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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. II.

TORONTO, MARCH 25, 1882.

No 6.

THE CONQUEROR'S BAND.

BY J. WATKINSON.

(For Recitation.)

THE world's a battle-field, boys,
Beyond's the promised land;
War rages all around, boys—
Who'll join the Conq'ror's band?

There's wrong to trample down, boys,
That right may rule the land;
The trumpet calls to arms, boys—
Who'll join the Conq'ror's band?

Sin's hosts are gath'ring strong, boys,
Who can their power withstand?
They only who do right, boys—
Who'll join the Conq'ror's band?

Hearts true as steel we need, boys,
High purpose and strong hand;
Each mind and eye alert, boys—
Who'll join the Conq'ror's band?

What men may do we'll dare, boys,
And fight at God's command;
His banner high we'll bear, boys,
We'll join the Conq'ror's band!

Then if we're true and brave boys,
The foe will sink as sand,
And high will swell the song, boys,
Led by the Conq'ror's band.

A GREAT JAPANESE CITY

BY THE REV. GEO. COCHRAN.

(For six years Canadian Methodist Missionary in Japan.)

THE view of Kioto, given on this page, is taken from the grounds of the *Kiomidzu*, or Temple of the Pure Heart, a Buddhist temple of great size, situated upon the hills at the eastern limit of the city, and looking westward. The end of the temple building is the most prominent feature of the picture. In the near foreground we see the top of a pagoda of the Chinese style, with its lofty spire of bronze. Filling the plain, and stretching far away towards the western hills, lies the city. The large roofs to be seen in the city are those of temples. It had a larger number of these, and of idols, in proportion to its size, than any other city in the empire, and it was a city "wholly given to idolatry." But a better day has dawned upon this ancient, and so long mis-called, "sacred city." For five years the Gospel of Christ has been proclaimed there, and thousands of the citizens are no longer the devoted and benighted heathens they were; and some of them have become sincere followers of Christ.

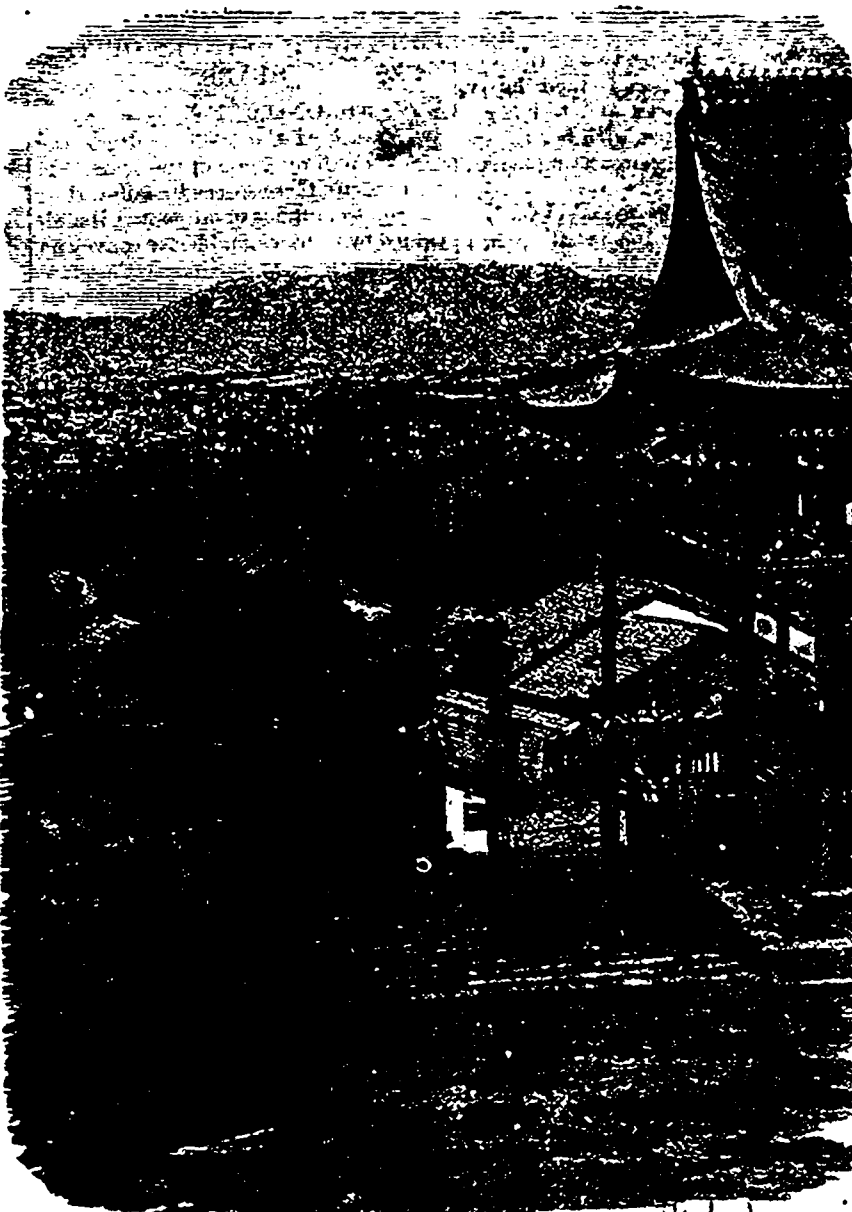
The prosperity of Kioto was seriously injured by the abrupt removal of the Court to Tokio in 1868. It had been

the imperial dwelling-place for over a thousand years. It was the scene, at regular intervals, of important political gatherings. Numerous officials of high rank, with large retinues, were permanently quartered there. It had been the resort of pilgrims and pleasure-seekers, for a score of generations. Its "floating population" was, therefore,

which was first tried in the spring of 1872. The result was so happy that its repetition annually was forthwith decreed. Never before had the city been so thronged with excursionists of every degree. Foreigners were admitted for the first time, and did not abuse their privilege, and the financial condition of the

since the beginning of the third century, and now forms nearly half of the export trade of the country. Kioto has always been the principal seat of this industry. The weaving establishments are all located in one quarter of the city. The houses are poor and small, seldom containing more than twenty looms each, giving no outward indication of the importance of the work carried on within. But the gold brocades, heavy silks, damasks, velvets, figured clothes, and lighter fabrics, in rich dyes, or uncoloured, are wonderful as to quality and value; and the silk displayed in the manufacture has often excited the admiration of foreign experts. My visit to this quarter, and the courtesy with which the people permitted me to enter their houses and see them at their work, is one of the pleasant memories of a brief sojourn in Kioto.

The society of Kioto is the gayest in all the land, and is noted for refinement of manners and taste in dress. During the hot summer evenings the people flock to the principal streets, the river, and the bridges, to get the pure air and see the sights—all intent upon pleasure. There fashion and beauty haunt at will. Nothing can exceed the good nature, the mutual kindly feeling, and the decent, orderly behaviour of a Japanese crowd. The proprietors of the tea-houses that line the western bank of the Kamo, place matted platforms on the bed of the river to accommodate their numerous guests; and then, while the light of thousands of coloured lanterns and flaming torches flashes on the crystal waters of the wide and shallow stream that brawls and bubbles over its pebbly bed, hundreds of well-dressed people are sitting to and fro in gossiping picnic parties, entertained with music, pantomime, riding on horseback on islands in the river, and other forms of amusement. The whole scene, when viewed from one of the high bridges, is a picture of life in some social phases of its bright, unbending, and innocent mirth, not to be seen elsewhere or outside of Japan. During the heat of the long afternoons numbers of



KIOTO, JAPAN.

very large, and of this it was in great part forever deprived by the migration of the court. Now, although it was never likely again to become the seat of government, there were sufficient reasons why his grand old capital should not be suffered to fall into decay. Among other devices for its relief was that of an Industrial Exhi-

old city was once more rosy and blooming.

The industries of Kioto are chiefly porcelain, lacquer, fans, silks, and bronze. It is well known that Japan excels in beautiful creations of the ceramic art, and nowhere is it carried to so great perfection as in Kioto.

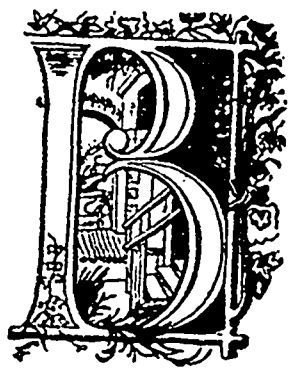
Silk has been cultivated in Japan

people come daily to similar platforms placed beneath the wide bridges, just a few inches above the clear water, and spend the time in reading, conversation, sundry games, tea-drinking, and not unfrequently draughts of something stronger than tea. The hotel where I lodged was situated on the bank of the river near one of these

bridges, so that I had ample opportunity of observing this *hashi no shita no suzumi*—"taking the cool under the bridge." The following statistics may be of interest: The population of the city and its suburbs, by the census of 1872, was 567,334. There are in the city 2,500 Shinto temples, with nearly 3,000 *Kannushi*—keepers of the shrines. Also, about 3,600 Buddhist temples, and over 8,000 priests of various orders. The sad minor tones of the vespers bells are heard in every direction at sunset, and the matins from many temples scattered over the whole district, ring out the last hours of the night. There are about 500 dancing and singing-girls in Kyoto, who pay a monthly tax of one yen—about a dollar. Tea-houses pay a tax of three yen per month. There were two years ago 3,900 jinrikishas—*man-power carriages*—the cab of Japan, which has almost entirely superseded every mode of conveyance. They pay an annual tax of one to two yen, according to size. The regular fare per day for a jinrikisha, drawn by one man, is fifty cents.

And now farewell to these sunny hills and shadowy glades, and to this venerable city—the pearl of Japan—which for so many centuries lay concealed from the world. A higher destiny and a purer fame awaits her than any which the romance of mythology and history has woven around her in the past. The Lord Jesus Christ has much people in Kyoto—his ministers and witnesses are there opening the blind eyes, turning many from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. Already, from college halls erected within the shadow of her palaces, are going forth bands of her own sons, trained and valiant for the truth, "holding forth the Word of Life", and the people are "turning from dumb idols to serve the living God."

A BOY'S VIEW OF THE CASE.



BOYS and girls are no good in the world. At any rate, themen and women act as if they thought so. Now, this afternoon I wanted to play ball with a lot

of fellows. I don't think there was anything very wicked in that when I'd been shut up in school most all day spelling "yacht" and "sepulchre" and "conflagration"—I've forgotten what that last word means—and studying about the poles and the quaker and the horrid zone, and copying "A man is known by the company he keeps," till my hand ached just awful. But before I'd even got into the house where I wanted to leave a great pile of books I'd got to study in the evening, I met Aunt Susan on the sidewalk. I just hate—I mean dislike—Aunt Susan like pitch, tar, and turpentine. I wish I could say "hate," because that's the word I mean, only my mother says it's so very wicked to hate anybody, specially your own aunt.

"Oh, Tom," she hollered out, "It's beginning to sprinkle. Run in and

got me my umbrella. It's in my closet."

Well, I had to go, of course—up three flights of stairs, because boys must always use the basement door—the front door is too good for boys—and I had a horrid time getting the old thing out, because it fell down behind a pile of trunks.

I was all out of breath when I got downstairs and out into the street again. Aunt Susan was awful mad because I'd been gone so long, and the stage was just turning the corner. I had to run like everything to catch it, and nearly broke my neck. I wouldn't have cared if the stage had gone without her, only I'm always glad when she's off visiting somewhere or other, if she is my own aunt.

Well, I just went back to get my ball, and then mother came out of the sitting-room.

"Tom, you must go to the plumber's right away," she said, as if that was good enough fun for me, "because a pipe is leaking in the kitchen and must be seen to at once. Here's a letter I want mailed. You'll have to buy a stamp for it."

Just then Nell hollered down-stairs: "Oh, Tom, I've got to have some more crayons like those you bought last. I don't see why you can't get home from school earlier. Get me two of them as quick as you can, and then hurry round to Sallio Hart's and tell her I can't practice my duet with her till tomorrow. She's been expecting me all the afternoon."

Now I'd just like to ask what's a boy to do when his fun is all spoiled and his time used up that way? He can't sauce his mother and tell her he won't. I tried that once when I was a little fellow, and it didn't work a minute. And if he's mean to his sister, then she cries or makes a great fuss about it, and his father and mother tell him that he's no gentleman, and he feels about as small as a peanut before they're through with him. But I did think Nell might have done her own errands instead of waiting for me to come home from school and do them for her. And then to blow me up for not coming home earlier—as if boys ever stayed in school longer than they had to! Girls don't know much, anyway. Besides, Nell needs more fresh air and out-door exercise, I heard the doctor tell her so.

Of course I had to go to the plumber's and the post-office, to the artists' materials store, and Sal Hart's. That took me most an hour. When I came back for my ball, the cook was most wild because the butcher hadn't sent around the meat for dinner. She just hurried me off after it like a house afire because "everything was behind-hand," she said. There wasn't any use saying anything, and she didn't give me time to say it in if there had been. That's just like her.

I got the plucky old meat at last and went off to play ball, but the boys had been at it so long they'd got tired, and a lot of them had gone home. I was just disgusted—so there! I guess anybody'd have been.

The first thing after dinner I had to go up to grandma's room for her spectacles, and before I got half way down, she sent me back for her handkerchief.

Nell made me hunt all round for her rubber she'd dropped on the floor, and then there wasn't any matches in the sitting-room and I had to run down

into the kitchen for some, and the cook told me to come right back and find the hammer because she wanted to fix some old thing or other, and said I'd lost it—I mean the hammer. I hadn't touched it, anyway, but I didn't say so because if Nell had heard me she'd have told mother I was saucy to the girls in the kirchen, and then there would have been a fuss.

Just as soon as I had sat down to study, Nell said I took up too much room with my elbows and she couldn't draw, and so I had to get up again and move all my things, and—Oh, dear me! I do think boys have hard times. I suppose it's all right that they should do errands for folks and lots of things, but it does seem as if the folks might fix them some way so that it wouldn't take all a fellow's time. And then if sometimes they'd say, "Thank you," just as the expect us to do always, a fellow would feel a good deal better about it. I should, anyway. And I guess if there wasn't any boys or girls round anywhere, to "save steps," as they tell about, some folks would get pretty well tired out. I wonder if I shall get any time tomorrow to play ball with the other fellows!

IMMENSE DISTANCES OF THE STARS.

ASTRONOMERS have ascertained the distance from the earth to many of the stars. If we measure these spaces by miles, they amount to millions of millions still multiplied by millions, and hence convey no adequate idea to the mind, therefore some other mode of measurement must be used, and the velocity of light is considered the most convenient. It has been proved that light travels at the rate of 192,000 miles a second, i. e., between the ticks of a watch a ray of light would move eight times around our globe. It comes from the sun to us, a distance of 90,000,000 miles, in eight minutes; thus the space covered over by a ray of light in that time could not be travelled by our express trains in less than 250 years. With this immense velocity it requires three and one-half years for the light of the nearest star to reach our earth. It requires forty-six years for light to reach us from the north star and to-night, as we look at that northern luminary, these very rays of light which makes it visible to us, started on their journey forty-six years ago. The light from stars of the twelfth magnitude require 3,500 years to reach the earth. And if that beautiful constellation, the Pleiades, were this moment blotted out of existence, it would continue to be visible for seven hundred years to come, for such is the time required for light to travel from that group to us. If a star of the twelfth magnitude were now destroyed, it would continue to be visible for 3,500 years. Or, if such a star were now created, 3,500 years would elapse before it would be perceptible to the inhabitants of the earth. And some of the more distant stars are so far away that their light moving with a velocity of 192,000 miles per second, requires 50,000 years to reach our eyes. These great distances are not imaginary, but astronomers have ascertained the distance, motions, and sizes, and even the weights of the celestial orbs with as much certainty as they have foretold eclipses of the sun and moon.

ENTERING IN.

THE church was dim and silent
With the hush before the prayer,
Only the solemn trembling
Of the organ stirred the air;
Without, the sweet, still sunshine,
Within, the holy calm,
Where priest and people waited
For the swelling of the psalm.

Slowly the door swung open,
And a little baby girl,
Brown eyed, with brown hair falling
In many a wavy curl,
With soft cheeks flushing hotly,
Shy glances downward thrown.
And small hands clasped before her,
Stood in the aisle alone.

Stood half abashed, half frightened,
Unknowing where to go,
While like a wind-rocked flower,
The form swayed to and fro;
And the changing color fluttered
In the little troubled face,
As from side to side she wavered
With a mute, imploring grace.

It was but for a moment;
What wonder that we smiled.
By such a strange, sweet picture
From holy thought beguiled?
When up rose some one softly,
And many an eye grew dim,
As through the tender silence
He bore the child with him.

And I—I wondered (losing
The sermon and the prayer)
If when sometime I enter
The "many mansions" fair,
And stand abashed and drooping
In the portal's golden glow,
Our God will send an angel
To show me where to go!

HE KNEW ALL ABOUT IT.

BY RICHARD NEWTON, D.D.

SOME time ago a gentleman was going from Boston to Albany, and on his journey got into conversation with a young man, a divinity student, who was travelling the same way. Something was said about drinking, when the divinity student said:

"I am only twenty-five years of age, but you can't tell me anything about that. I know all there is to know about drinking."

The gentleman showed interest in the young man's experience, and he continued:

"When I was eighteen, went to Boston to take charge of the books in a mercantile house. In the boarding-house where I boarded were four young gentlemen. We became companions. They all drank and invited me to join them. I declined. I said, 'I am eighteen and have never drank, and it would not be just to my Christian home and my family to do so now.' I resisted for a time; but they resorted to ridicule, and that I could not stand. I drank, and in two years delirium tremens overtook me. All terrible things were present to me and pursuing me. I suffered agonies. I trembled and realized my danger, and in alarm sought refuge in my Saviour's strength, and now I expect soon to preach the Gospel."

"And will you tell me," said the gentleman, "what has become of your boarding-house friends?"

"Three of them," said the young man, "are in drunkards' graves, and the fourth is in prison."

What an injurious sting this sting of strong drink is!

My son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother.

ARE THE CHILDREN SAFE?

THANK God that my darling is resting
Safe in the bosom of God!
Praise Him for little hands folded
Under the churchyard sod!
I'm glad that on the white forehead
I've printed the last, long kiss!
Do you ask why I am glad and thankful,
And can praise God so for this?

Last night as I sat in my window,
Looking out on the moonlit street,
My neighbour's once beautiful boy
Went by with unsteady feet;
And I remembered how I had envied
His mother that sorrowful time,
When God sent his white-winged angel,
And, leaving her boy, took mine.

But now she sits in her lonely home,
In tears, broken-hearted and old;
While the stainless feet of my darling
Are walking the streets of gold.
Thank God for taking my child so soon,
Lest he might have gone astray!
For none are safe while doors of sin
Stand wide as they do to-day.

I pity the children of years to come,
And mothers, who little know
What lies for them in the future,
Of tears and bitterest woe:
For as long as men are licensed to sell
The horrid, accursed thing,
If we cry not aloud against it,
The curse on ourselves we shall bring.

SMALL TALK.

BY MRS. MARY L. GRIFFITH.

All the light and foolish talk
which is bandied from tongue
to tongue, and which will not
bear analyzing, the small talk
and would-be jokes among
young and old people about
courtship and marriage, is
most disgusting when seriously ex-
amined.

Like religion, it is a subject upon
which it is almost, if not entirely, im-
possible to speak lightly without irre-
verence and coarseness.

We have been covered with shame
and confusion more, than once at the
unthinking jests of young people
among and about each other.

All this badinage and teasing, this
talk of "catching beaux," lamenting
the scarcity of young men here and
there, bewailing growing to such ex-
treme an age without effecting a match,
the undisguised desire to make a good
appearance for an undisciplined end, the
stale and silly folly about women's
ages, etc., all are low enough to
astonish and shock us, if our ears had
not grown so used to them.

Think a minute what it all means.
What, shall a woman stand in the mar-
ket and offer herself with all her costly
dower of womanhood? Nay, verily,
the world says, but she may hint at it
and giggle over it, and toss her pure
pearls about till they are trampled in
the mire by any swine that come along.
Better, almost, the old days of chivalry,
when the lady-love was fought for with
sword and spear.

A woman gives so much! Surely a
woman should be sought. If she
chooses to say honestly and seriously,
"I wish to marry. I covet the sincere
love of a good man," who shall dispute
her? Few common utterances ever
sound more pleasantly to us than the
heartly, tender, manly expression of a
pure young man, concerning the joy
his bridal day should bring him;
and, perhaps, a woman might speak
in like manner. But this smearing
over with low light talk of the
highest and holiest things; this tramp-

ing of careless feet into the sacred
places—*pa!*

Marriage is a thing to be waited for
—not idly—to be dreamed of in still
and solemn moments; to bow down
and veil our faces before; to be left in
God's own planning providence.

In the same category of evils are
flirting, kissing games, and, most of all,
dancing. It is not hard to think out
the true inwardness of these things,
and when found it is not a very pretty
subject for reflection. Who wants a
rose that has nodded in a dozen button-
holes, or fruit with all the bloom rubbed
off? Yet, how rare is the maiden who
can bring to her true mate, her "one
lover," hands and lips that have never
been pressed before. Of course, still
less, immeasurably less, can be said on
the masculine side of the question, and
alas, and alas for it!

Let young people associate together
naturally, sensibly, merrily, as we think
they would do to a far degree if older
people would not tease and smile, and
put ideas in their heads that have no
business there. Certainly there is al-
most nothing better for a young man
—if he is in any way worthy of it—
than the society of a pure, womanly,
young girl. But let all thought of
love and marriage come to them fresh,
sweet, and solemn; like an inspiration,
an evangel, a revelation.

SOMEWHAT MIXED.

Two primary Sunday-school scholars
were playing Sunday-school on the
afternoon of December 4, and this is
the way that one of them repeated
the Golden Text: "The double-minded
man is under the manger at all times."
This was promptly corrected by the
other, who said: "No, it is under the
stable always." And then they had a
discussion as to whether it was a
"double-minded man," or double-headed
man." The origin of their honest
blunder is quite obvious.

"The double-minded man is unstable
in all his ways," and this fact the
Sunday-school teachers will discover
who allow their scholars to have their
minds equally balanced between the
appointed lesson for the day and in-
terests outside of that, whether in the
school at the hour of recitation, or in
the ends of the earth, whither the
fool's eye wandereth.

THE SAFE CHANNEL.

A good ship was passing on safely
along a dangerous strip of coast where
thousands have made shipwreck.

"I suppose you know every rock
and sand bar along this coast," said a
passenger, as he stood on the deck be-
side the captain.

There was a deep meaning in the
glance that he gave from under his
shaggy eye-brows as he answered, "I
know where they are not."

Ah! that was wherein lay the safety
of those who had committed their lives
and merchandise into his keeping. He
knew where the safe channel lay, and
he kept it.

Many think they ought to be learned
in the evil habits of this world in order
to shun them. It is far better to know
what is good and pursue it. "My
soul, enter not thou into their secret."
One good man's life is worth ten times
more, for a model to work out your
own career by, than the lives of ten
wicked men whose example you are to
shun.

GOING THE WRONG WAY.

YOU are going the wrong
way," said the conductor of
a train on the railroad to a
passenger, on receiving his ticket.
That assertion fell very unpleasantly
upon the ear of him who had made the
mistake. Still, it was not a very seri-
ous one. It could be corrected. He
was advised to get out at the first stop-
ping place, and to take the opposite
train on its arrival.

Going the wrong way! In another
sense, this is affectingly true of
thousands. It is true of the child who
goes not in the way of its parents' com-
mands. It is true of the man who,
with hot haste, is in pursuit of the
riches, or honors, or pleasures of earth.
It is true of every one whose course
has not been changed—who is not
running the Christian race. Says the
Saviour, "Enter ye in at the straight
gate: for wide is the gate, and broad
is the way, that leadeth to destruction,
and many there be which go in there-
at: because straight is the gate, and
narrow is the way, which leadeth un-
to life, and few there be that find it."

Oh, how many are now hurrying on
toward eternal death, while they are
vainly hoping to reach, at the end of
their course, the New Jerusalem above!
They are going the wrong way. The
language of God to them is: "Turn
ye, turn ye, from your evil ways; for
why will you die?" Turn to-day.
Soon it will be too late; soon destruc-
tion will become inevitable.

EFFECTS OF DRINK IN
TORONTO.

FROM one number of a Toronto
paper we clip the following:—Ed.

LOOKING FOR HER HUSBAND.—The
other evening about seven o'clock a
poor woman, with a most dejected look,
was seen walking up and down before
a liquor saloon on Church-street. A
compassionate passer-by questioned
the poor creature on the cause of her
sorrow, and learned that her husband
was in the bar room; that he had been
drinking for the past week and had
not been home for the past three days;
that she had no fuel to keep herself
and her baby warm, and that they were
then also in need of food.

THREE LITTLE OUTCASTS.—Three
little boys, the oldest not more than
ten years, the other two younger, stood
shivering the other evening behind a
corner on Yonge street, near Adelaide.
They were counting up how much
money they had, and seeing what they
would be able to buy. Their father
had beaten them the day before in a
drunken fit and turned them out of
doors, and their mother was sick in bed
and could not save them from their
father's wrath. They sold papers they
said, earned forty-five cents, and were
going to buy some sandwiches and
cakes, and then pay for their lodgings
in a Lombard street lodging-house.

"ABSTAINERS are a set of reformed
drunkards" is the common cry of the
ignorant, but among our ranks we have
Demosthenes, the greatest orator;
Milton, the greatest epic poet; New-
ton, the greatest natural philosopher;
Howard, the greatest philanthropist;
Wesley, the greatest religious revival-
ist; and Dr. Livingstone, the greatest
modern traveller and missionary.

(Written for PLEASANT HOURS.)

THE LONDON BOOT-BLACKS.
BY HERBERT G. PAULL, TORONTO.

WHEN sinks my heart in sadness,
And the road is dark below;
The sunshine and the gladness
With the daylight seems to go.

Then comes to me a story,
Full of eloquence divine;
An episode of London,
How I wish the deeds were mine!

There lived a simple urchin,
An orphan, his name unknown,
Who never heard a sermon,
But worshipped his Lord alone.

And from the Sacred Scripture
He learned of Jesus' love;
How that for those who love Him,
Are mansions prepared above.

The boot-blacks gathered round him,
To hear of the narrow way,
And kneeling down beside him,
Wept loud when they heard him pray.

He sang of their Redeemer,
He showed them His wounded side;
Then fell the Arab's tears, at
The feet of the Crucified.

He told them of God's mercy,
The virtue of charity;
And taught his young companions,
The zeal of philanthropy.

Until these little heathen
By their deeds of deathless fame,
Aroused the mighty city
To a blush of awkward shame.

A miserable outcast,
One night when the blast blew cold,
Over the Thames' Embankment
Into the river war rolled.

One of these childish heroes
Leapt into the rushing tide,
And fought the cruel waters
To rescue the suicide.

From Westminster Palace stairs
To the docks below the Tower,
Billingsgate, Greenwich Hospital,
In the solemn midnight hour.

When the great metropolis
Somniferously slept,
Off from a bridge's buttress
Has a city Arab leapt,

To save a fellow creature,
Awed with sin and shame;
Who never heard of mercy
Until the shoe-black came.

Oh, ye who hid your talent
And buried it long ago,
Do you deserve a mansion
As much as the Arabs do?

Once in a skiff a boatman
As he sought to find the drowned,
Floating down with the ebb tide
A poor little boot black found

Whose face was like an angel's,
Smiling and heavenly fair.
He seemed to sleep, or rather
His eyes were closed in prayer.

But no! his soul had vanished,
He had fought the fight and won,
And the immortal chorus
All heard the cry "well done!"

When weary in well doing,
I long for inglorious rest,
And darkly my deeds reviewing
Sigh "had indeed is the best,"

Then comes to me a story
Full of eloquence divine,
An episode of London;
How I wish the deeds were mine!

20th February, 1882.

IT IS NOT DYING.

NO! no! It is not dying
To Jesus' self to go;
The gloom of the earth forsaking,
In one's pure home awaking,
Should give no pang of woe.

No! no! It is not dying,
In heaven at last to dwell;
In the eternal glory
Of crown and harp and story,
Our earthly fears to quell.

No! no! It is not dying,
To hear the gracious tone
Of the Almighty saying
"Come, child, wherever straying,
Behold Me on the throne."

No! no! It is not dying,
To leave this world of strife,
And seek the blessed river,
Where Christ shall lead for ever,
His sheep 'neath trees of life.

No! no! It is not dying,
With lordly glory crown'd,
To join in the thanksgiving
To Him, the everliving,
With which the heavens resound.

No! no! It is not dying,
Thou Saviour of thine own!
There from the fount Eternal,
Gush life and joy supernal.
Here there are drops alone.
—From the German of Gerhardt.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK:

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, M.A., Editor.

TORONTO, MARCH 25, 1882.

DEATH OF DR. RYERSON.

HERE is not a boy or girl in the Province of Ontario who does not owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Ryerson, for the admirable school system of our country; and multitudes far beyond this province revere and love his memory. We, therefore, quote from the *Methodist Magazine* our own estimate of his character, and have asked his old friend Dr. Carroll to give a sketch of his life:

To thousands throughout the length and breadth of Canada, the death of Dr. Ryerson will be felt with a keen sense of personal loss. Few men ever had a wider range of devoted friends. The brave battles of his early years for equal rights and civil and religious liberties won the admiration and respect even of those who did not share his views, and the lasting gratitude of those whose rights he championed. The extraordinary development—the

creation, indeed—of the public school system of this province, during his over thirty years' discharge of the duties of Chief Superintendent of Education, is a monument more lasting than brass, of his breadth of view, his practical sagacity, his administrative ability. His labours for the Church of his early choice were performed in every position, from that of a missionary to the Indian tribes, to that of the chief officer of its highest assembly. As one of the original founders and first President of Victoria University, as one of the originators and first editor of the *Christian Guardian*, and as repeatedly the representative of Canadian Methodism in important crises of its history, before the British Conference and the General Conference of the United States, he rendered services of the greatest value to the Church of which he was an honoured son.

But by those who knew him best, his memory will be cherished and revered, not for what he did, but for what he was. Dr. Ryerson was one of the most lovable men we ever knew. Few men grew old so gracefully as he. He had been, we may say, a man of war from his youth, and was the hero of many a hard-fought fight, yet he was without a particle of bitterness or guile. Some of his foes became some of his best friends—for instance, the late Bishop Strachan. He was fond of telling to youthful listeners stories of his youth, and by the young who knew him he was greatly revered and beloved. To the last he retained his sympathy with the young. No one could feel his lingering shake-hands without perceiving how much heart there was in it. We never knew a man so simple in his greatness, so generous in recognition of merit in others, so tender in the bestowment of sympathy, so wise in the giving of counsel.

Above all, he was the simple, earnest, cheerful, sunny-minded Christian. We have heard him speak with great warmth of feeling of the abounding joys and consolations of God in his soul, when driven, for his fidelity to conscience, from his father's house, and when toiling with his hands in the harvest-field. And we have often heard him say that not when receiving the highest dignities and honours that were conferred upon him, has he experienced such rich enjoyment as in preaching the Gospel to the Indians, or to the scattered settlers of the backwoods. Our revered and honoured friend once submitted to the present writer a collection of his early diaries. They were most minutely and faithfully kept during a long series of years, recording his early studies, the texts from which he preached, and his later travels in foreign lands. The first we opened was that describing his first appointment as assistant Methodist preacher in the town of York, fifty-seven years ago, and in it he expresses the most humble depreciation of his own ability to preach to the intellectual and cultured Methodist society of the Ancient Capital. He also wrote many bitter things against himself for non-improvement of his time—although a lady still living has told the writer that he used to rise at four in the morning to study by the light of pine knots on the hearth.

While enjoying life to the full with a genial hilarity of spirit that never could grow old, the thought of death was a familiar and not unwelcome one. We have often heard him converse

calmly and cheerfully of the decease which he must shortly accomplish, and then address himself ardently to the duties of the hour. His religion had nothing ascetic in it. It was a calm, confident, holy trust. When apparently very near his end, he held the hand of the writer long, and spoke of that unflinching trust. "He felt that he had no merit—no desert," he said "he was simply resting by faith on the atonement of his Redeemer." And he quoted, as expressing the experience of his soul, the words of Wesley:—

"I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me."

In the very last interview we had with him, he expressed a strong desire to write another essay, supplementary to those on Canadian Methodism which have already appeared in this Magazine, in which he would endeavour to remove, if possible, the last remains of any bygone bitterness and estrangement in Canadian Methodism. He rejoiced over the growing spirit of fraternity, and none, we think, would have welcomed the organic union of all its branches more warmly than he.

Canada has seldom, if ever, seen such a funeral as when his mortal remains were conveyed to their last long rest. Nearly two hundred ministers joined the procession, many of them old companions who had come from a distance to look once more on the dear familiar face. The Legislature attended in a body, the Anglican Bishop and many of his clergy were present, and the cathedral bell tolled for the funeral of this pioneer Methodist preacher. All classes were represented, from the Lieutenant-Governor to the boys of the public schools. Of the many floral tributes on his coffin, one of the most beautiful was a crown from the pupils of Ryerson School. His happy end was well symbolized by another—a cluster of wheat and a floral sickle, for like a sheaf fully ripe, he was gathered to the harvest of the skies. That service in the Metropolitan Church will not be soon forgotten—the sable drapery, the solemn music, the touching prayer of Dr. Rose, the judicious words of Dr. Potts, and the deep emotion of other old friends.

What is the lesson of this life but this—"the good alone are great," not rank, station, nor adventitious circumstances command the truest homage of the soul, but the supreme excellence of moral worth.

The memory of the just
Smells sweet and blossoms in the dust.

TAKE your stand on the Rock of Ages. Let death, let the judgment come; the victory is yours through him.



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TATTOOED FACE.

A TATTOOED FACE.

IN Japan, New Zealand, and other eastern countries, where it is so hot that the natives often wear very little clothing, they frequently tattoo their bodies with most elaborate designs, which seem in some way to answer the purpose of clothes, so far as ornament goes. This process is very painful, the skin is punctured all over till the blood comes, and then some dyeing material is rubbed in which leaves an indelible stain. Often so severe an inflammation ensues that the patient dies. But then they will do anything to be in fashion, just like their civilized fellow beings. This New Zealand chief has been most wonderfully tattooed after the manner of his warlike country-men. In the museum of Toronto University there is a tattooed New Zealand head in which the design is very conspicuous.

On the next page we give an honoured face, showing the vast difference, between Christian civilization and pagan barbarism.

The *Pembroke Observer* gives us a kind notice, which omitting some personal compliments is as follows:

IMPROVING.—That most excellent little journal for children, *PLEASANT HOURS*, has entered upon its second year, enlarged and greatly improved. It is nicely illustrated, and is full of short stories, poems, and sketches that cannot fail to interest the boys and girls.

EVERY boy and girl in all our Schools ought to read Dr. Carroll's sketch of the greatest man that Canada has ever produced. In order that they may do so, we will send this number in quantities of ten and upwards at the rate of one cent each.

Address William Briggs, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

God uses not the rod where He means to use the word.—Hall.



REV. DR. RYERSON.

A TALK WITH CANADA BOYS ABOUT A GREAT CANADIAN.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

"GREAT Canadian!" "Can any one in this new country become great?" Certainly, greatness does not consist of large possessions and high sounding titles. Many have been born to the possession of these who have only proved to be great simpletons, or great sinners, or both. True greatness belongs to the mind, and heart, and moral conduct, great intellectual attainments (a dunce can never be great), great virtues, and great usefulness in some way or other. Such persons, in the long run, will be greatly beloved and respected.

This was the case with the venerable Canadian lately deceased.

You will say that this person must have come of great parents who had great possessions, and that he himself had great early opportunities. No; he would never have claimed that. His father bore the title of "Colonel," but if I mistake not, he was not a Colonel of the regular army, but only in the militia. True, he had borne an inferior commission to that in the military service, during the revolutionary war, and drew a good many hundred acres of land; but land in that early day was not very valuable and the family to provide for was very large. They lived far away from the seat of government and centre of population, and lived mostly on the produce of their farms, which they did not feel above tilling for themselves. That, however, was nothing derogatory to true greatness. The poet Thomson speaks of the old Roman commanders, upon their return from winning victories for their country, as resuming the tillage of their land:

"They seized the plough and greatly independent lived."

HIS BOYHOOD.

The boy I am speaking of did not inherit great abilities from his father, who was nothing remarkable as to the usual elements of greatness; but his mother was a person of superior sense and excellence. She left her children the legacy of a good example, and early taught them the fear of God and the catechism, and gathered them together

for family devotion. She encouraged her boys, of whom there were five at least, to attend the preaching of the Methodist itinerants, to which the father was long opposed; and when some of them joined that Church (which they did before the mother dared to) she gave them sympathy while he persecuted them, and she followed them into the church as soon as the way was open. Two of her older sons became Methodist ministers at an early day, and were distinguished for the time in which they lived; and the boy of whom I am writing also became a minister after a time and outstripped all the others.

HIS EARLY TRAINING.

Our subject owed his greatness to several things which it will be instructive for boys to consider. First, he had an unusually vigorous mind as indicated by his very looks. He had a high, broad, well-developed, and well-balanced head, a lustrous eye, and, what is thought to be an indication of character, a large though not a long nose. His mind was so active and strong that he could easily have excelled in any branch of knowledge. And then he industriously cultivated his mind. Some boys have naturally good minds, but they let them go to waste for want of cultivation. Our friend had not the school advantages that boys in Canada have now, but he had better than some others had at that time. Several relatives (by marriage at least) were men of more or less classical education, who, no doubt, stimulated and aided the inquiring lad. Then his own vicinity was one of the few places in the province which enjoyed the advantages of one of the old-fashioned grammar schools, "district schools," as they used to be called. The school referred to, I have learned, was taught for a time by a brother-in-law, by which he may have had some special advantages. I am sorry that I cannot tell you for a certainty what sort of a boy he was at school; but I am sure from certain hints gained by accident, that he was never immoral, and that he had always a great thirst for and made earnest inquiry after knowledge. He was fond of history, ancient and modern, especially British general history, and the history of British constitution and law. This may have been stimulated by the conversation of the old U. E. Loyalists, who would naturally congregate at his father's, an experienced and intelligent class of men. But in the meantime, he learned to do farm work and showed an aptness for mechanics, doing upon one occasion the joiner-work of an unfinished room in their rambling old-fashioned house. His naturally good physique was strengthened by these labours as well as by the boating, hunting, and fishing of which he remained fond after he became old, and for which the lake hardly furnished opportunities. Thus he had the "strong body" as the residence of his "strong mind." He was favoured with the advantages of one of the first

Sunday-schools formed in the country, and his first efforts at usefulness was as a teacher in that school.

HIS CONVERSION.

He gave his heart to God at the early age of fourteen, and never wickedly departed from the Lord. The difficulties interposed by his father kept him from joining the Church he professed until he was eighteen, on which account he had to leave home.* That period of exile was spent in attending better institutions of learning than he had ever done before, becoming a considerable proficient in Latin and Greek. He was two years an assistant in the grammar school at London, and some time in study in Hamilton. It was supposed that he was preparing himself for the profession of law in which he would have had no superiors; and from law he would likely have become a statesman, in which noble career he would no doubt have become eminent. But in the meantime he was pious, full of zeal, and a gifted exhorter; and in a time of great emergency he was persuaded to go into the ministry as a supply, from which the Church would never release him. Two gentlemen gave him his outfit—horse and saddle. He preached his first sermon on Easter Sunday, 1825, and spent nearly fifty-seven years in the ministry. He was very eloquent and faithful, and was the instrument of converting a great many souls. He served as an Indian missionary and taught them domestic economy. But his learning and statesman-like mind prepared him to serve the Church in many ways in which ordinary ministers do not. He wrote much in its defence and on public questions of a moral, religious, and educational character. He was the first editor of the *Christian Guardian*, fifty-three years ago, and at several other times. He aided in founding and getting a charter for Victoria University and was its first President. He went abroad to transact important business for his Church and the country to the United States, to England, and the continent of Europe. But the government of the country chose him to finish and administer its common school system, in which he consumed thirty-two of the ripest years of his life, earning a world-wide reputation and conferring a boon on every Canadian boy who reads this paper, and every one who will be born hereafter.

Our quick-witted and well-educated boys will perceive that I have been writing of one who won and wore the titles of D.D. and LL.D. to the name of EGERTON RYERSON.

A LADY in Nova Scotia, while renewing a subscription for our S. S. papers for a friend, writes: "He called one very stormy day, saying his children were nearly crazy for the little papers. It seemed to be the little SUNBEAM that did the business. A serious case of sun-stroke and in February too. I showed or rather sent samples of your papers to our S. S. Superintendent, pointing out how much cheaper they were than formerly, and he has ordered a number for the school."

We hope that other friends will do us a similar service, and we will try to do our part to make the papers interesting and instructive.

*"Egerton," said his father, "you must leave the Methodists or leave my house." He never wavered for a moment in his choice.—ED.

THE ATTACK ON THE QUEEN.

Every boy and girl, every man and woman in Canada, will rejoice that the wicked and dastardly attack made upon our beloved sovereign so signally failed. Again, as in no less than six previous instances, God turned aside the bullet that would have plunged a nation into mourning. Is it not true that all her life long, in answer to the prayers of millions of loving hearts throughout the world, God has set His love upon her to keep her, that no weapon formed against her might prosper. This is another illustration of the terrible evils of drink. For drink it was that nerved the assassin's arm to attempt the desperate deed.

On another page we give some opinions of the English press upon the subject. Let us while rejoicing in the deliverance from so serious a danger of our Gracious Sovereign continue to sing and pray with great fervour than ever:

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

The March number of the *Methodist Magazine* contains a paper on the Rev. Wm. Ryerson, by Dr. Carroll, a paper by Dr. Douglas, *Loiterings in Europe*, Lute in a Parsonage, Missionary Heroes, and other interesting articles.

The April number will contain a paper by Dr. Nelles on "Personal Recollections of Dr. Ryerson," and also the Rev. Hugh Johnston's *Personal Recollections of Dr. Punshon*, also a chapter from Dr. Ryerson's "Story of my Life"—a book left in manuscript at the time of his death. This will be a number of unusual interest. Please send orders at once, as an extra edition may be required.

Price \$2 a-year; \$1 for six months; 20 cents per number. A \$1.20 premium for 30 cents; *Guardian* and *Magazine* together for 3.50 a-year.

THE WINDMILL.

BY H. W. LONOPELLOW.

BEHOLD, a giant am I!
Aloft here in my tower
With my granite jaws I devour
The maize, the wheat, and the rye;
And grind them into flour.

I look down over the farms;
In the fields of grain I see
The harvest that is to be,
And I sling aloft my arms,
For I know it is all for me.

I hear the sound of the flails
Far off from the threshing-floors
In barns with their open doors,
And the wind, the wind in my sails
Louder and louder roars

I stand here in my place,
With my foot on the rock below,
And whichever way it may blow
I meet it face to face,
As a brave man meets his foe.

And while we wrestle and strive,
My master, the miller, stands
And feels me with his hands—
For he knows who makes him thrive,
Who makes him lord of lands.

On Sundays I take my rest;
Church-going bells begin;
Their low, melodious din;
I cross my hands on my breast,
And all is peace within.

HOME MISSION HYMN.

Voice from east to west,
A call from mount to sea,
Sounds through our lands so blest,
"Who will go forth with me?
The ripened fields are white to-day;
The harvest labourers—where are they?"

From far-off northern pine,
From city's restless heart,
From prairie and from mine,
From temple and from mart,
The call resounds—a living cry:
My heart responds, "Here, Lord, am I."

"Tis down by valleys deep
My servants' way I lead;
'Tis up by many a steep
Where fainting feet may bleed,
Let life go on with song or sigh,
My heart repeats, "Here, Lord, am I."

"Who walks and works with me
Shall in my joy abide;
Shall share my victory,
And all my heaven beside."
With thee to live, to toil, to die—
It is enough: "Here, Lord, am I."

THE WITNESS PAPER.



Poil it? no, never!"

So exclaimed Victor Grey, a handsome boy of fourteen, suddenly waking up from a sound sleep which he had been enjoying under the shade of a tree in the pleasant hayfield.

His school-fellow, Charlie Townsend, who had awakened him by tickling his ear, laughed heartily.

"What is it you are so much afraid of spoiling, Victor?" he asked merrily, stretching himself down by his friend, on the soft, fragrant hay.

"Oh, I have had such a strange dream," said Victor, rubbing his eyes.

"Come, tell me all about it, then," said Charlie; "I delight in your stories. I was laughing just now, thinking of all you told me this morning—of the houses you went over with your mother."

"Ah, Charlie, I have seen a stranger house than any of those!"

"Come, come, you are dreaming still, I think," said Charlie, giving him a playful shake.

Victor opened his eyes wide, to show that he was awake; but he did not laugh.

"Tell me your dream," said Charlie, impatiently.

"Well, I thought I was in one of the houses where we were looking for a lodging yesterday. It was beautiful, and we engaged the rooms at once. While we were arranging the furniture, I could not help admiring the paper on the wall, and I said to the mistress of the house, who was present:

"What lovely paper that is,—with the white ground and delicate gold flowers!"

"Yes," she replied, "that is what is called *Witness Paper*. It is sensitive to the sound of the voice, and retains the effect of it. Our last lodgers spoke nothing but good words, which have left their charming traces on the wall."

"And she looked with delight round her pretty room, which seemed to breathe light, and air, and sunshine from every corner. Just then I thought you came in, Charlie, and we began, as usual, to make fun with every one, and to turn them into ridicule. But what was my dismay when I saw all sorts of grotesque figures and ugly

spots forming on the paper, and spoiling its beautiful purity!

"There, there!" cried the landlady, "see, you naughty boys, how your foolish words are spoiling my beautiful paper!"

"We were indignant at her reproof, and answered her with insolence and anger. Instantly, red spots of blood appeared upon the *Witness Paper*, and ran about wildly as long as our words were heard. We stopped, and looked aghast.

"At this moment in came the stable-boy, one that my father would not allow me to associate with, because of his habit of profane swearing. When he looked and saw the strange marks multiplying on the beautiful papering, he began to use dreadful language, in which the name of God was profanely used. A thunderbolt seemed to have struck the walls! The paper turned black—shrivelled away in all directions, and then blazed up.

"Fire! Fire!" I cried; and the fright awoke me. When I saw you, I thought of the havoc which our words had made, and that was why I said, 'Spoil it? no, never!'"

"Well, Victor," said Charlie, "at first I was going to laugh at your strange dream: but I cannot; it makes me feel serious. Your dream was a very instructive one, I think."

"Yes. It is a happy thing that all our houses are not papered with *Witness Paper*."

"You think we should be in frequent danger of fire? But, Victor, don't you believe that this *Witness Paper*, or something equivalent to it, really does exist, and all our words inscribe themselves *somewhere*?"

"Yes; I know that was what Mr. Temple preached about, and the sermon was mixed up with other things in my heart. But don't you preach, my dear fellow! Boys can't talk *goody* always, I suppose."

"No, Victor; they would be prigs if they did, and perhaps hypocrites—which would be worse. Still, I assure you, I have been quite haunted by that verse, 'But I say unto you, That every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.'"

"Well?" said Victor, anxiously.

"Well, I asked my father about it, and he read the whole passage with me, and showed me how words spring from the heart, just as the fruit comes from the tree. 'A happy, thankful Christian,' he said, 'would always talk cheerfully; a loving Christian, kindly—without any parade or display.'"

"But is it not awful to think of our words being heard in heaven?"

"Yes; my father said there was two little prayers which he should like me to use very constantly. 'Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right Spirit within me;' and 'Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, keep the door of my lips.'"—*From the French.*

R. M. WANZER, of Hamilton, Ont., is running his immense sewing-machine factory largely with gold received from Africa, from the sale of more than 100,000 of his machines in that country. It is not until we have seen orders from the agents of one great manufacturing establishment like this, that any adequate idea is formed of the extent to which our civilization is being introduced into that dark continent.—*Outlook.*

TEMPERANCE HINTS ON THE S. S. LESSONS FOR APRIL.



BY MRS. S. M. I. HENRY.

HAT is Temperance? It is the moderate use of those things which are good for both body and soul, and total abstinence from those things that are hurtful. Thus defined, the gospel rule

for a human life runs close to the line of the strictest temperance pledge, and we do not think it to be difficult to find, in the true spirit of the gospel, temperance lessons in the text of the Word.

Let us begin at Mark v. verse 2, "Unclean spirits." The Arabic word for "unclean spirit" is *al ghoul*, and *al ghoul* is the original for alcohol, our English word. This name was given this fluid because its use made a man act as though he were possessed of a devil. Ver. 3: Now, as then, the man held by this devil has his dwelling among the places of death. He will not be bound to duty and right by the strong cords of love or the mighty chains of honour, home, or Church.

Ver. 5: See the sacrifices demanded: cries, tears, blood, pain and nakedness, helplessness and hopelessness. All these come through strong drink. Ver. 6: Jesus is not far from such. He can break the devil's power. Ver. 7: "Let us alone," is the constant cry of the liquor traffic, "What have we to do with thee?" Hear the divine word of power: "Come out of him, thou unclean spirit." Ver. 9: "Legion," an appropriate name for the foe we fight—this many-headed monster. Ver. 13: Jesus chose the salvation of the man, even at the expense of great loss to property-holders. It may cost us much to get rid of this demon, but we shall save human souls and we shall save the nation. Men or nations controlled by this monster go madly down to ruin. To the Jews, swine were unlawful property. Jesus did not forbid their destruction. Ver. 17: "Depart out of our coasts." The cure of a drunkard appears a calamity in a district where filthy and ruinous property is protected and men are left uncared for.

Ver. 18, 19: To go with Jesus is good, and to be desired; but to go and tell what Jesus has done in us and for us is better, as seen from Christ's standpoint. Every reformed man has a broad field of usefulness right before him. Vers. 25-34: "A certain woman," may represent the heart-broken mothers, wives, and daughters of drunkards.

Chapter vi. vers. 14-29: John the Baptist may fitly represent the temperance reform of to-day—a messenger to prepare the way for Christ in the hearts of thousands. Herod hated John because of the truth he told. Men would not antagonize this reform, did it not convince them of their sin and open up the narrow way to Christ.

Chapter vii. vers. 14-23: Christ told the Pharisees that defilements proceed from the heart, out of which come "evil thoughts," etc.; but it is true that whatever will stir up "evil thoughts" and produce evil deeds must be an agent of defilement: as strong drink and all its associations, the impure book or picture, the theatre or dance-house—all "without the man."

Chapter viii. vers. 1-20: We may rely upon the sympathy and compassion

of Jesus in our work of reform. He who fed the multitude, shall he not help those who are in need from the curse of strong drink? Vers. 36, 37: Men grow rich and powerful by the liquor traffic; but of what profit shall it be to them if, gaining the goods of this world, they forfeit and lose their souls?

Chapter ix. vers. 14-29: A weighty lesson for temperance workers: Come directly to Christ with and for the victims of intemperance. Put not your strongest confidence in law, the pledge, the Church, the help of human sympathy. Do not stop with "the disciples," even Christian organizations. Gospel temperance teaches that "all things are possible to him that believeth." Vers. 43-47: Better lose thy hand than grasp the cup of death; better lose thy foot than walk the drunkard's path; better lose thine eye than look gloatingly upon the "wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup," for "at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."—*S. S. Journal.*

THE ATTACK ON THE QUEEN.

The *London Standard* says:—"What is really remarkable, in the position of the English sovereign is not that she has been on some half-dozen occasions the object of such dastardly attempts, but that she is more deeply rooted in the love of her people than she has before been, or even was at the commencement of her reign. It is just forty-two years ago, when the Queen of England was a bride, that the pistol of Oxford was levelled at her carriage. Within ten years of this the fires of revolution raged throughout the continent of Europe. With the exception of England there was not a country between the Atlantic and Euxine in which thrones did not topple over into the abyss of anarchy, or in which their foundations were not seriously shaken. Yet the tradition of a monarchical stability two centuries old was not then even disturbed in Great Britain. Language can scarcely exaggerate the fresh strength which has gathered during the eventful interval that has elapsed since that date. For this steady growth of authority in the best sense of the word—in popularity and respect—the monarchical principle among us is signally indebted to the personal influence and example of Queen Victoria, and to the wisdom and virtues which she has constantly illustrated. We largely owe it to the same source that the British Crown has been exempt from those disasters against which foreign thrones have failed."

If the Church doesn't wake up the children will shame their elders. We have seen what has been done by the Sunday-Schools in Montreal and elsewhere; and now comes a new thing from Cobourg. A year ago four little girls—two Methodist and two Episcopalian—formed themselves into a Missionary Society—President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer. During the year they held "Parlor Concerts," to which their friends were admitted at one cent each. At the public Missionary Meeting three of them were present, and handed the Rev. Thos. Crosby eight dollars for the Girls' Home. Who dare say, after this, that they are unable to do anything?—*Outlook.*

WHY?

BY MRS. HELEN E. BROWN.



WHEN I was a child I was continually asking why? I was told then that I must "do as I was bid and not ask why," but yet that little question would be for ever popping out.

When I grew up I had the same habit. People laughed at me and told me I was never satisfied. But, if they had only known it, a good reason would have satisfied me at any time.

I am old now, but I have not done asking why. And here is a matter which puzzles me. Perhaps some of you little children can answer me. If alcohol is good, and you know how many people say it is, why hasn't God made it for us? We go all over the earth and we can't find alcohol growing naturally anywhere. There's water, good cold water, everywhere; lakes and rivers and brooks and springs enough to satisfy the thirst of every living being. But there are no rivers or lakes or rills of brandy, whiskey, wine, or beer. There are medicinal springs in a good many places, soda springs, sulphur springs, iron springs, and many other kinds, and invalids go to these and drink the waters to make them well. But you never yet heard of an alcohol spring, did you?

And God has made all manner of beautiful fruits on the earth, oranges, lemons, peaches, plums, pears, apples, grapes, melons, berries, oh! how many kinds there are, and all very nice, some sweet and some sour, so juicy and so wholesome. And yet not one, no, not one of them, contains alcohol. I am sure it would be just as easy for God to make alcohol in some of them as not. And if it is good for us to take, why didn't he? That is what I want to know.

Then look into the Bible. There was Hagar's poor little son Ishmael laid under the bushes to cry himself to death for the want of something to drink. Yes, he was dying of thirst, and the poor mother ready to die of grief, when "God opened her eyes and she saw a well of water, and she went and filled the bottle with water and gave the lad drink." Now wouldn't it have been just as easy for God to have given her wine to fill her bottle with as water? The wine would have been so strengthening, some people say, for the poor famished child; it would have been meat and drink both, as they tell us, and if it would have been so much better, why do you suppose God didn't give it to him?

And when the Israelites were traveling from Egypt to Canaan, when they started on that long forty years' journey through the wilderness, you remember they came to a place where they found nothing to drink, and the whole multitude cried from thirst. And God told Moses to smite the rock, and there flowed out a stream of pure cold water, a stream that followed them all the way. If wine had been better for them, couldn't God have made a river of wine for their use?

When Elijah, the prophet, fled for his life into the wilderness God sent him a cruse of water to drink. Why didn't he give him something stronger?

If brandy and whiskey make people strong, why did God tell Samson's

mother to be sure not to drink any strong drink before he was born, and not to give him any? Samson was the strongest man that ever lived. How strange that he should become so strong on nothing but water!

How did it happen if wine is good for people that Daniel and his companions were fairer and fatter in flesh than those who took it?

And the Lord forbade the priests ever to drink wine on pain of death, and the kings, too, were told they should not take it. And when a person in ancient times took a vow of consecration to the Lord one of the things they resolved to do was to abstain from wine and strong drinks; and so particular were they that they wouldn't taste a grape or even a raisin. If these liquors were really strengthening and nourishing I shouldn't think the good God would have required this, would you?

And you remember about the Rechabites, who obeyed their father so faithfully and never tasted wine, even when the prophet at God's command offered it to them to see what they would do. How pleased God was with them because they were so true to their total-abstinence pledge!

Don't you think, children, that this is a great puzzle? Why, if alcoholic drinks are good for people, shouldn't God have provided them? Why should he have so strictly forbidden them? And why should he have been so pleased with those who never touched or tasted?

How can you explain it?



WORDS OF WARNING.

THE tobacco-habit makes no boy a man, nor any man more manly. A boy is in danger the moment he begins to smoke or chew. All medical men agree that the physical development of early manhood is seriously retarded by the use of tobacco. It is for this reason, and also because the tobacco-habit is a hindrance to mental improvement, that the Board of Public Instruction in Paris has issued a circular forbidding the use of tobacco by students in the public schools of that city. In Germany, the police in several states have been instructed to stop all smoking by lads and young men. This action is based on the testimony of the medical faculty that tobacco-using is so injurious to the health as to impair the fitness of boys and youth for military service, in which, in Germany, all young men must bear a part. In England, Dr. Drysdale, a distinguished London physician, has, in a letter to the London Times, denounced tobacco-smoking as "deleterious to health and vitality," and as the cause of various disorders which he points out.

The Interior—always careful, and very reliable in all it publishes—puts the case strongly when it says: "It is a great misfortune every way for a young man to contract the habit of tobacco-using. He stands nine chances out of ten to have his life shortened by it, and ten chances out of ten to have his usefulness impaired." The Sunday-school Times, one of our ablest weeklies, thus concludes a recent editorial on this subject: "A great many excellent men still use tobacco; but we believe there is not one among them all whose influence for good is not in

some measure lessened by this indulgence. We believe, moreover, that the best men—the clearest-headed and the purest-hearted—of these tobacco-users are coming to recognize this truth, and are one by one abandoning their vicious habit for the glory of God and the good of their fellows."

More than nine in every ten men who use tobacco wish they had never formed the habit. Many more good reasons might be given with these three words of advice: Boys, DON'T BEGIN.

A DYING MINER.

TWENTY miles from camp, and night approaching. A young home missionary working for his Master in one of the mining communities of Colorado, found himself in this situation one day, and was beginning to look about him for a desirable place in which to spend the night, when a little way ahead he descried a rude cabin.

Approaching nearer, he saw it was one of the poorest of these habitations, and much of the "chinking" between the logs had fallen out, rendering the place additionally uncomfortable.

"Such a place as that is surely deserted," said the young minister to himself; "and I am inclined to think I would rather sleep out of doors to-night, than inside that shell, even if it should prove to be inhabited by one who would make me welcome."

At that moment the sound of song flouted out through the openings between the logs, and our traveller stopped his horse to listen to the man's weak voice singing that dear old home-song—"The Home of the Soul:"

"Oh, that home of the soul! in my visions and dreams
It's bright, jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but dimly the veil intervenes
Between the fair city and me."

were the words which reached the ears of the listener outside.

"I must see the man who can sing like that in such a place as this," thought the missionary, riding up to the cabin and alighting from his horse.

A feeble "Come!" came from within in answer to his knock; and entering he found himself in the one small room of the cabin, which was almost destitute of furniture.

In one corner, a rude bedstead had been constructed of boards and rude pieces of timber, on which some old blankets were spread, and on this hard bed lay a man, evidently very near to death.

"Dying alone in this situation, twenty miles from the nearest camp, still his look into the beyond seemed so clear, so real, that the language of the hymn he feebly sang was indeed the language of the heart," said the missionary, as he related the incident afterward. "He died that night, and I have never ceased to feel a thrill of thankfulness whenever I think of him, that I was belated that day, and so enabled to be with that man when the end came. Surely that which satisfies a man when dying in the midst of such surroundings is not a thing to be lightly rejected. When a young man leaves the home of his boyhood, he cannot afford to leave the religion of Christ, too."

When thy father and mother forsake thee, the Lord will take thee up.

DEAR LITTLE HANDS.

DEAR little hands: I loved them so! And now they are lying under the snow—

Under the snow so cold and white,
And I cannot see them or touch them to-night.

They are quiet and still at last. Ah! me,
How busy and restless they used to be!
But now they can never reach up through the snow—

Dear little hands! I loved them so!

Dear little hands! I miss them so!
All through the day wherever I go!
All through the night how lonely it seems,
For no little hands wake me out of my dreams!

I miss them through all the weary hours—
Miss them as others miss sunshine and flowers—

Day-time or night-time, wherever I go;
Dear little hands! I loved them so!

Dear little hands! When the Master shall call

I'll welcome the summons that comes to us all,

When my feet touch the water so dark and so cold,

And I catch my first glimpse of the City of Gold,

If I keep my eyes fixed on the heavenly gate,
Over the tide where the white-robed ones wait,

Shall I know you, I wonder, among the bright hands?

Will you beckon me over, oh, dear little hands?

PUZZLEDOM.

ANSWERS FOR LAST NUMBER.

I. HIDDEN ANIMALS.—1. Baboon. 2. Pallah. 3. Paca. 4. Paco. 5. Puma. 6. Ounce.

II. DIAMOND.

G
L E A
L I M B S
G E M S B O K
A B B O T
S O T
K

NEW PUZZLES.

I. DIAMOND.

1. A letter from Salem. 2. A mimic. 3. Cease. 4. Undaunted. 5. To impede. 6. A pipe for drawing liquor. 7. A letter from Sweden.

II. NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 27 letters.
My 13, 11, 7, is a vessel for the ashes of the dead.
My 5, 9, 16, 15, 26, 22, is a numeral.
My 4, 25, 12, 18, 16, 14, is one whom we honor.
Out of my 27, 10, 6, 24, 17, are the issues of life.
My 20, 21, 2, is a verb.
My 8, 3, 23, is to scatter.
My 16, 1, 14, 26, 27, is a globe.
My 19, is a vowel.
My whole is one of the sayings of Solomon.

III. CURTAILMENTS.

1. Curtail a poison, and leave a cure.
2. Curtail a staff, and leave to be able.
3. Curtail short and leave a dog.
4. Curtail a fish, and leave a vehicle.
5. Curtail a burr, and leave a study.
6. Curtail a lady, and leave a bank.

IV. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A flower. 2. Part of a shield. 3. To faint. 4. An instant. 5. The rainbow. 6. A title. 7. In season. The primals and finals form two admirable virtues.

ONLY THE CHILDREN.

BENEATH an ancient wide-spread tree,

Which cast a pleasant shade,
Five children full of mirth and glee,
One sunny morning played.
Loud were the sounds of merriment
Which o'er that daisied field they sent ;
For theirs were hearts untouched by care.

And eyes that seldom owned a tear.
"What are those sounds?" one asked, "I hear,
Only the children playing there."

Only the children? Years have flown
Since that bright summer day,
And these have men and women grown
Who then were at their play ;
The eldest of that little band,
Who then a ball with skilful hand,
And trolled the hoop by far the best,
Has country now attempts to guide,
And fashions laws which, when applied,
Shall aid and succour the distressed.

The next—a gay and laughing girl,
With blue and sparkling eye,
Whose hair was always out of curl,
Whose frock was oft awry,
Is now a lady full of grace,
In whom your eye can scarcely trace
The want of care that marked her youth ;
And to whose gifted pen we owe
Some sweet and simple tales which show
How lovely is the way of truth !

The youngest, gentle as a dove,
As sweet as she was fair ;
Who gave her doll such words of love,
And nursed it with such care—
Far from the scenes of early life,
Is now a Missionary's wife,
And oft her weary husband cheers :
Together patiently they toil,
And hope to reap on Indian soil
The seed which they have sown in tears.

Only the children? Yes, they seem
But ypher unto some,
But I who oft in sad and dream
Of things that are to come,
In children full of healthful glee,
Our future generations see.
Mighty for good—or else for ill!
God bless and guide them, so that they
May scatter blessings o'er life's way,
And all His wise behest fulfil.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

THE following story of a reckless young man, suggests a possible comfort in the cases of other erring loved ones :

A lady in Baltimore had a wayward son whose reckless conduct cost her many tears. There were many things in her life to make her happy, but her anxiety for her headstrong son saddened all her enjoyment and disturbed her peace.

He grew more indifferent to her love, and finally left his home for a life of adventure in the West. But happiness did not come to him in his wild career, nor riches from his eager search in the mines. For a time the new freedom gratified him; but his restless spirit could not be contented even with that.

By some means his mother kept track of his wanderings, and was able to send him messages of love, but they brought few or no replies. At one of Mr. Moody's meetings in Baltimore she heard Mr. Robert Lowry's touching poem and tune that has been so often sung, and the words exactly uttered her own feelings :

"Where is my wandering boy to-night!
The boy of my tenderest care,
The boy that was once my joy and light,
The child of my love and prayer !

* * * * *

"Bring me my wandering boy to-night,
Go search for him where you will.
But bring him to me with all his blight,
And tell him I love him still.

"Oh, where is my boy to-night!
My heart o'erflows, for I love him he knows:
Oh, where is my boy to-night !"

The weeping woman copied the verses and sent them to her son in a letter. No word from him ever reached her in return. At last she lost all trace of him, not even knowing that he had received her message. Then, after weary waiting, tidings came, bitter tidings, strangely mingled with consolation.

"Her wandering boy" had fallen a victim to his restless passion. In some daring expedition on one of the Rocky Mountain trails he had become separated from his party, and was lost. His body was found in a cave, where he had died of hunger and exhaustion. By his side was an unfinished letter to his mother. In it he craved for forgiveness, as he had already asked the forgiveness of Heaven. He had received the poem she sent him, he said, and it had melted his heart, and had led him to repentance.—*Youth's Companion*.

CURIOUS WATCHES.

In the South Kensington Museum, at London, is a small watch, about a hundred years old, representing an apple, the golden case ornamented with grains of pearl. Another old Nuremberg watch has the form of an acorn, and is provided with a dainty pistol which, perhaps, served as an alarm. In London is an eagle-shaped watch which, when the body of the bird is opened, a richly enamelled face is seen. They are sometimes found in the form of ducks and skulls. The Bishop of Ely had a watch in the head of his cane, and a Prince of Saxony had one in his riding saddles. A watch made for Catharine I., of Russia, is a repeater and a musical watch. Within is the Holy Sepulchre and the Roman guard. By touching a spring the stones move away from the door, the guard kneel down, angels appear, and the holy women step into the tomb and sing the Easter song that is heard in the Russian churches. King George the III., of England, had a watch not larger than a five-cent piece, which had 120 different parts, the whole not weighing quite as much as a ten-cent piece.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

A. D. 28.] LESSON II [April 9.

DEATH OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.

Mark 6. 14-29. Commit to memory v. 14-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The wicked plot against the just, and gnasheth upon him with his teeth. Psa. 37. 12.

OUTLINE.

1. A King's Fear, v. 14-20.
2. A King's Folly, v. 21-25.
3. A King's Crime, v. 26-29.

TIME—A. D. 28, immediately following the events of the last lesson.

PLACE—Castle of Machærus, near the Dead Sea.

PARALLEL PASSAGES—Matt. 14, 1-13; Luke 9, 7-10.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Herod*—The son of the Herod who had caused the murder of the children in Bethlehem. *Heard of him*—Of Jesus and his works. *Risen from the dead*—Herod's conscience made him feel afraid. *For Herodias' sake*—Partly to please her, and partly to protect John from her plots. *Not lawful*—He had persuaded her to leave her husband and live with him. *Fearing John*—Looked up to John with reverence as a

prophet. *Observed him*—Rather "kept him" from his wife's anger. *Daughter of . . . Herodias*—Her name was Salome. *Charger*—A large dish or platter. *For their sakes*—He would not refuse, because they had heard him promise.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

How does this lesson show—

1. That the wicked are troubled by a guilty conscience?
2. That the wicked fear the good?
3. That the wicked hate the good?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who did king Herod believe Jesus to be? John the Baptist. 2. What had Herod done to John? He had put him in prison. 3. How long did he keep him in prison? About a year. 4. What did he then do? He put him to death. 5. Whose hatred caused Herod to kill John? The hatred of his wife, Herodias.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Human depravity.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

38. When Pharaoh let Israel go out of Egypt, how did they get over the Red Sea? Israel being permitted by Pharaoh to go out of Egypt, and having arrived at the banks of the Red Sea, Moses with his rod divided the waters of the sea asunder, and the people went through upon dry ground.

A. D. 28.] LESSON III. [April 16.

THE FIVE THOUSAND FED.

Mark 6. 30-44. Commit to memory v. 41-44.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I will abundantly bless her provision: I will satisfy her poor with bread. Psa. 132. 15.

OUTLINE.

1. The Pledge, v. 30-32.
2. The People, v. 33, 34.
3. The Provision, v. 35-44.

TIME.—A. D. 28, immediately after the events of the last lesson.

PLACE.—The shore of the Sea of Galilee, near Bethsaida.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Matt. 14. 13-21; Luke 9. 10-17; John 6. 1-14.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The Apostles*—See Lesson 1.) *Gathered*—Their ministry at that time lasted only for a month or two. *Desert place*—That is, a place without many inhabitants, but not a barren region. *No leisure*—Both Christ and his apostles needed rest. *By ship*—Probably in small row-boats. *Privately*—Without letting the crowd know. *Outwent them*—Went by land around the sea where they were sailing across it. *Compassion*—Love, pity, and sympathy. *Sheep not having a shepherd*—Ignorant, and without teachers of the truth. *For spent*—At evening. *Desert place*—And therefore leaving no supplies of food for so great a crowd. *Two hundred pennyworth*—The penny or denarius, was worth sixteen cents, hence this sum would be worth thirty dollars. *Loaves*—Thin cakes about the size of soda-biscuit. *By companies*—In orderly groups of fifty and a hundred each. *Blessed*—As an offering of thanks to God. *To his disciples*—Christ blessed the food, and his disciples distributed it to the people. *Twelve baskets*—Small hand-baskets, used in carrying food while travelling.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

How are we here taught—

1. That Christ feels for our needs?
2. That Christ helps our needs of both soul and body?
3. That Christ supplies all our needs abundantly?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where did Jesus lead his disciples after their return from preaching? To a desert place near Bethsaida. 2. What did the people do? They came to hear Jesus. 3. How did Jesus feel toward them? He was moved with compassion. 4. How did he show his mercy toward the people? By giving them food. 5. How many people did he feed with five loaves and two fishes? Five thousand men.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The compassion of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

34. What became of the Egyptians that followed them? The Egyptians following the Israelites who had passed over the Red Sea when Moses with his rod divided the waters, Moses stretched forth his hand over the sea, and the waters returned upon the Egyptians, and they were all drowned.

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