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THE LITTLE SAINTS' HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. III

TORONTO, MAY 5, 1883.

No. 9.

JESUS WALKING ON THE SEA.

WHEN the people had finished eating, Jesus told His disciples to get into a ship, and go to the other side of the sea of Galilee. Then He sent away the multitude and went up to a mountain alone, and there He spent many hours in prayer. Jesus was weak and tired; but He was never too tired to pray, nor to do good to any who came to Him. But where were the disciples all the time? They were in the ship in the midst of the sea. And they were in great danger, for the wind was high and the sea was rough, and the ship was tossed with the waves; and Jesus was not there to comfort and take care of them. But He had not forgotten His disciples; He had seen them all the time; and now, when they were in sorrow and danger, He came to help them. How did He come? Did He get into a ship, and sail to them across the sea? No; Jesus did not want a ship to take Him across; He came to them "walking on the sea." But did He not sink into the water? No; He had made the sea, and He could do as He pleased with it. The waves did not bend under His feet; He walked on firmly, and came near to the ship. The disciples saw Him coming, but they did not know Him at first, and they thought an evil spirit was coming to hurt them, and cried out for fear. Then Jesus spoke gently to them, and said, "It is I, be not afraid." The disciples knew His voice directly; and how glad they were to have Him with them again! Peter was so glad that He said, "Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come to Thee on the water." Jesus answered, "Come," so Peter came down out of the ship and walked upon

the water to go to Jesus. But could Peter walk upon the water as Jesus did? Not by his own power; but he looked in faith to Jesus, and Jesus enabled him to walk on safely. But the wind was very high and the waves

upon the water, he began to sink; because then he did not trust himself to Jesus' care. But Jesus did not let Peter sink, He put out His hand and caught him, saying, "O thou of little faith, why didst thou doubt?" Then

Jesus can take care of His people now, as He took care of His disciples on the stormy sea. He is with them in all their troubles and sorrows, and they may trust everything to Him, and never feel afraid. But when they

are in difficulty, they must look in faith to Him for help and strength, not to themselves, nor to anything on earth, remembering that Jesus says, "Without me, ye can do nothing." John xv. 5 — *Young People's Bible History.*

FIGHTING TRIFLES

WHAT a world of trouble, time, and nerve irritation would be saved, if boys, and men too, would learn to never mind trifling annoyances. Only the other day we overheard one boy telling another what a third boy had said about him, and urging him to "lick him." "Oh," said the second boy, "t'ian's worth minding. He knows it isn't so, and I won't stoop to his level by taking any notice of it." We inwardly thought, "that's a very wise head on young shoulders."

It reminded us of two men, one of whom started on a foot journey of 150 miles or so. Two days later the other man followed in the same road, and on the fourth day overtook the first one. The latter remarked: "This is the worst and slowest road I ever travelled. There is the greatest lot of snarling, barking little dogs I ever saw, and it has taken half my time to drive them off." "Why," said the second man, "I didn't pay any attention to them, but came right along as if they weren't there." Half the time of many boys and men is wasted in fighting trifles.

A certain judge was always sure of meeting some cutting or sneering remarks from a self-conceited lawyer



JESUS WALKING ON THE SEA.

were very rough, and when Peter saw this, he was afraid, and beginning to sink, he cried, "Lord save me." While Peter kept his eyes on Jesus, he was safe; but when he looked down

He brought Peter safely into the ship; and directly they were come into the ship the wind ceased; and the disciples worshipped Jesus, and said, "Truly Thou art the Son of God."

there." Half the time of many boys and men is wasted in fighting trifles.

when he came to a certain town in his rounds. This was repeated one day at dinner, when a gentleman present said: "Judge, why don't you squelch that fellow?" The Judge, dropping his knife and fork, and placing his chin upon his hands, and his elbows upon the table, remarked: "Up in our town a widow woman has a dog that, whenever the moon shines, goes out upon the stoop and barks and barks away at it all night." Stopping short, he quietly resumed eating. After waiting some time, it was asked, "Well, Judge, what of the dog and the moon?" "Oh, the moon kept right on."

A BOY'S BARGAIN.

"SHINE! Shine 'em up, boss?"

"No!"

"First-class shine for a nickel!"

"No. Shut the door!"

The cold, damp air of a stormy November day blew in, chilling my office and wetting the floor with sleet, so I spoke rather sharply to the unwelcome intruder.

The door closed slowly, and I went on with my work, supposing the boy had gone out, but presently, to my surprise, on looking up for a moment, I found he was still standing by the radiator, warming his dirty, red hands.

"Boss," he said, "I am cold. Can't I stay and get warm?"

I nodded assent, and was about to take up my pen once more, but some touch of pathos in the tone of the young voice caught my attention, and I turned to look at the speaker. He was only a child, but the life of the streets had already given a shrewd and anxious expression to his face.

His thin, poor clothes were outgrown and outworn, his bare ankles showing below his ragged trowsers, and his bare toes sticking out from his ragged shoes.

He was wet through, and looked as though he might be hungry as well as cold, and yet he had cheery, self-reliant air, as if he knew how to bear hardship without whining about it.

"Young man," said I, "you ought not to be out in this weather. Your feet are soaked, and you'll be having sore throat first thing you know."

He turned a quick glance upon me, half-inquiring, half-distrustful, and then, finding I was really concerned about him, his face softened, and coming over to my desk, he held up the wreck of a shoe, from which the sole was half-ripped off.

"Mister," he said, "I do want new boots bad; that's a fact. I've got forty cents, and if I could get a dollar and ten cents more, I'd buy a good pair of second-handers."

"Forty cents isn't much toward a dollar and a half. How can you raise the rest of the money?"

"Well, if I could get two or three gentlemen to make a bargain with me, I might do it."

"A bargain! What sort of a bargain?"

"There used to was a gentleman in this here office as made bargains with me. Mr. Porter his name was, and he let me have a dollar, last winter, to get these shoes I've got on now."

"Mr. Porter? Yes, there was a Mr. Porter in this office before I took it; but I've heard he died some time last spring."

"Yes, he's dead, and I went to the funeral; leastways, I stood outside on the walk. He was a friend to me, he was; took me into his Sunday-school

class, and put a present for me onto the Christmas tree. It was a Santa Claus tree, but I knew who the Santa Claus was, well enough."

"I've understood that Mr. Porter was a very kind-hearted man, given to good works."

"He was so, Mister! He was the one as made bargains with me."

"You haven't told me what these bargains were like."

"Well, you see, he trusted me with a quarter, or sometimes as much as a dollar, and I worked it out—gave him a square shine every day for twenty cents a week. Wasn't that fair?"

"It was fair enough, if you kept your part of the bargain."

"Yes, boss, I know where the hitch is. Nobody don't trust us little rats, 'fraid we'll go back on you; and right you are, mostly."

"Didn't you ever go back on Mr. Porter?"

"You bet I didn't! I ain't one of that kind, and besides, he taught me better. No, sir, we made fair bargains, and I stuck to 'em, I did! That's business, ain't it?"

"Yes that's business. And now you want to make one of your bargains with me, for a dollar, do you?"

"There's a pair o' boots down in Carter's Alley as I can get for a dollar and a half, and I ain't got but forty cents. It is so rainy and drizzly this week that I hain't made my hash for three days. Nobody don't want a shine such weather as this, so there ain't much chance of gettin' them boots unless I could make a bargain for a dollar and ten cents."

"If you should get the money and buy the boots, what would you do for 'hash,' as you call it? Do you live at home?"

"Don't live nowhere. But that's nothing. I'd go short of my feed to get the boots. Done it many a time, and can again."

"Suppose I make a bargain with you for part of the money, can you get any other gentleman to advance you the rest?"

"Mister, I ain't askin' folks to trust me any more. It ain't no use, and they'd only think I was a fraud. I told you about it along o' him; he used to set just where you're a setting' now."

"Well, my boy, you haven't asked me to trust you; but your old friend had faith in you it seems, and so will I. Here is half a dollar, which you can work out by the week, and here is a dime, free gift, towards the boots. Now, for the rest. Take my card in to Mr. Newell, next door, and he and his partner will also make a bargain with you, at my request."

"Mister, I thought, somehow, you'd help me, 'cause he used to. I remember once his sayin' to me, 'A good deed never dies.' I didn't know what he meant at the time, but I do now. I'll come in every day and give you a parlor shine, see if I don't."

Mr. Newell and I usually took lunch together, and when I met him, the following day, he was inclined to rally me about my bargain.

"Your boy hasn't turned up to-day," he said, "You don't fancy you'll ever see him again, do you?"

"Certainly!" I replied. "I believe he's an honest little chap, and will keep his word."

I spoke confidently, but it was in spite of some fear of my own that my experiment might turn out a failure.

About four o'clock, however, the boy

came in, much to my satisfaction. He had his new boots on, and seemed quite proud of them, but he was very quiet, and not at all talkative. I thought he was not looking well, but he did not complain, and I neglected to question him.

The next day was Sunday, and on Monday I was out of town. Tuesday, at lunch time, Mr. Newell mentioned that my boy had not been in, smiling, as if to say, "I told you so."

I looked for the little fellow that afternoon with a good deal of interest, and, when obliged to close my office without seeing him, was much disappointed. On Wednesday I watched and waited again, but again he failed to appear. My neighbor next door, made some jesting remarks at my expense, but, on the whole, was very patient, considering the circumstances. Toward the close of the week, I mentioned the matter to him myself, and said I was afraid the boy might be sick.

"Yes," said Mr. Newell, "sick of his bargain. We've seen the last of him. Pity, too! Bright boy! But what can you expect? They are all alike."

I was obliged to acknowledge that my friend was probably right, and very sorry I was to come to that conclusion. It was not the loss of the dollar that troubled me, though no one likes to be defrauded out of even a trifle, but I had taken a fancy to the child, felt an interest in him, believed in him, and wanted to serve him. I liked his looks; thought he had a good, honest face and true eyes, and to be forced to admit that I had been deceived, that my *protege* was a common little cheat, was really quite a severe trial.

A busy man, however, has little time for regret in this world, and after a few days my boy and his bargain began to fade from my mind. At the end of about a week, as nearly as I can remember, coming down town late one morning, I found a lady waiting for me. I had never seen her before and she had evidently never seen me, for, after looking at me closely a moment she said:

"I think you must be the gentleman I am seeking?"

I replied that I hoped so, if I could serve her in any way.

"It is not for myself," she answered; "but I am one of the visitors at the Children's Hospital, and there is a patient in my ward very anxious to see a gentleman whose name he doesn't know, but who has an office here, as nearly as I can follow the directions."

"A boy of nine or ten years, with a pleasant smile and bright blue eyes?"

"He is too sick to smile, but he's about that age, and certainly has blue eyes. He has been in a high fever and delirium for ten days, and, now that his mind is clear again, he is sorely troubled about some bargain he has made, which he cannot keep."

"That's my little friend. His bargain is with me, and I'm very grateful to you for coming to me. I will go to him at once, and shall be only too glad to do anything I can for him."

Excusing myself for a moment, I ran and opened Mr. Newell's door, calling out:

"I've found my boy. He's sick in the Children's Hospital."

"You don't say so!" he exclaimed! "Delighted to hear it! That is, of course, I'm sorry he's sick, but glad you've heard from him. Fact is, I couldn't bear to think that little fellow

could be a fraud. Here's five dollars to help take care of him."

I said the hospital would take care of him, and I would see he did not want for anything, but he insisted I should take the money, and give it to the hospital if the child did not need it.

On the way up town, I asked the lady visitor if her patient was in a dangerous condition, and she replied that the doctor considered the case a critical one. The child had suffered from exposure and hardship, until his constitution had been undermined, and the fever had left him so low it was questionable whether he had vital force enough to get up again.

On arriving at the hospital, I was shown into a plainly-furnished but pleasant reception-room, while my guide went to prepare her charge to see me. She presently returned and conducted me to a large, well-lighted, cheerful room, with a row of five white little beds on each side. I looked along from one to another, but did not recognize my boy.

Some of the patients were propped up, looking at picture books, or trying to read, and others were lying, pale and still, seemingly asleep, but there was no one among them that I knew.

When the lady stopped beside one of the beds, and lifting up a thin wasted hand from the counterpane, said, "The gentleman is here, my child," I felt sure that some mistake had been made, and that the sick boy was not my little debtor, after all. His hollow cheek was as colorless as the snowy pillow against which it rested, and there was an innocent, child-like expression upon his features, so utterly different from the sharp, wary shrewdness, that I could not believe him to be my little street Arab.

His eyes were closed, and he lay so quiet that he hardly seemed to breathe; but when I took his hand, he looked up in my face and a wan smile hovered around his pallid lips. Then I knew him, and I'm not ashamed to confess that for a moment my eyes dimmed and I could not trust myself to speak.

As I bent toward him, he whispered, so faintly that I could scarcely catch the words:

"I felt sure you'd come, mister, 'cause you was kind to me."

"Of course I'd come, and I've been anything but kind to neglect you so long."

"It's all right. I've been taken care of the best kind, but I wanted to tell you that I didn't mean to go back on my bargain."

"My dear boy, don't be troubled about that or anything else. I know you're honest and true, and I'm very, very glad to know it, too; but you mustn't think about business now. You have made friends all around you, and we all want you to get well very soon; so you must help us by trying to rest contented and free from care."

"Yes, everybody is good to me, and now that you know I've been sick, I'll be satisfied."

I sat with him a few minutes, and then the watchful nurse, seeing a flush coming to his cheek, warned me it was time to depart.

But I returned the next morning and visited him every day thereafter. He lingered between life and death for two weeks, and then I had the grateful satisfaction of telling him he was fairly out of danger.

As soon as he could be moved, we found a home for him in a quiet friend's

household, where he now is, and where the family care for him as they would for a son and a brother.

He gains but slowly, and has been shut up in the house all winter; but very soon now, he is going out on to a Chester county farm to spend the summer, and we hope he will then grow strong and be as well as ever.

He is already able to study a little, and takes an easy lesson or two every day. When we ask him what he is going to do in the world, he says:

"I'm going to work hard and make some money to help the poor little chaps that live in the streets. A good deed never dies."—*Golden Days*.

THE PRICE OF A DRINK.

BY MISS JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"FIVE cents a glass!" does any one think That that is really the price of a drink? "Five cents a glass," I hear you say, "Why that isn't very much to pay." Ah, no, indeed; 'tis a very small sum You are passing over 'twixt finger and thumb; And if that were all that you gave away, It wouldn't be very much to pay.

The price of a drink! Let him decide Who has lost his courage and lost his pride, And lies a grovelling heap of clay, Not far removed from a beast, to day.

The price of a drink! Let that one tell Who sleeps to-night in a murderer's cell, And feels within him the fires of hell, Honour and virtue, love and truth, All the glory and pride of youth, Hopes of manhood, the wreath of fame, High endeavor and noble aim, These are the treasures thrown away As the price of drink, from day to day.

"Five cents a glass!" How Satan laughed. As over the bar the young man quaffed The beaded liquor; for the demon knew The terrible work that drink would do. And ere the morning the victim lay With his life blood swiftly ebbing away; And that was the price he paid, alas! For the pleasure of taking a social glass.

The price of a drink! If you want to know What some are willing to pay for it, go Through that wretched teeming over there, With dingy windows and broken stair, Where foul disease, like a vampire crawls Withoutstretched wings o'er the mouldy walls. There poverty dwells with her hungry brood, Wild-eyed as demons for lack of food; There violence deals its cruel blow; And innocent ones are thus accused To pay the price of another's thirst.

"Five cents a glass!" Oh, if that were all, The sacrifice would, indeed, be small! But the money's worth is the least amount We pay; and whoever will keep account Will learn the terrible waste and blight That follows the ruinous appetite. "Five cents a glass! Does any one think That that is really the price of a drink?"

—N. O. Christian Advocate.

THE EVIL OF WAR.

IN a magnificent speech which he gave before 2,000 students, at his inauguration as Rector of the University of Glasgow, the great British Statesman, John Bright, spoke on this subject as follows:

Less than one-fifth of all our expenditure has been in our civil government, more than four-fifths has been expended on wars past, or wars present, or wars prepared for in the future. This very year, I suppose, the expenditure in military affairs will be very little short of £60,000,000 sterling (nearly \$10 for every man, woman and child in the kingdom.) I want to ask any sensible body of men whether it can be necessary that the wealth, the labour, the means, the comfort, and the happiness of the population of 35,000,000 of people of these islands should be taxed to the amount of this

tremendous and inconceivable expenditure. I ask you, then, what of the people and what of the millions we find in poverty and misery—what does it mean when all these families are living in homes of one room? To us, who have several rooms and all the comforts of life, it means more than I can describe and more than I will attempt to enter into. And as need begets need, so poverty and misery beget poverty and misery, and so in all our great towns, and not a little in some of our smaller towns, there is misery and helplessness such as I have described. There is much of it which excites in me, not astonishment only, but horror. The fact is there passes before my eyes a vision of millions of families—not individuals, but families—fathers, mothers, children, passing ghastly, sorrow-stricken, in never-ending procession from their cradle to their grave. I want to ask you whether the future is to be no better than the past. Do we march or do we not to a brighter time? For myself, as you know, it will not be possible for me to see it; but even while the sands of life are running out, it may be one's duty, if even in the smallest degree, to promote it. Upon you, and such as you, depends greatly our future. Look round you and see what exists, and endeavour, if it be possible, to give a better and a higher tone to our national policy for the future. Shall we strive to build up the honour—the true honour and the true happiness of our people on the firm basis of justice, morality, and peace? I plead not for the great and the rich; I plead for the millions who live in the homes with only one room. Can you answer me in the words which tell from the crowned minstrel who left us the Psalms—"The needy shall not always be forgotten, the expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever?"

THE WASTE OF THE DRINK TRAFFIC.

HAD we the complete statistics of the destruction of food in the manufacture of intoxicating drinks throughout Christendom, we would be overwhelmed with astonishment and dismay.

Thus does this hideous traffic take the food from the mouths of millions, and by an infernal alchemy transmute it into a loathsome draught which maddens and destroys mankind. This is no rhetorical figure, but a sober literal fact. During the horrors of the famine-year in Ireland—when hunger-bitten men and women were literally dying of starvation in the streets—the grain which God gave to supply the wants of His children was borne by waggon loads into the vast distilleries and breweries of Belfast (we have the testimony of an eye-witness to the fact), and there, for all the purposes of food, destroyed; nay, as if to aid the task of famine and of fever in their work of death, it was changed into a deadly curse, which swept away more human lives than both those fatal agencies together.

Dr. Lees thus eloquently describes the horrors of that famine-year: "Mobs of hungry, and often dissipated poor, paraded the streets, headed by drunken and infuriated women crying for bread. Was there at that period a natural and inevitable famine? No such thing? It was distinctly proved

that we had an ample supply of food for all the natural wants of the people, and that the impending horrors of starvation might be averted by stopping the breweries and distilleries in their work of destruction. Wasted and wailing children wandered through the streets; yet appetite went on to the next tavern and drank the bread of those innocents dissolved in gin. Famished mothers walked the village lanes, where bright scents and blossoms mocked their hunger. Respectability cast the hungered one a copper and passed on to drink its beer. The publican, while the voice of hunger and suffering ascended to the skies, still went on dispensing the pernicious product; above all, sanctioning all, waved the banner of the mistaken law. 'Licensed to destroy food and create famine.' That period of indifference is a blot upon our history—an indelible stain upon our patriotism and humanity. The work of waste and wickedness went on. Half a million of souls were sacrificed to the traffic."

The *Times* newspaper, speaking of this waste of food, says: "It is far too favourable a view to treat the money spent on it as if it were cast into the sea. It would have been better if the corn had mildewed in the ear. . . No way so rapid to increase the wealth of nations and the morality of society, as the utter annihilation of the manufacture of ardent spirits, constituting as they do an infinite waste and unmixed evil."

During the Lancashire cotton famine, when money flowed in from all English-speaking lands to relieve the starving operatives, the breweries were in full blast destroying the food of the people, and more money was spent in liquor in the famine district than would have maintained the entire population in comfort during the entire period of depression in trade. If any Government, at a time when the wail of famine rose upon the air, and gaunt-eyed hunger clamoured for bread, were to authorize the gathering of immense heaps of grain and its consumption to ashes, it would be hurled by an indignant people with execration from its place; yet it may permit the change of the same food to a death-dealing poison—a crime a thousand-fold worse—not only with impunity, but with applause.

The table of imports into Ireland during a period of scarcity, when the distilleries were closed, show that there was a greatly increased consumption of excisable articles; so we see that a year of famine, with prohibition, is better than a year of plenty without it.—*Withrow's Temperance Tracts*.

THE CHOICE MUST BE MADE.

YOUNG man, you are starting out in life; you have, as it were, two paths before you; the one is the path of virtue and happiness, the other of misery and woe; it is yours to choose which path you will travel; if you choose the first you may have a happy home and be surrounded by many friends; if you choose the latter, it may seem a pleasant path at first, but at last poverty and shame will stare you in the face; if you desire to travel in the first path, abstain from what can intoxicate and ruin you; if you desire to travel on the latter path, frequent the dram-shop,

drink the fiery poison, and you have a fair start on the road to destruction. It is at the dramshop that men start on the road to the almshouse, the jail, lunatic asylum, inebriate asylum, and many to the gallows. Young man, every dramshop is a snare of Satan; if you go there you are in danger of being caught. Shun it.

Some young men think that it makes them look more like men to have a cigar in their mouth, and be found in (what are termed) first-class saloons. They think that they drink like "gentlemen" when they drink in these fine agencies of Satan, but that is impossible. They will sooner or later become drunkards. Young man, if you would be happy, keep away from the dramshop. If the young men of the land would help the temperance cause, temperance would soon be the motto of every true American man. Young man, give this worthy cause your aid; it is needed to crush this monster evil.—*Good Templar's Gazette*.

A PINCH OF DUST.

ELLA WHEELER.

I READ of a king that sat on a throne, And ruled a nation in regal state, As great a king as the world has known Yet he had at last but a beggar's fate For he died; as each and all of us must, And his royal fame is a pinch of dust.

I read of a warrior of great renown, From ocean to ocean resounding his name With a sweep of his sabre he mowed men down, And the world cried "Bravo" and this was fame; But he died; as each and all of us must, And his sword is idle and red with rust.

Out of my reading I gathered this, As every reader and thinker must,— Power, and glory, and earthly bliss, Are nothing more than a pinch of dust.

THE HODMAN'S ROPE

HE felt the ladder swaying under him, and as he turned to descend, he found that the cord which bound in its centre the spliced ends of the two pieces of which it was composed was slowly unwrapping. Certain destruction was before him, for ascent, and descent were alike impracticable, and his height was such that a fall on the flags beneath—for it was a five-storey granite building—would have dashed him to atoms.

But at this moment he saw a rope tossed out to him from a window above. There was nothing behind that he could see, because the window was high and the descent almost vertical. He caught it, and hand over hand mounted upwards till at last he was safe. Two things saved him. Faith in the unseen hand that extended to him the rope and kept it afterwards firm, and human effort to first seize and then hold tightly on.

So, reader, it is with you. God's hand, it is true, is unseen in the tender of salvation made to you from the pulpit, in the reading of the Word, in the working of affliction; but it is unseen because it is past our vision, not because it is beyond our reach. But it serves you not without your faith; you must grasp it in order to hold it. And when you grasp it once, you must grasp it ever, hand over hand, till heaven be reached. Hand over hand, ever grasping, ever rising, dependent on grace alone, and at the same time by the very energy of your dependence mounting upwards.

LICENSED - TO DO WHAT ?

LICENSED to make a strong man weak ;
 Licensed to lay the wise man low ;
 Licensed a wife's fond heart to break,
 And make her children's tears to flow.

Licensed to do thy neighbour harm ;
 Licensed to kindle hate and strife ;
 Licensed to nerve the robber's arm ;
 Licensed to whet the murderer's knife !

Licensed thy neighbour's purse to drain,
 And rob him of his very last ;
 Licensed to heat his feverish brain,
 Till madness crown thy work at last.

Licensed where peace and quiet dwell,
 To bring disease and want and woe ;
 Licensed to make this world a hell,
 And fit man for a hell below.

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Pleasant Hours :

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS :

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

TORONTO, MAY 5, 1883.

DONATIONS OF RELIGIOUS READING.

A FEW weeks before last Christmas, the thought occurred to the editor of this paper of the desirability of sending to the Hospitals, Asylums, Poor-Houses and Prisons of our country, and to the lumbermen in the lumber camps remote from religious privileges, a donation of religious reading. The thought was mentioned to a friend who heartily approved of it, and expressed his practical sympathy by the generous donation of \$50. Other friends were appealed to, and the total amount of \$156.30 was contributed. Through the liberality of the Rev. Wm. Briggs, Book Steward of the Methodist Church of Canada, a large quantity of Sunday-school papers—back numbers of PLEASANT HOURS and Sunbeams and Methodist Magazines were given at about one-fourth the cost price. We were thus enabled to send out over \$600 worth of religious reading for the amount contributed.

We wrote in the first place to the Inspector of Prisons and Public Charities for Ontario, to the wardens of the prisons, to the physicians of the hospitals and asylums, and of other charities of the country—sending specimens of the papers, etc., proposed to be donated, and asking if they would be accepted and properly distributed. We received very hearty responses, in every case thankfully accepting the offer, and engaging to pay express charges on the donation.

Dr. Daniel Clark, Medical Superintendent Toronto Asylum for the Insane, wrote: "We would be very much pleased to have the papers and magazines you write about. No one outside can tell how much such things help to relieve the monotony of our wards to a large percentage. They, are virtually, news from the outside world."

Dr. O'Reilly, Medical Superintendent of the Toronto General Hospital, wrote: "Allow me to thank you for your kind letter and liberal offer to send us reading material for the patients. We shall be delighted to see that the papers are distributed properly. Should you care to visit the hospital at any time you will be welcome."

These are specimens of the very many responses received. A very busy day was spent the week before Christmas in sorting, packing, and shipping by express the bulky parcels of reading—and numerous letters have been received from the institutions to which they were sent expressing thanks for the donation. The following are a couple of examples:

The Superintendent of the Ontario Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville, writes: "Accept the grateful thanks of many of our pupils—those large enough to read—for your generous contribution of pamphlets and papers for Christmas and the holiday time. They were very suitable, and were much appreciated."

The Medical Superintendent of the Asylum for the Insane, Kingston, writes: "I have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of two parcels of reading matter you kindly sent to us as a Christmas donation. Both the magazines and papers are in the hands of many of our patients, and I assure you they are affording the readers much pleasure. We will be glad to receive any such reading matter you may be able to send us at any time; and we will gladly pay express or other charges on them."

THE LUMBER CAMPS.

In addition to the above donations, a large quantity of religious reading was sent to missionaries of our Church in the Muskoka region, on the Upper Ottawa, and in New Brunswick, who visit the lumber camps in those regions—for distribution among the lumbermen. In the case of these brethren, the express charges on the parcels were prepaid, as it was not deemed just to ask them to defray, out of their own pockets, those charges, in addition to the labour of distributing them. The Rev. H. F. Bland, Chairman of the Pembroke District, who made an appeal, through the Guardian, for such donations for the lumbermen, wrote: "Thank you much for the two packages of reading matter for the lumbermen. I will distribute them as soon as I can. Two Methodist Missionaries are now operating from Mattawa as a centre. The work will be more thoroughly done this year than last."

We shall be happy to receive from the Missionaries in the lumbering regions an account of their success in the lumber camps.

The following is a list of the Institutions to which these donations were sent:

Home for Incurables	Toronto.
General Hospital	"
Asylum for Insane	"
Central Prison	"
Boys' and Girls' Homes, & Poor House	"

Magdalen and Mercer Reformatories	Toronto.
General Hospital	Hamilton.
Asylum for Insane	"
Protestant Orphan's Hospital	London.
General Hospital	"
Asylum for Insane	"
Penitentiary Hospital	Kingston.
House of Industry	"
General Hospital	"
Asylum for Insane	"
General Hospital	St. Catharines.
Institution for Deaf and Dumb	Belleville.
French Meth. Institution	Montreal.
Ladies' Benevolent Institution	"
City Hospital	Halifax, N. S.
Asylum for Insane	"
Sailors' Home	"
Industrial School	"
Provincial Asylum	St. John, N.B.
Prov. Asylum	Charlottetown, P.E.I.

The applications of several other Institutions came to hand too late, as the distribution was made so that it might be received before Christmas.

Supplies of reading for lumbermen, most of whom pass the winter far from any religious privileges, were sent to the Rev. Chas. Fish, Bracebridge; Rev. W. A. Strongman, Port Carling; Rev. H. F. Bland, Pembroke; Rev. S. Houghton, Mattawa; Rev. C. W. Hamilton, Boistown, N. B.; Rev. J. Goldsmith, Naaswaak, N.B.; and Rev. T. Stebbings, Stanley, N. B.

The Rev. Hugh Johnston, M.A., B.D., Pastor of the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, kindly assisted the writer in allotting the donations to the several institutions; and in no case were they sent except upon the definite promise that they would be properly distributed. Richard Brown, Esq., kindly audited the accounts.

The following is a list of the contributors to this donation, to whom it must be a satisfaction to know that for a comparatively small sum of money, a large amount of good reading has been distributed, from which, under the blessing of God, great spiritual benefit, we trust, may result. The heartfelt thanks of many a sick person, whose hours of pain have been cheered, of many a prisoner in his lonely cell, of many a lumberer in his distant camp, we doubt not, will be theirs.

John Macdonald, Toronto	\$50 00
John McAree, "	2 00
S. Lelean, Port Hope	1 00
Isaac Simpson, Kingston	2 00
R. Wilson, Cobourg	2 00
Dennis Moore, Hamilton	5 00
John Skinner, Hamilton	1 00
A Friend, Pinal	2 00
Wm. Gooderham, Toronto	5 00
Smith & Fudger, "	5 00
W. H. Austin, Trenton	2 00
Rev. S. Might, Prescott	5 00
Stewart Wilson, Picton	10 00
A Friend, Elfrida	5 00
W. H. Withrow	5 00
Ralph Brecken, Charlottetown, P.E.I.	5 00
L. S. Beer, Charlottetown, P.E.I.	20 00
F. W. Watkins, Hamilton	5 00
J. M. Treble, Toronto	5 00
Annie Mellick, "	1 00
Mrs. F. Vaux, Ottawa	5 00
Anonymous	1 00
Dr. Rosebrugh, Toronto	2 00
J. Bowes, Hamilton	2 00
T. Rogers, St. Marys	5 00
Maple Grove S. S.	1 30
A Friend of the Afflicted	1 00
W. H. Cross	1 00

\$156 30

Less 25c exchange on L. S.

Beer's cheque 0 25

\$156 05

This report has been crowded out of earlier issues for lack of space.



A PICTURE THAT MADE A MISSIONARY.

THERE has seldom been given a better illustration of the influence of pictures than is afforded by a story which accompanies the engraving on this page. The Rev. Mr. Richardson, of Madagascar said in a recent speech that when he was a boy, only seven years of age, he saw a picture in the *Juvenile Missionary Magazine*, representing the martyrdom of Christians in Madagascar by throwing them from a high rock to the plain below. The picture, with its story, impressed the lad so much that he said to his teacher, "Oh! teacher, if ever I am a man, I will go and be a missionary there." Seventeen years after this, when he had finished his studies and was ready for service, he said, "Of course I go to Madagascar, because that story made me a missionary." A late number of the *Juvenile Missionary Magazine* has reproduced the picture, and we have here a copy of it. It shows how, in the days of persecution in Madagascar, the Christians were suspended by a rope over a precipice, and after hanging there for a while, the rope was cut, letting the victims fall to meet instant death. Many Christians perished in this way, and others were speared or poisoned. Some of the brightest stories of faithfulness, even unto death, are to be found in the history of the converts in Madagascar.

The other day a veteran Sunday-school worker and class-leader said to the present writer—"There has not been a quarter for thirty years in which three or four persons have not come out from the world and joined my class." Just think of it—the honour and privilege of helping on in their spiritual life from 360 to 480 souls. What a glad meeting in the better world to greet those whom we have been enabled to help here! What an encouragement to Christian workers. Oh, brethren, when worn and weary and disheartened think of the reward! "Let us not grow weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."



CHINESE CHILDREN.

NATIVE SCHOOLS IN CHINA.

THE Chinese think a great deal about education. The Emperor appoints school examiners all over the country, and no one can become a great man who has not studied diligently for many years. Of course only a few of the boys who go to school can get the Government appointments, which the Emperor gives to those who pass the best examinations; but all, even the poorest, may try for them, and so every one is encouraged to go to school and study.

They have not large school-houses and play-grounds; not more than thirty or forty boys learn together in the same school, which is generally held in one small room. A Chinese boy goes to school when he is about eight years old. He looks very unlike an American school-boy, with his loose, blue clothing, his shaven head, and wee pig-tail.

WHAT A CHINESE BOY TAKES WITH HIM TO SCHOOL.

Besides his books he always carries a fan. When he comes to school for the first time, he must bring incense sticks, candles and paper money to burn as an offering to Confucius, whom the Chinese scholar is especially ordered to reverence. Copy-writing is very carefully taught in these schools, and it is a much more difficult task than your copy-writing. They are most particular about neat writing, and a piece of paper on which words are well written is so much admired that it is a favourite present to receive.

FIRST LESSON-BOOK.

As there is no alphabet, of course the scholar has not spelling-books, but, instead of this, lessons which are called "Character Classics." "The Thousand Character Classic" is a lesson-book with a thousand different words or signs. When the pupil knows these, he begins the study of the "Nine Books," being the writings of Confucius, Mencius and others; and he is thought to have made fair progress who can read these books well, after ten years of study. I wonder if you can guess the reason of one odd custom in a Chinese school. The boys are made to repeat their lessons with their backs turned to the master.

HOW THE GIRLS ARE TREATED.

Our little girl-readers would like to know something about the school-girls as well as the school-boys in China, but I am sorry to say there is nothing

to tell them; the girls are treated as quite a low order of beings, and though there are some stories in Chinese books of wise, clever women, it is not generally thought worth while to teach them reading or writing. One writer advises that they should be taught, but even he does not even think them much better than animals, for he says: "Monkeys may be taught to play antics; dogs may be taught to tread a mill; cats may be taught to run round a cylinder; and parrots may be taught to recite verses. Since then even birds and beasts may be taught to understand human affairs, how much more so may young wives, who, after all, are human beings."

There is no gladness in a Chinese family at the birth of a little girl, though friends and neighbours come together to rejoice when a boy is born. Parents think it a great disgrace to have only daughters in their family, and they fear the gods must be very angry to send them such a misfortune. And though it is almost too sad to believe, little baby-girls are sometimes put to death by their own parents, who do not want the trouble of bringing them up.

A GIRL SELDOM TAUGHT TO DO ANYTHING BUT TO USE HER HANDS.

A Chinese girl is seldom taught to do anything but to use her hands, to cook, weave, do embroidery, etc. She is taken away when quite a child from her own father and mother to be married, and then, unless she belongs to the poorer classes, she is seldom seen outside the house of her mother-in-law. Indeed you will not wonder at this if you remember their strange custom of cramping the feet of women to make them small. The mother begins to bind the foot when the little daughter is only two years old, and the bandages are worn for years, though some children die of the cruel pain. At last the poor foot loses all feeling, but it is crippled and almost useless. The small-footed girl cannot walk any distance without the help of a stick, and her hobble must indeed be painful to see. Yet the Chinese admire the walk of small-footed ladies, and say it is like "the waving of willow boughs in a breeze."

CHRISTIAN MISSION SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

Are you not thankful, dear girls, for your own loving mothers and happy homes, for your freedom to learn and play, to walk and run? Chinese girls are just as willing and as quick to

learn as their American sisters, when the opportunity is given them. There are now some schools in China, where girls are gathered together to learn, from gentle, patient teachers, lessons more precious than heathen masters can teach their pupils. These are the Christian Mission Schools for girls, of which several are connected with our Mission. We give a picture of a girl and boy of the Mission Schools.

A LITTLE ROGUE.

GRANDMA was nodding, I rather think. Harry was sly and quick as a wink. He climbed on the back of her great arm-chair, and nestled himself very snugly there. Grandma's dark locks were mingled with white. And quick this little fact came to his sight. A sharp twinge soon she felt at her hair, and woke with a start to find Harry there. "Why, what are you doing, my child?" she said. He answered: "I see pulling a basting thread."

THE PRISONER'S FRIEND.

IN connection with the report on another page, we beg to call attention to the following, as suggesting a sphere of usefulness in which many of our readers doubtless may take part. A Flower Mission or Reading Mission for the sick in the Hospitals would be especially interesting and beneficial, blessing both "him that gives and him that takes." The *Christian Union* gives a very interesting account of the Miss Linda Gilbert, who is emphatically the "prisoner's friend." Her interest was awakened, years ago, when young and residing in Chicago, by the beckoning of a hand through the grated cell window of the old prison of that city. A sad face met her view as she approached, and a sadder voice asked for something to read. Her mission was at once decided upon. She immediately began to supply books from her father's library for prisoners. Her first prisoner died in jail, saying to her, in his last moments, "Little girl, you have saved my soul; promise me that you will do, all your life, for the poor people in prison, what you have done for me." Of course she promised, and has kept her pledge faithfully. All through Cook County, Ill., she supplied libraries, and became familiarly known and respected by all the criminals, securing a singular power over them. Ten years ago she came to New York city, and has continued the same benign work there. Her own means are not large, but persons of wealth have placed money in her hands for the accomplishment of her mission, and she is full of noble plans for the reformation and reinstatement into virtuous society of the criminals that now scourge the community and fill our jails. Every good man and woman may well wish her God-speed in her eminently Christian enterprise.

THE recent accident which befel our beloved Queen has strongly manifested the deep solicitude and intense sympathy felt for her by all classes, even labouring men ceasing from their work and crowding with uncovered heads around the bulletin boards while one of their number read the successive bulletins about the state of her health. This incident beautifully illustrates Tennyson's lines in the dedication of his "Idyls of the King."

The love of all thy sons encompass thee,
The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,
The love of all thy people comfort thee,
Till God's love set thee at His side again.

DRINKS DOINGS.

A LARGE number of old pensioners of the British army, living in or near Toronto, were the other day paid the amounts of their pensions. Many of these were accompanied by their wives who saw them safely home, as unfortunately some of the old veterans have a weakness for drink. But many of them as soon as they were paid repaired to the taverns and drank with their old cronies and "fought our battles o'er again." As a consequence seven were arraigned at the Police Court next day, and two were robbed, one of \$22, the other of \$13 and a watch, and many squandered a large part of their half-year's pension. Is it not an outrage that unprincipled rumsellers are thus allowed to rob those old veterans by taking their scanty pension money and giving them that which ruins both body and soul?

R. A., a man of about forty-five years, died in Toronto, on Easter Sunday, from the effects of a prolonged debauch. He was a widower, with two daughters, the eldest of whom is 12. Two weeks before he had disposed of all his property, and after he had paid all his debts he had \$200 to the good. Since that time he had been drinking heavily, and on Saturday night when he returned to his home his little girls noticed he was very drunk. On going into his room in the morning his children found him lying dead in his bed. Who killed this man and made these children orphans? Was it not drink and the drunk-seller? If a druggist had sold him poison which had thus killed him, he would probably be tried for the offence. No one may sell arsenic or other drug without a doctor's order, but by paying a paltry license, a grogseller may acquire the right to take a father's last dollar for what will make his children orphans, and which destroys more lives than all the other poisons in the world! When will the people rise in their might and destroy this guilty traffic!

THE following note and answer will explain themselves: "Dear Sir,—The Rev. T. Crosby and his excellent wife are my 'ideal' of missionaries, and I would like very much to send them a word of cheer and a five-dollar bill occasionally, just when I had it to spare. Would you be kind enough to tell me the best way of doing it? I am not sure of their address, and do not know whether it would be safe to send money in a letter to the country. Please answer this in the PLEASANT HOURS, but I do not wish my name to appear." The address asked for is "Rev. Thomas Crosby, Port Simpson, B. C. Small amounts of money can be sent safely by mail registered. If the sums are for the "Home" or for the Mission, send through the Mission Rooms, so that the amount may be credited in the Annual Report. If sent through the Editor of PLEASANT HOURS, they will be acknowledged in this paper."

WE beg to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of 75 cents from the Adelaide Sunday School, per W. T. Gallo-way, for the Crosby Mission Boat.

THE Persians say of noisy, unreasonable talk: "I hear the noise of the mill-stones, but I see no meal."

SPARE HOURS.

IT is really astonishing what great results can be brought about by attending to spare moments. Young men, mechanics, clerks and others are apt to say they have no time for study! No time! Find it, then. Wind it up. There is time somewhere. Rely upon it there is time for vigorous self-improvement; and if there is only the will you certainly can find the way to get it. Georgu Stephenson found it, and hundreds of others besides him. A leaf out of the diary of Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, will show the mode he adopted to obtain knowledge.

Monday, June 18th—Suffering from headache; forty pages of Cuvier's Theory of the Earth, sixty-five pages French, *eleven hours forging.*

Tuesday, June 19th—Sixty five lines Hebrew, thirty pages French, ten pages Cuvier, eight lines Syriac, ten Danish, ten Bohemian, three Polish, fifteen names of stars, *ten hours forging.*

Wednesday, June 20th—Twenty-five lines Hebrew, eight Syriac, *eleven hours forging.*

Thursday, June 21st—Fifty-five lines Hebrew, eight Syriac, *eleven hours forging.*

Friday, June 22nd—Unwell; *twelve hours forging.*

Saturday, June 23rd—Unwell; fifty pages Natural Philosophy, *ten hours forging.*

There's work for a week! 65 hours at the anvil! more than enough, many would say, in itself; but beyond that his self-imposed mental work was something enormous. After such an example of earnest self-culture as Burritt's, who will venture to say they have no time for self-improvement?

A Canadian in Europe. By the Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D. Cr. 8vo, pp. 376, cloth extra. Hunter, Rose & Co., and Wm. Briggs, Toronto. Price, \$1 25.

The articles of foreign travel which during the last year have appeared in the pages of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* have been received with such favour that the writer has been urged to reprint them in book-form. He has done so, with copious additions, giving a much more detailed narrative than the original articles. The book is illustrated by 109 handsome engravings, only part of which appeared in the *Magazine*. It is got up in extra elegant style, suitable for holiday presents, and is one of the handsomest specimens of book-making yet produced in Canada. It is also suitable for Sunday-schools. It is dedicated to Mr. John Macdonald, Missionary Treasurer of the Methodist Church of Canada. For sale at the Methodist Rooms, and all book stores.

WE have this day filled up the *hundredth* order for help for poor schools, issued since last October. It is for the benefit of the Oka Indians who have taken refuge from the persecutions of "the gentlemen of the Seminary," of Montreal, on the Gibson Reserve, away north of Gravenhurst. "All the Indians, both old and young," says the application for help, "are anxious to learn to read the Scriptures." This is the sort of work that the S. S. Aid and Extension Fund is doing. We think it deserves the support of one collection a year from every school in the connection.—Ed. P. H.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S SLEEP.

THE schoolmaster was weary,
Was weary old and gray;
And heaviness came o'er him
Upon that summer day.

The merry days of childhood
Returned: he saw again
The faces of old playmates,
Who now were white-haired men.

And then he saw his scholars
An air of study feign;
He heard the buzz of insects
Against the window pane.

The drowsy school-room murmur
He heard, and in a trance
He saw the urchins watching
His face, with stealthy glance.

He saw, and for a moment
He roused his dreamy brain
To loose his sluggish fetters
Of stupor's leaden chain.

In vain; for, with the effort,
His head dropped on his breast,
His breath came faint and faint
And soon he sank to rest.

And then arose an uproar!
And boundless was the glee
Among those little scholars,
The schoolmaster to see.

Their youthful, wayward spirits
Took many a merry freak;
They boldly rolled their marbles
Or romped at hide-and-seek.

The study-hour was over,
And still the master slept;
And greater grew the tumult
These thoughtless scholars kept.

Until a little maiden,
Who watched the pallid face,
With grave concern and wonder,
Stole softly from her place—

Stole softly to the master,
And gently touched his head,
And started back in terror—
The schoolmaster was dead!

HOW A BOY HIRED OUT, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.



HEN Michael Angelo was twelve years of age, although he had had no instruction in art, he did a piece of work which greatly pleased the painter Do inico Ghirlandajo. This artist at once declared that here was a lad of genius, who must quit his studies and become a painter.

This was what the little Michael most wished to do, but he had no hope that his father would listen for a moment to the suggestion. His father, Ludovico Buonarrotti, was a distinguished man in the State, and held art and artists in contempt. He had planned a great political career for his boy, as the boy knew very well.

Ghirlandajo was enthusiastic, however, and in company with the lad he at once visited Ludovico and asked him to place Michael in his studio.

Ludovico was very angry, saying that he wished his son to become a prominent man in society and politics, not a dauber and a mason; but when he found that young Michael was determined to be an artist or nothing, he gave way, though most ungraciously. He would not say that he consented to place his son with Ghirlandajo; he would not admit that the study of art was study, or the studio of an artist anything but a shop. He said to the artist: "I give up my son to you. He shall be your apprentice or your servant, as you please, for three years,

and you must pay me twenty-four florins for his services.

In spite of the insulting words and the insulting terms, Michael Angelo consented thus to be hired out as a servant to the artist, who should have been paid by his father for teaching him. He had to endure much, indeed, besides the anger and contempt of his father, who forbade him even to visit his house, and utterly disowned him. His fellow-pupils were jealous of his ability, and ill-treated him constantly, one of them going so far as to break his nose with a blow.

When Michael Angelo had been with Ghirlandajo about two years, he went one day to the Gardens of St. Mark, where the Prince Lorenzo de' Medici—who was the great patron of art in Florence—had established a rich museum of art-works at great expense. One of the workmen in the garden gave the boy leave to try his hand at copying some of the sculptures there, and Michael, who had hitherto studied only painting, was glad of a chance to experiment with the chisel, which he preferred to the brush. He chose for his model an ancient figure of a faun, which was somewhat mutilated. The mouth, indeed, was entirely broken off, but the boy was very self-reliant, and this did not trouble him. He worked day after day at the piece, creating a mouth for it of his own imagining, with the lips parted in laughter and the teeth displayed.

When he had finished and was looking at his work, a man standing near asked if he might offer a criticism.

"Yes," answered the boy, "if it is a just one."
"Of that you shall be the judge," said the man.

"Very well. What is it?"
"The forehead of your faun is old, but the mouth is young. See, it has a full set of perfect teeth. A faun so old as this one is would not have perfect teeth."

The lad admitted the justice of the criticism, and proceeded to remedy the defect by chipping away two or three of the teeth, and chiseling the gums so as to give them a shriveled appearance.

The next morning, when Michael went to remove his faun from the garden, it was gone. He searched everywhere for it, but without success. Finally, seeing the man who had made the suggestion about the teeth, he asked him if he knew where it was.

"Yes," replied the man, "and if you will follow me I'll show you where it is."

"Will you give it back to me? I made it, and have a right to it."

"Oh, if you must have it, you shall."

With that he led the way into the palace of the Prince, and there, among the most precious works of art in the collection, stood the faun. The young sculptor cried out in alarm, declaring that the Prince Lorenzo would never forgive the introduction of so rude a piece of work among his treasures of sculpture. To his astonishment the man declared that he was himself the Prince Lorenzo de' Medici, and that he set the highest value upon this work.

"I am your protector and friend," he added. "Henceforth you shall be counted as my son, for you are destined to become one of the great masters of art."

This was overwhelming good fortune,

Lorenzo de' Medici was a powerful nobleman, known far and wide to be a most expert judge of works of art. His approval was in itself fame and fortune.

Filled with joy, the lad went straightway to his father's house, which he had been forbidden to enter, and forcing his way into Ludovico's presence, told him what had happened. The father refused to believe the good news until Michael led him into Lorenzo's presence.

When the Prince, by way of emphasizing his good-will, offered Ludovico any post he might choose, he asked for a very modest place indeed, saying, with bitter contempt, that it was good enough "for the father of a mason."—*Harper's Young People.*

STRIKE FOR PROHIBITION.

STRIKE for Prohibition
Ask for nothing less;
Labor for its triumph;
Pray for its success.

Put it in your school books;
Teach it to your young;
Let it be the key-note
Of the Nation's song.

Sound it from the pulpit
Through the public press;
Speed it on its mission;
Every home to bless.

With its holy incense
Burthen ev'ry breeze,
From Lake Huron's waters
To the Southern Seas.

Waft it on the zephyrs
Over ev'ry State,
From Atlantic's borders
To the Golden Gate.

Onward let the echoes
Roll from shore to shore,
Heralding the demon
Banished evermore!

HOME POLITENESS.

A BOY who is polite to his father and mother, is likely to be polite to every one else. A boy lacking politeness to his parents may have the semblance of courtesy in society, but is never truly polite in spirit, and is in danger, as he becomes familiar, of betraying his real want of courtesy. We are all in danger of living too much for the outside world, the impression which we make in society, coveting the good opinions of those who are in a sense a part of ourselves, and who continue to sustain and be interested in us notwithstanding these defects of deportment and character. We say to every boy and to every girl, cultivate habits of courtesy and propriety at home—in the sitting-room and kitchen, as well as the parlor—and you will be sure in other places to deport yourself in a becoming and attractive manner. When one has a pleasant smile, and graceful demeanor, it is a satisfaction to know that these are not put on, but that they belong to the character, and are manifest at all times and under all circumstances.

JOAQUIN MILLER pays the following tribute to the late Peter Cooper, the philanthropist:

I reckon him greater than any man
That ever drew sword in war;
I reckon him nobler than king or khan,
Braver and better by far.

And wisest he in this whole wide land
Of hoarding till bent and grey;
For all you can hold in your cold dead hand
Is what you have given away.

THE QUESTIONINGS.

BY K. SUMNER BURR.

HIS Latin Grammar is a bore!
Sometimes I think I'd rather
Give up at once and be a dunce,
Than be at such a bother.

Musa, musae, musae, musam;
The accent is provoking!
Just once you try; you'll see that I
Am not the least bit joking.

When musa, musae, I have said
I quite forget the ending;
And you can't guess the mixed up mess
That in my head is blending.

Since no one speaks the Latin now
Why not correct its errors,
And simple make for children's sake
What now is filled with terrors.

I asked my mother:—"What's the use
Of Latin lessons saying?"
She told me why, but somehow I
Am still her answer weighing.

She said: "The discipline is good!
(There's none more wise than mother.)
And more she said, but my poor head
Knows neither one nor other.

But this I know, my mother loves
Her boy, and knows much better
Than I, indeed, the thing I need;
And so I must not fret her

With foolish questions, o'er and o'er;
But, day by day, obeying
May grow at length to manhood's strength,
Her tender care repaying.

SELF-CULTURE.

BY A. W. KIRKWOOD.

A BEAUTIFUL bride, during
the gay season, appeared in
one of the brilliant and elegant
saloons of the metropolis.
Critical eyes were upon her, who for
the first time met new friends and
connections.

As far as appearance could go there
was everything to attract and please,
nothing to criticise; but when the
astonished city cousin heard her re-
mark, "I seen him when he went
through Chicago," his heart sank
within him; her beauty dissolved like
a mist, and the disparity between the
lovely exterior and the deficient men-
tal culture jarred like a discord in
music.

Our familiar friends know us, and
with all our faults are good enough to
love us still, but it is often important
to make a good impression on strangers.
The voice, speech, and manner are im-
portant factors in the estimate.

One can respect a threadbare coat
if it is worn with dignity, but the per-
sonality it covers must be above
criticism.

It is impossible to forget the im-
pression received upon one whose first
observed remark was of something he
"done." If he had been uncouth and
boorish, the sentence would have
passed unnoticed or been accepted as
harmonious with the belongings of the
man, but he was apparently a gentle-
man, of manly bearing, with the stamp
of genuineness and honesty of char-
acter in his frank, open countenance.

We tried to forget the error, which
we found to our regret was no slip of
the tongue, concluded charitably that
he, poor fellow, had been away from
home where his mother could not
watch and warn him, or had no sister
to torment him into propriety of
speech.

We must feel that true excellence
is to be esteemed far above personal
accomplishments; but to a cultivated

ear—and in good society every ear is
cultivated—grammatical errors are
positively painful.

Those of us who have been unfor-
tunate enough to miss the drill which
would have saved us from mortifica-
tion owe to ourselves the culture of
that correctness of speech which will
make us acceptable to the society in
which we wish to move, a credit to
our friends. Surely none of us are
willing to be a disgrace to them.

Young persons are apt to consider
these matters as very trivial, and are
often impatient of correction. It was
said by a great artist, when his atten-
tion to detail was remarked, "Trifles
make perfection, and perfection is no
trifle."

To correct the faults of others is a
thankless task, and it is from our
enemies rather than from our friends
that we hear unpleasant truths. There
is no favour that we ought to receive
with more ready and grateful acknow-
ledgements.

We may not have wealth or posi-
tion, but the least of us have more or
less influence upon others, the strength
and power of which depend in a great
measure upon what we are in our-
selves. Let it not be hampered and
weakened by defects which a little
attention and care would soon correct.

These instances and many others
observed in what are regarded as cul-
tivated circles may remind us that if
our schools are not a failure, as has
been gravely charged, we ourselves
have failed ignominiously in not having
derived more benefit from them.

"The facility with which human
creatures escape knowledge" is no less
a marvel here than it was in London
to the gifted author of Middlemarch.
We all certainly have opportunities
enough for securing it.

An English writer observes that in
the House of Parliament "a false
Latin quantity was a stigma from
which a member could not easily
recover." We, in our Western world,
have not reached so high a culture that
we can dare to be very critical, but we
do wish to reach the grade of being
able to speak our own language with
correctness and propriety if not with
elegance.—*Religious Intelligencer.*

A BRAVE LITTLE DAUGHTER.

THERE is a very pretty story by
Miss Strickland, in her "Queen's of
England," of a little girl who saved
her father's life:

It was in the time of Queen Mary,
and Lord Preston, the father of the
child, was condemned to death for con-
spiring to bring back the exiled King
James to the throne. Her name was
Lady Catherine Graham, and she was
only nine years of age. The poor child
was, during the trial of her father, left
in the Queen's apartments, in Windsor
Castle. The day after the condemna-
tion of Lord Preston the Queen found
little Lady Catherine in St. George's
gallery, gazing earnestly on the whole-
length picture of James II., which
still remains there. Struck with the
mournful expression on the girl's face,
Mary asked her hastily what she saw
in that picture which made her look
on it so particularly. "I was think-
ing," said the innocent child, "how
hard it is that my father must die for
loving yours." The story goes that
the Queen, pricked in conscience by
this artless reply, immediately signed
the pardon of Lord Preston, and gave
the father back to the child.

"DOWN WENT THE ROYAL
GEORGE."

MANY years ago an English
fleet lay at anchor in the
roadstead at Spithead, near
Portsmouth, England. The
finest ship in that fleet was "The Royal
George." She was the Admiral's ship,
and carried a hundred guns.

Just as everything was on board, and
she was ready to go to sea, the first
lieutenant discovered that the
pipes were out of order. In order to
repair them, it was not thought neces-
sary to put the ship in the dock, but
only to heel her over so that part of
the hull where the pipes were was
brought above the water.

Heeling a ship over, you know, is
making her lean over on one side.
The port or left-hand guns are run out
from the port-holes as far as possible;
and then the starboard or right-hand
guns are run over toward the other
side. This makes the vessel keel down
toward the water on one side, and rise
high out of the water on the other.

A gang of men from the dockyard
was sent to help the ship's carpenters.
The workmen reached the pipes of
"The Royal George," and made the
needed repairs. But, just as they had
done so, a lighter, or large open boat,
laden with rum, came alongside.

Now, the port-holes on the lower
side of "The Royal George" were
nearly even with the water before this
lighter came near; but when the men
began to take in the casks of rum, she
keeled over more and more. The sea,
too, had grown rougher, since morning,
and water began to rush in through
the port-holes.

The carpenter saw the danger, and
ran and told the second lieutenant that
the ship ought to be righted at once.
But the lieutenant was a proud young
man, who did not like to be reminded
of his duty; and so he said to the
carpenter, "Mind your own business,
and I will mind mine."

But soon the danger increased, and
the carpenter went a second time, and
told the young man that, unless "The
Royal George" was instantly righted,
all would be lost. Instead of taking
advice, the foolish youth, thinking that
the carpenter was meddling with what
did not belong to him, again told him,
and this time with an oath, to go about
his business.

At last the proud second lieutenant
began to see that the carpenter had
been right, and that the danger was
very great. He ordered the drummer
to beat to quarters; that is to summon
every man to his post; but before the
drummer had time to give one tap on
the drum, the ship had keeled over
more and more.

And now the men scrambled down
through the hatchway to put the heavy
guns back in their places. But, ah!
it was too late, too late! The water
was rushing in. She was filling up
rapidly.

Before help or rescue could be had,
down went "The Royal George," car-
rying with her the admiral, officers,
men, and numerous visitors who were
on board, to the number of nearly a
thousand souls.

The gallant ship was lost, with all
on board, because a young man was
too proud to take advice. See into
what peril a stubborn, unreasoning
pride may lead one.

PLEASANTRIES.

Food well chew, and tobacco mchow.

A reputation once broken may
possibly be repaired, but the world
will always keep their eyes on the
spot where the track was.

Of a miserly man somebody wrote
His head gave way, but his hand never
did. His brain softened, but his heart
couldn't.

"Time is money," said a debtor to
his creditor, "and, therefore, if you
will give me time it is just the same
thing as if I gave you money."

A writer in the *New York Herald*
shrewdly calls the bill introduced in
the New York Legislature to reduce
the tax on cigarettes, "A bill to make
idiots."

An Aberdeen writer has aptly re-
marked: "Take a company of boys
chasing butterflies, put long-tailed coats
on the boys, and turn the butterflies
into half-crowns, and you have a fine
panorama of the world."

After the choir in one of the
churches in Ithaca, N. Y., had per-
formed a rather heavy selection, the
minister opened the Bible and began
reading in Acts xx., "And after the
uproar had ceased."

An auctioneer, by birth a native of
the Green Isle, of course, caused to be
printed on his handbills at a recent
sale—"Every article sold goes to the
highest bidder unless some gentleman
bids more."

A servant who prided herself in
living in a genteel family, being asked
to define the terms said—"Where they
keep a carriage, have three or four
kinds of wine, and never pay a bill
the first time it is called for."

Little Robbie went to a show and
saw an elephant for the first time in
his life. When he came home his
mother asked him what he had seen.
"An elephant ma," he answered, "that
gobbled hay with his front tail."

THE CHILDREN AN IMPORT-
ANT FACTOR IN THE MIS-
SIONARY PROBLEM.

OUR great hope is in the rising
generation. It is easier to
train erect the tender twigs
than to straighten up the old gnarled
twisted trees. We can take the chil-
dren of our Church, whose habits are
now forming, and easily instil into
them principles that will insure their
hearty support of God's cause in all
time to come; make them love to give
of their means into the Lord's treasury,
and become habitually liberal, until
eventually, when the boys and girls of
to-day become the merchants and
farmers, wives and mothers of to-
morrow, every philanthropic Christian
enterprise will have all the money
needed to carry it on; and this high
pressure, tooth-pulling process, by
which we get the pitiful sums we now
do, will be abandoned for an intelli-
gent, systematic all-the-year-round
giving. The children are an important
factor in this missionary problem, and
we must not be slow to recognize and
act upon this clue to future success.
We must teach them, talk to them,
keep them posted, organize them into
societies, make the most of the "Child-
ren's Day," encourage them to bring
in their pennies, and to work to get
pennies to bring in.—*Methodist Pro-
testant Missionary.*

THIS SIDE AN' THAT.

A Golly Ballad of Dives and Lazarus.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD

THE rich man sat on his father's seat
The poor man lay at his gate in the street—
The rich man's table, an' a' thing fine
The poor man's table, an' a' thing pine

To the rich man a table each dainty comes;
Money a morsel gae'd frae' it, or fell;
The poor man's table had had dined on the
crumbs,
But whether he got them I canna tell.

Servants proud, saft-fitt, an' stout,
Stand by the rich man's curtained doors;
Masterless dogs that rin about,
Cam to the poor man an' lickit his sores

The rich man de'd, an' they buried him
gran';
In linen fine his body they wrap;
But the angels tuk up the beggar man,
An' laid him doon in Abraham's lap.

The gud upo this side, the ill upo' that—
Sic was the rich man's waesome fa';
But his brithers they eat an' they drank an'
they chat,
An' care na a strae for their father's ha'.

The trowth's the trowth, think what ye will:
An' some they kenna what they wad be at;
But the beggar man thought he did no that
ill,
Wi the dogs o this side, the angels o' that.

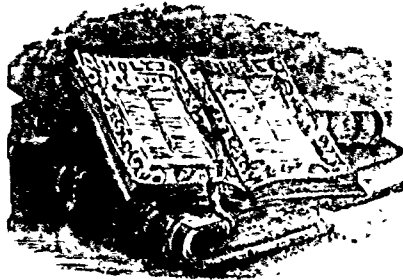
DEATH DEALING TRAFFIC

THE MURDERS BY THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

THE liquor traffic of the United States, which has already made its millions of drunkards, one hundred thousand of whom perish by it every year, has killed more people than all the explosions of dynamite, nitro-glycerine, kerosene and gun-powder; more than the devouring maw of all the devastations of human life by fire, added to the list; more than have gone down in sinking ships amid heaving storms to the depths of the sea, still added to the number, more than the host hurled out of life by railway accidents, still added; more than have filled the programme of all other accidents throughout the land, still added, more than have perished in all the epidemics which have desolated portions of our land, added again; more than all the deaths by murder which have arisen out of the uncontrolled passions of humanity, adding yet another line to the general footing; more than all the sum total of all these go down year after year under the traffic in intoxicating drinks.

A MODEL BOY.

"Sir," said a lad coming down to one of the wharves in Boston, and addressing a well known merchant, "sir, have you any berth on your ship? I want to earn something." "What can you do?" asked the gentleman. "I can try my best to do whatever I am put to do," answered the boy. "What have you done?" "I have sawed and split all mother's wood for nigh on two years." "What have you not done?" asked the gentleman, who was a queer sort of a questioner. "Well, sir," answered the boy, after a moment's pause, "I have not whispered in school once for a whole year." "That's enough," said the gentleman, "you may ship aboard this vessel, and I hope to see you the master of her some day. A boy who can maste a wood pile and bridle his tongue must be made of good stuff."—The Southern Churchman.



Search the Scriptures.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

A. D. 41.] LESSON VII. May 13.

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

Acts 11. 19-30. Commit to memory vs. 21-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And the hand of the Lord was with them; and a great number believed, and turned unto the Lord. Acts 11. 21.

OUTLINE.

- 1. The Gift of Judea to Antioch. v. 19-21.
2. The Good Work at Antioch. v. 22-26.
3. The Gift of Antioch to Judea. v. 27-30.

TIME.—A. D. 41 to 43. PLACE.—Antioch, in Syria.

EXPLANATIONS.—They which were scattered—See Lesson XI. First Quarter, Acts 8:4. Upon the Persecution—The persecution only spread the Gospel more widely. Traveled as far—Some of these places were three hundred miles from Jerusalem. Preaching—Though persecuted, they kept on preaching. Unto the Jews only—They did not at first suppose that the Gospel was meant for the Gentiles. Spoke to the Greeks—Here meaning "the Greeks," Gentiles, people not Jews, who spoke the Greek language. The hand of the Lord—the power and help of the Lord. Believed—In Jesus as their Saviour. Turned to the Lord—Giving up their idols and becoming followers of Christ. Tidings—News that at Antioch there was a Church of Gentiles. Ears of the Church—The mother-church at Jerusalem. They sent forth Barnabas—To visit the Church at Antioch, and see what was its condition. They were not sure that a Gentile Church was right. Seen the grace of God—In giving salvation to the Gentiles. Was glad—To have the doors of the Gospel open to all men. Cleave unto the Lord—Stand fast and faithful. Much people was added—By the preaching of Barnabas. To seek Saul—Barnabas needed Saul to help him in the work of preaching. Assembled themselves—Met with the Church. Called Christians—The name means "followers of Christ," and was given by the heathen around them. Prophets—Men who spoke God's word with inspiration. Agabus—He met Paul twenty years afterward. Acts 21:10. Signified by the Spirit—prophesied or foretold. Great dearth—A famine. Days of Claudius—He was the emperor of Rome. The disciples—The Church at Antioch. Every man—All the members gave. The brethren—in Judea—The followers of Jesus in Judea seem to have been mostly poor people. To the elders—The leaders in the Church.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson do we find— 1. How Christ makes his enemies help his Church? 2. How we should feel at seeing souls converted? 3. How Christians should help each other?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was done by the believers who were scattered abroad in the persecutions after Stephen's death? They went everywhere preaching. 3. To whom did they at first preach? To the Jews only. 3. Where was the first Church planted among the Gentiles? At Antioch in Syria. 4. What name was first given to believers in Christ at Antioch? The name Christians. 5. What did this Church do in time of a famine in Judea? They sent relief to the Churches.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The universality of the Gospel.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

21. What were the chief miracles which he wrought to prove that he was sent from God? The chief miracles that he wrought to prove that he was sent from God were such as these:—

- 1. He fed many thousand persons twice with a very few loaves and fishes.
2. He gave sight to the blind, and hearing to the deaf; he made the dumb to speak, the lame to walk, and healed all manner of diseases by a word.
3. He commanded evil spirits to depart out of the bodies of many whom they had possessed.
4. He raised several persons from the dead, and one (namely, Lazarus), out of the grave.

A. D. 44.] LESSON VIII. [May 20.

HEROD AND PETER.

Acts 12. 1-17. Commit to memory vs. 5-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The angel of the Lord encircled round about them that fear him. Psa. 34. 7.

OUTLINE.

- 1. Herod's Prison. v. 1-6.
2. God's Angel. v. 7-11.
3. Mary's House. v. 12-17.

TIME.—A. D. 44. PLACE.—Jerusalem.

EXPLANATIONS.—Herod the king—This was Herod Agrippa I, not the one who killed John the Baptist, but related to him. Stretched forth his hands—Undertook, began. To vex—To do harm to. Killed James—The apostle who had been one of the three most intimate with Jesus. Pleas'd the Jews—They were always pleased to have Christians slain. To take Peter—Who was the leader among the apostles. Unleavened bread—The time of the Passover. Four quaternions—Sixteen soldiers in all. After Easter—This should be "after the Passover." To bring him forth—To be put to death. Prayer was made—Prayer is mightier than a wicked king. Would have brought him forth—Intended to do so on the next day. Peter was sleeping—Showing that he was at peace. B. and with two chains—A chain fastening him to each soldier. Keepers—Guards watching. The angel—"An angel" is more correct. Smote Peter—To awaken him. Chains fell off—Showing divine power. And thyself—Wrap your clothes around. Wist not—Did not understand. Saw a vision—As he had seen in chap. 10. Second ward—The two guards are meant. Iron gate—The outer gate of the prison. Through one street—One block. Came to himself—Found himself really awake. Surely—for a certainty, truly. All the expectation—The Jews expected him to be slain. Considered—Thought. The house of Mary—Not the mother of Jesus, but another Mary. Together praying—Praying for Peter, as they thought, in prison. Door of the gate—The door to the porch, outside the house. A damsel—A young girl. Knew Peter's voice—she had often been there before. Opened not—Forgot to open it in her joy. Affirmed—Declared. It is his angel—The Jews believed that each person was attended by his own guardian angel. To hold their peace—Not to make a noise, which would attract notice. Unto James—Not the apostle, but "the Lord's brother." Another place—Hiding from the enemy.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where does this lesson show— 1. The safety of God's people? 2. The weakness of God's enemies? 3. The power of prayer?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did King Herod do in opposing the Gospel? He killed the Apostle James. 2. Whom did he next seize intending to slay? The Apostle Peter. 3. What did the Church do for Peter in prison? They prayed without ceasing. 4. How did God answer their prayers? By sending an angel. 5. What did the angel do for Peter? He set him free from prison.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Answer to prayer.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

22. How did he train up his Apostles for their public service? He trained up his Apostles for their public service in these four ways: 1. He explained to them in private what he taught the people by parables and similitudes in public. 2. He told them more plainly that he was the Messiah, the Saviour of the world; and that he should die as a ransom for sinners, and rise again the third day. 3. He prayed with them often, and taught them to pray. 4. He promised them to send the Spirit of God, after his departure, to fit them for their public service.

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