, purer man. Don't forget this, Telemachus, and it will do you good.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A SWEDISH POEM.

It matters little where I was born,
If my parents were rich or poor;
Whether they shrunk at the cold world's scorn,
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure;
But whether I live an honest man,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you, my brother, that plain as I am,
It matters much!

It matters little how long I stay
In a world of sorrow and care;
Whether in youth I'm called away,
Or whether my bones and pate are bare;
But whether I do the best I can
To soften the weight of adversity's touch
On the faded cheek of my fellow-man,
It matters much!

It matters little where is my grave,
On the land or on the sea;
By purring brook or heath stormy wave,
It matters little or naught to me;
But whether the angel Death comes down,
And marks my brow with his loving touch
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much!

DO IT NOW.

THIS is for you, boys and girls.
It is a bad habit—the habit
of putting off. If you have
something that you are to do, do it
now. Then it will be done. That is
one advantage. If you put it off, very
likely you will forget it, and not do it
at all. Or else—what for you is
almost as bad—you will not forget it,
but keep thinking of it and dreading it,
and so, as it were, be doing it all the
time. "The valiant never taste death
but once;" never but once do the alert
and active have their work to do.

I once read of a boy that dropped
so in health that his mother thought
she must have the doctor to see him.
The doctor could find nothing wrong
with the boy. But there the fact was,
he was pining away, losing his appet-
ite, creeping about languidly, and his
mother was distressed. The doctor
was nonplussed.

"What does your son do? Has he
any work?"

"No; he has only to bring a pail of
water every day from the spring. But
that he dreads all day long, and does
not bring it until just before dark."

"Have him bring it the first thing
in the morning," was the doctor's pre-
scription.

The mother tried it, and the boy got
well. Putting it off made his job prey
on the boy's mind. "Doing it now"
relieved him.

Boys and girls do it now. <

VARIETIES.

ONE day toward nightfall, and in
uncertain light, a man bought an over-
coat of pre-ened plum-colour. The
next morning it proved to be of a
quite too unmistakable green. Re-
turning it to the shopkeeper, that
worthy regarded the buyer calmly and
said, "You must have a little patience
with it, my dear sir, it isn't ripe yet."

A LITTLE girl, accompanying her
mother on a visit to an old lady, the
latter showed the child her parrot in a
cage by the window, warning her at
the same time not to go too near, lest
he should bite. "Why should he
bite me?" she asked. "Because, my
dear, he don't know you." "Then
please tell him that I am Mary Ann."

THERE is nothing that pleases a
Washington boarding-house mistress so
much as to lodge a man who has plenty
of ready money and a claim against
the Government. He is good for many
months' board before the claim is paid.

GENERAL WOLFE overhearing a young
officer say in a very familiar manner,
"Wolfe and I drank a bottle of wine
together," replied, "I think you might
say General Wolfe." "No," replied
the subaltern, with happy presence of
mind; "did you ever hear of General
Achilles or General Cæsar?"

DID you ever notice the warning,
"Paint," posted on a door, that you
didn't test the matter with your finger
to see if it wasn't dry enough to take
down the sign? You probably never
did; it would be contrary to human
nature.

THERE is evil thought in man, God
knows! But it is not the mission of
every young man and woman to detail
and report it all. Keep the atmosphere
as pure as possible, and fragrant with
gentleness and charity.—*Dr. John Hall.*

I LOVE to think of my little children
whom God has called to himself as
away at school—at the best school in
the universe, under the best teachers,
learning the best things in the best
possible manner.—*Dr. Pond.*

"How did you like my discourse
last Sunday?" asked the person. And
the reply was: "To tell you the truth,
I was not altogether pleased with your
premises; but I was delighted at your
conclusion."

NEVER fear to bring the sublimest
motive to the smallest duty, and the
most infinite comfort to the smallest
trouble.—*Phillips Brooks.*

THE proud have no friends; not in
prosperity, for then they know nobody;
and not in adversity, for then no one
knows them.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

A. D. 52.] LESSON IX. [March. 2.

PAUL AT ATHENS.

Acts 17. 22-34. Commit to memory vs. 29-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

In him we live, and move, and have our
being. Acts 17. 28.

OUTLINE.

1. God the Creator, v. 22-25.
2. God the Ruler, v. 26-28.
3. God the Father, v. 29, 30.
4. God the Judge, v. 31-34.

TIME.—A. D. 52.

PLACE.—Athens in Greece.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Mars' hill*—A place where
the people had brought him that he might
tell them about the Gospel. *Too superstitious*
—This means here, "devoted to worship."
Your devotions—The people of Athens wor-
shipped many idols. *To the unknown God*—
There were such altars in Athens, as other
writers mention them. *Ignorantly worship*—
In their ignorance they yet worshipped God.
Dwelleth not in temples—Athens was full of
rich temples to idols. *Of one blood*—All
races of men came from one family. *Deter-
mined the time*—God has a purpose for every
people. *Haply*—Perhaps. *Offspring*—His
children. *Winked at*—God allowed it while
men were ignorant. *To repent*—To turn
from their sins. *By that man*—Jesus Christ,
the Son of God. *Some mocked*—Ridiculed
the teaching as foolish. *Departed*—He did
not establish a Church at Athens.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. That our worship to God should be
intelligent worship?
2. That God has a claim to the worship of
all men?
3. That neglect of right worship will be
punished?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. At what place in Athens did Paul preach
the Gospel? At Mars' hill. 2. Whom did
Paul declare unto the Athenians? The un-
known God whom they worshipped. 3. What

relation do we bear to God? "We are his
offspring." 4. What does the Lord command
all men to do? To repent. 5. How was
Paul's preaching received? Some mocked
and some believed.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The unity and
spirituality of God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

17. How does the Lord teach us by His
Spirit?

All the Scriptures were written under the
Holy Spirit's inspiration; and He who in-
spired them will show their meaning to such
as humbly ask Him.

18. What do you mean by the Holy Spirit's
inspiration?

That He put it into the minds of holy men
to write, and instructed them how to write.

19. How is it proved that the Holy Spirit
inspired the Old Testament Scriptures?

Chiefly by the words of our Lord and His
Apostles. Matthew xxii. 43. 2 Peter i. 21.
[Acts iv. 25, xxviii. 25; Romans iii. 2;
2 Timothy iii. 16, Hebrews x. 15-17; 1 Peter
i. 11.]

A. D. 52.] LESSON X. [March. 9.

PAUL AT CORINTH.

Acts 18. 1-17. Commit to memory vs. 9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am with thee, and no man shall set on
thee to hurt thee: for I have much people in
this city. Acts 18. 10.

OUTLINE.

1. The Every-day Workers, v. 1-3.
2. The Sabbath Teachers, v. 4-8.
3. The Heavenly Vision, v. 9-11.
5. The Human Opposition, v. 12-17.

TIME.—A. D. 52, immediately following the
events of the last lesson.

PLACE.—Corinth in Greece.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Claudius*—The emperor
of Rome. *Wrought*—Worked at his trade.
Tent-makers—Probably weaving the cloth of
which tents were made. *Reasoned*—Held
discussion and arguments. *Came from Mace-
donia*—Where they had remained after Paul's
departure. *Pressed in the spirit*—Was made
very earnest by his sense of duty to preach
the Gospel. *Blasphemed*—The Jews opposed
the truth, not with argument, but with curses.
Shook his raiment—As a token of separation,
shaking them off. *I am clean*—Having done
his duty. *Entered into*—For the purpose of
preaching. *Joined hand*—Was near to. *Chief
ruler*—The officer in control of the synagogue.
Baptized—As a token of their faith. *I am
with thee*—God's presence is a comfort when
men are enemies. *I have much people*—God
knew that there were many who would
receive the truth. *Deputy*—The Roman
governor under the emperor. *Made insur-
rection*—Brought charges and caused his arrest.
Worship God contrary to the law—By teaching
a religion that was not allowed in the State.
Lawlessness—Wickedness of conduct. *Drive
them*—He would not hear their complaint.
Cared for none—He paid no attention to the
acts of either party, the Jews who were against
Paul, or the Greeks against the Jews.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. The dignity and duty of labour?
2. That God cares for His workmen?
3. That boldness for the truth is commend-
able to God?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where did Paul go from Athens? To
Corinth. 2. What did Paul testify to the
Jews? That Jesus was Christ. 3. What did
the Lord say to Paul in the night by a vision?
"Be not afraid, but speak." 4. What does
Jesus say to His followers every where? Lo,
I am with you always." 5. How long did
Paul stay at Corinth? A year and six months.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Personal res-
ponsibility to God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

20. How is it proved that the New Testa-
ment is inspired by the Holy Spirit?

The Saviour told His apostles that they
should be witnesses of Him, and promised
that the Spirit should bring His words to
their remembrance, and teach them things to
come. John xv. 26, 27; John xiv. 26.

21. What other proof is there that the
Bible is inspired?

Its wonderful and heavenly power over the
human heart. Hebrews iv. 12, 13.

[2 Timothy iii. 16.]

22. How must we, then, esteem the Scrip-
tures?

As the true Word of God, the sure and
sufficient rule of faith and practice.

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