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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. II.

TORONTO, APRIL 22, 1882.

No 8.

SYMPATHY.

A SERMON IN RHYME.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words n'er be said
Of a friend till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you,
By its humble pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in
prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's eyes,
Share them. And by sharing
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should any one be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh is rippling
Through the sunshine on his face—
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the
mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly,
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness
All enriching as you go—
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until its happy end,
Your life should never lack a friend.

THE BERMUDA ISLANDS.

II.

FROM St. George's to Hamilton there is a fine ocean drive of eight or nine miles. Going by Harrington Sound you will pass Neptune's Grotto, between which and the Sound there is a subterranean communication—the Sound, by the way, being an arm of the sea. Fish caught at the most favourable seasons of the year are kept here until wanted for use. The usual number is 1,000, though it will hold twice as many. There are many varieties of fish, and the spectacle is as pleasing as it is

novel. These ponds, on a small scale, are quite numerous throughout Bermuda.

However interesting Bermuda may be to the pleasure-seeker it is even more so to the scientist, in proof of which statement I make the following extract from one of Colonel Nelson's valuable letters:—"I have often regretted the want of a suitable opportunity of impressing on the world of naturalists the expediency of occupying Bermuda as a point with especial advantages for study in many branches

etc., at a depth of eleven fathoms, which I measured exactly. Again, the summer temperature there admits of such prolonged working in the water. My last good day's work was on November 5, 1832, when, as usual, I remained from three to four hours, swimming, wading, and creeping on all fours."

Some pleasant morning a visit must be made to Ireland Island, the site of the dockyard and naval establishment, and one of the four telegraphic signal stations. We land, and encounter at

has once undergone. You ascend a ladder or steps on the outside, and get a fine view.

There is the usual number of machine shops, offices, and magazines, with vast quantities of powder—much more than a quiet little place like Bermuda would seem to require. Places have been tunnelled out here and there and filled with munitions of war. Everything is arranged in the most deliberate and scientific manner.

A BRAVE LITTLE SISTER.

ONE cold day this winter, as it was growing late, Mrs. Ivy, whose home is in Pictou, Nova Scotia, was obliged to go out, leaving her two children alone. Their father was dead.

Little Alice was only seven and Henry was five years old. They played together awhile, and Alice told Henry stories, and they tried to think that the time was slipping away very fast, and that mother would soon be back.

But presently it began to get dark in the room where the careful mother had left them, locking them in for safety. The stars were twinkling in the sky, and the lamps were lighted in the street. Alice knew where the matches were kept, and she had often seen her mother light their lamp, so she thought she would do it now.

Unfortunately neither she nor little Henry observed that they had set the burning lamp very near their mother's working dress and Alice's white apron, which were hanging quite close to the mantel.

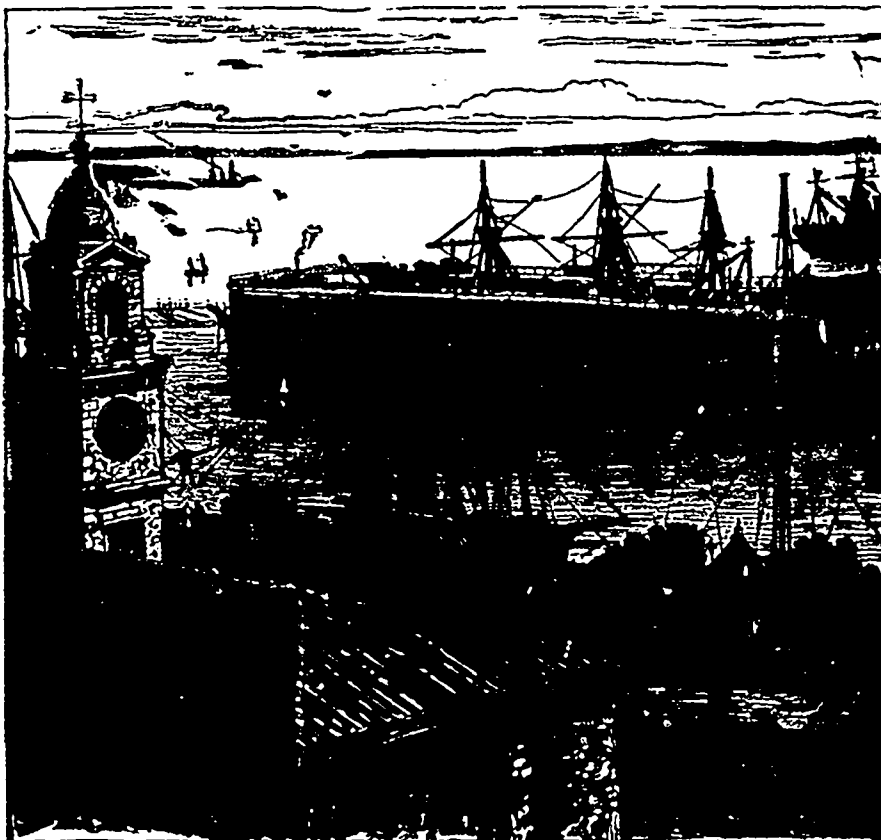
The first thing they knew these had caught fire, and the room was in a blaze.

What should little Alice do? How could she save Henry? She never thought about her own danger. The key was in the lock, alas! on the other side of the door.

Quick as a flash she raised the window, and creeping out to the end of the projecting shelf, lowered herself till she hung at arm's length, and then dropped to the ground.

It was a distance of thirty five feet, but the air buoyed up her clothing, something as it does that of a little girl when she whirls round and drops in what we used to call a pot-chose. Alice reached the ground unhurt.

She flew up stairs and unlocked the door. No Henry was there. Frightened and desperate, she screamed and



FLOATING DOCK, BERMUDA.

of their craft. It is decidedly a hot climate in summer. One immense advantage to the naturalist in these islands is the characteristic tendency and necessity of coral formations to form well-sheltered lagoons. This, however, would be of small avail if there were sharks, but there is only one species there—the so-called blue shark, which rarely comes within the reefs unless tempted to do so in the whaling season, and even then is never aggressive, though he will fight if attacked. Again, the water on its sandy bottom is so exquisitely transparent, exactly the colour of the aqua-marina variety of beryl, that in a dead calm I have distinctly seen worm heaps, corallines,

once the British sentinel. The most remarkable object of interest is undoubtedly the floating dock, one of the largest structures of its kind in the world, which was built in England, and towed across the Atlantic to its present position by five ships. Its length is three hundred and eighty one feet, and its breadth one hundred and twenty-four feet. The largest and heaviest man-of-war can be docked. It is divided into forty-eight watertight compartments, which are fitted with valves worked from the upper deck. By placing some four thousand tons of water in the upper chambers its keel can be brought five feet out of water and cleaned a process which it

cried so that the neighbours came running to see what had happened.

They found the little fellow on the ground, where he had fallen, having crawled out on the window-sill to see what had become of his sister. It was a mercy that he too had escaped with only a few bruises.

Brave little Alice Ivy! She showed unselfish love, courage, and promptness in action. We think she was a heroine. Do you agree with us? Her behaviour was the more worthy of praise that she had to do something at once, and that she did the best thing under the circumstances. We are sure her mother felt thankful for such a noble daughter.

TO A FAMILY BIBLE.

WHAT household thoughts around thee, as their shrine,
Cling reverently!—Of anxious looks beguiled,
My mother's eyes upon thy page divine
Were daily bent, her accents, gravely mild,
Breathed out thy lore;—whilst I a dreamy child,
On breeze-like fancies wandered oft away
To some lone tuft of gleaming spring-flowers wild;
Some fresh-discovered nook for woodland play,
Some secret nest; yet would the solemn word,
At times with kindlings of young wonder heard,
Fall on my wakened spirit there to be
A seed not lost, for which in darker years,
Oh, Book of Heaven! I pour with grateful tears,
Heart-blessings on the holy dead and thee.
—Mrs. Hemans.

TOBACCO.

THE tobacco is an annual plant, with large fibrous root, and an erect, round, hairy viscid stem, which branches near the top and rises from three to six feet in height. The leaves are very large, pointed, and of a pale green colour. The lower leaves are often two feet long and six inches broad. The leaves are the parts employed in commerce. The reeds yield but little narcotic principle. The plant is a native of tropical America, and was found by the Spaniards on their arrival. It is now grown in most parts of the world, Virginia being the most celebrated for its production. The harvest is in August. The ripe plants are cut off at the roots, dried under cover, stripped of their leaves, cured by a process of heating, packed in hogsheads, and then sent off to the tobacco factories all over the world, where they are made into cigars, snuff, smoking tobacco, cigarettes, and chewing tobacco. Being prepared and adulterated with all kinds of essential oils, sugar, spirits, &c., and being disguised in the most attractive manner, in fancy boxes, expensive labels and designs of all sorts, the original tobacco leaf is changed in every way, and is sent out on its terrible mission throughout the known world. It is then allowed to enter the system of its unsuspecting victims very slowly and stealthily at first, as nature naturally rebels at its introduction, which always produces such disgusting effects as nausea, loss of appetite, and fainting, etc. In some cases death has been caused by its effects on diseased and weakened hearts in delicate subjects and in young boys.

Nicotine is the active and most dangerous principle of tobacco. So strong is this powerful poison that one drop will kill a dog, and small birds will die at the approach of a tube containing the drug. In poisonous doses it will kill a man in from two to five minutes. Truly, every plug of tobacco and every cigar should come under the Pharmacy Act, and be labelled "Poison."

The physiological properties of tobacco on the system are very numerous. Tobacco is a sedative narcotic, producing drowsiness or sleep. It is an emetic, causes giddiness and nausea. When snuffed up the nostrils, tobacco dust causes sneezing and a discharge of mucous; when chewed it irritates the lining membrane of the mouth, increases the flow of saliva, and often acts as a cathartic. When even moderately used by some persons, its properties act by causing confusion of ideas, vertigo, stupor, faintness, then nausea, vomiting, fearful depression of the nervous and circulatory functions, and these may go on to alarming and even fatal prostration, and, as said before, death.

Tobacco operates not only through the medium of the nervous system, but also by entering the circulation: firstly, it reduces nervous power, and then affects the function of the heart.

The use of tobacco was really learned from the American Indians by the Spaniards. The plant and its uses were introduced into France in 1560 by the ambassador of that country, at the court of Lisbon, whose name "nicot" has been perpetuated in the generic title of the plant. Sir Walter Raleigh gets the credit of introducing the habit of smoking into England. One can hardly imagine what magic properties the plant possesses, that we should ever surmount this first repugnance to its action, odour, and taste, as to allow it at last to become a passion and a master. We see that it enfeebles digestion, produces emaciation, and general debility, and lays a solid foundation for more serious nervous disorders. Dr. Chapman says, that he has actually seen several cases of mental disorders closely resembling delirium tremens resulting from the use and abuse of tobacco, and this was proved by the symptoms subsiding after the tobacco had been stopped. The origin of many cases of insanity can be traced to the use of tobacco.

Tobacco will cause baldness, premature grey hairs, also colour blindness, a disgusting odour of the breath, a filthy condition and discolouration of the teeth, a dry and feverish tongue and throat which cries out for drink and stimulants, loss of memory, inability to work, read, sleep, or take exercise, and nervous tremor of the hands. In a medical and surgical point of view, it will retard convalescence after illness, cause delay and non-union of fractured bones, and when its use is continued long, may cause many other dangerous symptoms, too numerous to mention in this paper.

The use of snuff is not only a very disgusting habit, but really a very dangerous one, for it is often contaminated with lead from being kept in lead lined boxes, and will thus cause lead poisoning and paralysis of the limbs.

The death of a child is on record where tobacco leaves were used on the head as an application for the cure of some disease of the scalp, showing

what a powerful and dangerous poison tobacco is. Imagine the distress felt by some poor innocent boy when trying to master his first pipe or cigar. Surely the great distress he feels, the nausea, trembling, vertigo, spasms, insensibility, general prostration, both nervous and muscular, should be more than enough to nip the dangerous habit in the bud. But not so, he tries again and again, and at last succeeds in being able to be on the most friendly terms with his pipe or cigar, till sooner or later he is made aware that he has contracted a habit which has made him its slave.

Having I think in a few words proved the dangers of using tobacco in any form, let us now as soon as possible find the antidote to enable these poor slaves of tobacco to quit his service at once. As soon as you are sure of its effects, or better still, before you use it long enough to know its dangers, make up your mind to stop its use immediately, do not attempt to taper off gradually, with one or two pipes a day, or only just a few chews. It is something like going into cold water, make a grand plunge and you feel the cold much less than if you wade in inch by inch. The sooner you say good-bye to a bad habit or a bad friend, the better.

Do not dull your senses any longer. How soon you will see the good results; your memory will return, your appetite will be good, your sleep enjoyable, health-giving, and restful, and you will wake up in the morning feeling like work, and ready for it too, with all your heart. The habit of using tobacco becomes to a certain extent mechanical, and as we are all creatures of habit, a good or bad habit will soon be formed. The time you have usually spent every day in smoking must be occupied in some other, and I hope more profitable, way; so form some new and better habit immediately, take a walk, exercise with clubs, or dumb-bells, ride a velocipede, work in the garden, shovel, mow, practice music, cut wood, or anything to take the place of your old and hard work of smoking. You may miss your old companion, the "black pipe" for a few days, but you will soon forget him, never regret him, and never, never forgive him as long as you live, for having even attempted to dull your senses, injure your constitution, and, perhaps, shorten your life.

You may think of him occasionally, and not with pleasure either, when you feel the pain over the heart which your old friend or rather enemy has left behind.

Tobacco not only dulls all the senses to an alarming extent, but like all other bad habits helps to contaminate others, and has a most demoralizing influence on those addicted to its use, as may be seen by the numbers of the lower classes who frequent poor houses, and prisons, and who have used tobacco from their earliest years.

Could alcohol and tobacco ever be indicted before a just tribunal of conscientious men, the verdict would be unanimous I am sure, viz: "Guilty in the first degree of doing grievous mental and bodily harm to all who use them in any way."

"That alcohol should be put to death, and tobacco imprisoned for life."
TORONTO, March 9th, 1882.

"JESUS THE CARPENTER"

(LUKE IV. 22.)

"ISN'T this Joseph's son? Aye, it is he;
Joseph the carpenter—same trade as me.
I thought as I'd find it, I knew it was here;

But my sight's getting queer.

"I don't know right where as his shed must ha' stood;
But often, as I've been a-planing my wood,
I've took off my hat, just with thinking of He
At the same work as me.

"He wasn't that set up that He couldn't stoop down
And work in the country for folks in the town;
And I'll warrant He felt a bit pride, like I've done,
At a good job begun.

"The parson he knows that I'll not make too free,
But on Sunday I feel as pleased as can be,
When I wears my clean smock, and sits in a pew,
And has thoughts a few.

"I think of as how not the parson hissen, As is teacher and father and shepherd o' men,
Not he knows as much of the Lord in that shed,
Where He earned His own bread.

"And when I goes home to my missus, says she;
'Are ye wanting your key?'
For she knows my queer ways, and my love for the shed,
(We've been forty years wed).

"So I comes right away by mysen; with the Book,
And I turns the old pages and has a good look
For the text as I've found, as He tells me as He
Were the same trade as me.

"Why don't I mark it? Ah! many says so;
But I'd think I'd as lief, with your leave, let it go.
It do seem that nice when I fall on it sudden,
Unexpected, ye know!"
—MRS. EDWARD LIDDELL.

DON'T GIVE UP.

A GENTLEMAN travelling in the northern part of Ireland heard the voices of children and stopped to listen. Finding the sound came from a small building used as a school-house, he drew near; as the door was open, he went in and listened to the words the boys were spelling. One little boy stood apart, looking very sad. "Why does that boy stand there?" asked the gentleman. "Oh, he is good for nothing!" replied the teacher. "There is nothing in him. I can make nothing of him. He is the most stupid boy in the school." The gentleman was surprised at his answer. He saw the teacher was so stern and rough that the younger and more timid were nearly crushed. After a few words to them placing his hand on the head of the little fellow who stood apart, he said: "One of these days you may be a fine scholar. Don't give up; try my boy—try." The boy's soul was aroused. His sleeping mind awoke. A new purpose was formed. From that hour he became anxious to excel, and he did become a fine scholar. It was Dr. Adam Clarke. The secret of his success is worth knowing: "Don't give up; but try my boy—try."

"JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL"

BY NERISSA A. CHRISTIANCY.

"Jesus, lover of my soul"—
Twas a child that sang the words,
Tossing back her sunny curls,
Free and happy as the birds.
"Let me to thy bosom fly"—
Does she know their meaning quite?
Heaven keep her safe from harm,
Guide her youthful steps aright.

"Jesus, lover of my soul"—
Twas a maiden sang them now,
Brushing back with careless grace
Gold-brown ringlets from her brow.
Life to her was beautiful,
Quiet-evening, laughing morn,
And at midday, and at twilight,
Were new joys unto her born.

"Hide me, Oh, my Saviour hide"—
Sad the voice, and full of tears;
Yet it is the same that sang
Glad and gay in other years.
"Till the storm of life is past"—
Saviour, heed the earnest prayer,
Leave Thy blessing in the heart,
Of Thy tried one kneeling there.

"Safe into the haven guide."
Faded are the locks of gold,
And the voice has weaker grown
That was strong in days of old.
"Oh, receive my soul at last."
On the border land she stands;
Guide, Oh, guide her o'er the stream,
Clasp in Thine her outstretched hands.

A THRILLING TALE.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him."

At the recent fire in Park Row I witnessed a display of physical and moral courage by a young woman under circumstances that might well appal the bravest heart unsustained by Christian faith and fortitude.

I was at the scene of the fire about five minutes after it was discovered. In that brief time the fire had spread so rapidly that the entire roof of the World building was all ablaze, and volumes of dense black smoke and forked flames were pouring out of the top of all the windows of the fourth and fifth stories. From these windows men, women, and children, having no other way of escape, were earnestly and piteously calling for help. I saw the poor coloured woman jump from the sill of the fifth-story window, where she stood frantically calling for assistance, until compelled by the flames to jump to her death! I heard the terrible thud of her body as it fell upon the pavement! There were two men crouching on the lintels of two third-story windows on the Park Row side, and I expected every moment to see them perish and go into eternity; but they were rescued by two brave firemen.

On the Beekman street side of the burning building, and near Park Row, on the lintel of the third-story window, holding on to a telegraph-wire attached to the burning sill of the fourth-story window, stood our Christian heroine, Miss Ida Small, dressed in deep black, bareheaded, erect, calm, and with wonderful presence of mind, "standing up for Jesus"—the whole scene a fit picture for the pencil of any artist.

The excited crowd in the streets were intensely moved with alarm as they perceived the flames rapidly approaching where she stood. In response to the calls to her to jump she nodded her head, to assure them that she comprehended the situation, and was still courageous and hopeful.

Stout-hearted men wept like children, and made remarks like these, "There is pluck for you!" "Did you ever see such courage!" "She's a game little woman!" I said, "Gentlemen, back of that physical courage there is another element—an important factor; you may depend she is a Christian woman, and sustained by Christian fortitude." I did not know her, but upon no other theory could I account for her courage, and the maintenance of her physical and mental powers in such a fearful ordeal.

Last evening upon invitation, Miss Small visited my family, and gave us the story of her experience and providential deliverance from the fearful death that confronted her on that eventful day. Miss Small said: "I was sitting alone in the office of my employer, (the Rev. Mr. Lindsley,) and hearing an unusual commotion in the hall-way, to which, at first, I paid no particular attention until startled by the cry of 'Fire!' I quickly arose and opened the office-door; the flames and smoke singed my hair, and almost stifled me. I managed to close the door again, and this diverted the flames and smoke from the window, which was my only avenue of escape! I at once realized the imminent peril I was in, and that in all human probability my earthly career was to end quickly. For a moment only I stood affrighted; then I recalled the fact, that under the preaching of the Rev. Dr. Henry M. Storrs I had given myself to my Saviour, and had tried to serve him lovingly and faithfully. Committing all my interests for time and eternity to the dear Lord, I felt inexpressibly happy and ready to die, if it was his will I should die, then and there. Trusting in my Saviour, I proceeded to the window of the fourth story and climbed out, and stood on the lintel of the third-story window on the Beekman street side, near Nassau street, until compelled by the heat to move on to the next window, and the next, each time barely touching the lintels as I stepped from one window to another at that dizzy height, until I reached near the corner of Park Row, where I stood when you saw me. All this time the most beautiful passages of Scripture and hymns I had heard in Sabbath-school were passing through my mind, comforting my soul and supporting my strength. So composed was I, and acquiescent in the will of my heavenly Father concerning me, that I measurably forgot my own peril, and felt sorry for those who were so distressed about me, and doing all in their power to effect my rescue."

I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales recently gave a small juvenile party at Marlborough House to celebrate the fifteenth birthday of their eldest daughter, Princess Louise. The children invited came at five o'clock in the afternoon and left at eight—very sensible hours.

PERSEVERE.

Wax strong is well-doing;
Sloth drinks but life's dregs.
'Tis industry prospers,
'Tis idleness begs.

"GIRLS, HELP FATHER."

"MY hands are so stiff I can hardly hold a pen," said Farmer Wilber, as he sat down to "figure out" some accounts that were getting behindhand.

"Can I help you, father?" said Lucy, laying down her bright crochet-work. "I shall be glad to do so if you explain what you want."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if you can, Lucy," he said, reflectively. "Pretty good at figures, are you?"

"I would be ashamed if I did not know something of them after going twice through the arithmetic," said Lucy, laughing.

"Well, I can show you in five minutes what I have to do, and it'll be a wonderful help if you can do it for me. I never was a master-hand at accounts in my best days, and it does not grow any easier since I have put on spectacles."

Very patiently did the helpful daughter plod through the long lines of figures, leaving the gay worsted to lie idle all the evening, though she was in such haste to finish her scarf. It was reward enough to see her tired father, who had been toiling all day for herself and the other dear ones, sitting so cozily in his easy-chair, enjoying his weekly paper.

The clock struck nine before her task was over, but the hearty "Thank you, daughter, a thousand times!" took away all sense of weariness that Lucy might have felt.

"It's rather looking up when a man can have a clerk," said the father. "It's not every farmer that can afford it."

"Not every farmer's daughter is capable of making one," said the mother, with a little pardonable maternal pride.

"Nor every one that would be willing, if able," said Mr. Wilber; which last was a sad truth. How many daughters might be of use to their fathers in this and many other ways who never think of lightening a care or labor! If asked to perform some little service, it is done at best with a reluctant step and unwilling air that robs it of all sunshine or claim to gratitude.

Girls, help your father. Give him a cheerful home to rest in when evening comes, and do not worry his life away by fretting because he cannot afford you all the luxuries you covet. Children exert as great an influence on their parents as parents do on their children.—Selected.

EFFECTS OF DRINK IN TORONTO.

IN the Crosby House at the foot of Simcoe street a gang of men were drinking whiskey. One of their number, Samuel Gray, a carpenter, and apparently about forty-five years old, after imbibing very freely, to the surprise of all refused a proffered drink. The boys commenced to jeer and say, "Oh, Sam's turned temperance." "I wish to God I had," said the inebriated man, and he staggered out of the door muttering, "My poor little girls, and they are starving." In a few minutes several boys rushed into the bar-room shouting, "There's a man in the bay." A boat-hook was procured, and with its assistance the men succeeded in drawing the drowning man to the surface

and placing him on the wharf. To their surprise it was Gray, their inebriated companion. Life was thought to be extinct, but after pumping the water out of the stomach he began to show signs of returning consciousness. He was then carried into the Crosby House, where he was placed before the fire, stripped, and thoroughly dried. He refused to assign any reason for his rash act, and would only murmur when questioned, "My poor girls."

A later paper says: "The carpenter who tried to drown himself in the bay at the foot of Simcoe street died at his residence, No. 7 Caer-Howell street, yesterday afternoon. His wife died seven years ago, and three young girls are left. The unfortunate man was only thirty-seven years old,"—murdered by drink.

PLEASANT PEOPLE.

SOME men move through life as a band of music move down street, flinging out pleasure on every side through the air to every one, far and near, that can listen. Some men fill the air with their presence and sweetness, as orchards in October days fill the air with perfume of ripe fruit. Some women cling to their own houses, like the honey-suckle over the door, yet, like it, sweeten all the region with the subtle fragrance of their goodness. There are trees of righteousness which are ever dropping precious fruit around them. There are lives that shine like star-beams, or charm the heart like songs sung upon a holy day. How great a bounty and a blessing it is to hold the royal gifts of the soul so that they shall be music to some and fragrance to others, and life to all! It would be no unworthy thing to live for, to make the power which we have within us the breath of other men's joy; to scatter sunshine where only clouds and shadows reign; to fill the atmosphere where earth's weary toilers must stand with a brightness which they cannot create for themselves, and which they long for, enjoy, and appreciate.

TWO BRAVE GIRLS SAVE SEVEN LIVES.

THE Montreal Witness says: "One evening recently seven young men who live several miles down the Ottawa river, started to skate to Gatineau Point for the purpose of attending a special service which was being held in the church at that place for young men. When they arrived opposite Kettle Island they happened to reach a piece of bad ice, and five of the party fell through. The other two did the best they could to rescue their comrades, but, after they had got several of them out, the ice on which they were standing gave way, and they themselves got into the water. Two Misses O'Neil, daughters of Superintendent O'Neil, of the Dominion Police, witnessed the accident from their house on Kettle Island, and with great presence of mind these two young ladies ran for their father's boat, which they pushed across the ice until they came to the broken spot, when they launched it, and succeeded in rescuing the young men who were in the water. They were not a moment too soon, for one of the young men was utterly exhausted, and was taken out of the water senseless."

BY THE SHORE.

STOOD by the shore as the anchor
went down,
And the merchant-ship swung to her
chain,
And saw the dark sailors row up to the
town,
Returned from the far-away main.

I cried, "What a glorious thing it must be
To come home in a ship from the deep,
With heart thrilling tales of the wonder-
ful sea,
And the coasts that all latitudes sweep!"

But a sailor replied, 'mid the laughter and
din,
And the hand-shaking going about,
"Before you can be in a ship coming in,
You must be in a ship going out!"

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, APRIL 22, 1882.

STUDY THE BIBLE.

Do not skim it or read it, but study it, every word of it: study the whole Bible, Old Testament and New,—nor your favourite chapters merely, but the complete Word of God from beginning to end. Don't trouble yourself with commentators; they may be of use if kept in their place, but they are not your guide. Your guide is "The Interpreter," the one among a thousand (Job xxxiii. 23), and who will lead you into all truth (John xvi. 13), and keep you from all error. Not that you are to read no book but the Bible. All that is true and good is worth the reading if you have time for it, and all if properly used will help you in the study of the Scriptures. A Christian does not shut his eyes to the natural scenes of beauty spread around him; he does not cease to admire the hills or plains or rivers or forests of the earth because he has learned to love the God that made them; nor does he turn away from books of science or true poetry because he has discovered one book truer, more precious, and more poetical than all the rest together. Besides, the soul can no more continue in one posture than the body. The eye must be relieved by variety of objects, and the limbs by motion; so must the soul by change of subject and position. Let the Bible be to us the Book of books, the one book in all the world, whose every word is truth, and whose every verse

is wisdom. In studying it, be sure to take it for what it really is,—the revelation of the thoughts of God given us in the words of God. Were it only the book of divine thoughts and human words, it would profit little, for we never could be sure whether the words really represented the thoughts; nay, we might be sure that man would fail in his words when attempting to embody divine thoughts; and that, therefore, we have only man's translation of the divine thoughts. But, knowing that we have divine thoughts embodied in divine words through the inspiration of an unerring translator, we sit down to the study of the heavenly volume, assured that we shall find in all its teachings the perfection of wisdom, and in its language the most accurate expression of that wisdom that the finite speech of man could utter. Every word of God is as perfect as it is pure (Psa. xix. 7; xii. 6). Let us read and re-read the Scriptures, meditating on them day and night; they never grow old; they never lose their sap; they never run dry. Don't let man's book thrust God's book into a corner; don't let commentaries smother the text; don't let the true and good smother the truer and the better. Beware of light reading! Shun novels; they are the literary curse of the age; they are to the soul what ardent spirits are to the body. See that your relish for the Bible be above every other enjoyment; and the moment you begin to feel greater relish for any other book, lay it down till you have sought deliverance from such a snare, and obtained from the Holy Spirit an intenser relish, a keener appetite for the Word of God (Jer. xv. 16; Psa. xix. 7, 10).—*H. Bonar.*

BOOK NOTICE.

THE HALL IN THE GROVE. By Pansy. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, \$1.50.

Of all Pansy's books this bids fair to be the most popular, as it deals with a subject in which tens of thousands are specially interested and furnishes exact information regarding the most extraordinary educational movement of the age, a movement which, beginning a few years ago in a humble way at the camp-meeting grounds at Chautauqua, has reached and affected every city and town of importance in the United States and Canada.

Fully half the book is taken up with a vivid description of life at Chautauqua during the summer season, and many real characters are introduced which give a strong feeling of reality to the whole story. Dr. Vincent, Geo. H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, known for his work as connected with the Christian Commission during the war; General Fisk, and others whose names are household words throughout the length and breadth of the land, take active part in its pages. She meets, too, in a very effective way, the charge brought against the Chautauquus movement that its methods of teaching are not thorough.

"There are people who call the enterprise superficial. I never know anything that was less so. It begins at the roots of things; prepares the soil, drops the seed, tends and waters



NEPTUNE'S GROTT, BERMUDA.—(See First Page.)

it, and says to it: 'Now grow: become an oak if you can, or an elm, or a fruit tree, anything that God intended you for: you are started.' Superficial indeed! Is an oak tree superficial, I wonder, because it started from an acorn? Chautauqua never pretended to give men and women finished educations. It only starts them or gives a vigorous push to those who are started; brains will do the rest. I like it, too, because it does start people; I mean, it doesn't begin too high for men and women who had to work during the period of their boyhood and girlhood."

We have received the following from the Rev. William Cross, of the New Credit (Indian) Mission. The supply of such cases of need is just the work which the Sunday-school Board undertakes.

DEAR BRO. WITHROW,—Library received, many thanks. You will be glad to learn the Indian children take a lively interest in the books and Sunday-school papers. School largely on the increase. More than one thousand verses of Scripture committed to memory each week. We have opened another Sunday-school at the Delaware Indian appointment. If we had for distribution some old *Guardians*, or old Sunday-school papers or tracts, they would do a good work. If you have any we would be glad to get them.

A PERSIAN APOLOGUE.

IN Sir William Jones' Persian Grammar may be found the following beautiful story from Nisami. Mr. Alger gives a metrical translation in his "Poetry of the East":—

"One evening Jesus arrived at the gates of a certain city, and sent His disciples forward to prepare supper, while He himself, intent on doing good, walked through the streets into the market-place.

"And He saw at the corner of the market some people gathered together, looking at an object on the ground, and He drew near to see what it might be. It was a dead dog, with a halter round his neck, by which he appeared to have been dragged through the dirt; and a viler, a more abject, a more unclean thing never met the eyes of man.

"And those who stood by looked on with abhorrence.

"'Faugh!' said one, stopping his nose, 'it pollutes the air.' 'How long,' said another, 'shall this foul beast offend our sight?' 'Look at his torn hide,' said a third; 'one could not even cut a shoe out of it.' 'And his ears,' said a fourth, 'all dragged and bleeding.' 'No doubt,' said a fifth, 'he has been hanged for thieving.'

"And Jesus heard them, and, looking down compassionately on the dead creature, He said, 'Pearls are not equal to the whiteness of his teeth!'

"Then the people turned toward Him with amazement, and said among themselves, 'Who is this? It must be Jesus of Nazareth, for only He could find something to pity and approve even in a dead dog.' And, being ashamed, they bowed their heads before Him, and went each on his way."

THE COST OF TOBACCO.

AS we went over the bay to Anastasia Island, says Dr. Stokes in a letter from St. Augustine, Florida, we said to the coloured boy who sailed our boat, "Do you go to meeting?" "Yes, sir." "What are you?" "I am a Roman Catholic, sir." "A Roman Catholic!" we exclaimed, in surprise; "are there many coloured Roman Catholics?" "Yes, sir; about as many as there are white." "Well, Harry," I said, for that was his name, "You are a Roman Catholic; do you ever swear?" "No, sir." "Do you drink rum?" "No, sir." "Do you use tobacco?" He looked confused, and finally answered, "Yes." "Now," said I, "Harry, why do you do that?" "Well," said he, "I am sorry for it, but I got into the habit several years ago and I can't quit." "Oh, Harry, that's too bad; but how much does it cost you to use tobacco?" "Five cents a day, sir." "Five cents a day—thirty-five cents a week—\$18 25 a year, and a little for extras, say \$20 a year. Pretty heavy for you, Harry." "Yes, it is," said he, with a sigh. "Well, Harry, how much do you pay your church?" "Five cents a week." "Five cents a week—\$2 60 a year, or \$17 40 more for a filthy self-indulgence than for God." I wish Harry was alone in such a showing.



TOM IN TROUBLE.

"SAY, Tom! Do you know who drew that picture of Miss Thompson on the blackboard? I tell you what he'll get into a row for it."

This was said by a small boy who, leisurely walking down the yard from the school-house, met one of his friends. "Do you really think he'll get into trouble," asked Tom, rather guiltily. "Let us go and rub it off, Fred, before she sees it." His friend then said, "Oh, it would seem as if you did it yourself! Did you?" Tom said he did, and made his friend promise not to tell which, of course, he would not have done anyway.

These two boys were "chums," although they were as little alike as possible. Fred was a quiet, truthful little fellow, while Tom was a boisterous, but good-natured boy. Whenever Tom got into trouble with the teachers he went to Fred for advice, but did not always follow it.

"Tom," said Fred, "you had better tell the teacher you did it and she will let you off easily. What did you do it for any row? You are sure to be found out."

Tom could not answer all these rebukes at once, so he contented himself with saying, "You will see if I am found out. I will!"

The bell had just rung, and, some more boys joining the group, Tom did not finish his sentence but walked along with the rest, and took his seat as usual in the class. Miss Thompson stood by the platform till all the scholars were seated, then asked the boy who drew the figure on the blackboard to stand up. But no one stood up. She asked again, saying that it would be better for him to acknowledge it at once than to wait and be picked out of the class—but with no better result. Then she said she was sorry that there was a boy in the class who was so dishonest as to act a lie. She said, "I am sorry I cannot rely upon the boy's honesty. I will give him one more chance. Will the boy please stand up who drew this. Well, I am very sorry I have to go to this extremity."

Tom began to wish he had not done it, and to feel very guilty when she said this.

"I want each boy to hold out his hands while I go round to see if their is any chalk on them." Instantly Tom brushed his hands against his pants to knock off any chalk that might be left although it was nearly an hour since he had handled any. Of course he was the only boy who did it because none of the other boys had touched any. The teacher, looking sharply around, noticed Tom's gesture. This was just what she wanted. She now called him to come up to the front, and after giving him a short lecture made him rub off the blackboard.

Neither he nor any of the other boys know to this day how the teacher knew that Tom drew that picture on the blackboard.

REQUIRED READING, S. S. R. U.

STORIES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY.

BY THE EDITOR.

A VICTORY AND ITS COST.



Sheaffe, with a force of about nine hundred red-coats and militia, made a circuitous march through the village of St. David's, and thus gained the crest of the heights on which the enemy were posted.

With a volley and a gallant British cheer, they attacked, about two o'clock in the afternoon, the American force, which had also been re-enforced to about the same number as the British. Courage the enemy had, but they lacked the confidence and steadiness imparted by the presence of the veteran British troops. Nevertheless, for a time they stoutly stood their ground; but, soon perceiving the hopelessness of resistance, they everywhere gave way, and retreated precipitately down the hill to their place of landing. The Indians, like sleuth hounds that had broken leash, unhappily could not be restrained, and, shrieking their blood-curdling war-whoops, pursued with tomahawk and reeking blade the demoralized fugitives. Many stragglers were cut off from the main body and attempted to escape through the woods. These were intercepted and driven back by the exasperated Indians, burning to avenge the death of Brock, for whom they felt an affection and veneration for which the savage breast would scarce have been deemed capable. Terrified at the appearance of the enraged warriors, many of the Americans flung themselves wildly over the

chiff and endeavoured to scramble down its rugged and precipitous slope. Some were impaled upon the jagged pines, others reached the bottom bruised and bleeding, and others, attempting to swim the rapid stream, were drowned in its whirling eddies. One who reached the opposite shore in a boat made a gesture of defiance and contempt toward his foes across the river, when he fell, transpierced with the bullet of an Indian sharpshooter. Two brothers of the Canadian militia fought side by side, when, in the moment of victory, a shot pierced the lungs of the younger, a boy of seventeen, with a fair, innocent face. His brother bore him from the field in his arms, and, while the life-tide ebbed from his wound, the dying boy faltered—

"Kiss me, Jim. Tell mother—I was not—afraid to die," and as the blood gushed from his mouth, the brave young spirit departed.

All that day, and on many a foughten field thereafter, the living brother heard those dying words, and in his ear there rang a wild refrain, which nerved his arm and steeled his heart to fight for the country hallowed by his brother's blood.

"Oh, how the drum beats so loud! Close beside me in the fight, My dying brother says, 'Good-night!' And the cannon's awful breath Screams the loud halloo of Death! And the drum, And the drum, Beats so loud!"

Such were some of the dreadful horrors with which a warfare between two kindred peoples was waged; and such were some of the costly sacrifices with which the liberties of Canada were won. As from the vantage ground of these happier times we look back upon the stern experiences of those iron days, they inspire a blended feeling of pity and regret, not unmingled with a vague remorse, shot through and through our patriotic pride and exultation, like dark threads in a bright woof. Through the long centuries of carnage and strife through which the race has struggled up to freedom, how faint has seemed the echo of the angel's song, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

"I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus. The cries of agony, the endless groan, Which, through the ages that have gone before us, In long reverberations reach our own."

"Is it, O man with such discordant noises, With such accursed instruments as these, Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices, And jarrest the celestial harmonies."

"Down the dark future, through long generations, The echoing soums grow fainter and then cease; And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations I hear once more the voice of Christ say, Peace!"

"Peace" and no light from its hazy portals The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies! But beautiful as songs of the immortals, The holy melodies of love arise.

The result of the battle of Queenston Heights was the unconditional surrender of Brigadier Wadsworth and nine hundred and fifty officers and privates as prisoners of war. But this victory, brilliant as it was, was dearly bought with the death of the loved and

honoured Brock, the brave young MacDonald, and those of humbler rank, whose fall brought sorrow to many a Canadian home.

"Joy's bursting about in whelming grief was drowned, And victory's self unwilling audience found; On every brow the cloud of sadness hung.— The sounds of triumph died on every tongue."

Three days later all that was mortal of General Brock and his gallant aide-de-camp was committed to the earth with mournful pageantry. With arms reversed and muffled drums and the wailing strains of the "Dead March," the sad procession passed, while the half-mast flags and minute guns of both the British and American forts attested the honour and esteem in which the dead soldiers were held by friends and foes alike. Amid the tears of war-bronzed soldiers and even of stoical Indians they were laid in one common grave in a bastion of Fort George. A grateful country has since erected on the scene of the victory—one of the grandest sites on earth—a noble monument to the memory of Brock, and beneath it, side by side, sleeps the dust of the heroic chief and his faithful aide-de-camp—united in their death and not severed in their burial.

CHISEL WORK.

"IS the Master who holds the mallet? And day by day He is chipping whate'er envious The form away Which, under His skillful cutting, He means shall be Wrought silently out to beauty Of such degree Of faultless and full perfection, That angel eyes Shall look on the finished labor With new surprise; That even His boundless patience Could grave His own Features upon such fractured And stubborn stone."

'Tis the Master who holds the chisel; He knows just where Its edge should be driven sharpest. To fashion there The semblance that He is carving; Nor will He let One delicate stroke too many, Or few, be set

On forehead or cheek, where only He sees how all Is tending—and where the hardest The blow should fall, Which crumbles away whatever Superfluous line Would hinder His hand from making The work divine.

With tools of Thy choosing, Master, We pray Thee, then, Strike just as Thou wilt; as often, And where, and when, The vehement stroke is needed. I will not mind, If only Thy chipping chisel Shall leave behind Such marks of Thy wondrous working, And loving skill, Clear carven on aspect, stature, And face, as will— When discipline's ends are over— Have all sufficed To mould me into the likeness And form of Christ.

—MARGARET J. PRESTON, in S. S. Times

A CENTENARIAN.—An old Englishman, Anderson by name, passed through this city from Cornwall on his way to visit relatives in Brampton. He was a hundred and ten years old and blind, being led by his son, another old man of seventy.

THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE.*

BALAKLAVA, OCT. 25, 1854.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

I.

THE charge of the gallant Three Hundred, the Heavy Brigade!
Down the hill, down the hill, thousands of Russians,
Thousands of horsemen drew to the valley—and stayed.
For Scarlett and Scarlett's Three Hundred were riding by
When the points of the Russian lances broke in on the sky;
And he called "Left wheel into line!" and they wheeled and obeyed.
Then he looked at the host that had halted, he knew not why,
And he turned half round, and he bade his trumpeter sound
"To the charge!" and he rode on ahead, as he waved his blade
To the gallant Three Hundred, whose glory will never die,
"Follow and up the hill!"
Up the hill, up the hill followed the Heavy Brigade.

II.

The trumpet, the gallop, the charge, and the might of the fight!
Down the hill, slowly, thousands of Russians
Drew to the valley, and halted at last on the height
With a wing pushed out to the left, and a wing to the right.
But Scarlett was far on ahead, and he dashed up alone
Through the great gray slope of men;
And he whirled his sabre, he held his own
Like an Englishman there and then.
And the three that were nearest him followed with force,
Wedged themselves in between horse and horse,
Fought for their lives in the narrow gap they had made,
Four amid thousands; and up the hill, up the hill
Galloped the gallant Three Hundred, the Heavy Brigade.

III.

Fell, like a cannon-shot,
Burst, like a thunderbolt,
Crushed, like a hurricane,
Broke through the mass from below,
Drove through the midst of the foe
Plunged up and down, to and fro,
Rode flashing blow upon blow,
Brave Inniskillings and Greys,
Whirling their sabres in circles of light,
And some of us, all in amaze,
Who were held for awhile from the fight
And were only standing at gaze,
When the dark muffled Russian crowd
Folded its wings from the left and the right
And rolled them around like a cloud—
Oh! mad for the charge and the battle were we
When our own good red coats sank from sight,
Like drops of blood in a dark gray sea;
And we turned to each other, muttering all dismayed:
"Lost are the gallant Three Hundred, the Heavy Brigade!"

IV.

But they rode, like victors and lords,
Through the forests of lances and swords;
In the heart of the Russian hordes
They rode, or they stood at bay;
Struck with the sword-hand and slew;
Down with the bridle-hand drew
The foe from the saddle, and threw
Under foot there in the fray;
Ranged like a storm, or stood like a rock
In the wave of a stormy day;

* The three hundred of the Heavy Brigade who made this famous charge were the Goots Greys and the second squadron of the Inniskillings, the remainder of the Heavy Brigade subsequently dashing up to their support. The three were Elliott, Scarlett's Aide de Camp, who had been riding by his side, and the trumpeter, and Sbegog, the orderly, who had been close behind him.

Till suddenly, shock upon shock,
Staggered the mass from without;
For our men galloped up with a cheer
and a shout,
And the Russians surged, and wavered,
and reeled
Up the hill, up the hill, up the hill, out
of the field,
Over the brow and away.

V.

Glory to each and to all, and the charge
that they made!
Glory to all the Three Hundred, the
Heavy Brigade!

THE MISSISSAGA INDIANS OF ALNWICK.

BY HERBERT G. PAULL.

THE readers of the PLEASANT HOURS know but little of the Indians of Ontario. Most of them never saw an Indian except at a lacrosse match, or at the Exhibition, where the squaws squat on the ground surrounded with their bead work of pincushions, slipper cases, moccasins, and such like. How funny they look with their crimson shawls over their heads, with their dark red skins, and their black hair, and solemn faces. I should not like to be an Indian, would you? No! Neither would the Indians like to be any one else than themselves. God made us all, and loves us all and no one more than another. The Indians are kind, and gentle, and quiet, and love their homes, just as you and I do, and, perhaps, more. Oh, how they love their homes!

You will be surprised to know that there is a deserted Indian village, 13 miles from Toronto, between Port Credit and Cooksville.

I drove out there the other day and saw the old log houses, and the ruined church, and council hall, and the river Credit, with its rapids where the Indians used to fish; but the birds had flown, the place was deserted, lonely, silent, and sorrowful.

Years ago the Indian children played around these houses, they sang their songs in the little Indian church; here they learned to reverence the name of Jesus, and here they prayed before His throne.

Here the men tilled the ground, and here they gathered their corn and caught their fish. Here they were born and married, and here some of them died; * but they had to leave the homes they loved, like the Oka Indians have had to leave theirs, and the Government found them another reserve more than a hundred miles away.

Did I say the place was deserted? Well, so it was, except for one old woman and her two grandchildren, who had come back all the dreary way from their new home to see the old place again. The poor old woman looked very sorrowful indeed as she gathered a few sticks to make a fire, and the children who were playing in the dirt appeared to have forgotten the way to laugh.

I called one of them to me, a little boy about seven years old, and said:—
"What is your name, my little man?"

He looked up into my face with a wooden stare and made no reply.

"Where do you live?" I said.

Still no answer.

* Here the late Rev. Dr. Ryerson, as an Indian missionary, preached to them fifty years ago.—Ed.

"Is that your grandma?" I began to be, warm, still no answer.

"Is that little girl your sister?"

He turned his head to where his little sister was standing, and plainly signifying that he understood me, called in a sharp clear voice, "hi! hi!"

The little girl came running to him, and stood up beside him, a pair of little comical bronzo figures, staring at me with their great dark eyes, but without any other expression on their features, except a look of solemn indifference.

I thought I would try them collectively and without looking at either of them particularly, I began.

"Do you go to school?"

They nodded, and thus encouraged, I proceeded.

"Do you go to the Sabbath-school?"

Again they nodded, and I thought I detected a smile on the girl's face.

"Where? at Port Credit?"

They shook their heads.

"Do you like to go?"

Both of them smiled and kept nodding their heads as if they would never stop.

"Do you love Jesus?"

Then a smile spread over each of their faces, and they nodded and looked at each other and smiled again, until the smile increased to a laugh of great enjoyment, and shouting to each other in their own language, they ran swiftly away, but turned around as they ran, the smile had gone from their faces, and they looked as though all the sunshine had left them long ago, so long that they had forgotten how to smile.

I turned away sorrowfully, pitying the poor children and the wretched squaw, and wishing from the bottom of my heart that I could do something for them, when I felt some hard substance strike me on the shoulder and another upon my hat with sufficient force to knock it off into the ditch, then a boisterous shout of childish laughter mingled with the more mature mirth of a woman, and turning round I saw the three laughing as though they would never stop, the woman holding her sides while the tears trickled down her face from pure enjoyment, and the children danced round the squaw in joyful merriment. But when they saw me turn, the laugh ceased, and the children immediately stood still, and stared at me with their great dark eyes while a gravity that was truly astounding spread over their features like a flash of lightning; then while I stood astonished at the whole proceeding, the squaw gave the boy a cuff on the ear that made his ears tingle again, who not to be outdone boxed his sister's ears good-naturedly until she cried aloud, and the mother giving each a slap sent them into the hut.

But I want to tell you about the Mississaga Indians of Alnwick, and first of all I must tell you that the Indian Chief, Mr. Chubb, called to see me a few days ago to inquire after the white man's health, and to shake hands. He told me a great many things I never knew before, and we chatted for two or three hours, and indeed, we had a very excellent time.

Let me try to mention a few things we talked about, and please do not forget that Mr. Chubb is a god-fearing man, a good chief, and a pious Christian.

"How many Indians are there at Alnwick reserve, Mr. Chubb?" I inquired.

"About two hundred I guess, may be a few more, not many more though."

"Only two hundred, eh? I am told, Mr. Chubb, that your people are rapidly thinning out and that soon the Mississaga Indians, like a great many other tribes, will become extinct."

Mr. Chubb smiled sadly and yet confidently as he answered: "It is true in part, may be, that my tribe may have been thinning out; but we are creeping up, sir; we are creeping up again, no mistake, I guess."

"But," said I, "I am given to understand your tribe is composed almost exclusively of half-breeds; is that true?"

"There may be one third in all half-breeds, no more I guess."

And then Mr. Chubb told me what his people did to employ their time, how attentive they were to the duties of worship, how they loved God's house and revered His name, how much the children loved to go to Sabbath-school, how they loved to read the children's paper, PLEASANT HOURS, and how they loved to hear the Rev. Mr. Jackes, the missionary, preach, and what a good time they all had at the Wednesday night prayer-meeting, and how the Indian Council was opened by prayer, always with prayer and song, and how they loved to sing God's praises. Oh, children, I am sure you would love to hear the Indian's sing, it would do you good! I am sure if you are trying to love Jesus it would help to make you better Christians.

I meant to have said a great deal more than I have, but I will tell you in a future number of the PLEASANT HOURS.

Toronto, 15th February, 1882.

FARADAY'S LOST CUP.

MR. PENTECOST, the evangelist, replying to the charge of folly made against those who believe that God will raise the dead, gave this beautiful illustration: "There is a story told of a workman of the great chemist Faraday. One day he knocked into a jar of acid a little silver cup. It disappeared, was eaten up by the acid, and could not be found. The question came up whether it could ever be found. One said he could find it, another said it was held in solution and there was no possibility of finding it. The great chemist came in, and put some chemical into the jar, and in a moment every particle of the silver was precipitated to the bottom. He lifted it out a shapeless mass, sent it to the silversmith, and the cup was restored. If Faraday could precipitate that silver and restore that cup, I believe God can restore my sleeping and scattered dust.

In a railroad car the seats were all full except one, which was occupied by a pleasant-looking Irishman, and at one of the stations a couple of evidently well-bred and intelligent young ladies came in to procure seats. Seeing none vacant, they were about to go into the next car, when Patrick arose hastily and offered them his seat, with evident pleasure. "But you will have no seat for yourself," responded one of the young ladies, with a smile, hesitating, with true politeness, to accept it. "Niver moind that," said the gallant Hibernian. "I'd ride upon a cow-catcher to New York any-time for a smile from such jentlemanly ladies."

If sinners entice thee consent thou not.

"TO THE LIONS"—A PICTURE.

BY META E. B. THORNE.

"O wonderment I look on her!
So mild, and so serene,
So peaceful is her countenance,
So nobly calm her mien;
Her large eyes gaze so trustfully,
So steadfastly above;
I know death hath no terrors, 'tis
A messenger of love.

She standeth in her purity
A mark for hostile gaze,
Yet quails not; at her quiet strength
I wonder in amaze.
I seem to hear the harsh decree
In words of ages past:
"Away with her! To lions fierce
Let her be quickly cast!"
She falters not, although her cheek
May lose its southern bloom;
She seems too young and fair to meet
Death's mystery and gloom.

The keeper's hand is on the latch;
The barred door of the cage
Doth open; the angry beast bounds forth,
Mad with ferocious rage.
"Jesus can keep His child," she cries,
"In every trying hour!
Saviour, I come! Receive my soul!"
Then falls beneath death's power.

A piteous moan, and all is still!
Hush! Heard ye not a sound
As though ten thousand rushing wings
Fanned all the air around?
Methinks ten thousand murmuring tongues
Fill at the silence now
With cries of, "Victory! thou shalt wear
His crown upon thy brow!
The good fight thou hast fought, and thou
Hast holy kept thy faith;
That crown awaits all who like thee
Are faithful unto death!"

A GOSSIP ABOUT MONEY.

"WONDER where we get the word money?" said Annie, looking up from the book she was reading.

Harry was the linguist of the family, and he answered promptly, "From the Latin *moneta*. This is from the root *monere*, to remind."

"Isn't it strange! I have just been reading that at one time axes were so highly valued that they became the basis of a money of account, the value of other articles being stated at so many axes!"

The young people all laughed at this, and Mr. Grey, who was present, suggested that they should find out all they could about this subject, and compare notes the next evening. They brought together so many curious and interesting bits of information that we are sure the classmates would be glad to listen to their talk.

"I have learned one thing," said ten-year-old Benny. "In old times *cattle* were used as money in Greece and Rome."

"And did you learn what word comes from this custom?" asked Mr. Grey.

"No, sir; I only saw that in a newspaper. What is it?"

"Our English word 'pecuniary.' We get it from *pecunia*, and this comes from *pecus*, cattle."

"That must have been a very inferior kind of money," said Hattie. "I think codfish, even, is better. At least it could be more easily handled."

"Was codfish ever really used for money?" asked Benny.

"Yes, indeed, and cocoanuts, slices of bread, soap, chocolate, eggs, and even a pinch of snuff!"

"I read that two kinds of money were known in Britain," said May;

"one known as 'living money,' the other as 'dead money.' The first consisted of slaves and cattle; the other of metal."

"In the thirteenth century," said Harry, "a kind of money was used in China made from the middle bark of the mulberry-tree, and stamped with the mark of the sovereign. It was death to counterfeit this money, or to refuse it. Of course, if the king said so it was valuable; but I thought that money was valuable because of what it was in itself."

"You didn't think bank-notes valuable for what they are, did you?" asked Hattie.

"Yes; because they can be redeemed in silver and gold. Of course, they would be worthless if the banks would not redeem them."

"We have seen that many things have been used for money which have little value in themselves," said Mr. Grey; "but we can readily see that it all depends upon whether people are ready to take the offered article or not."

"I wonder when gold and silver first began to be used?" said Hattie.

"We find precious metals spoken of as a medium as far back as in the time of Abraham," answered Mr. Grey. "Money was weighed, not coined, in those days. The invention of coins has been attributed to the wife of Midas, a legendary king of Phrygia, though some trace it to the Lydians about twelve hundred years before Christ."

"Has money ever been made from any of the metals except copper, gold, and silver?" asked May.

"Oh yes; iron and brass have been used, as well as tin and lead. Platinum has been coined in Russia. The Carthaginians had a kind of leather money; and it is said that in Sicily, where leather money was also used, a certain king compelled his people to give gold and silver in exchange for it."

"Everything has a history," said May. "I suppose that a large book might be written on this subject alone."

"Oh, yes! It is a subject which has cost more thought, and time, and trouble, than almost anything else; and even in these days of advanced civilization the money question is one to which many of the best men and truest lovers of their country are compelled to give attention."

"It is the question to which everybody has to give attention, I imagine," said Harry; "unless it may be the tramps!"

"Yes, and if the law compelled them to look the matter in the face it would be better for them, as well as for the country," added Mr. Grey.

"But, papa," said Hattie, "doesn't it make a man *small* to be thinking about money all the time?"

"Yes, I think so, if he is thinking about getting it for himself; but if he is planning for others, and trying to help anything or anybody by it, it is very different. Work that tends to *self* is always belittling; we have to go out toward others if we want to grow."

The foregoing talk suggests an idea which, no doubt, some of our readers who are set in families will be quick to act upon. Why not take some subject occasionally, as these young people did, and find out all you can about it, from books and from people, and then come together to talk it all

over! In this way you will impress it upon each other's mind, and be laying up a store of useful information for yourselves.

WINTER TRAVEL IN THE NORTH-WEST.

BY THE REV. J. SEMMENS.

II.

INDIAN WIGWAGS.

THE abodes of these children of the forest differ from each other as the tastes of the occupants do. Some are too low to admit of our standing erect, too small to allow much change of posture, smoky, and possibly filthy, and others are large, well-ventilated, and comparatively clean. Some are made of brush, covered with snow, others are built with poles and chinked with moss. A few are constructed of deer or buffalo skins. Close by each tent is a rude stage, six feet high, on which fish and meat are stored. Here and there are excavations whence the snow has been taken for cooking purposes. Leading off in various directions are numerous trails, snaring lines, trapping tracks, wood roads, the streets and avenues of an Indian village. Beyond and around all "the forest primeval, the murmuring pines and the hemlocks," the towering hills and the mountains, old, silent, and bare in the sunlight. No ceremony is required in seeking admission to a Cree tent. The occupant will not come forth and invite you in. You are expected to enter and receive in silence the cold shake-hands accorded you. After this sociality flows freely.

INDIAN FAMILIES.

Sitting around the fire are the heads of the family. The old grandfather and his two wives next the door. His children, and their wives or husbands, farther on in the order of their ages. Ranged behind their elders are the youngsters—under no conventional restraints—rolling over the puppy-dog, revelling in rabbit robes, or gnawing the meat from bones of rabbit or deer. The men are fresh-looking, even to old age; the women become shrivelled and haggard while comparatively young. The boys and girls are nearly always fresh and bright-eyed in time of plenty. Of course, famine makes skeletons of all. One observes the poverty of their appearance, the coarseness of their food, the irregularity of their habits, the untidiness of everything. Sadly we think that so bright a jewel as a human soul should be found half-buried beneath such awful surroundings. Yet we must not forget that the Almighty Sculptor can bring forth the hidden angel from the uncouth stone.

After speaking to them a few times about spiritual matters, visiting each camp, however lowly, having personal conversation with all the inmates, we commend them to the care of the Divine Father of all, and retrace our steps.

The difficulties of the way are many. There are chills and frostbites, weariness and snowshoe sickness, hoarseness and snow-blindness, and many other distracting experiences which we cannot enumerate here; but as long as health, strength, and provisions last, we can endure a good deal of hardship and suffering without murmuring or repining. Then we know we are doing the Lord's work, and there is a wonderfully-sustaining power in that thought. A voice Divine is continually saying to us: "Inasmuch as ye have

done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

HOME AGAIN.

Home at last! How sweet is rest to the weary. How delightful the comforts of home after long wandering. How pleasant is refined friendship after barbarian associations. How blessed to join in God's worship after being face to face with heathenism. How glorious it will be when we, like way-worn wanderers in a stranger's land, shall lay all our burdens at heaven's threshold, and rest, rejoice, and worship in the presence of the King.

PUZZLEDOM.

ANSWERS FOR LAST NUMBER.

I. PYRAMID.—

A
T U B
D A N E S
B R I T T L E

II. RIDDLE.—Pump-handle.

III. ENIGMA.—What then shall I do when God raiseth up? and when He visiteth, what shall I answer Him?—Job xxxi. 14.

IV. DIAMOND.—

H
H A D
H U R R A
H A R V E S T
D R E S S
A S S
T

NEW PUZZLES.

I. CHARADE.

When summer comes and flowers appear,
Decking the hills and each vale between,
My first's sweet note we often hear
As, sitting from tree to tree, he's seen.

My next is something very common
In every city, village, and town;
'Tis usually worn by elderly women,
Who prize it as highly as a new gown.

My whole will name a famous outlaw
Who, 'tis said, was both brave and bold;

Of whom, no doubt, you've heard before

In the story books of old.

II. CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

In fraud, not in deceit;
In measure, not in feet,
In true, not in right;
In full, not in tight;
In free, not in acquit;
In humour, not in wit,
In check, not in stop;
In harvest, not in crop,
My whole denotes use
Without any abuse.

III. ENIGMA.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 11, 5, 18, 21 is used by cooks.
My 15, 10, 5, 8, 4, 16, 14 are uncivilized people.

My 3, 13, 6, 14 is a grain.
My 3, 17, 6, 7 is used by gamblers.
My 18, 20, 8, 5, 6, 21 is to hinder.
My 6, 5, 2, 14 is condensed vapor.
My 4, 17, 14, 7 is part of the body.
My 15, 10, 17, 11 is to cure.
My 9, 17, 21, grows on my 4, 16, 5, 21, and are covered by 4, 17, 19.

My whole was a hero of the eleventh century.

IV. WORD-SQUARE.

1. A shelter. 2. A tropical tree
3. Tondrill. 4. Occurrence. 5. Reposes.

BABY'S SHOES.

SOME months ago, I need not mention where, There was a meeting in a temperance hall, And many working men assembled there. Among them sat a man, well-dressed and tall, Who listened anxiously to every word, Until one spoke to him, saying thus: "Come, William Turner, I have never heard How that you changed so much; so told to us Why you gave up the public house. Ah! few, I'm sure, can tell so strange a tale as you." Up rose William at the summons, Glanced confusedly round the hall, Cried, with a voice of deep emotion, "The little shoes—they did it all!"

"One night, on the verge of rain, As I hurried from the tap, I beheld the landlord's baby Sitting in its mother's lap. 'Look, here, dear father,' said the mother, Holding forth the little feet; 'Look, we've got new shoes for darling! Don't you think them nice and neat?' Ye may judge the thing was simple—Disbelieve me if you choose— But, my friends, no fist e'er struck me Such a blow as those small shoes. And they forced my brain to reason: 'What right,' said I, standing there, 'Have I to clothe another's children, And let my own go bare?' It was in the depth of winter; Bitter was the night, and wild; And outside the flaring gin-shop Stood my starving wife and child. Out I went and clutched my baby, Saw its feet so cold and blue: Fathers! if the small shoes smote me. What did those poor bare feet do? Quick I thrust them in my bosom; O they were so icy chill, And their coldness like a dagger Pierced me—I can feel it still. Of money I had but a trifle, Just enough to serve my need; It bought shoes for little baby, And a single loaf of bread. That loaf served us all the Sabbath, And I went to work next day. Since that time I've been tectol: That is all I've got to say."

SELLING MEN.

THE Rev. Dr. Stokes, of Ocean Grove, N.J., has been writing a series of very interesting letters, from Florida. From one of these we quote the following paragraph: "Down by the sea wall, at St. Augustine, which runs along the city for a mile, is the old slave market. It still stands in good preservation, a relic of the past. We surveyed it with emotions of strange interest. It was just about sunset, and the shadows of twilight were gathering. It was a suitable time to visit such a place. It reminded us of a dark day and a still darker trade. As we were leaving we met a coloured man. I said, 'My friend, what place is that we have just left?' He saw at a glance that we were strangers, and assuming a tragic attitude, and pointing in that direction, said, with an air of superior knowledge, 'That, sir, is the place whar they sold men.' 'Sold men,' I replied, 'did you say, sold men?' 'Yes, sir, sold men; I mean to be understood as saying they sold men, sir.' Still pressing him with my questions, I asked, 'Did they sell women, too, as well as men, and children?' 'Yes, sir,' he responded, with indignation, as if all the horrors of the slumbering past had been awakened, 'Yes, sir! they sold men, and women,

and children to the highest bidder. Yes, sir, you buy the husband and this gentleman here buys the wife, and they were separated to meet no more! And if they tried to escape the hounds pursued them, and they were shot, sir. O my God! They was, sir, they was.' 'But, my friend, do they do so now?' He looked at me in surprise for a moment, then rolling his eyes heavenward, with an expression of profound satisfaction, he clenched his fists, and grinding his teeth, answered, with devout gratitude, 'Never more till Gabriel's trumpet shall blow.'"

BOYS AND THIMBLES.

NO man can, like the writer, live sixty years without often wishing he had learned to use a sewing thimble well in his early boyhood, especially if he has gone about the world much. Buttons will come off, stitches will break, and how handy it is for boys at school, for men at a hotel, at a friend's house, indeed anywhere away from home—often at home—to be able to whip on a button, stop a starting rent, and do many other little sewings, without calling on a woman, or perchance sending for a tailor, before being able to appear at a hotel table. One seldom, if ever, learns to use a thimble, if this part of his education has been neglected in small boyhood. The writer has travelled a good deal, and at a rough guess he has broken threads at least five hundred times in attempting to work a needle through a button or garment without a thimble. Boys, take our advice, and every one of you grow up. Do it this very winter; it is not feminine to do so. Do it, and if you live long you will many times thank us for this advice.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

A. D. 28.] LESSON VI. [May 7.

SUFFERERS BROUGHT TO CHRIST.

Mark 7. 24-37. Commit to memory v. 26-30.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord is good to all; and His tender mercies are over all His works. Psa. 145. 9.

OUTLINE.

- 1. Words of Pleading, v. 24-30.
2. Words of Power, v. 31-37.

TIME.—A. D. 28, after Christ's retirement from Galilee, immediately following the last lesson.

PLACES.—Ver. 24-30. Phenicia, on the Mediterranean Sea, north of Palestine. Ver. 31-37 Decapolis, a district east of Jordan.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Matt. 15. 21-31.

EXPLANATIONS.—Tyre and Sidon—These were Gentile, heathen countries, where Jesus went for rest, not expecting to preach, since he came to the Jews, and sent them to the rest of the world. Could not be hid—On account of the fame of his miracles. The children—The Jews are here meant. Dogs—A term by which the Gentiles were often named among the Jews. Christ spoke in this way partly to show and strengthen the woman's faith, and partly to teach his disciples. For this saying—That is, for the faith showed by this saying. See Matt. 15. 28. Decapolis—Another Gentile province, east of the Sea of Galilee. Jesus had now finished his preaching to the people of Galilee. Took him aside—Not wishing to make the miracle public, since his public ministry in that region was over. Ephphatha—A Hebrew word. Tell no man—As he did not wish to be followed by a multitude, since he had come there for rest.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- How are we here taught—
1. To pray humbly?
2. To pray perseveringly?
3. To pray with faith in Christ?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Into what foreign regions did Jesus and his disciples go? To the borders of Tyre and Sidon. 2. What did a woman of that country ask Jesus to do? To heal her daughter. 3. In what spirit did she come? With humility and perseverance. 4. What was the result of her prayer? Her daughter was healed. 5. Where did Jesus lead his disciples? To Decapolis. 6. What did the people there say of his miracles? "He hath done all things well."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Answer to prayer.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

37. What did they eat all that time? While the children of Israel wandered forty years in the wilderness, God fed them with manna, or bread that came down every night from Heaven.

A. D. 28.] LESSON VII. [May 14.

THE LEAVEN OF THE PHARISEES.

Mark 8. 1-21. Commit to memory v. 14-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Beware ye of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy. Luka. 12. 1.

OUTLINE.

- 1. Jesus and the Multitude, v. 1-9.
2. Jesus and the Pharisees, v. 10-13.
3. Jesus and the Disciples, v. 14-21.

TIME.—A. D. 28, during the period of retirement.

PLACES.—Ver. 1-9, Decapolis. Ver. 10-13, Dalmanutha, on the south-western shore of the lake. Ver. 14-21, on the lake, sailing toward Bethsaida.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Matt. 16. 32-39; Matt. 16. 1-12; Luka. 12. 64-66.

EXPLANATIONS.—In those days—During Christ's stay in Decapolis. Very great—Because Jesus had never visited that place before, and was attracting attention by his miracles. Nothing to eat—Not that they had lived without food for three days, but without obtaining any more than they had brought with them, which must have been eaten by this time. Divers—Many. Wilderness—A place with but few inhabitants. Loaves—Small, thin cakes of bread, probably made of barley. Broken meat—The pieces of food left after the meal. Seven baskets—The word here used means larger baskets than those referred to in the similar miracle of feeding the five thousand. Dalmanutha—Called in Matt. 16. 39 Magdala, on the west of the sea of Galilee. A sign from Heaven—That is, some miracle, as a proof of his power. Tempting Him—The sign was asked, not with faith, but in a spirit of unbelief. Sighed deeply—Because of their hardness of heart. No sign be given—Because he had already wrought many miracles, because none came seeking help for their own needs, and because they would not believe it if he should work a miracle. Left them—As he always leaves those who will not believe in him. The leaven—That is, the false doctrine of the Pharisees, which spreads like leaven or yeast in a mass of dough. Why reason ye!—In the words which followed he showed them that their need of bread could be easily supplied by His power, and that He was warning them against the false doctrine of the Pharisees.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we find—

- 1. An evidence of Christ's pity and power?
2. An evidence of man's unwillingness to believe?
3. An evidence of the evil of false doctrine?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How many people did Jesus supply with food in Decapolis? Four thousand with seven loaves. 2. Where did he then go? Across the lake to Dalmanutha. 3. What did he there refuse to show? A sign from Heaven. 4. Against what did he warn his disciples? The leaven of the Pharisees.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The danger of error.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

38. What did they drink in the wilderness? Moses smote the rock with his rod, and waters gushed out in a river that followed the children of Israel in the wilderness, and of these waters they drank.

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