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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IV.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 1, 1884.

No. 22.

## OUR MISSIONS.

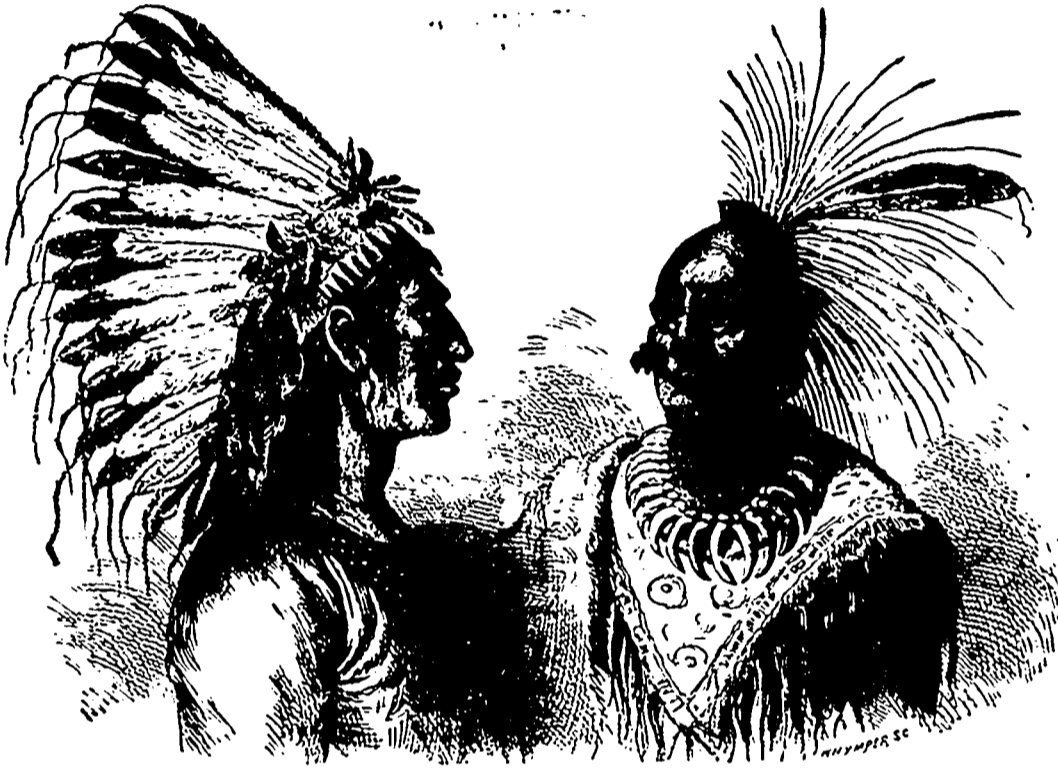
BY THE EDITOR.

I.

EVERY great religious movement has been accompanied by intense missionary zeal. The day of Pentecost was the prelude to the diffusion of the Gospel by apostolic labours from the banks of the Indus to the banks of the Rhone, from the highlands of Abyssinia to the rugged mountains of Caucasus. The mediæval Church, in the time of its greatest purity and spiritual power, sent its monkish missionaries into the depths of Thuringian forests, and to far Iona's lonely isle and storm-swept Lindisfarne. The Lutheran Reformation awoke the missionary zeal of the long-torpid Church. The Catholic revival which followed was characterized by the apostolic labours of Loyola and Xavier, and the missionary enthusiasm of the Jesuits—in the Old World, in India, in China, and Japan; and in the New, from the waters of the La Plata to the waters of the Nipissing, from the coasts of Newfoundland to the Rocky Mountains.

This missionary spirit is especially characteristic of the movement called Methodism. As if conscious of its destined universality, its founder with prophetic soul exclaimed, "The world is my parish." His burning eloquence kindled at the altar of eternal truth, the apostolic Whitfield, like the angel of the Apocalypse, preached the everlasting gospel to millions in the Old World and the New.

On many a field of sacred toil have the agents of the Methodist Church vindicated its title to the distinction of being pre-eminently a missionary Church—amid the cinnamon groves of Ceylon, in the crowded bazaars or tangled jungles of India, among the teeming populations of China, beneath the feathery foliage of the tropic palm in the sunny islands of the Southern seas, amid the dense darkness of African



INDIAN CHIEFS.



INDIAN CAMP.

barbarism, and beside the mighty rivers which roll in solitary grandeur through the vast wilderness of our own North-West. With a prouder boast than the Roman poet they may exultingly exclaim, "What place now, what region in the earth is not full of our labour?"\*

† In every land beneath the sun this grand old Mother of Churches has her daughters fair and flourishing, who rise up and call her blessed. The Sabbath chant of her hymns, like the morning drum-beat of Great Britain's garrisons, engirdles the world. And we, in the virgin lands of this New World, have endeavoured to be faithful to the traditions and spirit which have characterized Methodism everywhere. From the beginning we have been a missionary Church. And now, with our new organization, our ampler resources, and our broader fields of labour, we must maintain our missionary character, and go forth to grander conquests than we have ever attempted before.

At this juncture in our history, a survey of our mission field, and examination of the varied character of our mission operations, may not be uninteresting nor un-instructive.

### OUR DOMESTIC MISSIONS.

This department of missionary effort must always continue to largely occupy our care. These missions have especial claims on our sympathy and support. They are in our immediate vicinity. Their spiritual necessities are forced upon our notice. There will always be young and poor and feeble circuits—in the backwoods settlements, on the distant prairie, on the storm-swept shores of Newfoundland—which require fostering and assistance in the early years of their history. The adventurous spirit and the sturdy independence of character which lead the hardy pioneer to hew out for himself a home in the wil-

\* "Quis jam locus, . . .  
Quæ regio in terris nostri non  
plena laboris!"  
—Virg. *Æn.* vv. 463, 464.

derness, and to push still further the frontiers of civilization, carry him also beyond the privileges of the sanctuary and the influence of the Gospel. When the six days' strenuous toil is ended, and the blessed Sabbath's rest has come, his thoughts turn fondly to the home of his childhood and the Christian companionship of other days, and the dark and gloomy forest seems more sombre for that it is uncheered by the sound of the church-going bell, or by the Christian hymn of praise. The hardy frontier man generally has, at first, all that he can do to procure food for himself and his family, to get a roof over their heads, to fell the forest, plough the glebe, and cultivate the acres rescued from the wilderness. He cannot himself procure those Gospel ordinances to which he may have been accustomed in older settlements; and sometimes even his dead are laid in the grave without those solemn rites of religion which do so much to mitigate the bitterness of parting.

#### PIONEER MISSIONARIES.

But he is not long left without the gospel. Wherever the ring of the woodman's axe or the crack of the hunter's rifle is heard, there the Methodist missionary soon follows as the almoner of the Church, breaking the bread of life to those who are perishing for lack of knowledge—sharing the hardships and privations of the people among whom he labours, partaking of their often coarse and scanty fare, sympathising with their sorrows, and rejoicing with them in their simple joys. He thus helps to lay broad and deep the foundations of a Christian civilization on those eternal principles of righteousness and truth which alone are the corner-stone of national greatness, the pledge of the stability of national institutions.

It has been said that he is the benefactor of his race who makes two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before. If this be so, how great a benefactor of mankind is he who subdues the immemorial forest, and converts it into a cultivated farm. He adds to the wealth of the universe, cheapens bread for God's great family of the poor throughout the world, and is the advance guard of the great army of civilization.

#### RESULTS OF MISSIONS.

Where but yesterday, as it seems, the solitude was disturbed only by the gliding of the Indian's light canoe, or the melancholy cry of the water-fowl, to-day the stately steamer, swan-like, breasts the waves, and the busy hum of industry makes vocal all the air. Where the hurdling of the hunter's arrow startled the red-deer feeding in the forest glade, the shriek of the iron horse now awakes the echoes far and wide. Where, within the memory of men now living, the only human habitation was the Indian wigwam, now rise noble cities with crowded populations, and adorned with stately architecture. The keeping pace with these enormous strides will tax to the uttermost the missionary energies of our Church. But in consequence of this rapid development the remote mission station soon becomes a new source and centre of missionary effort; like the banyan-tree extending its branches, which in time take root in the earth, and become themselves parent stems. Thus it is the truest economy to liberally sustain

these domestic missions during the period of their dependence, at the same time teaching the principles of self-reliance, and awaking the ambition to become in turn contributors to the missionary revenue, and to repay with usury the help they have themselves received.

#### OUR INDIAN MISSIONS.

In the library of the Harvard University, near Boston, is an old and faded volume, which possesses a profound and pathetic interest. No man can read its pages. In all the world there is none who comprehends its mysterious characters. It is a sealed book, whose voice is silent forever. Yet its language was once the vernacular of a numerous and powerful race. But of those who spoke that tongue there runs no drop of kindred blood in any human veins. It is the Bible translated for the use of the New England Indians by Eliot, the great apostle of the native tribes.

This worn and meagre volume, with its speechless pages, is the symbol of a mighty fact. It is the only vestige of a vanished race, the tombstone over the grave of a nation. And similar to the fate of the New England tribes seems to be the destiny of the entire aboriginal race on this continent. They are melting away like snow before the summer's sun.\* Their inherent character is averse to the genius of modern civilization. You cannot mew up the eagle of the mountain like the barnyard fowl, nor tame the forest stag like the stalled ox. So, to the red man the trammels and fetters of civilized life are often irksome and chafe his very soul. Like the caged eagle, he pines for the freedom in the forest or the prairie. He now stalks a stranger through the heritage of his fathers, an object of idle curiosity, where once he was lord of the soil. He dwells not in our cities. He assimilates not with our habits. Like a spectre of the past, he lingers among us in scattered "reserves," or hovers upon the frontier of civilization, ever pushed back by its advancing tide. Already the arrow-heads and tomahawks of the native tribes are collected in our museums as strange relics of a bygone era.

#### OUR DUTY TO THE INDIANS.

Now, we who possess their lands owe a duty to this ancient race. The original occupants of the soil have inalienable rights, conferred by the Lord of all the earth, which no man may innocently ignore or deny. Not that it is for a moment conceivable as the will of Providence that these broad lands, already the homes of millions, and prospectively of millions more, should forever continue the hunting-ground of the wandering children of the forest.† We believe every supplanting of a weaker by a stronger race to be a step towards a higher and nobler human development. But the right of conquest does not free from

\* "Sixteen millions of aborigines in North America," says Dr. J. C. Nott, "have dwindled down to two millions since the *Mayflower* discharged on Plymouth Rock." The race is running out, he adds, "like sand in Time's hourglass."—*Types of Mankind*, p. 409.

† "It is estimated that in a forest country each hunter requires an area of not less than 50,000 acres for his support."—Sir John Lubbock's *Prehistoric Times*, p. 281. Under skilful agriculture a single acre will more than support a man.

obligation to the conquered. We in Canada are in the position of wardens to those weaker races. They look up to our beloved sovereign as their "Great Mother." We are their elder and stronger brethren, their natural protectors and guardians. How have the duties springing from that relationship been discharged? The Government, it is true, has exercised a paternal care over the scattered fragments of these once numerous tribes. It has, where practicable, gathered them into reserves, bestowed annual gifts and pensions, and kept them in a state of tutelage, which, however, has enervated their moral fibre. But the influence of the white man's civilization has been more a bane than a blessing. His vices have taken root more deeply than his virtues. His accursed fire-water has swept away its thousands and demoralized whole tribes, and the diseases he has introduced have threatened the extermination of the entire race.

#### PAGAN TRIBES.

Many of these tribes are still pagan. They worship the Great Manitou and sacrifice the white dog. They are ruled by cunning medicine men and are the prey of superstitious fears. Others give an unintelligent observance to the mummeries of a corrupt form of Christianity, and regard the Cross only as a more potent fetish than their ancestral totem. Romish missionaries, indeed, have been indefatigable for three centuries in their propagandist zeal. No more thrilling records exist than those of the heroic lives and martyr deaths of many of the pioneer Jesuit fathers, who taught the blended worship of the Virgin Mother and Divine Son to savage tribes beside strange streams and amid remote and pathless forests. The footsteps of these pious adventurers may be traced all over this continent, in the names of saint or martyr given to the great natural features of the landscape all the way from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Mississippi.

Her Indian missions have been one of the chief glories of Canadian Methodism, and of all the Protestant agencies among the native races, hers have been the most successful. She has now forty missions, employing twenty-seven missionaries, seventeen interpreters, forty teachers, and six local assistants, or a total paid agency of eighty-six. There are no more difficult mission fields in the world than those of the "Great Lone Land" of the North-West. The devoted servant of the Cross, unlike the missionary to India, China, or Japan, goes forth to a region almost beyond the pale of civilization. His social isolation is sometimes almost appalling. Communication with the world is maintained only by infrequent and irregular mails, conveyed by long and tortuous canoe routes in summer, or on dog-sleds in winter. He is exposed to the rigours of an almost arctic climate, and often suffers privation of the very necessities of life. The unvarnished tales of some of our own missionaries lack no feature of heroic daring and of apostolic zeal. In mid-winter the intrepid missionary made a journey of several hundreds of miles on a dog-sled, sleeping in the snow with the thermometer many degrees below zero, in order to open a new mission among a pagan tribe. Yet one devoted

brother writes: "I think this is the best mission in the world." Few records of self-sacrifice are more sublime than that of our missionary band at Edmonton House, on the Saskatchewan, ministering with Christ-like tenderness and pity to the victims of that loathsome scourge, the small-pox. And few pictures of bereavement are more pathetic than that of the survivors, themselves enfeebled through disease, laying in their far-off, lonely graves their loved ones who fell martyrs to their pious zeal. For these plumeless heroes of the Christian chivalry all human praise is cold and meagre; but the "well done" of the Lord they loved is their exceeding great reward.

#### MISSIONARY TRIUMPHS.

The influence of our missions has largely been felt in the improved social and moral condition of the Indian tribes, among whom have been won some of the most remarkable trophies of Divine grace. Many pagan savages have been reclaimed from lives of sin to become the disciples of Jesus, and have adorned by their consistent walk the doctrines of the Gospel. Many, by their talents, love of souls, and zeal for the welfare of their people, have done much to benefit and bless their race. But while much has been accomplished, much yet remains to be done. Multitudes are yet wandering blindly on to an unknown future, uncheered by any hope of heaven. Shall they go down to darkness and to death unilluminated by the blessed light of the Gospel of Salvation? As men of our race have taught them to eat of the bitter fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, be it ours to lead them to the tree of life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. As we have taken possession of their ancient inheritance, let us point them to a more enduring country, an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, fairer fields and lovelier plains than even the fabled hunting-grounds of their fathers in the spirit-land.

#### A LITTLE WAIF.

A MAN passing up State Street, one chilly day, saw a bare-footed girl trotting along on the cold pavement.

"Where are your shoes, little girl?" said the gentleman.

"Don't dot any," said she.

"Don't dot any? Why not?" said he.

"My papa dets drunk," said the poor little waif.

That tells the whole story. Bare feet, ragged clothing, hunger, want, poverty, and misery, all come when "papa dets drunk." And tens of thousands are beginning to taste the deadly cup that brings all this misery at the end; and others are dealing out this dreadful deadly poison to poor degraded men.—*The Little Christian*.

DID you ever think the world is always within a year of starvation? The stock of food on hand at any time is only a part of the last year's crop. The stock of wool from which the present warm clothing was made was mainly raised last year; and last year's crop of cotton is nearly all gone. The world does not lay up much in store.

OPPORTUNITY is rare, and a wise man will never let it go by.

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

Whose hearts are fresh and simple  
 Who have faith in God and Nature,  
 Who believe, that in all ages  
 Every human heart is human,  
 That in even savage bosoms  
 There are longings, yearnings, strivings,  
 For the good they comprehend not,  
 That the feeble hands and helpless,  
 Groping blindly in the darkness,  
 Touch God's right hand in that darkness  
 And are lifted up and strengthened;—  
 Listen to this simple story,  
 To this Song of Hiawatha!  
 Ye, who sometimes in your rambles  
 Through the green lanes of the country,  
 Where the tangled barberry-bushes  
 Hang their tufts of crimson berries  
 Over stone walls gray with mosses,  
 Pause by some neglected graveyard,  
 For a while to muse, and ponder  
 On a half effaced inscription,  
 Written with little skill of song-craft,  
 Homely phrases, but each letter  
 Full of hope, and yet of heart-break,  
 Full of all the tender pathos  
 Of the Here and the Hereafter:—  
 Stay and read this rude inscription,  
 Read this Song of Hiawatha!

THE BLACKFEET.

BY THE REV. J. M'LEAN,

Missionary to the Blackfoot Indians.

THE Indian population of the Dominion of Canada, resident on reservations, numbers eighty-six thousand two hundred and seventy souls.

In 1877, a treaty was made with the Stonies, Sarcees, Bloods, Piegiens and Blackfeet which was called "The Blackfeet Treaty." The number of persons who accepted the terms of the treaty was four thousand three hundred and ninety two. The Blackfoot Nation, which strictly comprises the Bloods, Piegiens and Blackfeet proper, would therefore contain over three thousand five hundred at that time. At the Blackfoot Agency in Montana, United States, there are Bloods, Piegiens and Blackfeet to the number of four thousand five hundred. These statistics are very much below what was given by Catlin and other previous writers as the population of this warlike race. Nothing reliable is known concerning the early history of this people. There still lingers one or two aged men, who are able to relate facts concerning the history of these Indians during the past fifty years. From conversations with the Indians, and those who have spent many years amongst them, I learn that fifty years ago the country east of the Rocky Mountains and south of the Red Deer River was inhabited by various tribes of Indians, and the Blackfeet made their home further north. They made raids upon their Indian neighbours in the southern country for the purpose of stealing horses and securing a few scalps. Being brave and stalwart men, and thoroughly equipped for war by trading with the whites, they drove their weaker brethren across the mountains and made this section of the country their home.

Previous to white settlement in the country, they travelled northward into the forest homes and rolling prairies of the Crees, and southward into Montana, the Indian Tayabeshockup—the country of the mountains—where they gazed upon the mighty Missouri, the "Great Muddy," and engaged in warfare with the Flatheads and Crows. As the buffalo and other kinds of game were abundant in the country, the Indians led a wandering life, locating for a short time in the vicinity of the

rivers, where they could easily obtain wood and water.

Occasional visits to trading posts to dispose of their buffalo robes, and purchase provisions, ammunition and whiskey, were the only seasons they met in friendship with the whites in the country. In 1874, the Mounted Police came into the country, with whom the Blackfeet established friendly relations. When the buffalo disappeared many of the Indians followed them into the region of the Missouri and the Yellowstone, where they remained for nearly two years. The Piegiens, Blackfeet and Stonies settled upon their reserves, but the Sarcees and Bloods were dissatisfied, as their reserves were included in that of the Blackfeet proper. The Bloods received a promise of a reserve on Belly River, to which they removed in October 1880, and the Sarcees were located some time afterwards near Calgary.

The early history of the Blackfoot Nation as to their origin is embodied in their traditions. Lieut.-Col. Butler, in "The Great Lone Land," relates a legend concerning the ancestry of the Bloods, Piegiens and Blackfeet.

"Long years ago, when their great forefathers crossed the mountains of the Setting Sun, and settled along the sources of the Missouri and South Saskatchewan, it came to pass that a chief had three sons: Kenna (Kynā), or The Blood; Peaginou (Pēcūnī), or The Wealth; and a third who was nameless. The first two were great hunters: they brought to their father's lodge rich store of moose and elk meat, and the buffalo fell beneath their unerring arrows; but the third, or nameless one, ever returned empty-handed from the chase, until his brothers mocked him for want of skill. One day the old chief said to this unsuccessful hunter: "My son, you cannot kill the moose, your arrows shun the buffalo, the elk is too fleet for your footsteps, and your brothers mock you because you bring no meat into the lodge; but see! I will make you a mighty hunter, and the old chief took from his lodge-fire a piece of burnt stick, and wetting it, rubbed the feet of his son with the blackened charcoal, and named him Satsiaqua (Sēkēškowō), or The Blackfeet; and evermore Satsiaqua was a mighty hunter, and his arrows flew straight to the buffalo, and his feet moved swift in the chase."

Another legend relating to the great ancestor of the Blackfeet, I gleaned in conversation. This I have called The Legend of the Old Man, as that is the name given to him in the Blackfoot language.

Many moons have passed away since first a mighty giant made his home at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. It was many moons before the white man

"Passed the mountains of the Prairie,  
 Passed the land of Crows and Foxes,  
 Passed the dwellings of the Blackfeet,  
 Came unto the Rocky Mountains."

The lofty mountains gave him shelter, and there he found a congenial resting-place. The bear and buffalo, elk and wild horse, were his companions. He smoked his peace-pipe and was happy, for war was unknown to him. Traces of his existence are still found in his mountain home. On the side of a lofty mountain there's a large slide where the old man came down. Some large rocks lie near, with which he was

accustomed to amuse himself, and the deep ruts in the ground show the marks of the rocks as he rolled them along. As he strode across the plains he slipped and fell, and a large cross of stones mark the spot where he lay. He was copper coloured and differed in this respect from the father of the white man, and it is because of this that his children love to paint themselves, that they may be as their great ancestor. Of gigantic stature and great tenderness of heart,

"The Old Man of the Mountains,  
 He, the Manitou of Mountains,  
 Opened wide his rocky doorways,  
 Opened wide his deep abysses."

The legends and traditions of the Blackfoot Nation are recited in the lodges by the gray-haired sires to the younger members of the tribe.

As these people betake themselves to the toils and triumphs of civilized life, the opportunities for continuing this kind of knowledge will pass away, and the legends unrecorded will rest in an irreclaimable oblivion.

INDIAN CHILDREN AT HOME AND AT SCHOOL.

BY THE REV. A. LANGFORD,

Methodist Missionary at Norway House, N. W. T.

THE majority of Indian children are allowed to do almost as they please at home. Their parents seldom punish them.

You all know children usually have "tempers of their own," and sometimes when you don't give them what they want, just when they want it, two little hands fly up, and two little feet are set in motion. Well, Indian children act very much like other children. Indeed if you did not see their black heads and dark faces, I don't see how you could tell—from their actions and voices—whether they were Indian or not, for they seemed to act and cry in English.

Now, these crooked little tempers, and naughty dispositions are allowed to develop with the child's growth and years, the parents seldom correcting, but allowing the child to act as it wishes. It reaches manhood, like a neglected tree, with many useless branches, which affect its fruitfulness and mar its beauty. These children usually grow up rebellious, sullen, sulky, disobedient, and unthankful. However, they do not all display ugly tempers and unpleasant countenances. Many of them are very cheerful, and display considerable wit. But, as a rule, they are hard to manage as servants or companions; for they easily get displeased, and then sulk, and will very likely give you some impudent talk. Those, however, who have had a good training in the mission-school, are much more reasonable and faithful. There is nothing to prevent them from becoming clever men and women if they had proper training at home. For this reason they do not make successful teachers; they do not (or will not) enforce discipline.

Should you ask some of these parents why they do not punish their children for wrong-doing, they will tell you they love them, and if they were to whip them they would always feel very sorry for it should the children be taken away from them by death before they grew up. You may think it strange, but children, as a

rule, dictate to their parents. In every matter of business they seem to have as much authority as the parents. Often a parent, when in the trading store, will turn to a child of five or six years old, and ask what he shall next purchase, or of two articles which he should take. Thus the parent assumes no responsibility in compelling the child to submit to his wishes or better judgment, and they grow up with the idea that they know all they should know, and whatever they are to learn afterwards is received as news, and not as being necessary information; hence, in employing them as servants it is a difficult task to train them without giving offence.

Like some white children, they are soon "too big" to attend either day-school or Sunday-school; many of them learn while mere children to smoke tobacco; and once they have killed a deer or trapped some valuable fur, they are men—in their own eyes at least.

My dear young readers, be thankful that you have loving parents who strictly and faithfully teach you the path of duty and safety. We are now mourning over the ungodly lives of many of our young people on these missions. The parents are to blame in most cases. They refuse to correct them while young, and when they grow up to be men and women, as a rule, do not respect their parents, much less reverence them. "We have had fathers of our flesh who corrected us and we gave them reverence." St. Paul, again, says: "Children, obey your parents in all things," etc. But among Indians that precept appears to be read and observed thus: "Parents, obey your children in all things."

There are a few exceptions, however, to this rule, but very few. You will see at once, from what I have written, the necessity of establishing "Homes," "Orphanages," and good day-schools, so that these children may be taught as never will be by their parents who were once pagan, and see no necessity for training and teaching their children. This is not to be wondered at, for people in other parts of the world—even in civilized Canada—who have not had the advantage of good schools, seldom give their children as liberal an education as they should.

Then continue the work and pray for these missions, and schools, and homes, for, be assured, "your labour is not in vain in the Lord." Had we our choice, we could willingly leave this work for others, and become contributors to rather than claimants on the Mission Fund. While we are here, however, we shall try in every possible way to enlighten and elevate these poor people, so as to cheer and encourage you in supporting this glorious cause. I have written too much already, and shall speak of Indian day-schools at another time.

"SAM," said a white man, "you are looking mighty pleasant—you always look pleasant." "It's because I'se happy, boss." "Why, Sam, what have you got to make you happy?" "Boss, I's happy 'cause I's alive."

THE census of missions to be taken next year will, it is said, show an increase of 200,000 native Christians in India, Ceylon, and Burmah for the last ten years—500,000 in all.

THE PROPHECY.

"MY children! my poor children!  
Listen to the words of wisdom,  
Listen to the words of warning,  
From the lips of the Great Spirit,  
From the Master of life who made you!  
"I have given you lands to hunt in,  
I have given you streams to fish in,  
I have given you bear and bison,  
I have given you roe and reindeer,  
I have given you brant and beaver,  
Filled the marshes full of wild-fowl,  
Filled the rivers full of fishes;  
Why then are you not contented?  
Why then will you hunt each other?  
"I am weary of your quarrels,  
Weary of your wars and bloodshed,  
Weary of your prayers for vengeance,  
Of your wranglings and dissensions;  
All your strength is in your union,  
All your danger is in discord;  
Therefore be at peace henceforward,  
And as brothers live together.  
"I will send a Prophet to you,  
A Deliverer of the nations,  
Who shall guide you and shall teach you,  
Who shall toil and suffer with you.  
If you listen to his counsels,  
You shall multiply and prosper;  
If his warnings pass unheeded,  
You will fade away and perish!"

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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 1, 1884.

OUR MISSIONS.

WE have devoted this number very largely to our Indian missions. We want our young people to grow in sympathy with this great work. The missionaries have done more than any other agencies to keep peace between the red men and the whites. While in the United States they have had Indian massacres—massacres of the Indians, and massacres by the Indians—we have never had either one or the other; while they have had to keep a mounted army on their frontiers, we have had only a few policemen on ours; while they have killed thousands of Indians at a cost to the country of a million dollars each, we have never killed one; but instead we send missionaries to teach them the way of life. Which is the more economical, the more excellent, the more Christian way!

REV. W. HENDERSON, of Wyoming, who at his ordination received a present from Conference for successful study, has received the Diploma for the four years course of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle.

JUVENILE MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

THE following is the direction of the General Conference on this subject:

"Resolved,—That it be an instruction from this General Conference to all Superintendents of Circuits that they be required to promote, as far as possible by co-operation with the Sunday-school officers, the formation, in connection with each Sunday-school, of a Juvenile Missionary Society in accordance with the principles and constitution of the Blake system above mentioned, or of some other approved system, for the collection of missionary money, the diffusion of missionary information, and the cultivation of a missionary spirit.

"Also that Superintendents of Circuits be requested to secure, as far as possible, the presence of the Sunday-school in a body at the missionary meeting, and their participation in its services by singing missionary hymns and presenting their missionary offerings; in the firm conviction that such participation will increase the popular interest in those meetings, and will be of great reflex benefit to the schools."

In order to inspire and foster a missionary spirit, and secure the best results, even to the contributor, the method should be such as shall obtain not an occasional contribution as the result of fitful impulse, but such as shall crystallize the best impulses into a fixed and abiding principle. Among the best of methods is the organization of the school into a "Sunday-school Missionary Association."

Some considerable number of years ago this idea was put into practical operation, and the results have been found to be most satisfactory. In the school at Olivet Chapel, No. 63 Second Street, New York, having 533 scholars, mostly poor, by this method the annual contribution was increased from \$192 to \$802. Rev. Dr. Tyng, in "forty years' experience in Sunday-schools," says, that in his school, the first year, the contributions increased from \$250 to \$650, and continued to increase until it reached \$4,000, "with no troublesome or burdensome effect."

The contributions to the society may be made weekly by the classes severally, or, as suggested by the Rev. Dr. Tyng, each class may constitute "a missionary society with its own name chosen by itself. Each one collects in its own way and among its own social opportunities and relations, and by its own means. Accordingly they must vary much in their results, as their circumstances, their interest, and their industry, vary so entirely. Yet the poorer children and teachers are not only the more liberal contributors in proportion to their means, but also often the largest in actual amount. These amounts are weekly and constantly gathered, and kept by an appointed treasurer for each class, and publicly presented at the anniversary in such shape as each adopts." When carried forward and handed to the pastor, at the anniversary, the amount contributed by each class was for the



INDIAN GRAVES.

first time publicly announced, and then would first be known the amount contributed by the entire school for the year.

One of the pastors of a school where there are numerous poorer children, has introduced the following method: "In adopting the system of marking the actual amount given by each scholar, some teachers said, 'You will make invidious distinctions; here is John, coming from a poor family, marked down 'nothing' Sunday by Sunday; while Henry, just above him, is marked down five cents every Sunday. John will feel hurt, and will leave the school.' We therefore had printed little cards, saying, 'Good for one cent, given for the memorizing of the poetry, golden text, general truth, and verses,' in coarse print on the lesson card. Every scholar memorizing these, gets one of these checks, which may be exchanged at the desk for attractive Scripture chromes, or, if the scholar prefers to deny himself the pleasure of getting a chrome, and to give week by week his penny ticket to the missionary cause, the treasurer redeems these; and every scholar in that way can give fifty-two pennies a year to the cause of the Lord. In that way we try to make it easier for the poorer scholars. We also try to make the scholars give their own money."

BOOK NOTICE.

*Macedonian Cry. A Voice from the Lands of Brahma and Buddha, Africa and the Isles of the Sea, and a Plea for Missions.* By the Rev. John Lathern. Pp. 275. Toronto: William Briggs, and Methodist Book Rooms, Montreal and Halifax. Price 70 cents.

Christian missions have brought into being a valuable and instructive literature. To that literature this volume

is a most interesting contribution. It describes with vivid pen the heathen systems of the world, the progress and results of missions, their methods and agencies, and the money problem; and claims the world for Christ. The book is marked by the author's well-known eloquence of style and fervour of spirit. It is a perfect armoury of weapons—facts, figures, arguments and illustrations—for the advocacy of missions. It is an inspiration to flagging zeal, and incentive to greater effort than ever in this grandest of causes. The initial diagram, showing the dense darkness of the heathen world, and the comparatively faint fringe of Gospel light, should quicken every Christian soul to redoubled diligence for the world's conversion.

INDIAN GRAVES.

SOME Indian tribes of the North-West have a strange custom of disposing of the bodies of the dead. Instead of burying them in the earth, they wrap them in skins, and place them upon platforms raised in the air. This is to keep them out of the way of the wolves, which would dig the bodies up if buried in the ground. The air of the great plains is so dry and pure that the bodies shrivel to a kind of mummy without decay. Frequently the dead man's most cherished possessions—his weapons, his ornaments, his kettle—are hung up on the frame, as a needful preparation for the hunting grounds of the spirit world. But the missionary has taught him of a brighter world than these fabled hunting grounds,

"In the Kingdom of Ponemah,  
In the region of the West-wind  
In the land of the hereafter."

We are sure that our young readers will enjoy our selections from Longfellow's beautiful Indian poem Hiawatha.

JUVENILE MISSIONS.

**F**EW things are more encouraging than the growing interest of our Sunday-schools in the missionary cause. In a considerable number of schools what is known as the Blake system—a method of regular collection by the scholars throughout the year—has been adopted with the happiest results, and in many places Juvenile Missionary Societies have been organized. Much attention has also been given to missionary topics in the Sunday-school papers, and much missionary information has been imparted. In this the Editor has been greatly aided by letters from a number of missionaries of our Church in Japan, British Columbia, the North West, Newfoundland, and other "high places of the field." As a result



REV. GEORGE MCDUGALL.

French missionaries. We have but twelve now.

5. To increase the staff in Japan to twenty-five, supplemented by one hundred native evangelists.

HOW CAN THIS BE DONE?

The enterprise is large, and will cost a great deal of money. Is the Church able to do it? Able! Yes, able to do all this, and vastly more. We have scarcely begun as yet to give for the world's conversion. Last year the Methodist Church of Canada gave only about two cents per member for missions! Did that exhaust the Church's ability? Now what we have to propose is this. Let us have one cent a day for missions from each member of the Church, and we can do all the work above indicated, and have a surplus equal to the present income of the society. If you don't believe it, figure it out and try.

WINTER AND FAMINE.

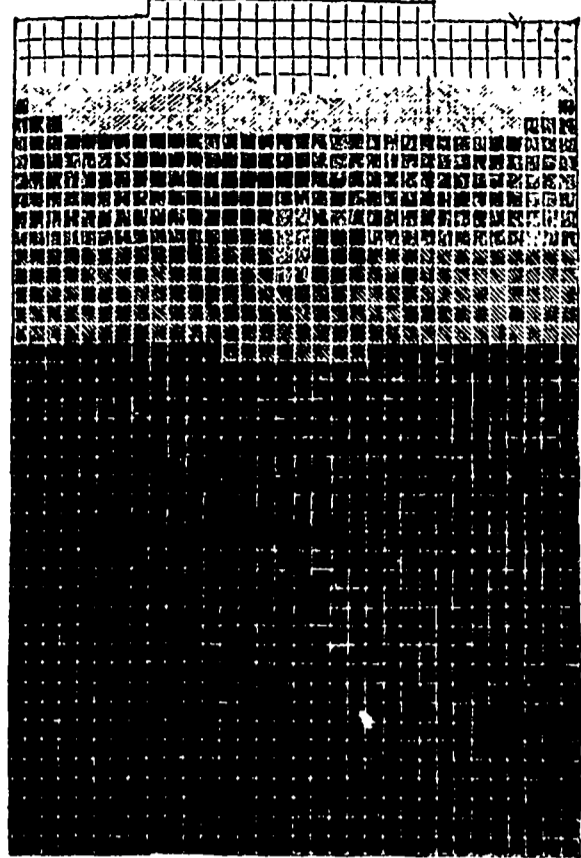
**N**OW o'er all the dreary Northland,  
Mighty Peboan, the Winter,  
Breathing on the lakes and rivers,  
Into stone had changed their waters.  
From his hair he shook the snow-flakes,  
Till the plains were strewn with whiteness,  
One uninterrupted level.  
As if, stooping, the Creator  
With His hand had smoothed them over.  
O the long and dreary Winter!  
O the cold and cruel Winter!  
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker  
Froze the ice on lake and river,  
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper  
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,  
Fell the covering snow, and drifted  
Through the forest, round the village.  
Hardly from his buried wigwam  
Could the hunter force a passage;  
With his mittens and his snow-shoes  
Vainly walked he through the forest,  
Sought for bird or beast and found none,  
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,  
In the snow beheld no footprints,  
In the ghastly, gleaming forest,  
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,  
Perished there from cold and hunger.  
O the famine and the fever!  
O the wasting of the famine!  
O the blasting of the fever!  
O the wailing of the children!  
O the anguish of the women!  
All the earth was sick and famished,  
Hungry was the air around them,  
Hungry was the sky above them,  
And the hungry stars in heaven  
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!

Forth into the empty forest  
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha;  
In his heart was deadly sorrow,  
In his face a stony firmness;  
On his brow the sweat of anguish  
Started, but it froze, and fell not.  
Into the vast and vacant forest  
On his snow-shoes strode he forward.  
"Gitche Manito the Mighty!"  
Cried he with his face uplifted  
In that bitter hour of anguish,  
"Give your children food, O father!  
Give us food, or we must perish!  
Give me food for Minnehaha,  
For my dying Minnehaha!"

REV. GEO. MCDUGALL.

**T**HE Rev. George McDougall was one of the earnest, most devoted, and most successful of the Methodist missionaries in the great North-West—then the Great Lone Land, now becoming the home of thousands of settlers. No man possessed the love and confidence of the native tribes as did he, and through his preaching and teaching hundreds were converted from paganism and became faithful Christians. He may be even said to have become a martyr for the truth, for in the discharge of his duty he perished at his post as a missionary of the Cross. The following is the touching account of his death:—

The Rev. George McDougall was out on the plains with his son, John, procuring their winter's supply of buffalo meat. They were about thirty miles from home and eight or ten from Fort Breasboise, Bow River. On Monday, 24th January, in the afternoon, John ran the buffalo and killed three, and by the time they got them skinned and cut up it was long after dark. They then started for the tent, which was about four miles distant. When they had gone about two miles Mr. McDougall said he would go on to the camp; so saying, he started ahead on horseback and left the sleighs to follow. It was very windy at the time, and the snow drifting in all directions, but the night was not very cold. Sad to say, he wandered far out on the plains and was lost. John, as soon as he came to the camp and found that his father was not there, commenced firing



HEATHEN	MUHAMMEDIANS	JEWS	ROMAN CATHOLICS	GREEKS	PROTESTANTS
558,000,000.	170,000,000.	8,000,000.	190,000,000.	84,000,000.	116,000,000.

A MISSIONARY CHART.

**E**VERY one of these small squares represents one million of human beings. Christians must attempt to realize the task of bringing this world to Christ. The obligation is on us whether we realize it or not. This is not a lesson in geography, not one even of ethnology; it is one of moral and religious condition. Do not say it is discouraging. The brightening of these blocks signifies not what the Church has done in eighteen centuries, but rather what she has done in one century. She has not seriously addressed herself to the task of evangelizing the world for more than about eighty years past. Within that time she has increased her missionary societies tenfold, i.e., from seven to seventy, and her missionaries more than tenfold, i.e., from two hundred to twenty-three hundred, and her native evangelizing force from almost none to twenty-three thousand male helpers, with a great number of female workers, and her converts from heathendom from fifty thousand to nearly seventeen millions, and her contributions to this work twenty-five hundred per cent. But all this does not make less startling such a calculation as that of Rev. Mr. Gill that there are eight hundred millions yet in the darkness of heathendom, and that if this many die in thirty-three years, the heathen alone, to say nothing of the Moslems, are dying at the rate of sixty-six thousand a day. Leave out the infants and it still means more than a thousand a day! None of us have long to work. These people need the Gospel. Christ commands us to give it to them. We shall soon have to render an account of the deeds done in the body. Dare we neglect to give, to pray, to work for these souls for whom Christ died? Brethren, look to your missionary prayer-meetings, press your missionary collections on the conscience of each member of the Church.

of these combined efforts, and of the hearty sympathy and co-operation of the Sunday-school officers, the juvenile missionary offerings have increased from \$15,823 in 1879-80 to \$23,235 in 1882-3, an increase of \$7,412. We hope that this year a much greater increase in these juvenile collections will take place.

A LARGE ADVANCE.

BY THE REV. DR. SUTHERLAND,

Missionary Secretary of the Methodist Church.

**A** LARGE advance in missionary givings this year is indispensable. Our mission work is enlarging on every hand, and the union has increased the number of workers; but it has also increased the number of givers, and we look for corresponding results. The givings of all the Methodist bodies in Canada for missions, last year, aggregated some \$185,000. We must have an advance of at least \$85,000 this year, or an aggregate of \$220,000. This will be needed to sustain the work within its present limits.

THE WORK SHOULD BE EXTENDED.

Who that knows anything of the world's needs would think of keeping our mission work within its present limits? No one. The demand is for extension. Within the next six years the Church should set herself resolutely to accomplish the following things:—

1. To secure to every married missionary the minimum salary—\$750 for a married man. The average now is less than \$500
2. To send missionaries into the new settlements in the North-West and elsewhere, as fast as the growth of the population demands.
3. To double the working force among the Indians. Some eighty-six are now employed, including missionaries, teachers, interpreters, etc.
4. To quadruple the number of

off his gun in hopes that his father would hear the report and come to him; but, alas, he was out of hearing. When morning arrived John took his horse and started in search, but the drifting snow had left no trace. He searched in all directions until night, when he came to the conclusion that his father, not being able to find the camp, had started for home; consequently he came home to see, but when he came into the house there was no father there; so he and his brother David and some others started back in haste, searched again, and found that he had been seen by some half-breeds who were cutting up buffalo out on the plains, on Tuesday afternoon. We suppose he was snow-blind and could not see. His body was found by a half-breed who was driving to where he had killed a buffalo, on Saturday, 5th inst. When found he looked as though, all hope of life being gone, he had laid down, stretched out, folded his arms, closed his eyes, yielded up the ghost, and the spirit of a dear one had calmly and peacefully passed away from earth to be with God.

The following is a loving tribute from a brother missionary to his memory:

#### DEATH OF REV. GEO. McDUGALL.

BY THE REV. E. LANGFORD,

*Methodist Missionary at Norcoy House, N. W. T.*

Cold was the night and clear the sky,  
While homeward bound he looked on high,  
And saw the star which pointed out  
The place he sought,  
Where sure he thought  
To rest him for the night.

He spurs his horse, but soon to find  
The heavy trains are left behind;  
How quickly, out of sight and sound!  
Where now is he?  
We soon shall see  
No traces can be found.

When to the camp his friends draw near,  
"No traces of his footprints here!"  
"What! where! can he have missed his way?"  
"Haste thee, torch, gun,  
And faster run,  
Call from the highest hills."

In vain they searched, in vain they cried,  
He had lost his way on the prairie wide;  
Sad was that night, but sadder still,  
When days had passed,  
And all at last  
Had given up hope of life.

Is he then lost, who oft had trod,  
Those hills and plains o'er snow and sod?  
Lost! who pointed others homeward?  
Yes, lost is he,  
Though strange it be,  
Who was himself a guide.

Search, search for the remains at least,  
Of one so brave, but now at rest,  
A hero on the field of strife;  
The Spirit's sword—  
The written Word,  
He wielded as for life.

With unrelenting zeal and care  
Some search here, and others there,  
Nor do they stop till they have found  
The place of rest,  
Where angels blest—  
His corpse upon the ground.

He was a man who'd never yield  
To trifles on the mission held;  
He was firm, kind, courteous, frugal,  
And still we trace,  
Smiles on his face,  
The corpse of George McDougall.

As this number of PLEASANT HOURS is devoted specially to Indian missions we have quoted largely from Long-fellow's greatest poem, his beautiful Song of Hiawatha. These extracts scattered through this paper, if read consecutively, will give one a good idea of this fine Indian epic.

#### METHODIST MISSIONS IN LABRADOR.

LETTER FROM THE REV. H. C. HATCHER,  
RED BAY, LABRADOR.

##### WINTER TRAVEL.

**T**HE long Labrador winter is past, the snow is over but not all gone; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voices of our hardy fishermen are beginning to be heard on the coast.

The winter was unusually severe, and ice formed early. Snow also came in abundance, and with the hard frosts travelling was beautiful after Christmas. Our mode of travelling here in the winter is somewhat the same as that of our brethren in the North-West. We have a comatick made of wood, about seven feet by two, the runners of which are shod with iron, or whale-bone. On this we place our luggage, and ride ourselves. To this comatick, made fast by rope or deer-skin traces, we have from six to a dozen dogs, who sometimes dash along at an incredible speed. Sometimes it is over the ponds or along valleys we go. At other times it is over hill and dale, when we often have to be very careful how we descend the hills. The steeper the descent, the better pleased seem to be the dogs, and consequently the faster they go. Many a time, in spite of holding on hard, have I found myself landed serenely among the snow-drifts, or rolling down hill, and have been glad to quickly join dogs, and perhaps driver, some little distance on. By two simple words, "La," and "Rutter," the driver can turn the head dog to the right or left; the other dogs, of course, play "follow the leader." Thus, in winter time, besides on snow-shoes, we visit the outlying settlements and preach the glorious gospel of the blessed God.

##### REVIVAL.

At Red Bay, in the month of November, we were blessed with some manifestations of the divine favour. God's people were quickened, and about a dozen penitents were found anxiously enquiring, "What must I do to be saved?" Half of these since have been admitted as members of the Church, while others are still in classes on trial. It was a "season of grace and sweet delight" long to be remembered. We pray that in every place on this ice-bound coast, the melting fire of Jesus' love may be felt.

##### SUDDEN DEATH—SUDDEN GLORY.

Death as usual was busy among us, smiting down our loved ones. Our sister was drowned through a hole in the ice. But a few hours before, I met the class of which she was a member, when she testified of her love for the Redeemer, and heartily joined with us in singing part of that glorious hymn commencing, "O Thou, to whose all-searching sight." At my request she had also, with another sister, engaged in prayer at the close of the meeting. As I was called up in the night for advice (for here the minister must be doctor as well as everything else), I thought, as I felt the lifeless hands and gazed on the pallid face, what need there was to be always ready, and how good it was for me, as her pastor, to be able to say:

"Go, by angel guards attended,  
To the sight of Jesus, go!"

##### WITHOUT HOPE.

Shortly before Christmas I was

called to visit another woman, at a distance, who was in a dying state. As I proscinded, seemingly in vain, for body and soul, I felt how terribly sad yet sorrowfully true these words were:

"Oh, dark! dark! dark! I still must say,  
Amid the blaze of gospel day."

Such are the contrasts in the experience of the Methodist missionary. What need for thanksgiving to God, by those who have had many privileges and are saved. Yes, and what need to let the lamp of truth be sent everywhere "to give light and to save life." Thank God, the Church begins to shake itself from the dust and to arise to duty.

##### THE MISSION BOAT "EVANGELIST."

No doubt many of those who so nobly collected for a mission boat for Labrador will be glad to know that she was used last summer for the first time. By the help of the boat I was enabled to visit many places to the north and west of Red Bay, and preach "the unsearchable riches of Christ." She is wrightly named the *Evangelist*, as she is given for evangelistic purposes. In a week or so I hope to have her afloat again, and, when manned, to visit the coast this summer. When I think of the thousands of souls along the coast for the fishing season, who need the bread of life, I ask, "What is one among so many? or, in the words of an apostle, "Who is sufficient for these things?" Nevertheless we labour and pray, "Thy kingdom come."

##### DEATH ON SHIPBOARD.

A few vessels have arrived. One put in here last Saturday with death on board. Tuesday another came with death there also, the person being a poor woman who had passed away two days before. She was a child of God, and, according to the testimony of those who journeyed with her, she affectionately bade her children and husband farewell, testifying her happiness in Christ, and when speech failed her, waved her hand in holy triumph. All this amid the rocking of the vessel. Thank God, the religion of Jesus fits for death and makes a downy pillow anywhere. Yesterday we laid her in the place for non-residents in our graveyard, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life. They told me one of her dying utterances was, "Tell Mr. Hatcher I am going to be with Jesus."

##### MORE WORKERS NEEDED.

Thus our hardy fisher-folk come from their homes and sanctuaries in Newfoundland and elsewhere to this coast, and your missionary strives to "point to the all-atoning blood" and cry, "God so loved the world." Oh, for more men and means! Some Sunday-school papers were sent me last year, and I was enabled thus to scatter now and then a *Sunbeam* and a few PLEASANT HOURS. Many thanks to Dr. Withrow, for I presume he was the sender.

"Ready the fields before us lie,  
For harvest ripe and white;  
We hail the dawn which heralds day,  
Passed is the long dark night.  
The laborer's hand will gather sheaves—  
Increasing, more and more,  
In souls washed whiter than the snows  
Of frozen Labrador."

THE pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the greatest art in life is to have as many of them as possible.

#### DEATH OF MINNEHAHA.

**I**N the wigwam with Nokomis,  
With those gloomy guests that watched her,

With the famine and the fever,  
She was lying, the beloved,  
She the dying Minnehaha.  
"Look!" she said, "I see my father  
Standing lonely at his doorway,  
Beckoning to me from his wigwam,  
In the land of the Decotahs!  
"No my child!" said old Nokomis,  
"Tis the smoke that waves and beckons!"  
"Ah!" she said, "the eyes of Pauguk  
Glare upon me in the darkness;  
I can feel his icy fingers  
Clasping mine amid the darkness!  
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

Over snow-fields waste and pathless,  
Under snow-encumbered branches,  
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,  
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,  
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing,  
"Wahonomin! Wahonomin!  
Would that I had perished for you,  
Would that I were dead as you are!"  
And he rushed into the wigwam,  
Saw the old Nokomis, slowly  
Rocking to and fro and moaning,  
Saw his lovely Minnehaha  
Lying dead and cold before him;  
And his bursting heart within him  
Uttered such a cry of anguish,  
That the forest moaned and shuddered,  
That the very stars in heaven  
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then they buried Minnehaha;  
In the snow a grave they made her,  
In the forest deep and darksome,  
Underneath the moaning hemlock;  
Clothed her in her richest garments,  
Wrapped her in her robes of ermine,  
Covered her with snow, like ermine;  
Thus they buried Minnehaha.

And at night a fire was lighted,  
On her grave four times was kindled,  
For her soul upon its journey  
To the Islands of the Blessed.  
From his doorway Hiawatha  
Saw it burning in the forest,  
Lighting up the gloomy hemlock;  
From his sleepless bed uprising,  
Sood and watched it at the doorway,  
That it might not be extinguished,  
Might not leave her in the darkness.  
"Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha  
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!  
All my heart is buried with you,  
All my thoughts go onward with you!  
Come not back again to labour,  
Come not back again to suffer,  
Where the famine and the fever  
Wear the heart and waste the body.  
Soon my task will be completed,  
Soon your footsteps I shall follow  
To the Islands of the Blessed  
To the kingdom of Ponemah!  
To the Land of the Hereafter!"

#### TWO KINDS OF GIRLS.

**T**HERE are two kinds of girls,  
says the *Home Visitor*:

One is the kind that appears best abroad—the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, etc., and whose chief delight is in such things. The other is the kind that appears best at home—the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining-room, sick-room, and all the precincts of home.

They differ widely in character. One is often a torment at home, the other a blessing; one is a moth consuming everything about her, the other is a sunbeam, inspiring light and gladness all around her pathway.

To which of these classes do you belong?

EVERY thing can be imitated by hypocrisy but humility and love united. The humblest star twinkles most in the darkest night. The more rare love and humility are united, the more radiant when they meet.—*Lavater*.

"WHEN a fellow is too lazy to work," says Sam Slick, "he paints his name over the door and calls it a tavern, and makes the whole neighbourhood as lazy as himself."

PICTURE WRITING.

IN those days said Hiawatha,  
 "Lo! how all things fade and perish!  
 From the memory of the old men  
 Fade away the great traditions.  
 "Great men die and are forgotten,  
 Wise men speak; their words of wisdom  
 Perish in the ears that hear them,  
 Do not reach the generations  
 That, as yet unborn, are waiting  
 In the great, mysterious darkness  
 Of the speechless days that shall be!"  
 "On the grave-posts of our fathers  
 Are no signs, no figures painted;  
 Who are in those graves we know not,  
 Only know they are our fathers.  
 Of what kith they are and kindred,  
 From that old, ancestral Totem,  
 Be it Eagle, Bear, or Beaver,  
 They descended, this we know not,  
 Only know they are our fathers.  
 "Face to face we speak together,  
 But we cannot speak when absent,  
 Cannot send our voices from us  
 To the friends that dwell afar of.  
 Thus said Hiawatha, walking  
 In the solitary forest,  
 Pondering, musing in the forest,  
 On the welfare of his people.  
 From his pouch he took his colours,  
 Took his paints of different colours,  
 On the smooth bark of a birch-tree  
 Painted many shapes and figures,  
 Wonderful and mystic figures,  
 And each figure had a meaning,  
 Each some word or thought suggested.  
 Gitche Manitowah the Mighty,  
 He the Master of Life, was painted  
 As an egg, with points projecting  
 To the four winds of the heavens.  
 Everywhere is the Great Spirit,  
 Was the meaning of this symbol.  
 Mitche Manitowah the Mighty,  
 He the dreadful Spirit of Evil,  
 As a serpent was depicted,  
 As Kenabeek, the great serpent.  
 Very crafty, very cunning,  
 Is the creeping Spirit of Evil,  
 Was the meaning of this symbol.  
 Life and Death he drew as circles,  
 Life was white, but Death was darkness;  
 Sun and moon and stars he painted,  
 Man and beast, and fish and reptile,  
 Forests, mountains, lakes, and rivers.  
 For the earth he drew a straight line,  
 For the sky a bow above it;  
 White the space between for day-time,  
 Filled with little stars for night-time;  
 On the left a point for sunrise,  
 On the right a point for sunset,  
 On the top a point for noon-tide,  
 And for rain and cloudy weather  
 Waving lines descending from it.  
 Footprints pointing towards a wigwam  
 Were a sign of invitation,  
 Were a sign of guests assembling;  
 Bloody hands with palms uplifted  
 Were a symbol of destruction,  
 Were a hostile sign and symbol.  
 All these things did Hiawatha  
 Show unto his wondering people,  
 And interpreted their meaning,  
 And he said: "Behold, your grave-posts  
 Have no mark, no sign, nor symbol.  
 Go and paint them all with figures,  
 Each one with its household symbol,  
 With its own ancestral Totem;  
 So that those who follow after  
 May distinguish them and know them."  
 And they painted on the grave-posts  
 Of the graves yet unforgetten,  
 Each his own ancestral Totem,  
 Each the symbol of his household;  
 Figures of the Bear and Reindeer,  
 Of the Turtle, Crane, and Beaver,  
 Each inverted as a token  
 That the owner was departed,  
 That the chief who bore the symbol  
 Lay beneath in dust and ashes.  
 Thus it was that Hiawatha,  
 In his wisdom, taught the people  
 All the mysteries of painting,  
 All the art of Picture-Writing,  
 On the smooth bark of the birch-tree,  
 On the white skin of the reindeer,  
 On the grave-posts of the village.

THE CHILDREN'S WORK.

A BOSTON despatch of the 21st ult. to the *New York Tribune*, says: The Sunday-school children of America have already sent three different vessels to co-operate with the missionaries in the Micronesian Islands, and will soon send a fourth. The first was built in 1856. After ten years' service her name was

changed, and she was lost at sea. In 1866 the children built and equipped another *Morning Star*. She was wrecked in 1869. In 1870 another *Morning Star* was built in East Boston and sent out. She is still in active service, but is not, the *Journal* says, equal to all the demands upon her. It has been decided, therefore, to build another, a brigantine, about twice the size of the present vessel, to be supplied with steam as an auxiliary power.

Once more the children have been called upon, and the subscriptions, of the rate of twenty-five cents from each one, are flowing in. The new vessel, it is estimated, will cost \$45,000; and one dime annually from each subscriber will pay the running expenses. It is but a few weeks since the subscriptions were asked for. Already \$25,000 has been received, and the American Board has determined to begin the vessel at once. It will be called the *Morning Star*. She will be built at Bath, Me., and her measurement will be about 1,425 tons. She is to be in Boston ready to load in September, 1885, and will sail for Honolulu about the first of November.

MY BOY.

SOME years ago, in Old Scotland, I picked up a class of city Arabs off the street and brought them into our mission-school by means of pennies and pictures. Some of these knew nothing of father, mother or home. Clothed in rags and filth, it was sad to look upon them, and yet they seemed happy. Often have I seen in the city of Glasgow children barefooted, with only a simple garment thrown around them, sitting on a door-step at ten and eleven o'clock at night, when the snow was lying thick upon the ground, trying to sell an evening paper or a few boxes of matches. Fleeting from place to place at the sound of the measured tread of the policeman, these children might sometimes be heard singing the old temperance song—

"The Drunkard's Raggit Wean."

Well, I am not going to tell you of my city Arabs, but of a little Stoney Arab, near the Rocky Mountains.

I was visiting the McDougall Orphanage, at Morley, where Indian orphan children live, and as I was amusing myself with the associations of the place, the missionary came in, leading a boy of seven or eight years of age. The poor little fellow was dirty, and the few clothes he had on hung in rags about him. I said to myself, "Now, here's a job. It will remind me of old times." Getting a comb and a pair of scissors, the long tangled locks were soon removed, and "my boy" was ready for a bath. Placing a few cents in his hand, and patting him gently on the head to keep him in good humour, we set to work with soap and water. Such a scrubbing you never saw. We laughed and scrubbed until my arms ached, and then we both thought we had done our work well. "My boy" and I were now on good terms, so we concluded that we should throw the rags away, and have a new suit. Sending along our orders to the matron, we soon had clothes, but the trouble was to make them fit. There was no time to cut the clothes down, and we

could not wait until "my boy" grew large enough to fill them. After a short delay, we managed by twisting and turning to get the suit into proper shape. As each garment found its own place, the countenance of the Stoney Arab beamed with joy. When boots and cap were fitted on, it seemed as if we had been following in the footsteps of that eminent sculptor who took the angel out of the block of marble. It was a transformation scene. The little fellow put his hands in his pockets, looked up in my face and smiled. The boys and girls of the orphanage gathered round the "new comer," and with kind words and deeds sought to make him feel that he was now one of themselves. Throwing my coat over my shoulder, I started off with him to school. The friends living near were looking out of their windows, smiling approval. They saw him go into the orphanage dirty and ragged, and now in a few hours he stood before them neat, clean and happy. The cold and weary life in an Indian camp he had forsaken for a cozy home. The winter's snows might fall heavily all around him, but now he was warmly clad, and kind friends ministered unto his wants. Sad, indeed, is the life of an orphan among Indians, and blessed, indeed, is any agency that will rescue them from hunger, cold, ignorance and vice. Could you have seen the ambitious spirit that seemed to have taken possession of the little fellow after being cared for, you would have felt like saying, "Here are ten dollars to help pay his board." "My boy" is too young to work, and he is not old enough to have forgotten how to eat. He will eat in spite of all we can do. Somebody must work for him why; won't you? He is "somebody's bairn."

When you read this, send along something to support "my boy." It will help him. You won't miss it, and you shall be doubly blessed.

ROBIN RUSTLER.

Fort Macleod, N. W. T.  
 [Subscriptions for the McDougall Orphanage received by the Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Toronto.]

A THOUGHTLESS BOY PUNISHED.

"I SHALL never forget," remarked a friend of ours, "an incident of childhood, by which I was taught to be careful not to wound the feelings of the unfortunate. A number of us school children were playing by the road-side one Saturday afternoon, when the stage-coach drove up to the neighbouring tavern and the passengers alighted. As usual, we gathered around to observe them. Among the number was an elderly gentleman with a cane, who got out with much difficulty, and when on the ground he walked with the most curious contortions. His feet turned one way, his knees another and his whole body looked as though the different members were independent of each other, and every one was making motions to suit itself.

"I unthinkingly shouted, 'Look at old Rattle Bones!' while the poor man turned his head, with an expression of pain which I can never forget. Just then, to my surprise and extreme horror, my father came around the corner, and immediately stepping up to the stranger, shook hands warmly,

and assisted him to walk to our house, which was but a short distance.

"I could enjoy no more play that afternoon, and when tea-time came I would gladly have hidden myself; but I knew it would be in vain, and so trembling went into the sitting-room. To my great relief, the stranger did not recognize me, but remarked pleasantly to my father as he introduced me:

"Such a fine boy is surely worth the saving!"

"How the words cut me to the quick! My father had often told me the story of a friend who had plunged into the river to save me, as I was drowning when an infant, and who, in consequence of a cold then taken, had been made a cripple by inflammatory rheumatism; and this was the man I had made a butt of ridicule, and a laughing-stock for my companions!

"I tell you, boys and girls, I would give many dollars to have the memory of that event taken away. If ever you are tempted as I was, remember that while no good comes of sport whereby the feelings of others are wounded, you may be laying up for yourselves painful recollections that will not leave you for a lifetime."  
 —Selected.

THE MISSIONARY.

FROM the distant land of Wabun, From the farthest realms of morning Came the Black-Robe chief, the Prophet. He the Priest of Prayer, the Pale-face, With his guides and his companions.

And the noble Hiawatha, With his hands aloft extended, Held aloft in sign of welcome, Waited, full of exultation, Till the birch canoe with paddles Grated on the shining pebbles. Stranded on the sandy margin, Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face, With the cross upon his bosom, Landed on the sandy margin.

Then the joyous Hiawatha Cried aloud and spake in this wise: "Beautiful is the sun, O strangers, When you come so far to see us! All our town in peace awaits you, All our doors stand open for you; You shall enter all our wigwams, For the heart's right hand we give you.

And the Black-Robe chief made answer, Stammered in his speech a little, Speaking words yet unfamiliar: "Peace be with you, Hiawatha, Peace be with you and your people, Peace of prayer, and peace of pardon, Peace of Christ, and joy of Mary!"

Then the Black-Robe chief, the Prophet, Told his message to the people, Told the purport of his mission, Told them of the Virgin Mary, And her blessed Son, the Saviour; How in distant lands and ages He had lived on earth as we do; How he fasted, prayed, and laboured; How the Jews, the tribe accursed, Mocked Him, scourged Him, crucified Him; How He rose from where they laid Him, Walked again with His disciples, And ascended into heaven.

And the chiefs made answer, saying: "We have listened to your message, We have heard your words of wisdom, We will think on what you tell us. It is well for us, O brothers, That you come so far to see us!"

Then they rose up and departed Each one homeward to his wigwam, To the young men and the women Told the story of the strangers Whom the Master of Life had sent them From the shining land of Wabun.

From his place rose Hiawatha, Bade farewell to old Nokomis, Bade farewell to all the young men, Spake persuading, spake in this wise:

"I am going, O my people, Listen to their words of wisdom, Listen to the truth they tell you, For the Master of Life has sent them From the land of light and morning!"

A CALAMITY is better borne for not being previously dwelt upon.



## "ROCK OF AGES CLEFT FOR ME."

(Translated into the Cree Language.)

[We have pleasure in giving an Indian version of this grand old hymn, translated by one of our missionaries for the Indian tribes.—Ed.]

Kakeka Kistabiskak,  
Akota ka kasooyak;  
Nipe usche mukoo,  
Kispikak wach-kowik;  
Muche'tewin mitoone  
Ne ka o'che pakehik.

Kakeka matooyana,  
Apo ut-ouskayama,  
Nuna kakwi apitun  
Keya ka pimachoyun;  
Nuna kakwi n' tukoonan,  
Keya teapwutatan.

Ota mukwach yuyayan,  
Mena ute nipeyan,  
punik 'ta opiskayan,  
Mena 'ta wapumitan,  
Kakeka Kistabiskak  
Akota ku kasooyak.

## ANTIQUITIES OF METHODISM.

**E**NGLISH Methodism has found an intelligent and enthusiastic antiquarian, in the person of George John Stevenson, A.M., No. 12 Gore Road, South Hackney, London, or rather, George John Stevenson has found the antiquities of English Methodism, and is finding them more and more every day. His great love for the honoured and devout men and women who went forward in the great Wesleyan revival, caused him to commence a work, and every step in that work has increased the love, until it is an astonishment what has been accomplished. I here enumerate but a very small part of what may be found in his large and very interesting collection. He has two hundred different engraved likenesses of Rev. John Wesley, all he thinks which have ever been published. They represent him at different periods of life, in different positions, and are very different in artistic execution. They are in themselves a great cabinet of curiosities, and required much patience and time in getting them together. He has also twenty-eight different lives of the illustrious founder of Methodism, which he believes covers the entire ground of all that has been written in book form, and published as a life. These lives are written from different standpoints, for different objects, and in a variety of moods and tempers of mind, showing the many sides of this many-sided and most remarkable man. It is very probable if Pro. Stevenson lives a few years longer, that he may yet add to his already long list, for it is quite certain that the pen has not yet exhausted the character of this pre-eminent evangelist, and great historic man.

He has thirteen lives of Dr. Adam Clarke; all the original manuscript of his commentary, 13,000 pages; original manuscript of his life, written by himself; history of Dr. Clarke's family, running back seven hundred years; all the letters of his wife, written to him before their marriage; nearly one thousand manuscript letters, mostly unpublished, of Dr. Clarke and his friends.

CENSURE and criticism never hurt anybody. If false, they cannot harm you, unless you are wanting in character; and, if true, they show a man his weak points, and forewarn him against failure and trouble.—Gladstone.

## VARIETIES.

WHAT spring is ever dry, yet keeps on running?—A watch spring.

It is not pleasant to be in the company of persons who are only what sandwiches should be—half-bred.

MENY a fool has passed thru life with fair success, by taking a back seat and sticking to it.

THERE is no one study that is not capable of delighting us after a little application to it.

IN all games of chance, even the winners lose what is of infinite value—character.

THE very best thing for you to do is to do the very best thing you know how. This is a hard rule to follow, but a safe one.

It is a matter of the simplest demonstration that no man can be really appreciated but by his equal or superior.—Ruskin.

SEVEN of the nine graduates from Andover are pledged to mission-work—five in the West, and two in foreign missions.

A JEST should be such that all shall be able to join in the laugh which it occasions; but if it bears hard on one of the company, like the crack of a string, it makes a stop in the music.

IN the year 1880 there were in the islands of the Pacific 68,000 communicants, and the total number in the Christian community of those islands about 340,000.

"BOBBY," said his aunt at the dinner-table, "will you have a piece of rhubarb-pie or a piece of the peach-pie?" Bobby thought for a moment, and then replied: "I guess I will try a piece of the rhubarb-pie first."

## LESSON NOTES.

## FOURTH QUARTER.

B.C. 995 ] LESSON VI. [Nov. 9.

## THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON.

1 Kings 10. 1-13. Commit to memory vs. 3, 9.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Behold, a greater than Solomon is here. Matt. 12. 42.

## OUTLINE.

1. The Queen's Visit, v. 1-5.
2. The Queen's Tribute, v. 6-12.
3. The Queen's Return, v. 13.

TIME.—B.C. 995.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Queen of Sheba*—Who lived a thousand miles distant on the Red Sea. *Fame of Solomon*—The fame of his wisdom reached all lands. *Name of the Lord*—The fame of Solomon extended, also the name of the Lord who in Solomon worshipped. *Hard Questions*—Difficulties relating to knowledge. *Spices*—Such as came from Arabia. *Told her all*—Answered her questions. *The house*—Solomon's palace, not the temple. *Sitting of his servants*—The array of his servants in the palace. *His ascent*—Probably the bridge from Mount Zion to the temple. *No more spirit*—Her heart and mind were full. *Talents of gold*—The talent was worth about \$1,500, so that this would be \$180,000. *The navy*—A fleet of ships from Ezion-geber in the eastern arm of the Red Sea. *Almy trees*—Probably sandal-wood is meant. *Pillars*—Some think that this means rather a balustrade. *Psalteries*—Somewhat similar to the harp in form. *All her desires*—Presented to her whatever she wished to have and asked for.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That wisdom is more to be desired than wealth or power?
2. That with wisdom come added blessings?
3. The power of a good name?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. For what did the Queen of Sheba come to Solomon? "To prove him with hard

questions." 2. Did Solomon answer her questions? "Solomon told her all her questions." 3. What did the queen say of Solomon's wisdom? "The half was not told me." 4. What did the queen give Solomon? Gold, spices, and precious stones. 5. What did the navy of Hiram bring to Solomon? Almy trees and precious stones.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The government of God.

## CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

116. How is Christ a King?

Christ is the Lord of every believer; as the supreme and only Head over all things to His church, He rules and defends His people, brings to fulfillment the Father's purpose, and is subduing all things unto Himself. Colossians i. 18; Ephesians i. 22; Matthew xxviii. 18.

[John x. 23, xvii. 2; Romans viii. 28, x. 9, xiv. 9; 1 Corinthians xv. 24; Ephesians i. 9, 10; Revelation i. 5, 6, xix. 16.]

117. What is the Gospel?

The good news of salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ.

118. What is the Gospel history?

The account contained in the New Testament of the coming of Jesus Christ into the world, of His Teaching, His manner of life, His miracles, His death, His resurrection, and His ascension.

B.C. 995.] LESSON VII. [Nov. 16.

## SOLOMON'S SIN.

1 Kings 11. 4-13. Commit to memory vs. 9, 10.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life. Prov. 4. 23.

## OUTLINE.

1. Solomon's Sin, v. 4-8.
2. The Lord's Anger, 9-13.

TIME.—B.C. 995.

PLACE.—Jerusalem and the hills round about.

EXPLANATIONS.—*When Solomon was old*—He could not have been more than fifty years old. *His wives*—Solomon had many wives, princesses of the surrounding races. *Other gods*—The idols which they had been accustomed to worship at home. *Heart was not perfect*—Because divided between God and idols. *Ashtoreth*—A female divinity, as Baal was the male. *The abomination*—A name applied to idols. *Hill that is before Jerusalem*—Either the Mount of Olives on the east, or the Mount of Corruption on the south. *Strange wives*—Wives of foreign races. *The Lord was angry*—God's anger is only against wickedness. *Appeared unto him twice*—At Gibeon and at the dedication of the temple. *He kept not*—Strange that the wise king should show such folly. *Reud the kingdom*—Into two fragments, Israel or the ten tribes, and Judah, including Benjamin. *For David*—God gives mercy to children for their father's sake. *One tribe*—Judah, which also included part of the land of Simeon and of Benjamin. *For Jerusalem's sake*—God had chosen Jerusalem as the place of his worship.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson is shown—

1. The danger of wicked associations?
2. The righteous anger of God with sin?
3. The blessings of godly parentage?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. In what was Solomon's sin? In going after other gods. 2. What did God say he would do? Reud the kingdom from Solomon. 3. When was God to do this? When Solomon's son should reign. 4. Why would God not do it during Solomon's reign? For David's sake. 5. How many tribes was Solomon's son to have? One tribe.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The anger of God.

## CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

119. What does the Gospel command?

It contains the command of God to all men, everywhere, to repent of their sins and to believe in Christ. Acts xvii. 30; 1 John iii. 23.

[Mark i. 15; John vi. 29.]

120. What does the Gospel promise?

The Gospel is the promise of God to pardon, sanctify, and save from eternal destruction all who, according to His commands, repent and believe on His Son.

121. Who were the first preachers of the Gospel?

The apostles of our Lord, whom He called to be witnesses to both Jews and Gentiles of His resurrection. Acts i. 22.

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