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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. III.

TORONTO, JUNE 2 1883.

No. 11.

ANTIOCH.

BY THE EDITOR.

FOR six hundred years Antioch deserved the title given it by Pliny—"the Queen of the East." Here was a magnificent temple of Apollo, and the famous grove of Daphne was the scene at once of the greatest profligacy and splendour. A high degree of Greek civilization was mingled with an Asiatic luxury. To the addiction of the inhabitants to a scurrilous wit and the invention of nicknames, may be attributed the appellation of Christians first

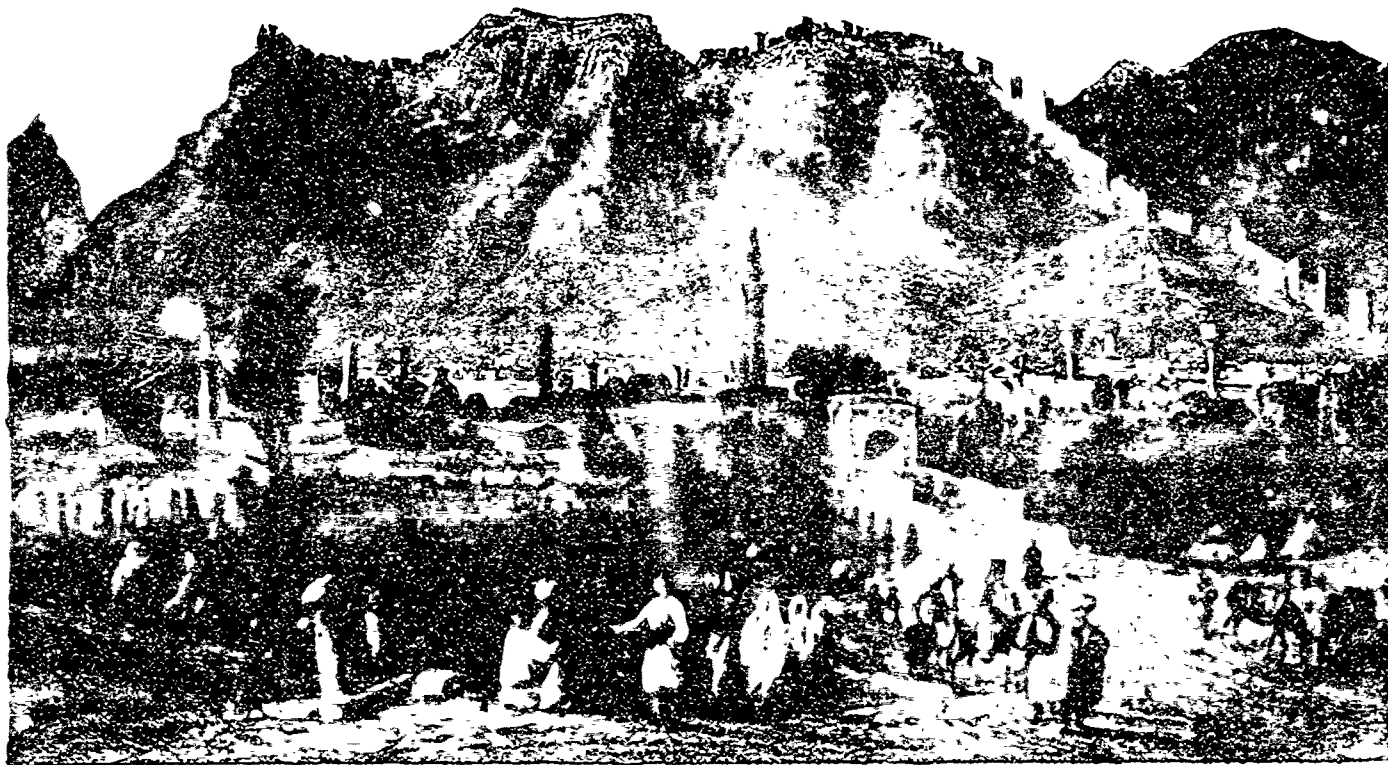
among the ruins of Apollo's worship, and chases the fox and jackal over the ashes of classic glory.

As to morals, we cannot praise the ancient people of Antioch. It was at once the greatest and the worst of all Greek Oriental cities under the sway of Rome. Nevertheless, Christianity in Antioch won vast trophies during the early centuries, and here was founded the Church of the Gentiles, at one time there were, in the city limits, 360 churches and monasteries. From here, Paul and Barnabas, with other devoted souls, went forth with the Gospel into the West, and as a

wholly or partially destroyed by earthquakes nearly twenty times, the last one occurring in 1872. On two of these occasions 260 000 souls perished in three minutes. The city was captured and plundered by Sapor, of Persia. Justinian rebuilt and called it "The City of God," in A.D. 536. It was twice taken by Chogroes, was captured by the Saracens, A.D. 638, and retaken by Nicephorus Phocas, A.D. 966. One hundred thousand Saracens perished in an attempt to recapture it, A.D. 970. After a terrific siege, Godefroy of Bouillon captured the city, June 3, 1098, and next

Sabbath and weekly preaching services, attended by considerable numbers. There is a Church here, with a native pastor, connected with the mission of the American Board. Efforts towards self-support are promising. Surely in the missionary efforts put forth in Asia Minor this ancient home of Christians should not be forgotten.

The stream in the foreground of the picture is the famous Orontes. The fortifications which dominate the town were erected by Ibrahim Pasha. The streets are narrow and crooked, and it is difficult to believe that this squalid town is the successor of that city of



ANTIOCH.

given in this city, in derision and scorn, to the followers of Jesus Christ. On the decline of the Roman empire, it suffered severely by wars with Persia. In 331 it was visited by a famine so terrible that a bushel of wheat sold for 400 pieces of silver. When Julian the Apostate endeavoured to restore the worship of Apollo at his once famous shrine, he found only a single miserable priest, and the only sacrifice to the god that he could present was a goose. Its luxury had once been so dangerous that the Roman soldiery were stringently forbidden to approach the place. Here, in purple and jewels, the most accomplished courtiers lived and reveled in pleasure. But now the half-naked barbarian herds his goats

result we are now rejoicing in its blessed hopes. Ten councils holden here, at which Arianism and other heresies were condemned, give Antioch a prominent place in Church history. Among the powerful patriarchates of the early Church, as Constantinople, Rome, Jerusalem, Alexandria, and Antioch, the latter occupied a conspicuous place, and exists, under the Greek Church, until this hour. In letters and oratory the city furnished some distinguished names, such as Ignatius, Theophilus, John Chrysostom, Severus, and Sergius, all famous in the Church.

The political history of Antioch is most eventful, and might be introduced by the statement that it has been

it fell into the hands of the Sultans of Egypt, A.D. 1268. It was, however, speedily turned over to the Turks, who have remained its masters to this day, except during a brief period from 1839 to 1840, when it was held by Ibrahim Pasha of Egypt, who was compelled by the interposition of England to restore it to the Turks.

At the present time Antioch contains about 13,000 souls consisting of Moslems, Greeks, Pagans, Jews, Armenians, Catholics, and Protestants. Missionary operations are carried on by the American Board and the Reformed Presbyterians of Ireland. The latter, using the Arabic language, have large and flourishing schools under the care of Rev. James Martin, M.D., with

brilliant Greek civilization which fills so large a place in history

"STOP THAT BOY."

THAT boy with a cigar in his mouth, a swagger in his walk, impudence in his face, a care for nothingness in his manner. Stop him! he is going too fast, he does not know his speed. Stop him before tobacco shatters his nerves, before pride ruins his character, before the devil masters the man, before ambition and youthful strength give way to low pursuits and brutish aims. Stop all such boys! They are the disgrace of their towns, the sad and solemn reproaches of themselves.

SUE'S ANSWER.

BY KATE SUMNER GATES.

"O H, dear!" groaned Sue behind the pantry door, whither she had retreated in sore distress of mind. "I wonder if there's anything else to come."

There was the flour-barrel empty; she had put the last lump of sugar in to her mother's tea that night. Margie's shoes, that for some time had been only just holding together, had given out to-day as completely as the deacon's "one-hoss shay."

It was growing cold every day. It was the time of year for it to do so, to be sure, but all the same the coal-bin was empty. Sue hid the thermometer in the darkest corner of the closet, and tried to feel comfortably warm without a fire, but it was a lamentable failure.

Mother did not notice it so much, for she did not sit up long at a time, and was all bundled up then. The doctor had said that very afternoon that they must get nourishing food for her, else she would never get strong. And there on the table lay Sue's pocket-book—Sue was family treasurer—looking, she declared, as though Mount Washington had sat on it. Oh, if she could only get a letter to-night!

Presently, after carefully wiping away all traces of tears, Sue emerged from her hiding-place. "Guess I'll just run down to the office," she said carelessly. "My head aches some; the fresh air will do it good. You will not want anything but what the children can get for you,—will you, mother?"

"No, dear. Take a walk; it will do you good."

"All right. Good-bye!"

Up-stairs, in her own little room, Sue knelt down by the bedside. "O Father in heaven!" she prayed, "grant my prayer, and give the letter I desire." Over and over again she prayed it passionately.

There was a vacancy over in the Podunk school. She had heard of it somehow, and more than a week ago had written to the committee, applying for the school, but not a word had she heard yet. Surely the answer would come to-night! If only she knew she would have the school, she would ask Mr. Stone to trust them for groceries. She wrapped her shawl closely about her, and went down the street rapidly.

"Anything for me?" she asked almost confidently. She had prayed for it so earnestly; surely it must come. Her heart almost stood still as Miss Duncan looked.

"No, there's nothing for you. Growing colder,—isn't it?"

Sue shrugged her shoulders impatiently. What did she care about the weather! At any rate, she did not wish to be reminded that it was growing cold; for there was that empty coal-bin.

"Are you sure?" she asked. "I was expecting a letter to-night."

Miss Duncan looked again, more carefully. There was something in the girl's face that rather startled her. She wished she could find a letter addressed to "Miss Sue Denuison," but there was none such to be found.

"I'm sorry," she said, turning back

to her little window; "but I do not find any."

Sue made no answer; she only shut her lips very tightly together.

"I—don't believe God hears our prayers, or cares for us,—not for me, at any rate," she thought to herself as she went wearily home.

"Come and sit down by me," said her mother after the children were in bed, "and tell me all about it."

Sue came over and put her head down in the pillows.

"I thought God answered prayers," she said bitterly.

"He does, my child."

"But not always," interposed Sue; "for I have been praying all the week, and particularly to-day, that I might get a letter from Podunk, and I did not get it. Here it is Friday, school begins Monday, so, of course, there is no hope for me there now. I might just as well not have prayed."

"Sue," asked her mother, "do you remember, when you were getting well from scarlet fever, how you used to tease me to let you read?"

"Of course I do," replied Sue, wondering what was the connection between her childish doings and her letter.

"Did I let you do as you wished?"

"No, you kept putting me off, though I thought it was awful in you. But I found afterwards that you were afraid I was going to lose my eyes."

"My dear, perhaps the Lord is holding back your letter because he sees it is for your good in some way."

"But, mother, this is for our good; we need it so much," pleaded Sue.

"Yes, dear, so we think, but it is all right. Cannot you trust the Lord, my child?"

"I—don't know. If it was anything I wanted for myself,—but it seems so hard to refuse me such a little thing when I want it so much for your sakes," said Sue bitterly, as she rose and went about putting things to rights for the night.

"I suppose the Lord does answer prayer sometimes, but it didn't do any good for me to pray," was her last thought before she dropped asleep.

The chairman of the school committee in Podunk had a small hole in his overcoat pocket, and Mrs. Chairman kept forgetting to mend it. It was not so very large, just about right for a letter to slip through; and who would ever think of looking in a coat-lining for letters! Furthermore, that was the very pocket where Mr. Chairman usually carried his letters.

Somehow Miss Duncan could not get Sue's face out of her mind.

"It was no ordinary letter she wanted," she said to herself, as Sue trudged wearily home. "There's trouble of some sort there. I do believe they are poor as church mice. Well, I hope the letter will come to-morrow."

But the last mail for the day had come and been sorted, and still there was nothing for Sue.

"I really believe," sighed the cheery little post-mistress to herself,— "I really believe if she looks as disappointed to-night, I shall—. Why, Cousin James! where did you come from, and what do you want?"

"I'm hunting a needle in a haystack. Suppose I'll find it?" replied the new comer.

"Perhaps, if you know in what part to look."

"But I don't, you see. I don't even know for sure that there is any needle. You see our schools commence Monday, and at the very last minute we find ourselves minus a teacher, and I do not seem to have very good luck in finding any one to fill her place. You don't happen to know of any one, do you?"

Miss Duncan had a sudden vision of Sue's face as it had looked last night.

"She's a good scholar,—and I guess they are poor enough, without doubt—it won't do any harm any way; I'll send him there," was her rapid mental conclusion.

"It is all guesswork, James, but I have an intuition that I know just where you can find your needle."

"Much obliged," responded Cousin James, as he wrote Sue's address down. "Good-night."

"O mother!" almost sobbed Sue that night, "just think how much better this is than I asked. Why, the salary is two or three times as large as I should have had in Podunk! O mother, mother, to think I should be so wicked when God had this in store for me?"

And Mrs. Chairman never knew how these few neglected stitches of hers changed the whole future of the life of a perfect stranger to her.

SWEDISH MOTHER'S HYMN.

HERE sitteth a dove so white and fair,
All on a lily spray,
And she listeneth how to Jesus Christ
The little children pray.
Lightly she spreads her friendly wings,
And to heaven's gates hath sped,
And unto the Father in heaven she bears
The prayers which the children have said.

And back she comes from heaven's gates
And brings, that dove so mild—
From the Father in heaven that hears her
speak—

A blessing for every child.
Then children lift up a pious prayer,
It hears whatever you say—
That heavenly dove so white and fair
All on a lily spray.

BOYS WHO SUCCEED.

THE head of a large business firm in Boston, who was noted for his keenness in discerning character, was seated at his desk one day when a young Irish lad came up, took off his hat, and smiling, said:

"Don't you want a boy, sir?"

"I did not a minute ago. But I do now, and you are the boy," said Mr. J—.

He said afterwards that he was completely captured by the honest, frank, all-alive face before him. The boy entered his service, rose to be confidential clerk, and is now a successful merchant.

Thirty years ago Mr. H—, a nurseryman in New York State, left home for a day or two. It was rainy weather and not the season for sales; but a customer arrived from a distance, tied up his horse and went into the kitchen of the farm-house, where two lads were cracking nuts.

"Is Mr. H— at home?"

"No, sir," said the eldest, Joe, hammering at a nut.

"When will he be back?"

"Dunno, sir. Mebbe not for a week."

The other boy, Jim, jumped up and followed the man out.

"The men are not here, but I can show you the stock," he said, with

such a bright, courteous manner that the stranger, who was a little irritated, followed him through the nursery, examined the trees and left his order.

"You have sold the largest bill that I have had this season, Jem," said his father, greatly pleased on his return.

"I'm sure;" said Joe, "I'm as willing to help as Jem, if I'd thought in time."

A few years afterwards these two boys were left by their father's failure with but \$200 and \$300 each. Joe bought an acre or two near home. He has worked hard, but is still a poor, discontented man. Jem bought an emigrant's ticket to Colorado, hired as a cattle driver for a couple of years, with his wages bought land at forty cents an acre, built himself a house, and married. His heads of cattle are numbered by the thousand, his land has been cut up into town lots, and he is ranked as one of the wealthiest men in the State.

"I might have done like Jem," his brother said lately, "if I'd thought in time. There's as good stuff in me as in him."

"There's as good stuff in that loaf of bread as in any I ever made," said his wife; "but nobody can eat it; there's not enough yeast in it."

The retort, though disagreeable, was true. The quick, wide-awake energy which works as leaven in a character; is partly natural. But it can be inculcated by parents, and acquired by a boy if he chooses to keep his eyes open, and to act promptly and boldly in every emergency.—*American Rural Home.*

THE FIDDLER.

SOMETIMES, if you listen—listen
When the sunlight fades to gray,
You will hear a strange musician
At the quiet close of day;
Hear a strange and quaint musician
On his shrill-voiced fiddle play.

He bears a curious fiddle
On his coat of shiny black,
And draws a bow across the string
In crevice and in crack;
Till the sun climbs up the mountain
And floods the earth with light,
You will hear this strange musician
Playing—playing all the night!

Sometimes underneath the hearth stone,
Sometimes underneath the floor,
He plays the same shrill music,—
Plays the same tune o'er and o'er;
And sometimes in the pasture,
Beneath a cold, gray stone,
He tightens up the sinevs,
And fiddles all alone.

It may be, in the autumn,
From the corner of your room
You will hear the shrill-voiced fiddle
Sounding out upon the gloom;
If you wish to see the player,
Softly follow up the sound,
And you'll find a dark-backed cricket
Fiddling out a merry round!

—*Youth's Companion.*

WHAT STRONG DRINK DOES.

A young man was recently found in the Mersey, drowned. On a paper found in his pocket was written: "A wasted life. Do not ask any thing about me; drink was the cause. Let me die; let me rot." Within a week the coroner of Liverpool received over two hundred letters from fathers and mothers, all over England, asking for a description of the young man. How suggestive is this fact! What a story it tells of houses desolated by strong drink!

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE BIBLE.

An African Prince once sent costly gifts to Queen Victoria, requesting her in return to tell him the secret of England's greatness. The Queen gave the ambassador a beautiful bound copy of the Bible, and said: "Tell the Prince that this is the secret of England's greatness."

RICH gifts were borne from o'er the wave,
Where Afric's summer smiles:
A treasure rare the monarch gave
The Queen of Britain's Isles.

He saw the stately palace walls,
With pictured beauty rare,
And stood within the royal halls
A wondering stranger there.

"Oh! tell me how our wealth may change
To splendors such as these,
And I will bear the secret strange
To lands beyond the seas.

"Our skies are fair—our mountain streams
In golden ripples flow;
Oh! bright the crystal current gleams
When diamonds flash below!

"The sea-breeze wins a breath of balm
In summer's sultry hours,
When sweeping o'er the fragrant palm
Or floating 'mid the flowers.

The cocoa shadows where we rest,
The acacia and the vine—
Oh! why is not our land as blest
As this fair realm of thine?"

She counted not her armies o'er,
Who, proud her rule to own,
The English flag in triumph bore
To honor and renown.

Nor her proud ships, whose spreading sails
Swept ocean's farthest foam,
While Southern winds and northern gales
Were wafting treasures home;—

She held a volume richly bound,
In golden clasps between,
And thought not of the wealth around
That shone for England's Queen.

"Take this: these precious leaves unfold,
And find what gems are there;
There's wealth beyond the purest gold
Within its pages fair.

"'Tis this makes blest our English homes,
Where peace and quiet reign;
This is the star to him who roams
Upon the land or main.

"This is the secret of our fame:
To praise the King of kings,—
Adoring this most holy Name.—
Our land its homage brings.

"'Tis He who gives the wealth we win,
This Word that makes us free—
Our life and blessing it hath been—
Thus may it be to thee."

VICTORIA OF GERMANY.

SHE has shown how one can love two countries, and be true to both—as she loves mother and husband," said Count Von Moltke, speaking of Victoria, the Princess Royal of England and the Crown Princess of Germany. The London Times thus describes the wedded life of Victoria's eldest child:

Eight children have been born to her, of whom six survive. Two of them are already married and have had children in their turns; what is more, the education of her sons and daughters has been to the Princess such an engrossing concern that it may be said her children have learned the best part of what they know from her. This is no mere conventional phrase.

The Princess Royal has always regarded lessons as a serious business—she could hardly do otherwise at a court which is itself as a first class in one vast national school—a court where no prince is suffered to be idle. Any one who has noticed the Crown

Prince at a review of troops may have perceived that he does not attend such parades only to show himself off in uniform.

He watches the step of every regiment as it passes, he knows every colonel; the evolutions favoured by different generals are so familiar to him that he could tell with his eyes closed, by the mere noise of columns marching and wheeling, what officer is in command.

The same attentiveness characterizes him in the pursuits of private life. He studies as if he were about to publish a book or pass a competitive examination.

When conversing with natives or strangers, with eminent men or non-entities, he is more anxious to listen than to advance opinions of his own.

Even at the concert, where he sits in a large central box exposed to the full view of the audience, he appears to be pondering over every note he hears, as though it would be his business to pass judgment on the performance by-and-by.

For all this, no man could be less of a pedant. A genial gentleman, with quiet, polished manners, and a fatherly smile for those who come to him in friendship, he has in his eyes that good-humored twinkle which reveals a shrewd knowledge of men as well as books.

The life of the Princess Royal at her homes at Potsdam and Berlin has been one of great simplicity. The Prussian court is like to no other in the primitive orderliness of its arrangements.

The early hours, which suit the convenience of princes having military duties, have enabled the Crown Princess to sit by her children daily while they took their morning lessons, to learn what they learned, and thus to master subjects beyond the ken of most ladies.

For her own amusement she paints, and paints well, listens to music, keeps herself acquainted with what goes on in England by reading English books and newspapers, and is not afraid to dip into revolutionary literature and try to find out what the Socialists of Germany definitely want.

The Princess's tolerance has in truth bred in her a vigorous antipathy to intolerance in others, which she displayed in a marked way when the court pastor, Adolphus Stocker, commenced the anti-Semitic agitation by a sermon.

The Princess, contrary to all court precedent, invited some leading members of the Jewish community to dinner. She also endeavoured to combat the anti-Semitic craze with the most effective weapon—that of ridicule.

This she used to do by relating very merrily a story of a jolter-headed Junker, who had rushed out in hot haste from Herr Stocker's sermon and commenced pommelling the first Jew whom he met in the street.

"That's for the affair with Judas, you know!" he shouted as he rained his blows.

"Well, but it occurred eighteen centuries ago!" screamed the Jew.

"No matter; I only heard of it just now!" cried the champion.

This trying to separate precept from example and preserve a good average can not be done.

DRINK OF THE GOSPEL.

NOTHING so counterworks the evangelistic agencies in operation, at home as well as abroad, as the vice of intemperance. It hardens the heart, steels the conscience, and deadens the soul to every religious feeling, and thus prevents the due influence of gospel truth on the community. Not only does this evil beast, lying ever in wait for the unwary, prevent men entering the Church of Christ; it also prowls around the fold, and snatches thousands yearly from its sheltering embrace. As "when the sons of God came together, Satan came also with them," so even among the ministrants at God's altar, ordained to the perpetual handling of holy things, this hideous vice appears, and the abomination of desolation is set up, even in the sacred places of the sanctuary. Universal testimony asserts that this is the most frequent cause of apostasy, both in the pulpit and the pew, the foul stain upon the snowy robe of Christianity, the chiefest blight upon her bloom. This vice seizes the children of our Sunday-schools, effaces the holy lessons written on their hearts, and changes them to a foul palimpsest, inscribed all over with the vile characters of sin. Many of them find their way to prison, and figure in the annals of crime. Of 1,050 boys in the Salford prison-school, 977 had attended Sunday-school. Of 10,361 inmates of the principal prisons and penitentiaries of Great Britain, no fewer than 6,572 had previously received instruction in Sabbath-schools.

"Give me the little children,"
Cries Crime, with a wolfish grin,
"Let me tram up the children
In the pleasant paths of sin!"

Many are thus prevented from entering the Sunday-school at all. In forbidding the little children, the tender lambs of Christ, who are especially included in the covenant of grace, and for whom such careful provision is made in the Christian economy—to come to Christ, the traffic especially excites the indignation of the blessed Saviour who rebuked His own disciples for the same offence, saying, "Suffer the children to come unto me, and forbid them not." Yet it is estimated from the statistics of intemperance, that an average of one boy in eight grows up to be a drunkard. Think of it, parents, as you look upon your household darlings—the olive branches around your board. On which of *your* boys shall fall this fearful doom; or, more dreadful still, which of *your girls* will you resign to this death-in-life, far worse than death itself? Would you not rather see them in their graves?

In the city of London alone,—the great heart of Christendom, from which go forth pulsing tides of holy effort which are felt to the ends of the earth,—are over a million of souls who never enter the house of God, nay, for most of whom there is no church accommodation even if they desired it. In Glasgow, the great industrial centre of pious Presbyterian Scotland, one-half, and in Edinburgh one-third of the population, attend no place of worship. Nor are other towns much better; and even throughout the rural districts the plague of irreligion and indifference has spread, till millions live and die heathens in the midst of Christendom.

In the words of Dr. Guthrie, that eloquent advocate of the outcast and the poor, "They know no Sabbath, read no Bible, enter no place of worship, and care neither for God nor man; bells might have been mute, and pulpits silent, and church doors shut for them. So far as they cared or were concerned, the cross, with its blessed bleeding burden, might never have stood on Calvary." It has been truly said that many parts of heathen lands, to which missionaries have been sent, are a paradise compared with many places in the very heart of London.

Such a scene is thus vividly described by Canon Kingsley, that champion of the rights of England's poor: "Go, scented Bignorians, and see what London is. Look! there is not a soul down that yard but is either beggar, drunkard, thief, or worse. Write ament that! Say how ye saw the mouth of hell, and the two pillars thereof at the entry—the pawnbroker's shop o' one side, and the gin palace at the other—two monstrous devils eating up men and women and bairns, body and soul. Look at the jaws o' the monsters, how they open, and open and swallow in another victim and another. Write ament that! . . . Are not they a mar damnable, man-devouring idol than any red hot statue of Moloch, or wicker Magog, wherein the wild Britons burnt their prisoners!" —*Withrow's Temperance Tracts.*

LOWLY DUTIES MADE SUBLIME.

EVEN the prosaic work of washing dishes may be varied in many ways. We think of the far countries in which the wares are made, and we talk with the children about them all, because they must be kept interested at all events. If we are alone, our thoughts grow personal and express themselves in homely verse.—

As piece by piece I wipe each dish,
And note the gleaming white,
My song bursts forth in this one wish,
To be all pure and right.
When in my hand I take each cup,
I think who died for us,
And how His last deep prayer went up,
That bitter dregs might pass.

Then as the bread plate comes in turn,
I pray for bread of life
To feed me, that my soul may learn
A perfect peace, not strife.
I ask that sacred manna fall
So it may nurture me,
Until my life, my hopes, my all,
Shall consecrated be.

Each silver piece I take to cleanse
Reminds me of His gifts
More precious far than earthly gems.
The thought my soul uplifts,
And silver mindeth me of old
Of the city pure above,
Who a base is gems, whose streets are gold,
Whose greatest light is love.

The thirty-seven Methodist colleges in the United States have 2,786 students and \$400,000 income; the thirty-one Baptist Colleges, 4,609 students and \$491,000 income; the twenty-six Congregational colleges, 2,852 students and \$529,000 income, and the thirteen Presbyterian colleges, 1,477 students and \$212,000 income.

HAND in hand with angels,
Through the world we go,
Brighter eyes are on us
Than we blind ones know.
Tenderer voices cheer us
Than we deaf will own;
Nor, walking heavenward,
Can we walk alone.

—Lucy Larcom

LIVE IT DOWN.

AS a foolish word been spoken
Or an evil deed been done;
Has the heart been almost broken
For the friends that now are gone?
Let not coldness, or the frown
Shake thy manhood - live it down.

In the stern trader sneering,
Thrusting manhood vile;
With the world's opinion veering,
Basking in its fickle smile?
What are gossips with their frown
Buzzing insects - live it down.

Verdict fair will be given
In the sober afterthought,
Charity, sweet child of heaven,
Judgment harsh will set at naught;
Then will griefed mercy's frown
Smite the slanderer - live it down.

But if man refuse to soften
For that weakness he may feel,
There is One forgives us often
As to Him we choose to kneel.
As to Him we choose to kneel.
Drop not then if all should frown;
With such friendship - live it down.
—Rev. Edward O. Flagg.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JUNE 2, 1883

METHODIST MISSIONS IN THE NORTH-WEST.

ALTHOUGH the following editorial article from the Toronto Globe has been reprinted in the Christian Guardian, yet as many of the readers of PLEASANT HOURS may not see our chief Church organ, and as we are anxious to give special prominence to every thing connected with the mission work of our Church, we give in a condensed form part of the Globe's article.—Ed.

It was not till after the cession by the Hudson Bay Company of its territorial rights in the North-west that the Wesleyan Church sent a missionary to the white settlers in that region. The Rev. Dr. Young, now Missionary Superintendent of the Methodist Church of Canada in the North-west Territory, had the honour to be the pioneer missionary.* It took nearly as many months as it now takes days for the journey from Toronto to what was known as the "Red River Settlement." The turbulence and social disorganization attending the "Red River Rebellion" were unfavorable to

the new mission. Its growth, therefore, was slow, and in the year 1875 there were only five mission stations, or "circuits," and seven itinerant missions in the entire North-west.

The progress since that time has been very rapid. The Methodist missionaries have maintained their hereditary character, and have closely followed the pioneer settler far and wide over the prairies of the great North-west and up the valleys of the Saskatchewan, the Qu'Appelle, and Peace Rivers. In 1882 there were in Manitoba and the North-west forty-two itinerant ministers of the Methodist Church of Canada, with one hundred and twenty-four preaching places, besides eight Indian missionaries and mission stations.

In 1875 no returns whatever were given of Church property, and there was probably little or none to be reported. In 1882 the value of Church and parsonage property reported is \$452,600; of this, however, \$400,650 is in the city of Winnipeg, the greater part of which has accrued from the enhanced value of real estate.

The Episcopal Methodists, the Primitive Methodists, and the Bible Christians have also missionaries in the North-west, but we have not statistics which will enable us to give the precise figures.

The rapid development of Manitoba and the North-west is an important factor in the settlement of the question of Union among the different Methodist bodies in the Dominion. This is the ground for Union which has been most strongly urged by the advocates of that measure. It is asserted that it will tax to the utmost the efforts of even the United Church to do its part in providing the ministrations of the Gospel to the vast influx of population which may shortly be expected to pour into that country. It is argued that although that influx is certain to be very great, yet so vast is the country that is to receive it that the population for a long time to come will be very sparse; that the average farm will be about a mile-square; that therefore, even when all the farms are taken up, the homes of the settlers will be far apart, and consequently preaching places will be widely scattered. If the disadvantages of having several branches of Methodists in the same village are so marked in the old and well-settled parts of Ontario, how much greater, it is asked, will be the disadvantages of having a divided Methodism amid the scattered settlements of the almost boundless North-west! This, we apprehend, is the consideration which has had chief weight with the various bodies and Church courts which have already, by such large majorities, given their adhesion to the principle of Methodist Union, and this consideration we anticipate will largely prevail with those Conferences and Church courts which have yet to pronounce upon this subject. Certainly, looked at from a business point of view, it is evident that greater economy of men and means can be effected by a Union which will consolidate the resources of the Church, than by perpetuating upon the virgin soil of the North-west the rival agencies and institutions of Methodism which have characterized the older Provinces. This vigorous and aggressive Church has our best wishes for its success in contributing, with the other Christian Churches, to the moral development and higher civilization of this Dominion.

THE QUEEN ON THE DEATH OF A FAITHFUL SERVANT.

THE Queen wrote with her own hand for the Court Circular this remarkable tribute to John Brown: "To her Majesty the loss is irreparable, and the death of this truly faithful and devoted servant has been a grievous shock to the Queen. An honest, faithful, and devoted follower, a trustworthy, discreet, and straight forward man, and possessed of strong sense, he filled a position of great and anxious responsibility, the duties of which he performed with such constant and unceasing care as to secure for himself the real friendship of the Queen." Her Majesty has never before spoken publicly of her "real friendship" for anybody.

Among the many wreaths of flowers placed upon the coffin of the late John Brown were two contributed by the Queen and the Empress Eugenie. To the memorial wreath from the Queen there was affixed a large mourning card bearing the following words in her own handwriting.—"A tribute of loving, grateful, and everlasting friendship and affection from his truest, best, and most faithful friend Victoria, R. I." It is noted that the wreath she sent for Lord Beaconsfield bore the words, "A mark of true affection, friendship, and regret;" that for Dean Stanley, "A mark of sincere affection and high esteem."

THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

A VERY successful meeting of the "Woman's Missionary Society" was held in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, on the 27th ult. In the absence of the pastor, the editor of PLEASANT HOURS occupied the chair. Mrs. Hunter, the accomplished wife of the Rev. Dr. Hunter, read an admirable paper on Japan, which we hope to reproduce in Home and School. Mrs. Harvie gave an address of the deepest interest on Women's Missionary Societies, their history, their importance, their work, the great need of them etc. That address we hope also to reproduce. These were the principal features of the programme, which was of much excellence. The society is only two years old, yet it raised last year \$3,000 for mission purposes, and has a lady missionary of its own in Japan. We hope that many branches of the Society will be established in connexion with our churches.

THE Toronto Globe gives the following notice of our Connexional monthly, now the only Methodist magazine on the continent, and the only literary magazine in the Dominion. A new volume begins with the July number—a good time to subscribe—only \$1 for the rest of the year. "The May number of that well-conducted monthly, the Canadian Methodist Magazine, fully maintains the reputation of the periodical. It is embellished with a fine portrait of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, of whose life and work Mrs. M. A. Castle, of this city, contributes an appreciative account. The variety and quality of the articles, the character of the illustrations, and the general appearance of the pages of this number are very creditable to all concerned in their production."



ARMENIAN PRIEST.

C. L. S. NOTES.

A LADY member says: "I appreciate the odd five minutes I pick up here and there. The text-book of Greek history is intimately associated with the dough-nut kettle and ironing-board, and also the Preparatory Greek Course in English with my small nephew's cradle."

A member of the class of 1884 writes: "It is so pleasant to be learning something all these years when I once supposed I would be too old to learn. During my married life I have had more leisure for reading than before. The privilege of enjoying a course of study so carefully arranged and nicely adapted to the needs of busy people, is highly appreciated. I think I express the feelings of many housekeepers when I say that I receive a stimulus from the work which more than compensates for the time given, and makes all home work and care seem lighter."

THE handsomest magazine for the little folk that we have ever seen, is "Our Little Ones and the Nursery," issued by the Russell Publishing Co., 36 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass. Each number contains 32 pages, 8vo. The numerous engravings are in the highest style of the art, not second-hand imported ones or cheap process cuts as is the case with many juveniles. The effect of this ministry of beauty in a household is incalculable. The price is \$1.50 a year; single numbers 15 cents.

HER MAJESTY the QUEEN has again set a worthy example to her subjects. It is known that the mortality among sheep and lambs has sadly reduced the sheep stock of the country and has naturally tended to increase prices. There will soon be a change for the better if all act as those are commanded to act who are in charge of the Royal Household, where no lamb is to be served during the present season.

PLEASANT HOURS for June 16th will have a splendid illustrated article on The Footprints of Bunyan with six fine engravings. Also interesting stories, sketches, and temperance articles. Only \$1 per 100; specimens free.

* Dr. Young went out in 1868.



ARMENIAN BISHOP.

ARMENIAN PRIESTS.

WHAT is known in history as Armenia is a region somewhat larger than New England and New York combined, and yet the scholars in our schools cannot find so much as the name of Armenia in some of the best books of geography which they study. The reason for this is that Armenia, though very important historically, is no longer a nation by itself. At present it is only a part of Turkey, and it has come so fully under the authority of the Turkish Sultan at Constantinople that it is difficult to give any exact bounds which mark it off from the rest of Turkey.

Armenia lies in the eastern part of Asia Minor, south and south-east of the Black Sea. From Constantinople you must travel some six hundred miles towards the sunrise to reach its western border, and then you must travel four hundred and thirty miles before you come to its eastern border. It is a fine mountainous country, with several large rivers. Near the centre of this region is the famous Mount Ararat, where the ark rested, and many suppose that the garden of Eden was somewhere within the boundaries of Armenia. On this account the region has been called the cradle of our race.

The Armenians themselves claim that they were descended from a great grand-son of Noah named Haig, and hence they call themselves Haiks. The race is evidently a very ancient one, and was known long before Christ. Some of the Armenians say that the Gospel was brought to their ancestors by the Apostle Thaddæus only a few years after Christ died. But whether this is true or not, it is true that Christianity became the religion of the state in the beginning of the fourth century. The Bible was translated into the Armenian language as early as A.D. 411, and the people still possess copies of it in their churches, holding it in great reverence. But since that early day the language has passed through such changes that the old Armenian is not understood by the people, and the Bible, though they have it in their hands, is practically in an unknown tongue. Oftentimes the priests themselves do not understand the words

they use; they only repeat the sounds which they have heard. The whole race is now estimated at about four million souls, but they are widely scattered; probably not over a quarter part of the four millions live within the bounds of Armenia. The rest of them are to be found in Russia, Persia, and India, as well as in Constantinople and other parts of Europe.

Though the Armenians claim the name of Christian, they know little or nothing of the gospel as Jesus taught it. In some respects they are like the Roman Catholics, and one section of them acknowledges the authority of the Roman Church. They possess the Bible, though, as may be supposed from the fact that they have lost the use of their ancient language, they do not understand it, they are not much influenced by its teachings, and believe in the worship of images, pictures, and of the cross. They confess to their priests, but they reject in theory the doctrine of purgatory, though many of the common people

seem to believe in such a state. They celebrate the mass, and believe that the bread used in the sacrament is literally changed into the body of Christ. But forms of service do not make men holy, and the Armenian Church is very corrupt. What good could be expected to come from a religion which consists in worshipping in a church where the priest stands with his back to the people, and mumbles over words which the audience cannot comprehend, of which, possibly, he himself does not know the meaning? As a body, they are as ignorant of Christian truth as they would be if they had never heard of the name of Christ. It is sad to think of so many who have the Bible in their hands, but who do not know the power of the Gospel.

The London Church of England Temperance Society publish a series of beautifully illuminated temperance cards, which render doubly attractive the temperance sentiments which they express.

OUR readers will find the manual published by the American Mfg. Co., of Waynesboro, Pa., on Evaporating Fruit, a valuable and interesting treatise on this subject. Sent free on application.

THE name L. J. Beer, of Charlotte-town, P. E. I., given in a late number of PLEASANT HOURS as having contributed \$20 to the donation of Christmas reading to hospitals, etc., should have been L. L. Beer, not L. J.

WE have received \$1 from B. W. O., Listowel, for Children's Hospital.

Old Times in the Colonies. By CHAS. CARLETON COFFIN. Svo., pp. 460, illustrated. New York: Harper Brothers. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, \$3.50.

Mr. Coffin has laid the young people of the United States under great obligation by his admirable series of illustrated volumes on the history of their country. The present volume, however, is of no less interest to Canadian than to American readers. Indeed a great part of it is devoted to the early history of our own country: and in the founding of Empire in Vir-

ginia, in New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, the Carolinas, and Georgia, every British subject has a deep and abiding interest.

Of course Parkman's, eight stately volumes contain the best and fullest account of the old French Regime in Canada: but next to them we know nothing more attractive and interesting than this book, and we have personally read and written much on this subject.

Mr. Collin's narrative is not a dry record of bare facts. He shows the causes, the meaning, the relationship of these facts. He traces the beginnings of history on this continent to their fountain heads in the old world. The great theme of the book—the thought that gives unity to its many stirring scenes and episodes—is the great conflict between England and France for the possession of the continent—a conflict between two races, two languages, two religions, and two distinct civilizations—a conflict which lasted for two long centuries, but which was ended in fifteen decisive minutes on the Plains of Abraham.

Among the successive stages and episodes of that conflict are the heroic adventures of Raleigh, John Smith and the Virginian colonists; of the Pilgrim and Puritan fathers; of the Dutch and Swedish and Danish colonists, the Salem Witch-craft and the Pennsylvania Quakers; King Philip's, King William's and Queen Anne's Wars, and many a stirring deed by flood and field.

The book is sumptuously illustrated by maps, portraits and engravings from the unrivalled resources of the great house by which it is issued, including many scenes in Canada and Old and New England—nearly three hundred in all. If we wished to wean a boy or girl from frivolous reading, and to inspire an enthusiastic interest in historical studies, especially pertaining to our own country, we would place in his, or her, hands this fascinating volume.

The Christmas Tree: a Story of German Domestic Life. By HENRIETTA SKELTON. Cincinnati: Walden & Stowe. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Pp. 279. Illustrated. Price, \$1.

The writer of this book is a German lady who is the author of several other successful books, chiefly on life in the Fatherland. This volume describes the adventures of a young Englishman, studying in Germany and afterwards coming to Canada. It gives a charming insight, such as the chance tourist cannot get, into German homelife, especially the beautiful Christmas and New Year's customs. Much solid information is also given about such places as Giessen, Manheim, Frankfort, the Hartz Mountains, and Black Forest. It will be of special interest to Canadian readers from the fact that the accomplished author was for some time a resident in Canada, and the scenes of the latter part of the story are laid in Halifax, Montreal, Toronto, Berlin, Collingwood and other Canadian localities. The book is attractively illustrated and printed.

Songs of Redeeming Love. Edited by JNO. R. SWENEY, C. C. McCABE, T. C. O'KANE, W. J. KIRKPATRICK. Cincinnati: Walden & Stowe. Pp. 132. Price, 35 cents; \$30 per 100. Besides several old favourites this book contains a large number of new pieces which we think are destined to

become favourites. The eminent reputation of its editors is a guarantee of the superior merit of the collection.

Goldbeck's Musical Art. By ROBERT GOLDBECK, St. Louis, Mo., 4to 24 pp. \$2 a year.

This is a high class musical monthly devoted to vocal and instrumental music, with complete instructions. Three graduating courses,—The Voice, Piano and Harmony, Course in the rudiments of music, harmony primer, and select music for teachers and students.

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.

IS he whose very thought and deed
By rule of virtue moves,
Whose generous tongue declines to speak
The thing his heart disapproves.
Who never hit a star for forge
His neighbor's fame to wound,
Nor hearken to a false report,
By malice whispered round,
Who vice, in all its proof and power,
Can treat with just neglect,
And piety, tho' clothed in rags,
Religiously respect,
Who to his plighted word and trust
Has ever firmly stood;
And, tho' he promise to his loss,
He makes the promise good.
Whose soul in usury disdains
His treasure to employ;
Whom no reward can ever bribe,
The guiltless to destroy,
Yet each is best when both unite
To make the man complete,
What were the heat without the light,
The light without the heat.
—*Chautauquan for April*

AN ANGEL'S TOUCH.

ONE evening, not long ago, a little girl of nine or ten entered a place in which is a bakery, grocery and saloon in one, and asked for five cents worth of tea. "How's your mother," asked the boy who came forward to wait on her. "Awful sick, and ain't had anything to eat all day." The boy was just then called to wait upon some men who entered his saloon, and the girl sat down. In five minutes she was nodding, and in seven she was sound asleep, and leaning her head against a barrel, while she held the poor old nickel in a tight grip between her thumb and finger. One of the men saw her as he came from the bar, and after asking who she was, said, "Say, you drunkards, see here. Here we've been pouring down whiskey, when this poor child and her mother want bread. Here's a two dollar bill that says I've got some feeling left." "And I can add a dollar," observed one. "And I'll give another."

They made up a purse of an even five dollars, and the spokesman carefully put the bill between two of the sleeper's finger's drew the nickel away, and whispered to his comrades. "Just look a here—the gal's dreaming!" So she was. A big tear had rolled out of her closed eye, but the face was covered with a smile. The men tiptoed out, and the clerk walked over and touched the sleeping child. She awoke with a laugh, and cried out, "What a beautiful dream! Ma wasn't sick any more, and we had lots to eat and wear, and my hand burns yet where an angel touched it!" When she discovered that her nickel had been replaced by a bill, a dollar of which loaded her down with all she could carry, she innocently said, "Well, now, but Ma won't hardly believe me that you sent up to heaven and got an angel to come down and clerk in your grocery."

THE GREENY.

“**W**HAT that greeny coming up the walk. Ha! ha! Just see him stare—and his mouth is wide open too. A real ‘country greeny’ as I live. Let us have some fun with him Frank.”

Frank Newton glanced around at the awkward looking boy just a few steps away, and he could hardly keep from smiling. But he had been taught never to laugh at others who had not had the advantages of refined society, and so he turned his face in another direction.

“Just look at him, Frank,” and Lewis Seaman stared at the awkward country boy in any but a polite manner.

Tom Grey was indeed an odd looking fellow, and the people of the large aristocratic village could hardly help looking at him as he passed along. His home-made clothes were much too large for him, and he evidently had on his feet a pair of men’s boots which made a good deal of noise as he walked along. His hat dropped down over his face, but yet it did not hide his long hair. In short Tom looked like a “little old man” in his queer clothes. He would have looked better, undoubtedly, behind a plow in the field than in the streets of a fashionable town.

He evidently heard the unkind remarks of the stranger before him, for a flush came over his face, as he tried to go past them.

“Say, stranger, did you know that it was against the rules of the village to walk fast; you will be arrested and put in the ‘lock up’ if you can not pay the fine,” said Lewis Seaman to Tom.

“It is not true,” Frank Newton said, in a firm, manly voice; as he saw the country boy hesitate, and grow pale.

“But it is true. I guess, Greeny, that you have never been in town before,” Lewis went on in his insolent way.

“No, I’ve never been to the town before, and I did not know”—and here Tom was interrupted by Frank who said again:

“It is not true what he is telling you; he is only trying to fool you. Don’t pay any attention to him.”

But Lewis interrupted Frank again and said, “He is the one that is trying to fool you, for he wants to see you arrested and taken to the ‘lock up.’ Be warned in time, Greeny.”

“I shall believe him, for he has not called me names, and besides he don’t laugh and sneer at me,” said Tom, in reply.

Perhaps it might have occurred to Lewis Seaman that the boy was not so “green after all,” for he evidently could detect the false from the true in spite of his awkward ways.

Just at that moment a pair of horses attached to a carriage came rushing around the corner, without any driver. They were going at a frightful speed, and the men and boys along the streets were paralyzed with fear at the peril of the occupants of the carriage.

“Oh, oh, that is our carriage, and mother and Ella are in it, oh, they will be killed,” exclaimed Lewis Seaman, throwing up his arms wildly.

The occupants of the carriage were evidently in great peril, for just ahead of them there was a high narrow bridge which the frightened horses would un-

doubtedly never pass over without doing injury to themselves or to the carriage.

But just as they came nearly opposite the boys, Tom Grey ran swiftly toward them, and succeeded in grasping the check rein of the horse nearest to him.

“He can never hold them,” some of the bystanders said who had witnessed the transaction. But Tom was stronger than he appeared to be, and he used his strength to a good advantage also. For a few steps he was dragged along by the horses—his hat going under their feet and his coarse boots thumping upon the paved road at every bound they made. It was evidently a very trying position for the country boy, but he still clung to the harness, and he succeeded in cramping the neck of the horse, until both were obliged to slacken their pace. Tom regained his footing, and then succeeded in reaching the cross line that was attached to the bit of the other horse. Some one else then ventured up to the horses’ heads and they were stopped just before reaching the bridge.

The boy was very pale, for he had received several severe bruises, and he could scarcely stand when the ladies were helped from the carriage.

Lewis Seaman came up to the carriage just as they were helping Tom away. The father of Lewis also came.

He had left the horses for a moment, in his wife’s care, not thinking of any dangers in so doing. But they became frightened at some object in the street, and so ran away. “Who is the boy that stopped the horses?” he asked.

But none knew Tom Grey, and so somebody replied, “Oh, he is a fellow from off the mountains, I guess.”

“It does not matter where he is from. I do not wish to lose sight of him. Bring him to my house and then get a doctor for him.”

“I don’t want any doctor, I’m all right,” said Tom who had begun to rally.

“You may be hurt worse than you think, my boy. It was an ugly job to rush before the horses, and then to be dragged along as you were,” answered Mr. Seaman.

Tom was hurt worse than he thought, and he remained at Mr. Seaman’s house two days, before he could go home.

Lewis Seaman was thoroughly ashamed of his conduct to Tom, and he made an humble confession to him before he went away. He received a lesson that he never forgot, for he became convinced that the “green country boy” was far braver and nobler than he himself.—*Baptist Weekly*.

KEEP THE CHILDREN HAPPY.

INVENT every possible amusement to keep your boys happy at home, evenings. Never mind if they do scatter books and pictures, coats, hats, and boots! Never mind if they do make a noise around you, with their whistling and hurrahing! We would stand aghast if we could have a vision of the young men gone to utter destruction for the very reason that, having cold, disagreeable, dull, stiff residences at home, they sought amusement elsewhere. The influence of a loving mother or sisters is incalculable. Like the circle formed by casting a stone into the water, it goes on and on through a man’s whole life. Circumstances and worldly pleasures may weaken the

remembrance for a time, but each touch upon the chord of memory will awaken the old time music, and her face, her voice, and her loving words will come up before him like a revelation.

The time will come, before you think, when you would give the world to have your house tumbled by the dear hands of those very boys; when your heart shall long for the noisy steps in the hall, and their ruddy cheeks laid up to yours; when you would rather have their jolly whistle than the music of Thomas or the songs of Nilsson; when you would gladly dirty carpets, aye, live without carpets at all, but to have their bright, strong forms beside you once more. Then play with and pet them. Praise Johnny’s drawing, Betty’s music, and baby’s first attempt at writing his name. Encourage Tom to chop off his stick of wood, and Dick to persevere in making his hen-coop. If one shows a talent for figures, tell him he is your famous mathematician; and if another loves geography, tell him he will be sure to make a good traveller or a foreign minister. Go with them to see their young rabbits, and chickens and pigeons—and down to the creek-fall to see the flutter-mill in full operation. Have them gather you mosses, and grasses, and bright autumn leaves, to decorate their room when the snow is over all the earth. And you will keep yourself young and fresh by entering into their joys.

FIVE STEPS.

A LITTLE sip of cider,
A little sip of beer:
A taste that’s rather bitter,
But what is there to fear?

A glass of foaming lager,
A choice perfumed cigar;
It’s funny what fanatics
Those temp’rance people are.

Say, boys, here’s to our welfare—
May none here lack a dime
To buy a glass of liquor
At any other time.

Say, can’t you trust a fellow?
Give us a drop of gin
To stop the dreadful gnawing
That’s going on within.

Found dead—a common drunkard!
Alas! how came he there?
It was the beer and cider;
Beware! beware!! BEWARE!!!
—*Temperance Banner*.

POLITENESS.

BE polite. Some young folks think that it is hard to be polite; that it is somehow unnatural, and that if people would only agree not to be offended when they were treated rudely, this would be a great deal easier world to live in. But they forget that it is learning to be polite, rather than being so after they have once accustomed themselves, that is hard. The boy who complains that it is hard to be polite, is something like the one who couldn’t see how folks could bear to comb their hair every day, he only did it once a month, and that nearly killed him. It may be that good-manners are not so easily acquired as bad or indifferent ones, but then all good things cost something. A good suit of clothes is not so easily obtained as a poor one; and yet the experience of the world teaches us that “the best is the cheapest.”

THE MISSIONARY DOLL.

BY K. H. J.

“**W**HAT a queer dolly!” I hear you exclaim;

“Pray, how did it come by such an odd name?
And what possible good could its waxen face do
To Chinese or Choctaw, to Turk or Zulu?”

Well, I’ll tell you the tale, as it came down to us,
For this dolly had really raised quite a fuss;
And when we all heard how she went on a mission,
We laughed and we cried at this prettiest vision.

A six-year old darling, with eyes full of tears,
Was losing a very dear friend, it appears—
He would tell the poor heathen beyond the great sea,
How Jesus, our Saviour, said, “Come unto Me.”

And bright eyes must show him how dearly she loved;
In some wonderful way her love must be proved.
“O, what can I give him?” they all heard her say;
“What beautiful plaything to carry away?”

She looked at her treasures with serious thought,
And then she exclaimed, as she found what she sought,
“My new Paris dolly! with bright golden hair,
And eyes that will shut, and such fine clothes to wear:

I’ll just give him that to ‘member me by!’
But the wise grown-up people said, “O darling, why?
Why that is your very best dolly, my pet;
Don’t give that on which your heart is so set.”

What think you, she said, this heroic young soul,
Who had learned the deep secret of love’s sweet control?
“But that’s what I want him to have,” she sobbed low—
“The beautifullest thing in the world that I know.”

“But then,” they insisted, “you surely forget
That gentlemen don’t play with dollies, dear pet.
Pray what would your ‘dear Mr. Dale’ do with that?
A real grown up man, who wears a tall hat.”

She pondered a moment, perplexed and distressed,
And then her eyes brighten with gladness unguessed—
“He’ll want it,” she said, a sweet fancy weaving—
“He’ll take it; ‘twill help him to ‘mooze the poor heathen.”

So the love of the darling had conquered at last,
And her “dear Mr. Dale” held the “dear dolly” fast;
And surely enough a wise prophet was she,
For it did “mooze the heathen” far over the sea.

The Lord Mayor of London presided at a late temperance meeting in the Guildhall, at which twelve of the chief Magistrates of England were in attendance. The Lord Mayor said it was his experience as a Magistrate that nine-tenths, if not nineteen-twentieths, of the brutality and crime that came before him had their origin in the curse of drink. Mr. Woodhouse, the Mayor of Leeds, stated that the money spent annually on the three great textile industries—cotton, woolen, and linen—amounted to £66,000,000, the amount expended on bread to £70,000,000. Adding these together, the total wasted in intoxicants was as nearly as possible the same, £136,000,000.

THE DEATH OF THE FIRSTBORN.

BY JOHN MACDONALD

For there was not a house where there was not one dead!—Ex. xii, 30.

A CRY is heard in Egypt,
A sore and bitter cry,
'Tis not for brave men fallen,
As brave men long to die:
The sounds are those of wailing
And deepest agony.

'Tis not for country taken
By some relentless foe;
'Tis not for honour tarnished
The nation mourneth so:
A wail so full of wildness,
The hopeless only know.

Sore plagues had swept o'er Egypt,
Thunder and fire and hail,
The land was seared and darkened
By locusts' blighted trail;
Yet Pharaoh's heart was hardened,
Nor did these plagues avail.

The fearful plague of darkness
They failed to understand,
Though dark were Egypt's dwellings,
And bright all Goshen's land,
They would not own these warnings
As wonders of God's hand.

To Pharaoh and to Egypt
But one more plague remains,
To monarch and to people
Sadder than former pains,
That stroke that slays their firstborn
Will break off Israel's chains.

The Lord went forth at midnight,
All Egypt's firstborn fell,
From Pharaoh's royal dwelling
To captive's dreary cell:
The land was filled with wailing
For lost ones loved so well.

No pining sickness wasted
Their forms from day to day,
No friendly watchers waited
To see them pass away:
One moment strength and beauty—
The next but lifeless clay.

It was the Lord who smote them,
Even Egypt's hope that night,
The infant in its sweetness,
The strong man in his might;
The Lord whom they rejected,
Who ever doeth right.

And now from the oppressor
Hope's faintest rays are fled,
He hears his people's wailings,
He sees the tears they shed,
And knows that Egypt has no home
Which does not mourn its dead.

Despot and people humbled,
Boasting and pride brought low,
Warnings despised, unheeded,
Judgment at length they know,
And hasten, though at midnight,
To let God's people go.

O mighty God of Jacob!
What God is like to Thee?
Who leddest thine own people
Through Egypt's parted sea,
And brought them safe to Canaan
With songs of jubilee.

And still, O Lord, Thy people
Secure in Thee abide;
No arm upraised can harm them,
Or snatch them from Thy side,
And safely leaning on their Lord
They'll pass through Jordan's tide.

OAKLANDS, TORONTO.

THE SWEARER'S PRAYER,

(Republished by request.)

WHAT! a swearer pray! Yes,
swearer, whether thou
thinkest so or not, each of
thine oaths is a prayer—
an appeal to the holy and Almighty
God.

And what is it, thinkest thou,
swearer, that thou dost call for, when
the awful imprecations, Damn and
Damnation, roll so frequently from thy
profane tongue? Tremble, swearer,
while I tell thee. Thy prayer contains
two parts: Thou prayest, first, that
thou mayest be deprived of eternal

happiness! Secondly, that thou mayest
be plunged into eternal misery!

When thou callest for damnation,
dost thou not, in effect, say as follows?
"O God! Thou hast power to punish
me in hell forever; therefore, let not
one of my sins be forgiven! Let every
oath that I have sworn, and all the
sins that I have committed, rise up in
judgment against me, and eternally
condemn me! Let me never partake
of Thy salvation; and let me never
enter into the kingdom of Heaven!"

This is the first part of thy prayer.
—let us hear the second.

"O God! let me not only be shut
out of Heaven, but also shut up in hell!
May all the members of my body be
tortured with inconceivable agony, and
all the powers of my soul tormented
with horror and despair, inexpressible
and eternal! Pour down Thy hottest
anger; execute all Thy wrath and curse
upon me; arm and send forth all Thy
terrors against me; and let Thy fierce,
Thy fiery, Thy fearful indignation rest
upon me, and torment me in hell for-
ever, and ever, and ever!!!"

Swearer, this is thy prayer!!! Oh,
dreadful imprecation! Oh, horrible,
most horrible! Dost thou like thy
petition? Art thou desirous of eternal
torment? If so, swear on—swear hard.
The more oaths, the more misery; and,
perhaps, the sooner thou mayest be in
hell.

Swearer, be thankful, oh! be ex-
ceedingly thankful, that God has not
answered thy tremendous prayer!
Never let Him hear another oath from
thy unhallowed tongue, lest it should
be thy last expression upon earth, and
thy swearing prayer should be answered
in hell. Oh! let thine oaths be turned
into supplications! Repent, and turn
to Jesus, who died for swearers, as well
as for His murderers. And then, oh!
then (though thou mayest have sworn
as many oaths as there are "stars in
the heavens, and sands upon the sea-
shore innumerable"), then thou shalt
find, to thy eternal joy, that there is
love in His heart, and merit in His
blood, sufficient to pardon thy sins, and
save thy soul forever.—Swearer! canst
thou ever again blaspheme such a God
and Saviour as this? Does not thy
conscience cry, God forbid? Even so,
Amen.

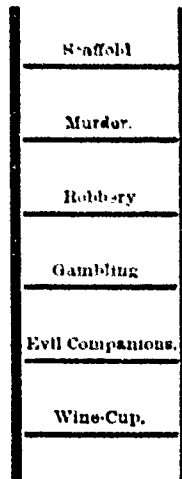
IF YOU PLEASE.

WHEN the Duke of Well-
ington was sick, the last thing
he took was a little tea. On
his servant's handing it to him in a
sauce, and asking him if he would
have it, the Duke replied, "Yes, if
you please." These words were his
last words. How much kindness and
courtesy are expressed by them! He
who had commanded the greatest
armies in Europe, and had long used
the throne of authority, did not despise
or overlook the small courtesies of
life. Ah, how many boys do! What
a rude tone of command they often
use to their little brothers and sisters,
and sometimes to their mothers! This
is ill-bred and unchristian, and shows
a coarse nature and a hard heart. In
all your home talk remember "If you
please." Among your playmates don't
forget "If you please." To all who
wait upon you and serve you, believe
that "If you please" will make you
better served than all the cross or
ordering words in the whole diction-
ary. Don't forget three little words
—"If you please."

SIX STEPS IN THE LADDER OF
CRIME.

BY A. NEWELL.

THIS subject may be treated as a
blackboard lesson, thus.



I was one day walking through a
street in one of our large cities, when
my eye caught a window-bill announc-
ing the performance of a dialogue en-
titled "Six Steps in the Ladder of
Crime." I felt somewhat interested
in the title, especially as the steps were
mentioned; and it might be interest-
ing could we connect them in a short
story, and thus narrate the history of
many unfortunate beings.

Let us picture a young man just
entering the world upon his own respon-
sibility. His happy boyhood days
have been spent in his father's home,
and now he goes forth to face the
world with all its temptations and
allurements. He is very careful to
avoid things which might lead him
astray, but, alas! he regards the de-
ceptive

WINE CUP

as a friend, forgetting the warning of
the wise man, "At the last it biteth
like a serpent and stingeth like an
adder."

Time passes on, and his association
with the wine-cup naturally brings
him in contact with other young men
who prove themselves to be

EVIL COMPANIONS,

leading him on the downward track to
ruin. Wrong is placed before him,
gaudily dressed, alluring him on to
destruction. Cards and dice are no
longer strangers to him; the

GAMBLING

table becomes his favourite resort, and
night after night is spent in debauchery.
All his possessions are lost; debt stares
him in the face. Money! money!!
MONEY!!! is his only cry till at last,
to satisfy his craving, he is compelled
to commit a

ROBBERY.

Lower and lower he sinks in degra-
dation and crime; robberies are of
frequent occurrence, till at last, to
meet his ends,

MURDER

is added to his list of crimes. For the
sake of money, the life of a fellow-
creature is taken away. He is
arrested and condemned to die. Dis-
graced and ruined, he is led to the

SCAFFOLD,

and is hurried into the presence of an
angry God. With his last breath he
exclaims:

BEWARE OF THE FIRST STEP—THE
WINE-CUP.

PLEASANTRIES.

FRENCH under difficulties: The fol-
lowing dialogue was overheard the
other day. Ho: "Arantou, p
Calore." She: "Shut it yourself."

ELDERLY agriculturist (to season
ticket holder in the train): "You have
no ticket!" Ticket-holder: "No, I
travel on my good looks." Agricul-
turist (after looking him over): "Then
probably you ain't gonn' very far"
General smile

WHEN a lady living in Chelsea sent
to London for a doctor, she apologized
for asking him to come such a distance.
"Don't speak of it," answered the
M.D. "I happen to have another
patient in the neighbourhood, and can
thus kill two birds with one stone."

THE *Illustrated London News* has a
picture of Mr. Gladstone "falling a
tree." "The attitude of the venerable
statesman," says a Canadian journal,
"and the shape of the cut, throw a
flood of light on what has hitherto
been a mystery, namely, how it was
that he did not long ago run out of
trees."

A LADY taking tea at a small com-
pany, being very fond of her hot rolls,
was asked to have another. "Really,
I cannot," she modestly replied. "I
don't know how many I have eaten
already." "I do," unexpectedly cried
a juvenile upstart, whose mother had
allowed him a seat at the table.
"You've eaten 8! I've been countin'."

By some strange descent as appal-
ling as that from the sublime to the
ridiculous, the house in which the poet
Moore was born is now a whiskey-
shop, Burns' native cottage is a public
house, Shelley's house in Great Marlow
is a beer-shop. The spot where
Walter Scott was born is occupied by
a similar building; and Coleridge's
residence at Nether Stokely, the very
house where he composed the "Ode to
a Nightingale," is an ordinary beer-
house.

The following is told of one of the
Rothschilds—he of Frankfort:—Came
the Baron Von G. into the office of
the great banker. "Take a chair, sir,"
said he, not even raising his head from
his writing. "Sir," said G., "why,
sir, I am like yourself, a baron of the
empire, and I think should be ad-
dressed as such." "A thousand par-
dons," replied Rothschild; "a baron
of the empire. Then take two chairs
until I can attend to you."

A CERTAIN nobleman wished to en-
gage a coachman, and there were
several applicants. To A. he said,
"How near can you drive to a precipice
without falling in?" "Within a
yard" was the answer. To the same
question B. replied, "Within six
inches." But C. made answer, "I do
not like precipices, your lordship, and
if I can help it, never drive near them."
"Ah!" said the nobleman, "you are
the coachman for me." Moral. Keep
away from dangerous places.

When the late Bishop of Oxford was
travelling eastward to attend the church
congress at Norwich, a lady sitting
opposite to him commented in dawning
terms on the eloquence and ability of
the great Anglican divine, quite un-
conscious that she was addressing him.
"But why, sir," she added, "do people
call him Soapy Sam?" "Well, madam,"
replied the Bishop, "I suppose it is
because he has always been a good deal
in hot water, and always manages to
come out with clean hands."

THE FIVE LOAVES.

WHAT if the Jewish lad,
That summer day, had failed to go
Down to the lake because he had
Too small a store of loaves to show?

"The press is great," he might of said;
"For food the thronging people call;
I only have five loaves of bread,
And what are they among them all?"

And back the mother's word might come,
Her coaxing hand upon his hair;
"Yet go; for they may e'ntort some
Among the hungry children there."

So to the lake-side forth he went,
Fearing the want supply he had;
And Jesus, with an eye intent,
Through all the crowd beheld the lad,

And saw the loaves and blessed them. Then
Beneath his hand the marvel grew,
He brake and blessed, and brake again:
The loaves were neither small nor few;

For, as we know, it came to pass
That hungry thousand there were fed,
While sitting on the fresh green grass,
From that one basketful of bread.

If from his home the lad that day
His five small loaves had failed to take,
Would Christ have wrought? Can any say
This miracle beside the Lake?

HOW OXEN LEARNED TO CHEW TOBACCO.

IN one of the Western States a farmer lived, who used a large quantity of tobacco every year. So he thought he would get the seed, and practise economy by raising it for his own use. So he planted a patch of ground with the seed and raised quite a large crop. He hung his tobacco up, to dry, on nails driven into the rafters of an open carriage shed. One day a heavy thunder storm came up, and some cattle seeking shelter from the wind and rain, went into this shed.

Considerable of the tobacco was blown down, and the cattle began to eat it. The farmer laughed at the idea of "oxen chewing tobacco," and the minister, who happened to be there, told him he was teaching dumb beasts bad habits. But what do you think he found when he went out in the morning? Two of those oxen lying dead in his shed, and all the others sick from the poison of the tobacco.

Now do not forget, dear children, that tobacco is always and everywhere a poison, causing disease, and often death. And wherever and whenever you see men or women chewing, or smoking, or snuffing, be thankful that your friends take the trouble to teach you not to use this poison.

"OH THIS HARD LUMP."

"HALLOO Jack! Halloo!
Won't you have a glass this
cold morning?" cried a
blatant-looking tavern keeper to a jolly
Jack Tar who was smartly stepping
along the road.

Jack had formerly been a hard
drinker, and had spent many a bright
sovereign in the tavern he was now
passing, but about a year ago he had
signed the temperance pledge.

"No, landlord, no! I can't drink.
I've got a hard lump at my side." As
the witty sailor said these words he
pressed his hand against his side,
adding, "Oh, this hard lump!"

"It's all through leaving off grog,"
replied the landlord: "some good
drink will take your lump away. If
you are fool enough to keep on teetotal,

your lump will get bigger, and very
likely you'll be having a hard lump at
your other side."

"True! true! old boy," with a
hearty laugh, responded the merry
tar, as he briskly drew out a bag of
gold from his side-pocket, and held it
up to the publican's gaze: "This is
my hard lump. You say truly, that
if I drink, my lump will go away, and
that if I stick to teetotal I shall have
a bigger lump. No, no, landlord:
good-bye to you. God helping me,
you won't catch me in your net again."

LITTLE Tom's canary was too sick
to sing a full tune, but he could twitter
some. Tom, after listening atten-
tively, exclaimed, "Mamma, birdie
only sang half a verse that time!"



Search the Scriptures.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

A. D. 46] LESSON XI. June 10.

AT ICONIUM AND LYSTRA.

Acts 14. 1-18. Commit to memory vs. 15-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Speaking boldly in the Lord. Acts 14. 3.

OUTLINE.

1. Words of Boldness. v. 1-7.
2. Words of Power. v. 8-13.
3. Words of Reproof. v. 14-18.

TIME.—A. D. 46, immediately following
the last lesson.

PLACES.—Iconium and Lystra, in Asia
Minor.

EXPLANATIONS.—*They went*—Both Paul
and Barnabas. *Into the synagogue*—This
gave them a place for preaching and a con-
gregation. *The Greeks*—Gentiles speaking
the Greek language. *Unbelieving Jews*—
Jews who would not believe in Jesus. *Stirred
up the Gentiles*—By false reports about the
apostles. *Long time therefore*—On account
of the success, not the opposition. *Gave
testimony*—In conversions and in miracles.
Multitude of the city—The common people,
some friendly and others opposed to the
Gospel. *An assault*—It was to be made, but
was escaped by the apostles. *With their
rulers*—The rulers of the Jewish synagogue.
To use them despitefully—To do them harm.
To stone them—This was a Jewish method of
killing. *Ware of it*—Heard of it in time to
escape. *Preached the Gospel*—Probably in
the public square, as we read of no synagogue
nor any Jews. *Impotent*—Helpless. *Who
steadfastly beholding*—Paul fixed his eyes
upon the cripple. *Perceiving that he had faith*
—He saw it by inspiration. *The speech of
Lycaonia*—A language which the apostles
did not understand, and hence they did not
know what the people were about to do.
Gods are come down—The heathen believed
that their gods visited the earth in disguise.
Barnabas, Jupiter—Jupiter was the ruler of
the gods in their belief. *Mercurius*—Or
Mercury, the god of speaking. *Oxen and
garrulous*—Garrulous hanging around the oxen,
who were for sacrifice. *Gates*—In front of
the house where the apostles were. *Rent their
clothes*—As a sign of distress. *Men of like
passions*—Of nature like you. *These vanities*
—The worship of idols. *In times past*—Until
the Gospel was preached there was some
excuse for ignorant idol-worship. *Not him-
self without witness*—The works of God in
nature showed his power and love.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where does this lesson teach—

1. That we should be bold in speaking for
Christ?

2. That we should seek God's honor, and
not our own?

3. That we should give God thanks for his
mercies?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where did Paul and Barnabas go from
Antioch? To Iconium and Lystra. 2. What
miracle was wrought by Paul at Lystra? A
cripple was healed. 3. What did the people
imagine who saw the miracle? That gods
had come to earth. 4. What were they
about to do to Paul and Barnabas? To offer
them sacrifice. 5. What did the apostles
say to the people? "We are men like your-
selves."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The folly of
idolatry.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

25. What were his sharpest sufferings?

The sharpest suffering of Christ was the
anguish which he endured in his soul in the
garden just before his death, which made him
sweat drops of blood.

A. D. 46.] LESSON XII. [June 17.

END OF FIRST MISSIONARY JOURNEY.

Acts 14. 19-28. Commit to memory vs. 21-23

GOLDEN TEXT.

Go ye therefore, and teach all nations,
baptizing them in the name of the Father,
and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Matt
28. 19.

OUTLINE.

1. The Restoration. v. 19, 20.
2. The Return. v. 21-26.
3. The Report. v. 27-28.

TIME.—A. D. 46, immediately succeeding
the last lesson.

PLACES.—Various places in Asia Minor and
Syria.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Came thither*—To Lystra.
Certain Jews—Who were enemies of Christ
and his Gospel. *Persuaded the people*—
Turned their minds from believing Paul to
be a god, to think him an enemy. *Having
stoned Paul*—Those who were ready to wor-
ship are now willing to slay. *Drew him out*
—Dragged out what they supposed to be his
dead body. *The disciples*—Those who had
been led to know Christ through Paul and
Barnabas. *Stood round*—Among these may
have been Tim thy. Acts 16. 1; 2 Tim 3
10, 11. *Rose up*—Having been stunned and
not killed. *Came into the city*—Perhaps at
night. *Next day*—All wounded as he was.
Departed—On a journey of twenty miles.
Taught many—Meeting with no persecutions
there. *Returned again*—Visiting in order
on their return all the places where they had
preached. *Antioch*—The Pisidian Antioch
is here meant, not the Syrian. *Confirming*
—Encouraging. *We must*—All must expect
tribulation, or troubles in the service of
Christ. *Ordained them elders*—To watch
over and rule the Churches which they were
leaving. *Commended them*—Left them in
the care of God. *Preached in Persea*—
Where they had not stopped on their out-
ward journey. *To Antioch*—In Syria, the
place from which they had started. *Rehearsed*
—Reported, told. *Opened the door*—God
had opened the door by sending the truth
and giving willingness to receive it.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we find—

1. That men are often fickle and change-
able?
2. That Christ's followers may expect
trouble?
3. That we should be workers for God
among men?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Jews from Iconium persuade
the Lystrans to do? To stone Paul. 2.
What did Paul do after being stoned. He
arose and entered the city. 3. Where did
Paul and Barnabas preach next? At Derbe.
4. What did they visit on their journey
home? The churches they had planted. 5.
What did they do in each place? They ap-
pointed elders. 6. What did they report on
reaching Antioch? The salvation of the
Gentiles.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The organiza-
tion of the Church.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

26. What kind of death did he die?

Christ was put to death by being crucified;
that is, his hands and feet were nailed to a
wooden cross, and there he hung till he died
in extreme pain.

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