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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. V.

TORONTO, MAY 16, 1885.

No. 10



OASIS IN THE SOUDAN.—(See next page.)

GORDON.

BY ERIC MACKAY.

UP of the fierce and far Soudan,
Where set the sun on Kordofan,
There came, as cometh the hurricane's breath,
The terrible news of Gordon's death,
And with it a cry, foredoomed to die,
In shudders of shame from earth to sky
Right over the land from North to South,
From the gate of the West to the morning's
mouth.

Up from the desert, at flush of morn,
Again the terrible news was borne;
And women and men, with looks of fire
And lips that muttered a word of ire,
Broke out in prayer on the desolate air
For the soul of the great man murdered there:
O, God! forgive us the wrongs we have done;
For he was true as the earth to the sun!

Where shall we find a faith more just,
An ampler life, a larger trust?
He went his way as man may go
Whose honour is firm for friend and foe!
And over the roar of the Sixth Cascade,
And over the shriek of a town betrayed,
And over the sign of the setting of Mars,
He read his rum among the stars.

OASIS IN THE SOUDAN.

THE Soudan is one of the most sterile and desolate regions in the world. Often for a distance of three days, journey the traveller passes over burning sands, and has to carry all the water he requires in leather bags. The British troops used indiarubber bags, and one of the most heroic acts ever recorded is that of a body of the British Guards cutting their way through a host of the Arabs to the Nile to procure a supply of water for their comrades, engaged in a fierce conflict with the enemy. A large portion of the Guards were slain in their heroic attempt, but the survivors fought their way back and, in all probability, by their timely succour saved the army from destruction.

The picture shows one of these oases which at long intervals dot the desert. Wherever there is a well or spring of water, the vegetation springs up and converts a barren desert into what seems by contrast with the surrounding sterility almost a paradise. The feathery foliage of palm makes a grateful shade and they furnish copious supplies of food. Frequently a village springs up and the white domes of the native houses add picturesqueness to the view.

General R. E. Colton, formerly a bey in Egypt, contributes the opening illustrated article in the *March Century*, from which we quote the following description of a portion of the present seat of war: "He who has never travelled through the desert cannot form a just idea of that strange and marvellous region, in which all the ordinary conditions of life are completely changed. It is essentially a waterless land, without rivers, creeks, rivulets, or springs. Once away from the Nile, the only supply of water is derived from deep wells, few, scanty, and far apart. Long draughts are frequent. When I explored the great Arabian Desert between the Nile and the Red Sea, it had not rained for three years; and when I travelled over the Suakim route and through Kordofan, no rain had fallen for two years. Between the twenty-ninth and nineteenth degree of latitude it never rains at all. Water becomes precious to a degree beyond the conception of those who have never known its scarcity. Members of the Catholic mission at El Obeid, where water is much more plentiful than in the deserts, assured me that, the summer

before, water had been sold as high as half a dollar a gallon by the proprietors of the few wells that had not dried up. When long draughts occur, the always scanty crop of doura fails away from the Nile, and the greater parts of the flocks and herds perish, as well as a considerable part of the population. It follows naturally that when undertaking a journey through the desert, the paramount question is water. A supply must be carried sufficient to last to the next well, be it one or five days distant. It is usually carried in goat and ox skins suspended from the camels' pack-saddles. These are the water-bottles of Scripture, which become leaky from wear, and always lose a considerable portion of their contents by evaporation. The first thing after reaching a well is to ascertain the quantity and quality of its water. As to the former, it may have been exhausted by a preceding caravan, and hours may be required for a new supply to ooze in again. As to the quality, desert water is generally bad, the exception being when it is worse, though long custom enables the Bedouins to drink water so brackish as to be intolerable to all except themselves and their flocks. Well do I remember how at each well the first skiff was tasted all around as epicures sip rare wines. Great was the joy if it was pronounced '*moya helwa*, sweet water; but if the Bedouin said '*moosh tayib*, not good, we might be sure it was a solution of Epsom salts. The best water is found in natural rocky reservoirs in deep narrow gorges where the sun never shines. As to 'live springs,' I never saw more than half a dozen in six thousand miles' travel."

HER OBEDIENCE.

FAR out on the Western prairie lived little Jane Austin with her father and mother. The place might have seemed lonely to some people, for there were no houses in sight of her home, nor any neighbours within several miles, but the three who lived there were quite contented; and when, a few months before my story begins, a baby came to gladden the household with his presence, their happiness was complete.

The house itself more was not much than a cabin. It had been roughly put together at a time when skilled labour was not to be had; but it had served for a shelter, and now, when prosperity had rewarded years of toil and carefulness, it was to be replaced by a larger and better dwelling. The plans had been drawn, the estimates made, and one bright summer morning, Mr. Austin set out for the nearest town to purchase the lumber for it.

His wife was not afraid to be left alone with the children. She was a courageous woman, calm and self-possessed at all times, and her little daughter had inherited the same traits. There was much to be done about the house, and the two were very busy. The time passed quickly. The second day was drawing to a close, when Mrs. Austin noticed signs of a change in the weather.

"We must fasten all the doors very securely to-night," she said to Jane, as they went together to the barn to feed the cattle. "I think there will be a storm before morning."

Dark clouds were gathering on the western horizon and before they went to bed the wind was blowing in fitful,

violent gusts that rattled seriously the timbers of the old house. Still no thought of great danger entered their minds, though Jane said to her mother, after she had lain down in bed beside her,—

"I shall be glad when the new house is built, mamma, for the wind won't make such a noise then."

"Yes," said Mrs. Austin, "I think we shall all enjoy it; but try to go to sleep now, dear, in spite of the noise."

Acting upon her own advice, she laid her head on the pillow and was soon unconscious of all around her. How long she slept she did not know, but she was awakened by the slamming of a door. She listened for a moment, and then feeling sure that the wind had forced open the outer door of the kitchen, she arose, and slipping on her shoes, went down stairs to fasten it. There she found that she was quite right in her conjecture. The slight bolt had given way, and the door was swinging back and forth at the will of the wind.

But she was quite equal to the emergency. Lighting a lantern, and getting a hammer and some nails, she pushed the heavy tool-chest against the door, and standing on it, securely nailed a piece of wood across from one door-post to the other. Satisfied that all was safe, she turned to go up stairs, when, with a roar, like that of some wild beast, the tempest smote the house. There came a fearful crash, that almost stunned her and made her heart stand still.

What had happened? Had the roof been carried away? Had the stone chimney fallen and crushed it in? The next moment, in a lull of the wind, she heard her child's voice.

"Mamma, where are you? What is the matter?"

She rushed up stairs, calling, "I am here, my darling! I am coming!"

But when she reached the bed-room door, she could go no further. She had left it open; it was now nearly closed, and some obstruction prevented her from moving it. She held up the lantern and looked through the open space.

What a scene met her gaze! The baby's crib in one corner stood untouched; but the chimney had fallen, and crashing through the roof, had made havoc of all else. Where her own head had lain on the pillow, a huge beam rested, and just beyond it she could see the white face and dilated eyes of her little girl.

"Janie," she gasped, "are you hurt? The roof has fallen in."

"No, mamma," said the child, "I am not hurt at all, but I can't get up. Something is holding me down."

The mother looked again, and now she could see that the stones and rafters had fallen in such a way as to imprison the child completely without injuring her. Oh, to be beside her! to rescue her from her perilous position! for who could tell but that some slight jar might loosen the whole mass, causing it to fall and crush the child?

But the door was immovable, and the poor woman clasped her hands in agony, realizing her own powerlessness.

"Janie," she said, presently, "listen to me, and try to be my own brave little girl. You must not move; if you do, you may be hurt. If you will keep quite still, I hope you will be safe. I can do nothing to help you, my darling" (and here the mother

almost broke down), "but I can go for help if you will promise me not to stir while I am gone."

"Yes, mamma," said a quivering voice. "I will try not to be afraid if you will leave me the light."

"No, dear," said the mother, "I cannot do that, for fear of fire; you are much safer without it. You must believe that God can take care of you in the dark."

"Yes," said the child, gravely, "I know; but, O mamma! if baby should cry?"

"Never mind baby, dear. He cannot get out of the crib. It will not hurt him to cry a little, and I will be as quick as I can. Now we will ask God to be with you."

The mother knelt down and said aloud, "O my Father, I pray thee keep in safety my darling children, for Christ's sake!"

And the child's voice answered, "Amen."

There was no more hesitation now. Mrs. Austin knew what she must do, and that there was no time to be lost. Throwing on some articles of clothing that hung in a closet on the landing, she hurried to the stable.

Her husband's saddle-horse was there, a creature as gentle as he was fleet of foot. She had him saddled and bridled and was on her way in a few moments.

The storm was over, and in the western sky the waning moon shone with a feeble light. She urged the horse to his utmost speed, for she was a fearless rider, but it seemed to her that the three miles she had to go were a hundred at least. Midway she met with an obstacle. A huge tree had been blown down directly across the road. She dismounted, and devoutly thankful that the snake-fence was one she could pull down, she tore the rails from their places, led her horse around, made another opening and proceeded.

The village was reached at last. Stopping at the first house, where the blacksmith lived, she knocked loudly at the door.

In a few moments a voice asked, "Who is there?"

"Mrs. Austin. We have had a fearful accident. My husband is away. I have come for assistance."

In a moment more the door was opened, but she would not go in.

"No, let me tell my story here. I must go back at once to my children."

In a few words she told her story. "You will need," she continued, "three or four men to help you, and, above all, a ladder long enough to reach the upper window; there is no other way of getting into the room. Now I will go back. I know I need not ask you to make all the haste you can, Mr. Green."

For answer the blacksmith turned to his son with orders to rouse the neighbours, while he himself at once left the house to harness his team and get ready the necessary tools.

Back the mother hastened along the weary way, trying to still the agony at her heart with the hope that no injury had come to her children.

The day was beginning to dawn when she reached her own gate. What what was it that fell upon her listening ear? A child's voice singing, actually singing,—

"God shall charge his angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep."

For the first time Mrs. Austin burst into tears. She hastened up the stair-

"Janio, my darling! are you still safe?"

"Yes, mamma; I am so glad you have come!"

"There was no tremor in the little voice now.

"Baby has not cried at all. I heard him move a little and I sang my last Sunday's hymn; and then it seemed so nice I began to sing it over again. Did no one come with you, mamma?"

"I would not wait for them, dear, but they are coming soon. I think I hear them now," she added, as the sound of wheels in the distance reached her ear. The four fastest horses in the village were bringing strong arms and eager hearts to their assistance.

A few moments more and Mr. Green stood in the room followed by three other men, while Mrs. Austin ran down stairs and stood at the foot of the ladder.

"Take baby first," said little Jane, and the infant was handed down safe and unhurt to his mother.

"Now, little missy, it is your turn; we will have you out of that in a twinkling."

But as the blacksmith approached the bed he saw that it would be no easy task to extricate the child uninjured; for with one careless touch the overhauling mass might fall and crush her.

"Gently, gently," he said, waving back his eager assistants. Then, taking a screw-driver from his pocket, he soon had the closet-door off the hinges. With that and the mattresses and pillows from the crib he built up a barricade over the little girl's head. "Now I think we can raise this broken beam"

The strong iron bars they had brought with them were placed under it.

"One moment!" said Mr. Green. "Now, my little girl, as soon as I give the word, creep out just as quickly as you can. Ready! Lift!"

The child turned and drew herself to the edge of the bed. In an instant a pair of strong arms caught and drew her to the window, and as the three other men sprang aside, stores and mortar, beams and ratters, fell upon the bed with a frightful crash.

But at the same moment the mother saw the little white-clad figure descending the ladder, and with a cry she caught the child in her arms and then fainted away. The first moments of intense excitement had scarcely passed when one waggon after another began to arrive from the village, where the news of the disaster had rapidly spread. Little Jane was the heroine of the hour.

"It was touch and go with the little one, you may believe," said Mr. Green, with a shiver. "I don't know what ever held up that rafter, for a baby's hand could have shaken it down."

"And she lay there all that time without moving?" said one of his hearers.

"She did that. If she had kicked and struggled like any other child, the whole mass would have fallen and crushed her."

But amidst the general wonder and admiration the child herself was quite unconscious that she had done anything at all remarkable. When questioned she said simply, "Mamma said I must not move."

The good blacksmith took Mrs. Austin and the children to his own house until Mr. Austin's return, and when evening came and they lay down

to rest once more, the little girl nestled close to her mother and whispered, "Don't you think God sent his angels last night to take care of us?"

"I am sure of it, my darling," her mother answered, fervently.

So am I; but I am equally sure that the means by which his messengers do their ministry of love are often in our own power; and in this instance they worked the Divine will partly, at least, through little child's obedience. — *J.H., in Youth's Companion.*

THE GOOD ALONE ARE GREAT.

BY PERCY A. GAHAN.

Timor domini principium sapientie—"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

ET no one deem himself as great,
Who hath not learned the fear of God,
And bowed beneath the chastening rod,
And smiled at the decrees of fate.

He who hath braved the storms of state,
And won a mighty nation's throne,
Then wrapped him in himself alone,
I, not, nor ever can be, great.

He who hath drawn in freedom's cause
The sword, in freedom's cause hath died,
If steeped in vanity and pride,
When measured by eternal laws

Will sink to nothingness—a mite;
While he, who starving, begged the street,
And dying clasped his Saviour's feet,
Shall shine in robes of spotless white.

They who repose in grandeur's graves,
Yet grandeur's own must feel decay:
Shall tremble on the judgment-day,
In garb like to their meanest slaves.

The science-drunk and infidel,
Giddy with wisdom's deepest draught
Reels forth and hurls his feeble shaft,
At God, and shouts: "There is no hell,"

Is sunk in ignorance and fears
More hopeless than the cannibal
Who ne'er had messenger to tell
Or wait God's message to his ears.

The cruel favourite son of fate,
Who swept to eminence through blood,
And revelled in the crimson flood,
O never, never deem him great.

TRAIN THE BOYS TO BUSINESS.

THERE is one element in the home instruction of boys to which too little attention has been given; and that is the cultivation of habits of punctuality, system, order, and responsibility.

In many households boys' lives between twelve and seventeen years are generally the calmest of their existence. Up in the morning just in season for breakfast; nothing to do but to start off early enough not to be late; looking upon an errand as taking so much time and memory away from enjoyment; little thought of personal appearance except when reminded by mother to "spruce up" a little; fluffing his wardrobe always where mother puts it; in fact have nothing to do but enjoy himself. Thus his life goes on until school ends. Then he is ready for business. Vain thought! At this point he perhaps meets with his first great struggle. Many times during our business experience have we witnessed failures caused by the absence of a thorough home discipline. How the boy without this great advantage fails is thus fairly described by the *Scientific American*:

He goes into an office where everything is system, order, precision. He is expected to keep things neat and orderly, sometimes kindle fires, or do errands,—in short to become a part of a nicely regulated machine, where every thing moves in systematic grooves,

and each one is responsible for correctness in his department, and where in place of ministers to his comfort, he finds taskmasters, more or less lenient to be sure, and everything in marked contrast to his previous life. In many instances the change is too great. Errors become very numerous; blunders overlooked at first, get to be a matter of serious moment; then patience is overtaken, and the boy is told his services are no longer needed. This is the first blow, and sometimes he never rallies from it. Then comes the surprise of the parents, who too often never know the real cause, nor where they have failed in the training of their children.

What is wanted, is for every boy to have something special to do; to have some duty at a definite hour, and to learn to watch for that time to come; to be answerable for a certain portion of the routine of the household; to be trained to anticipate the time when he may enter the ranks of business, and be fortified with habits of energy, accuracy, and application, often of more importance than superficial book-learning.

THE NORTH-WEST.

THAT the insurrection in the North-West will be ultimately put down, there can be no reasonable doubt. Even if Riel had a regular army under his command, all history and experience go to show that an army without a Government behind it must fail in the end. The military power must always have a civil power supporting it to ensure ultimate success. Riel has no organized civil power behind him, and sooner or later must fail. But the people of this country must not become panic-stricken or discouraged if this insurrection is not put down in a few weeks or even months. There are some undoubted advantages on the side of the insurgents. They are a hardy race; they know every inch of the country; they are skilled in the use of arms, and they can live on very little food, and sleep outside in any kind of weather. Our volunteers are brave fellows, no doubt; but many of them are quite young, and all are unaccustomed to such hardships as they must endure in the North-West. They have to cross in one way or another, gaps of about eighty miles in the railway on the north shore of Lake Superior, and when, after a long and tedious journey, they leave the railway they have to march about 250 miles to Prince Albert. It is easy to say 250 miles, but fancy one of these gentlemen, heavily armed, starting from Toronto to walk to Brockville or Cornwall! The prairies are wet and muddy just now, and the journey must be exceedingly tedious. Camping out on the wet ground will be very trying to young men accustomed to comfortable homes. Even if teams are provided to drive them from the Canada Pacific Railway the journey will be very difficult. Our troops have a very serious undertaking before them and we must not expect too much from the brave fellows.—*Canada Presbyterian.*

A MAN shall be satisfied with good by the fruit of his mouth; and the recompense of a man's hands shall be rendered unto him. The way of a fool is right in his own eyes, but he that hearkeneth unto counsel is wise.

HIS JEWEL.

"GOD, bless the little children!"
I say it o'er and o'er,
Where'er I see their faces
Pass by my cottage door;
And though they never hear it,
I think they know the prayer
Of the lone and silent woman,
With early whitened hair.

Away up in my garret,
There is a sacred cot,
Whose spread of dainty rushes
In summer days I wrought;
And on whose tiny pillow,
The impress of a head
Still bears the dented shaping,
For all the tears I've shed.

Oh! mother love, that folded
The babe that nestled there,
Did the love of "the Good Shepherd"
Transcend thy fondest care?
Did arms thou mine more tender,
Gather my lamb from me?
Could only Jesus' bosom
Her rightful pillow be?

Adown the glistening mountain,
His sled the schoolboy steers;
But my boy's sled is hidden
Beneath the dust of years,
The ice upon the river
Is skimmed by lightsome feet,
But his will press it never,
The fleetest of the fleet.

Oh! mother's hope, whose promise
Bloomed fair to mortal eyes,
Couldst thou but find completion
'Neath skies of paradise?
Did gentler hand than mother's,
My boy thy guiding need,
Where flow the peaceful waters,
Where Christ his flock doth feed.

"God bless the little children!"
They stray from us so soon,
And leave the frost of winter,
Where lay the flush of June,
And sometimes we grow weary,
The waiting seems so long:
God teach the chastened mothers
In Ramah, to be strong!

—*Christian at Work.*

"I CAN SWIM, SIR."

DURING a terrible naval battle between the English and Dutch, the English flag-ship, commanded by Admiral Narborough, was drawn into the thickest of the fight. Two masts were soon shot away, and the mainmast fell with a fearful crash upon the deck. Admiral Narborough saw that all was lost unless he could bring up his ships from the right. Hastily scrawling an order, he called for volunteers to swim across the boiling water under the hail of shot and shell. A dozen sailors at once offered their services, and among them a cabin-boy.

"Why," said the admiral, "what can you do, my fearless lad?"

"I can swim, sir," the boy replied. "If I be shot, I can be easier spared than anyone else."

Narborough hesitated; his men were few, and his position was desperate. The boy plunged into the sea, amid the cheers of the sailors, and was soon lost to sight. The battle raged fiercer, and as the time went on defeat seemed inevitable. But just as hope was fading a thundering cannonade was heard from the right, and the reserves were seen bearing down upon the enemy. By sunset the Dutch fleet were scattered far and wide, and the cabin-boy, the hero of the hour, was called in to receive the honour due him. His modesty and bearing so won the heart of the old admiral that he exclaimed, "I shall live to see you have a flag-ship of your own!"

The prediction was fulfilled when the cabin-boy, having become Admiral Cloudesley Shovel, was knighted by the king.

LEARN A LITTLE EVERY DAY.

WOULD you hold the key of knowledge,
And unlock its treasures rare?
Are you thirsting for true wisdom,
With its wealth of truth so fair?
You may win the prize you're seeking,
In a fair and honest way.
You must conquer if you simply
Learn a little every day.

Starting first from small beginnings,
'Tis the steady growth that wins,
In life's battles here, no matter
Where our "step by step" begins.
If we yield our hearts to Satan
Step by step we're led astray,—
All, while here, in good or evil,
Learn a little every day.

Every day is fraught with lessons—
Youthful minds find daily food
In the teachings of surroundings—
Parents, are their teachings good?
"There's no royal road to learning,"
But there is a better way,
Simply this: In truth and goodness,
Learn a little every day.

—Pupil's Companion.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK:

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

TORONTO, MAY 16, 1885.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

It is very gratifying to observe the high appreciation of our Sunday-school papers and other periodicals in the United States. At a Sunday-school convention held near the borders a short time since, one of the American delegates said that our papers were the best and cheapest he had ever seen—far ahead of anything at the same price in his own country. Indeed most papers of the same size are just twice the price, and some only half the size are twice the price.

Our Magazine is also very highly appreciated. One gentleman from Maryland writes urging that its handsome annual announcement should be sent for distribution to every postmaster in the United States and to many of the city and country papers.

The Rev. Dr. Wentworth writes in the *Buffalo Christian Advocate* as follows:

Though this monthly has now been published over ten years, I doubt if it is known to many of the readers of the *Advocate*. And, should a specimen copy be placed in the hands of the few who have known of the fact of its publication, I doubt not the most of them would be greatly surprised to learn, by its actual perusal, of the high character and worth of this Magazine

From a somewhat careful examination of the numbers of February and March, I have conceived a much more exalted opinion of this publication than I ever entertained before,—simply because I am now better prepared to appreciate its worth.

This Magazine is an honour to Canadian Methodism. It occupies, I should say, about the place in the periodical literature of the Dominion that our defunct *National Magazine* was designed to fill in the periodical literature of the United States: and it much more successfully accomplishes its purpose. It is edited with unusual skill, and contains something to edify all classes of readers: although it maintains throughout a high literary tone, and, in its subject matter, is very instructive. Some of its articles would do honour to any quarterly; while others are manifestly designed for the amusement and benefit of the young. That it is conducted with skill, good taste and literary ability, finds sufficient guarantee in the fact that—here follows a personal compliment to the Editor that our modesty prevents us reprinting.

Nor is the reception in England less cordial. The *London Methodist* says:—"The volume for the past year is before us; and we must congratulate our Canadian cousins on the spirit and enterprise of their monthly Magazine. Its contents are varied, morally excellent, and some of high order, with every right kind of incentive to family readers. It will command a wide circulation, and we wish for it God-speed."

The *London Quarterly Review*, the leading organ of English Methodism, says: The Canadian Church is to be heartily congratulated upon its Magazine.

Many similar opinions might be quoted.

COMING TO JESUS.

WHEN I was young if our minister finished his sermon by telling us to come to the Saviour, I used to think, he has left off just where I want him to begin.

What is coming to Christ? and how am I to tell if I have come? Have you ever felt puzzled with thoughts of this kind? Well, let me try to make it plain, though it really is so plain it is hard to make it plainer. Suppose a person is suffering from a painful disease, and I say to him, "You have only to go to such a physician and you will certainly be cured." Next time I meet my poor neighbour I ask, "Are you better?" "No, worse." "Did you go to the physician?" "Yes." "Have you taken his remedy?" "He gave me none." "Why, how was that? What did you tell him?" "O, nothing! I went and sat in his hall among the other patients, and saw him talking to them; and when they came away, I came too." "Why, when I told you to go to him, of course I meant you to tell him all about yourself, and answer all his questions, and carefully follow his advice. You will get no good by only seeing him cure others, if you went to his house for twenty years. But if he undertakes your case and promises to cure you, then you may trust yourself completely in his hands, and expect to be cured."

Now, in this simple way you are to come to the Lord Jesus. Tell him



PRAIRIE DOGS.

what you want him to do for you. Tell him all that troubles and hinders you. Trust yourself in his hands to be saved. "Him that cometh to me," he says, "I will in no wise cast out." Ah, say you, that would have been easy when he was here on earth. Not easier than now, perhaps not so easy, for Jesus was a "man of sorrows," walking about and talking, eating and drinking, like other people, only different from them in his look and voice and manner, and wonderful works and words. Surely it must have been harder then to believe that he was the Son of God and Saviour of men, than now when he is reigning as the Lord of glory in heaven! You know that merely going to the place where Jesus was, to see and hear him was not coming to him, for the unbelieving Pharisees and Scribes sometimes came many miles to see and hear him; but yet he said to them, "Ye will not come to me, that ye might have life." They did not believe what he told them, nor they needed the salvation he offered, and so did not trust him.

So, you see, to think it would have been easier to be a real disciple of Christ if one could have seen and heard him when he was here on earth, is a great mistake.

THE OPEN FOUNTAIN.

"Joy to the thirsty! Joy to the faint!
Come to the fountain for every complaint;
Burdened with sorrow, temptation, and sin,
Its waters are healing, O haste to step in!"

THIS fountain is the blessed fountain of Jesus' blood. O how it cleanses from all sin, and makes pure and white within the soul! Long since this fountain was opened, and opened for all. And still it flows so freely to cleanse from all uncleanness. Yes, healing and cleansing, it washes away all defilement, and makes the polluted heart by sin even whiter than snow. The blessed waters of this fountain are ever free and exhaustless. Nay, not any price need you bring when you come to Jesus for healing and salvation.

Come, then, thirsty one, come without further delay or invitation, and share the riches and plenitude of his grace. "For all things are now ready," and the waters of life go flowing on forever to satiate and cheer. "O taste and see that the Lord is good!" Plunge into the blessed fountain of a Redeemer's blood and be clean. Yes, wash and be made perfectly whole. O with the trumpet's voice gladly pro-

claim a crucified Saviour, "able to save even unto the uttermost." Tell it to all, even unto the ends of the earth, that this cleansing fountain is open still, and it is your wisdom to hasten and be healed. Let us everywhere and to all tell to the weary, thirsty, and faint that they may come at once to Jesus, while he invites, and be saved from thirsting for the pleasures of sin evermore. O come "and take the water of life freely!"

PRAIRIE DOGS.

HERE is a picture of prairie dogs, just as they look in their own homes. They are queer little things, somewhat larger than a squirrel.

Often you will see fifty or more of them sitting on the tops of their houses and gazing around. But when any person comes near them, they give a feeble little bark, and dart into their holes, without stopping to say, "How do you do?"

To keep them company in their house-keeping, they take as boarders rattlesnakes and owls. All live in the same hole, and make a happy family, for they never disagree.

Sometimes these little prairie dogs are caught for pets, but they always run away the first chance they get, to their home on the plains. They like their friends, the rattlesnakes and owls, better than little boys and girls.

THOUGH we are a peace-loving people, there has been the greatest readiness and enthusiasm on the part of our Canadian volunteers, in responding to the call to active duty in the North-West. The Toronto volunteers were most enthusiastic. All would have cheerfully gone, and those who were left envied those who went to face the hardships of a long journey and a rough and dangerous campaign against wild Indians and hardy Half-breeds. The sight of the detachments of the Queen's Own and the Grenadiers marching through the streets to the station, with bands of music playing, roused and thrilled the tens of thousands who gathered to witness the spectacle. The sons and brothers of many in the crowd were in the ranks. This brought the event home to every heart as a matter of deep personal interest. Most of the young men have not been accustomed to hardships or dangers of this kind, and many anxious hearts are left behind.—*Guardian*.



SWAN AND DRAKE.

DANDELIONS.

UPON a showery night and still,
Without a word of warning,
A trooper band surprised the hill,
And held it in the morning.
We were not waked by bugle notes,
No cheer our dreams invaded;
And yet, at dawn, their yellow coats
On the green slopes paraded.
We careless folk the deed forgot;
Till one day, idly walking,
We marked upon the self-same spot
A crowd of veterans talking.
They shook their trembling heads and gray
With pride and noiseless laughter;
When, well-a-day! they blew away,
And ne'er were heard of after!

SWAN AND DRAKE.

THE swan is one of the largest and most graceful of aquatic birds. It is sometimes seven feet across from tip to tip of its wings. It can swim faster than a man can walk. It is very careful to keep its snowy plumage perfectly clean. It feeds on grass and roots which its long neck enables it to seek at the bottom of a stream or pond. It can keep its head under water from three to five minutes. Yet in their fierce contests—for they are very pugnacious birds—one will sometimes drown another by keeping its head a long time beneath the surface. The nest is very large, 5 or 6 feet across and two feet high, made of sticks, moss, etc. Swans have been known to live a hundred years. The wild swan migrates from the Mississippi valley to the shores of Hudson Bay, and flies very high in a double line like a letter A upside down. A strong swan leads the van till he gets tired when he retires and another takes his place. How graceful the one in the picture looks. It and the quacking drake beside it are good representatives of dignity and impudence.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

WE all made them, every boy and girl of us, little or big. Some of us waited till the New Year was very near. We wrote them on slips of paper, and put them away where no one would see them, or laid them between the leaves of our Bibles. Some of us put them in journals, or wrote them in a letter to a friend. We chose the friend from among those who loved us, and who wanted us to be good. And some of us only whispered to God, as we prayed, that we wanted to be better this coming year—that we were unwilling to go on doing the things that ought not to be done. The fact is that the older ones make good resolves as regularly as the little ones, only they don't like much to have it known!

We all want the same things: to be better than we have been; to be patient and gentle where we were cross; to be faithful where we were idle and neglectful; to be sincere, and true, and unselfish, and altogether right. We did not all feel sure of carrying out our purposes; but it was pleasant to begin.

And we began; and the New Year has crept on through its first days and weeks, and it startles us to find where our good resolves are now! We have succeeded—a little. We were careful for a while. It was better with us than if we had not tried at all, but we forgot, or it was very tiresome, or some sudden temptation came, and away we went! And then, when we were once down, we did not feel like trying again, just yet. Somewhat sorry, a good deal discouraged, and a little—just a little—relieved, because, now the mischief is done, it's useless to try again so soon.

There was once a child who began to be good regularly and seriously every Sunday morning; but if she was naughty Monday, which was often the case, she did not begin again till the next Sabbath morn, and, to tell the truth, she seemed to like the naughty end of the week best, for then she did not have to watch herself lest her faults got the better of her. Her trouble was very much like the trouble of all who look back to-day upon the broken resolutions of the opening year. The habit of trying was not so fixed as to make it second nature. It was irksome to try. It was for her, and is for all of us, easy to do that to which we are most accustomed. Naughty five days out of seven make being good the other two days a dreadful task.

We are wrong to wait for times and seasons—for New Years, for Lent, for birthdays, for any day but to-day, in which to try again. You ought not to do this. God is no nearer on one day than another. He loves you as well to-day as the day you resolved to be a better child. He will love you never better in all your whole life long than he loves you to-day. God's time is now. Over and over again you must begin, no matter what the mistake or the sin; no matter how bad you have been, or how ashamed you are.

There will never be a better time than now to start again.

And if to-day you start, and to-day you fall, then again to-day you must begin anew. The habit must be to go on, not to wait. The train off the track, when set back upon the rails, does not wait till its time of starting on the next day, or the next day after that. It makes all speed onward to redeem the lost time. If we fall in the race we must up and on. The victory over self and sin lies before us—never behind. How many of us, alas! have already fallen from our New Year's courage and faith and endeavour! How many of us, old and young, are ready, the moment they read this, to say, "With God's help, I am going on"—"With God's help, I am going to be what I meant to be at the opening of the year!"—S. S. Classmate

C. L. S. O.

THE latest Chauauqua development is the "Town and Country Club," a branch of the "C. L. S. C." for the especial benefit of young people, designed to help them to see the charm of country life, to learn the value of out-door observation and study. Any young person able to read can join the "Club" at any time on the payment of 25 cents. All members will be expected to select from a prepared list one or more pieces of work to be done on the farm, in the garden, or in the house; to perform the work carefully and thoroughly, and send in a report in writing. This, combined with a light course of reading for the winter months, makes the scheme a prolonged object-lesson on the most important facts of agriculture.

None of this work extends over more than four months in the year, and none will take less than thirty

consecutive days, or rather parts of days. The work can be done at home, out of doors, in the garden, on the farm, in the front-yard before the village house, in the brook, in the fish pond, in the window, in the barn, in town or country, and all of it is easy, interesting and well worth the doing. The work may be in the care of a horse, a dog, a bird, some chickens, pigeons, or even carp in a pond. It may be the planting of some corn, some lettuce in a frame, flowers in a garden or in a flower-pot, or testing some seeds, or the care of a geranium in a raisin box in a tenement house window.

Persons desiring to join the "C. L. S. C." should send 25 cents to Miss K. F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J. The "Club" will be under the supervision of Mr. Charles Barnard, for many years a practical florist, and well known as a writer for children and as a contributor for *St. Nicholas*, *The Century* and other magazines.

The headquarters of the new Club will be at Houghton Farm, Mountainville, Orange county, N. Y.

For further information address Miss K. F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J.

THE BOYS WE NEED.

HERE'S to the boy who's not afraid
To do his share of work;
Who never is by toil dismayed,
And never tries to shirk.

The boy whose heart is brave to meet
The lions in the way;
Who's not discouraged by defeat,
But tries another day.

The boy who always means to do
The very best he can;
Who always keeps the right in view,
And aims to be a man.

Such boys as these will grow to be
The men whose hands will guide
The future of our land; and we
Shall speak their names with pride.

All honor to the boy who is
A man at heart, I say;
Whose legend on his shield is this,
"Right always wins the day."

EASTER SUNDAY AT FORT QU'APPELLE.

THE special correspondent of the *St. Pau Pioneer Press* writes:—"You have flowers, maybe, and fresh, feminine costumes, surely, in the shadows of your churchly spires this morning, but you haven't a bluer sky above nor a balmy air around you than we. As I write, the band of the Ninetieth Battalion is playing "Onward Christian Soldiers," and the voices of the troops, drawn up on three sides of a square, facing inward, blend with the brazen notes in as fervent, if not as cultured, harmony as the throats of any of your choirs can furnish.

THE TEMPERATURE IN CAMP.

In my last I said something about blue skies and balmy air. Twenty-four hours after such writing we were shivering under canvas with the thermometer registering twenty degrees below zero and the wind blowing—no, quite a hurricane, but more than a gale. Such a night as that spent by the troops last Monday will be remembered throughout the natural life of every participant. The suffering was intense, and the good humour with which the men—nearly all of them recruits—prepared during the morning for the long march of yesterday was really marvellous.

GORDON.

BY PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

HERE comes from the East, with its
clouds of wrong—
Oh! keen as the lightning's dart—
The shaft of a pain that shall quiver long
In Christian England's heart.

There comes from the East on the burdened
breeze
Such voices of woe and wail,
That beyond the bounds of the barrier seas
The face of the world grows pale.

Aye! pale with a sympathy deep as tears,
And a sorrow of bodiful gloom;
For the splendid sun of a hero's years
Death rounded in dark Khartoum!

He carried the banner of England high
In the flush of the Orient skies,
And the fervors of antique chivalry
Outflashed from his warrior eyes.

'Twas a Cœur de Leon's hand once more:
Which the Lion flag led on;
But the soul of the dauntless hero bore
The chrism of pure St. John.

O! hand of iron, but heart as sweet
As the rose's spring-tide breath,
We dream that its pulses of pity beat
In the very grasp of death.

And the outcast thousands for whom he
poured,
In the pauses of toil and strife,
Afar from the glitter of lance or sword,
The waters of love and life,

They are looking with moistened eyes to-day
On the streets his footsteps trod;
"Shall we meet him again," they softly say,
"In the wonderful city of God?"

He was left to die by steel or shot
In the core of the savage lands,
And be thrust away in a desert spot
Of the bald Egyptian sands.

But the reckless at home, and the traitor
abroad!
What matters it now to one
Who is resting at last in the peace of his God,
Beyond the stars and the sun?

Still comes from the East with its stormy
wrong—
Ah! keen as the lightning's dart—
The shaft of a pain that shall quiver long
In Christian England's heart.

Still comes from the East, on the mournful
breeze,
Low voices of woe and wail,
And beyond the bounds of the barrier seas
The face of the world grows pale.

A TRUE HISTORY OF TWO
BOYS.

BY THE REV. R. H. CRAIG

THEY attended the same school, sat
side by side on the same seats, vied
with each other in the same classes,
played the school-games together, and
were to each other as brothers. They
were ambitious, and often spoke of
the future "when they would be men
of distinction," and even in boyhood
began to plan about the best way of
obtaining a classical education, which
they considered indispensable to suc-
cess. Their fathers were men of
limited means, having to work hard
for the support of their children, and
never dreamed of giving their boys an
education higher than that furnished
by the common schools. In the village
school, however, these boys had an
excellent teacher, who taught them
more than how to read and write and
do sums. He inspired them with the
idea of working for themselves, and
fostered their ambition to rise in the
world without the help of others, by
using for that purpose all honourable
means with perseverance and a will.

Already each had got hold of a
Latin grammar, and they were conning

over "penna, penna: pennæ," to the
utter astonishment of their fellow-
pupils, while the still more puzzling
mystery was declared that the angle
A B C is equal to the angle D E F D,
and that x is equal to anything in this
world.

While quite young the boys left
school, taking charge of schools of their
own as teachers, but still pursuing the
path which to each seemed to point
out the way to the object of their
ambition. John had the credit of
being just a little brighter than his
fellow, but James had the reputation
of being a young man of excellent
character; and it was a matter of some
amusement to his rival to learn that
when he became a teacher, wishing to
mould the character of his scholars, he
had openly espoused the cause of tem-
perance and refused to touch, taste or
handle that which could hurt the body
or mind of others. John claimed to
be as temperate as James, but said he
would not run to such foolish extremes
by taking pledges, joining Rechabites,
and all that sort of nonsense.

And so these two young men struck
out in different directions. John
taught his school and read his Virgil
and Homer, and, when fatigued with
close study and late hours, sometimes
he refreshed himself with a glass of
wine.

"Pugh!" said he to the expostula-
tions of his friend, James, when they
happened to meet after two or three
years' separation, "if I never do worse
than to take a glass of wine, I do not
think much harm can come to me."

"That may be," said James, "but
so many do come to harm that I would
not run the risk for all the good it
does."

"Nothing refreshes me so much
after a hard night's study as a glass of
sherry," responded John, with earnest-
ness; "and I think if you but knew
the value of it you would try it.
Young men like us have so much
study to do that we must have some-
thing to keep up our strength; and I
hope we are not foolish enough to hurt
ourselves."

"I think my strength will last as
long as yours," said James; "besides,
when I do not feel the need, I do not
care to risk the danger. I can get
along well enough without such helps."

Years passed away, and I sought
the two young men. I knew where
to find one of them, but was not cer-
tain about the other. After many
enquiries I knocked at the door of an
obscure house in an obscure street, and
in response there came to the door a
man, John, who had the reputation of
being a fine scholar, knowing Latin
and Greek, Hebrew and Arabic,
French and German; but I noticed
that he had hard work to stand steadily
on his feet for the few moments I
spoke to him, and his tongue was
evidently too large for distinct com-
munication. He seemed an utter
wreck at thirty-five years of age, and
I turned away in sorrow and in shame.

I sought the lodgings of James. He
was a college graduate and was busy
preparing to stand a special examina-
tion for a high academic degree. He
showed me a "call" which he had
recently received from an important
church, urging him to become its
pastor, and he told me that the
probably would accept it. He was
still a temperance man—a man of
sterling principle and splendid mind;

and he still lives to prove that, to
become great, a man must rule his own
spirit and shun the very appearance
of evil.

"But what became of the other
young man?" you ask. The question
can be answered in a very few words.
About six months after I last saw him
he died suddenly in a fit of *delirium
tremens*, and was laid in a drunkard's
grave.

And so the history of these two
boys comes out in perfect harmony
with the principles of character which
each planted for himself. There is
little difficulty in predicting results;
"For whatsoever a man soweth that
shall he also reap. For he that sow-
eth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap
corruption; but he that soweth to the
spirit shall of the spirit reap life ever-
lasting."

PATRIOTIC HYMN.

BY REV. W. J. HUNTER, D.D.

GOD save our volunteers,
Hear thou our earnest prayers,
For one and all;
May they be bold and strong,
To fight against the wrong,
Nor let the fight be long,
Save our volunteers.

When dangers round them stand,
Defend with thy right hand
Our own brave boys;
Give them the victory, Lord;
For thee they draw the sword,
Drive back the rebel horde,
Save our volunteers.

Be thou their constant guide,
Keep close to thine own side,
Our noble sons;
In camp and battlefield,
Be thou their sun and shield,
To thee the praise we yield,
Save our volunteers.

Lord, hear us while we pray,
For lov'd ones far away,
Keep by thy power;
Give rest on glory bed,
Pillow the aching head,
Onward thyself hast said,
Save our volunteers.

NARROW ESCAPE.

THE author of "A Ride to Khiva"
gives this account of his sufferings
during his terrible winter journey
across the plains of Asiatic Russia,
when, carelessly neglecting to protect
his hands in his great mittens, he fell
asleep and woke to find them frozen.
His servant chafed them with snow,
but could not restore the circulation.

"It is no good," he said, looking
sorrowfully at me. "We must get on
as fast as possible to the station."

"How far off is it?" I inquired of
the driver.

"Seven miles," was the answer.
"Go as fast as you can!" I cried.
The pain, which by that time had
ascended to the glands under my arms,
had become more acute than any thing
I had hitherto experienced. Appar-
ently extreme cold acts in two ways
on the nervous system; sometimes,
and more mercifully, by bringing on
a slumber, from which the victim
never awakes; and at others by con-
suming him, as it were, over a slow
fire, limb by limb. In my suffering
each mile of the way to the station
seemed a league, and each league a
day's journey.

"At last we arrived. Hurrying to
the waiting-room, I met three Cossacks,
to whom I showed my hands. The
soldiers led me into an outer room,
and having taken off my coat and
bared my arms, they plunged them up to

the shoulders in a tub of ice and water.
However, there was no sensation
whatever, and the limbs, which were
of a blue colour, floated painlessly in
the water.

"The elder of the Cossacks shook
his head, and said: 'Brother, it is a
bad job; you will lose your hands.'
"They will drop off remarked an-
other, 'if we cannot get back the
circulation.'

"Have you any spirit with you?"
added a third.

"Nazar (the servant), on hearing
this, ran out, and brought in a tin
bottle containing naphtha for cooking
purposes, upon which the Cossacks,
taking my arms out of the icy water,
proceeded to rub them with the strong
spirit.

"Rub, rub, rub; the skin peeled
under their horny hands, and the
spirit irritated the membrane below.
At last a faint sensation like tickling
permeated the elbow joints, and I
slightly finched.

"Does it hurt?" asked the elder
Cossack.

"A little."
"Capital, brothers!" he continued
'Rub as hard as you can!' and after
going on with the friction until the
flesh was almost flayed, they suddenly
plunged my arms again into the ice-
water. I had not felt anything before,
but this time the pain was very acute.

"Good!" said the Cossacks. "The
more it hurts, the better chance you
have of saving your hands.' In a
short time they let me take them out
of the tub.

"You are fortunate, little father,"
said the eldest Cossack. "If it had
not been for the spirit, your hands
would have dropped off, if you had not
lost your arms as well."

"It was several weeks before I
thoroughly recovered from the effects
of my carelessness."—*Youth's Com-
panion*

BOOKS FOR POOR SCHOOLS.

WE beg to acknowledge receipt of
handsome donations of books for this
purpose from the Cherrywood Union
Sunday-school, per N. Burkholder,
Esq.; and from the Oakville school,
per Dr. Lusk. Such donations are
always welcome. We have many ap-
plications for help. Send books to
Rev. W. H. Withrow, Methodist Book
Room, Toronto.

A SPONGE GARDEN.

A HANGING garden of sponge is one
of the latest novelties in gardening.
Take a white sponge of large size, and
sow it full of rice, oats, and wheat.
Then place it for a week or ten days
in a shallow dish, in which a little
water is constantly kept, and as the
sponge will absorb the moisture, the
seeds will begin to sprout before many
days. When this has fairly taken
place, the sponge may be suspended by
means of cords from a hook in the top
of the window where a little sun will
enter. It will thus become a mass of
green, and can be kept wet by merely
immersing it in a bowl of water.

"How's your cold?" she asked. "I
don't know," he whispered. "I'm not
on speaking terms with it."

"What shall I do," asked a miserly
millionaire of his physician, "for a
tightness in my chest?" "Join some
charitable institution," said the doctor.

A PRAYER TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

HOLY Spirit, dwell with me,
Make me holy, like to thee;
Bring thou every thought of mine
Into harmony with thine;
Fix on Christ my steadfast gaze
Till I lose myself in praise.

Loving Spirit, dwell with me,
Make me loving, like to thee;
Let thy life in mine appear,
By sweet words that help and cheer;
With a sympathy divine,
Fill this narrow heart of mine.

Gentle Spirit, dwell with me,
I would meek and gentle be;
Spread within my heart abroad
Heavenly peace—the peace of God;
Calm my anxious, troubled breast,
Hush my spirit into rest.

Lowly Spirit, dwell with me,
I, myself, would lowly be;
Check, subdue my subtle pride,
Let it not within me hide;
From self-love, O set me free!
Take the place of self in me.

Mighty Spirit, dwell with me,
I, myself would mighty be;
May my every look and tone
Thy subduing power make known;
Of my heart the conqueror be,
Triumph over the sin in me.

Heavenly Spirit, dwell with me,
I would heavenly-minded be;
Upward lift this earth-bound soul,
Worldly thoughts and ways control;
Let my heart one sovereign own,
Christ its centre—Christ alone.

Joyous Spirit, dwell with me,
Make me joyous, glad and free;
Buoyant in the midst of care,
Jubilant through faith and prayer.
Show me Jesus, let his smile
All my earthly way beguile.

Glorious Spirit, fill thou me,
This poor heart I yield to thee;
Take me, body, spirit, soul,
Let thy life pervade the whole;
To its depths my being stir,
Print my Master's likeness there.

SIGHT-SEEING IN FLORIDA.

A TRIP UP THE ST. JOHN AND OCKLAWAHA—
THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH—A NIGHT
SAIL ON A STRANGE RIVER.
BY THE EDITOR.

THE grand tour in Florida, which no visitor should fail to make, is the trip up the St. John and Ocklawaha Rivers. For a hundred miles or so the St. John is too wide to be picturesque. It is rather a chain of lakes from one to three or four miles wide. But the steamers shoot shuttlewise from side to side, calling at the many plantations and winter resorts on either shore. Many of these are charming spots, embowered amid foliage of live oak, magnolia, and cypress, and as we approach the air is fragrant with orange bloom. Among the places which may be thus visited are Beauclerc, which, it is claimed, is the old settlement on the river; Mandarin, the winter home of Mrs. Stowe, surrounded by a beautiful orange grove; Magnolia, with its magnificent hotel, and Green Cove Springs, where is situated what is claimed to be the original "Fountain of Youth," the object of the vain quest of Ponce de Leon three hundred years ago. This is a sulphur spring of surprising clearness and of the uniform temperature of 76°, both in summer and winter. It is delightful to bathe in, and is highly recommended for rheumatic and other affections. The Upper St. John is far more interesting than its lower reaches. It is much narrower, and is exceedingly sinuous in character. Large steamers ascend as far as Enterprise and Sanford, 200 miles from Jackson-

ville, but for 200 miles further it may be penetrated by smaller craft. It is one of the few rivers in the world running north, so that while going up the river you are going down the country to ever more Southern and tropical regions.

A UNIQUE RIVER.

The trip, however, better worth making, if one cannot make the two, is the sail on the Ocklawaha. The best way is to take the train from Palatka, on the St. John to Ocala and Silver Springs. This is made in three or four hours—by the steamer it takes twenty. The descent of the river is made in fifteen hours, and chiefly in daylight. The river can scarcely be said to have any banks—the channel being for the most part simply a navigable passage through a cypress swamp. It is exceedingly narrow and tortuous, the overhanging branches often sweep the deck, and the guards of the boat rub bare in many places the trunks of the trees. In one spot the passage between two huge cypress trees is only twenty-two feet wide, and the steamer *Okahumkee* is twenty-one feet beam.

SILVER SPRINGS.

The greatest marvel of the trip is the famous Silver Springs. For nine miles one sails through waters clear as crystal, the bottom, at a depth of from ten to fifty feet or more, being distinctly visible. Shoals of fish glide by as in a vast natural aquarium, every motion, hue, and play of colour being vividly exhibited. At last this crystal stream flows into the discoloured Ocklawaha, and assumes its turbid character. Palms, palmettoes, black ash, water oaks, magnolias, and cypresses, fringe the banks, from most of which hang funereal plumes of Spanish moss, waving like tattered banners in the air. It is an utter solitude, save when a single crane or heron, or a flock of snowy-winged curlews flits across the forest vista.

THE ALLIGATOR AT HOME.

The chief excitement of the tourist is watching for alligators. One sharp-eyed girl counted twenty-five in a couple of hours. I did not see so many, but one was a huge fellow ten or twelve feet long. They lie basking in the sun till disturbed by the approaching steamer, when they quietly "wink their tails," and glide into the water. The pilot at the wheel ever and anon calls out "Gater on the right," "Turtle on the left," "Snake on a log," as the case may be. The mud turtles are of huge proportions and in numbers so great that one might suppose that a grand convention of all the turtles in the country was being held.

THE OCKLAWAHA BY NIGHT.

The most wonderful aspect of the river, however, is at night. Then on the top of the pilot-house is kindled in an iron vessel a fire of pitch-pine knots which throws a lurid glare far ahead on the river and into the abyssal depths of darkness on either side. The cypress trees thrust their spectral arms, draped with the melancholy moss, out into mid-stream, as if grasping at the little steamer as we pass. Anything more weird and awesome it is hard to conceive. Then the coloured deck-hands and waiters gather at the bow of the boat and chant their strange wild camp-meeting hymns and plantation songs, and one's memories of a

night sail on the Ocklawaha become among the most striking and strange of a lifetime.—*Globe*.

FAITH.

WHEN life was drawing to a close a little boy's theme was the love of God in Jesus. He spoke of mercy and of grace; of faith in God as his only foundation for the hope of going, when he died, to be with Jesus who died for him. Being visited a day or two before he died, by an unconverted relative of mature years, the relative asked him how he was. When he answered that he was very happy, though sick in body; that his faith kept him so, his relative said:

"I can't make you out. How do you get the faith you speak about?"

"O," said Charlie, "God gives it to me."

"Well," said his friend, "I don't understand. What is it like?"

"O," replied Charlie, it's just like this: 's'pose you were up stairs, and made a hole in the ceiling and spoke to me through the hole and told me that up there was better than being down here, and that you had got some beautiful things up there for me if I was to come—I should want to come, shouldn't I?"

"Well, yes, I think you would; but how would you know I had the things I spoke of?" said the interrogator.

"Well," replied the dying child, "I would be sure to know that you were there when I heard you speak. That's what faith is. Believing God's word when he speaks, and what he says without seeing what he promises. And God makes a good many holes, and speaks to 'most everybody, only they don't pay attention; and if they do hear, they want to see the things afore the time, and that ain't faith."

Thus did a child in years and grace, silence, with the word of faith, the gainsayer, and so passed away. Reader, hast thou faith as this little child—faith to trust God for the fulfilment of his promise? "Have faith in God."

SOME years ago an American minister published facts and figures intended to explode the miserable slander that ministers' sons never amount to anything. By statistics that could not be questioned he showed that the number of ministers' sons occupying prominent places of trust is larger in proportion than that of any other class of men. If that brother had not published his book until now he might have had a splendid "point." On the fourth of last month a Baptist minister's son laid down the reins of government at Washington, and they were taken up by the son of a Presbyterian minister. Arthur made an admirable President, and astonished everybody by the wisdom and dignity of his administration. And now we venture to predict that the Presbyterian minister's son will make one of the ablest and most upright and honourable Presidents that ever ruled over the American people. Now, just see if he doesn't. And this is just as good a place as any to say that we believe a number of the volunteers who have gone to the North-West are minister's sons. The major of the Queen's Own is a manse boy, and if he has inherited his late father's pluck the Half-breeds that cross his path had better be careful.—*Canadian Presbyterian*.

FISHING WITH A PIN.

WHEN I was a "little shaver," with a straw hat badly worn, (All the crown deep-crushed and dented, and the brim cross-stitched and torn,) I used to go a-fishing, and sometimes wading partly in Where the stream was very shallow, to catch fishes with a pin.

I would take a pin and bend it to the much desired crook— For it took a full size penny if I bought a steel-made hook— And when the worm was on it, it was happiness "run o'er," Just to hold it in the water with one foot upon the shore.

I could not land a big fish—but my wishes then were small, And the big boys with their steel hooks sometimes caught no fish at all; But I often get a "nibble"—though I sometimes used to wait And watch in vain—then look, and see the capture of my bait.

But luck some days was better, and the shoals of small fry came, And when I pulled the line out it was not without its game. A "red-fin" or a shiner, I lifted out upon the grass, And felt the thrill of greatness o'er my moistened forehead pass.

True, I've fished with better weapons, and in more exalted ways, Since I used the feeble pin-hook in the long vanished days. But I never took the pleasure in the landing of a "fin" That I took in early childhood just in "fishing with a pin."

QUESTIONS AND REFLECTIONS FOR SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

Do I do my duty as a teacher? Do I feel as deeply interested in the future well-being of the children whom I teach as I ought? Do I think of them, so soon to go out into the world to meet its trials and temptations, and do I pray that they shall not be drawn into sin? Do I remember that the criminals, drunkards and Sabbath-breakers of to-day were once the innocent and pure children of promise, making home and parents happy? Do I know that these, weakened as they are, by vice and immorality, will soon pass away, and their places will be filled from among this generation? It may be from among some to whom I have failed to do my duty as a teacher.

Dear teachers, let us think of these things, and let us pray and teach as we have never done.

Let us constantly bear the dear children in the arms of prayer and faith before the Mercy Seat, that having their minds well filled with the word of life, they may be able to stand when "the evil days come."

"STOP-AWHILE."

THERE is growing in Africa a thorn called "stop-awhile." If a person once gets caught in it, it is with difficulty he escapes with his clothes on his back, for every attempt to loosen one part of his dress only hooks more firmly another part. The man who gets caught by this thorn is in a pitiable plight ere he gets loose. You would not like, would you, boys, to be caught in this thorn? And yet many, I fear, are being caught by a worse thorn than "stop-awhile." Where do you spend your evenings? At home, I hope, studying your lessons, and attending to mother's words; for if you have formed a habit of spending them on the streets with bad boys, you are caught in a thorn far worse.

TIM'S DAISIES.

HE was only a little "street Arab!"
Ragged and friendless! Ah, yes!
Unused to life's sunniest pathway,
Unused to its love and caress;
For she who had loved him—the mother
Whose arms round him once, long ago,
Had clasped themselves closely—all winter
Had lain 'neath the beautiful snow.

But the months passed away, and the spring-time

Came on with its bud and its bloom,
And the zephyr of May, softly blowing,
Scattered far o'er the earth their perfume.
And then came a day dawning brightly,
When soldiers brought flowers to spread
With love and with honour of loyal,
O'er the graves of the hero dead.

And poor little Tim, sadly thinking
Of his loved one, whose grave was unknown,
Wandered there 'neath the pleasant spring
sunshine,

With tears in his eyes, all alone;
And he gathered the pretty white daisies,
For no other flowers had he,
And on the dear grave of his mother
He scattered them tenderly.

Only the simple white daisies!
Only the tears falling fast!
Only a boy's sad heart yearning
For mother-caresses long past!
Oh, fair were the buds and the blossoms
Laid over the soldier-dead!
But as loyal and sweet were Tim's daisies
Over his mother's low bed.

—*Youth's Companion.*

THE MILKMAIDS OF DORT.

GIRLS often declare that boys have all the fun. Well, they certainly do seem to get the larger share of it in a good many ways. Then, when they grow up, they are very apt, too, to carry off all the honours, the literary fame, the military glory, the professional success, while the girls are left at home to do worsted-work.

Now and then, however, the girls come to the front in art, in literature, in science and even in war. You all know how Joan of Arc led the armies of France to victory, and how Moll Pitcher stood at the mouth of her cannon, pouring confusion into the British ranks.

Not so great as these women of martial fame were the "Milkmaids of Dort," but still they have their place in history. If any of you ever go to Holland, the land of wooden dikes and windmills, it is quite possible that you may find yourselves some day in the ancient town of Dort, or Dordrecht. It is a grand old city. Here among these antiquated buildings, with their queer gables and great iron cranes, many an interesting historical event has taken place.

In the centre of the great market-place of Dort stands a fountain, and if you will look close you will see upon the tall pyramid a *relievo* representing a cow, and underneath, in sitting posture, a milk-maid. They are there to commemorate the following historical fact:

When the provinces of the United Netherlands were struggling for their liberty, two beautiful daughters of a rich farmer, on their way to the town with milk, observed not far from their path several Spanish soldiers concealed behind some hedges. The patriotic maidens pretended not to have seen anything, pursued their journey, and as soon as they arrived in the city, insisted upon an admission to the burgo-master, who had not yet left his bed. They were admitted, and related what they had discovered. The news was spread about. Not a moment was lost. The Council was assembled;

measures were immediately taken; the sluices were opened, and a number of the enemy lost their lives in the water. Thus the inhabitants were saved from an awful doom.

The magistrates in a body honoured the farmer with a visit, where they thanked his daughters for the act of patriotism which saved the town. They afterward indemnified him fully for the loss he sustained from the inundation, and the most distinguished young citizens vied with each other who should be honoured with the hands of the milkmaids. Then, as the years went by, the fountain was erected, and the story commemorated in stone.—*Harper's Young People*

GO HOME, BOYS!

Boys, don't hang around the corners of the streets! If you have anything to do, do it promptly, right on, then go home. Home is the place for boys. About the street corners and at the stables they learn to talk slang, and they learn to swear, to smoke tobacco, and to do many other things which they ought not to do. Do your business and then go home. If your business is play, play and make a business of it. I like to see boys play good, earnest healthy games. If I were the town I would give the boys a good spacious play-ground. It should have plenty of soft green grass, and trees and fountains, and broad space to run and jump, and to play suitable plays. I would make it as pleasant, as lovely as it could be, and I would give it to the boys to play in; and when the plays were ended, I would tell them to go home. For when boys hang round the street-corners and the stables, they get flouchy and listless. Of all things, I dislike a listless boy or girl. I would have a hundred boys like a hundred yachts, with every spar straight and every rope taut, the decks and sides clean, the rigging all in order, and everything ready to slip the cable and fly before the wind, when the word comes to go. But this cannot be if you lounge about the streets, and loaf about the corners, and idle away your time at the stables and the saloons.—*Anon.*

HOME INFLUENCE.

THE future of our country depends upon the youth of the land. While education, then, in the usual sense of the word, should be highly valued, at the same time our people should not forget the most important education of home influence, and home discipline.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

A.D. 66] LESSON VIII [May 24.

THE FAITHFUL SAYING.

1 Tim. 1. 15-20; 2. 1-6 *Commit to memory vs. 15-17.*

GOLDEN TEXT.

This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. 1 Tim. 1. 15.

OUTLINE.

1. A Faithful Saying, v. 15, 16.
2. A Solemn Charge, v. 17-20.
3. An Earnest Exhortation, v. 1-6.

TIME.—A. D. 66, when Paul was at liberty after his first imprisonment.

PLACES.—Perhaps written from Macedonia, to Timothy, who was at Ephesus.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Faithful saying*—"A full,

trustworthy proposition." *All acceptance*—Acceptation entire and by all. *I am chief*—"A chief, one of the first"—(*Whedon, Com.*) *For this cause*—Having this in view. *King eternal*—Literally, king of the ages. *This charge*—Namely, to war a good warfare (v. 18.) *Holding*—Emphatic, in no case surrendering. *Delivered unto Satan*—A form of Christian excommunication declaring the person reduced to the state of a heathen. *Supplications*—The expression of felt need. *Prayers*—Asking divine favour. *Intercessions*—In more immediate and personal entreaty.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That there is salvation for the chief of sinners?
2. That a godly life is pleasing to God?
3. That all men have a mediator in Jesus?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What saying is faithful and worthy of all acceptance? That Christ came to save sinners. 2. What should we hold? Faith and a good conscience. 3. What should be made for all men? "Supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks." 4. What will God have? "All men to be saved." 5. What did Christ do? "Gave himself a ransom for all."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The mediation of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

10. What more does the New Testament teach us about our tempers and dispositions? To be meek and lowly, patient under sufferings, and kind to all men. Matt. xi. 29; Gal. vi. 10; James i. 4. [Rom. xii. 12-18; Eph. iv. 32; 2 Peter i. 5-8.]

A. D. 67.] LESSON IX. [May 31.

PAUL'S CHARGE TO TIMOTHY.

2 Tim. 3. 14-17; 4. 1-8. *Commit to memory vs. 15-17.*

GOLDEN TEXT.

The holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation. 2 Tim. 3. 15.

OUTLINE.

1. The Holy Scriptures, v. 14-17.
2. The Faithful Teacher, v. 1-5.
3. The Crown of Righteousness, v. 6-8.

TIME.—A. D. 67, while Paul was a prisoner in Rome the second time, and expecting martyrdom.

PLACES.—Paul at Rome, Timothy at Ephesus.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Holy Scriptures*—The Old Testament. *All Scripture*—Literally, "Every Scripture inspired by God is also useful." *Doctrine*—Positive truth. *Reproof*—Refutation of error. *Before God*—This charge has the nature of an oath; the disciple being bound before God to do certain things. *Quick*—living. *Itching ears*—Desiring to be gratified with something pleasant. *Full proof*—"Fully perform thy ministry." *To be offered*—"I am already poured out," pointing to the drink-offering of wine which accompanied the sacrifice. *Good fight*—Not a good fight, but the good fight; that is, the maintenance of the Christian faith.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. The right time to begin the study of God's word?
2. The right use of God's word?
3. The reward of faithful service?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What are the Holy Scriptures able to do? Make us wise unto salvation. 2. How is Scripture given us? "By inspiration of God." 3. For what is Scripture profitable? Doctrine, reproof, correction, instruction in righteousness. 4. What did Paul charge Timothy to do? "Preach the word." 5. What is laid up for those who love God? "A crown of righteousness."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The inspiration of Scripture.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS

11. Does the gospel give rules for outward conduct? Yes; it gives us precepts for a godly life in all states and conditions. [1 Tim. vi. 3; 2 Tim. iii. 16; Titus ii. 1-12.]
12. What precepts are there for husbands and wives? Eph. v. 25; Eph. v. 22; Titus ii. 4, 5.

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