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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. III.

TORONTO, MARCH 10, 1883.

No. 5.

EASTER CAROL.

BY HANNAH CODDINGTON.

Now banished our sadness,
With hearts full of gladness,
We welcome the Lord's jubilee.

'Tis precious, the story
How He hid His glory.
Our Saviour and Brother to be.

But Jesus immortal
Has passed the dark portal,
And lightened with sunshine its gloom.

We raise our glad voices,
All nature rejoices—
The cradle has conquered the tomb.

Aye, Christ has arisen!
And blessed the vision
In heaven to us he'll reveal.

The angels adore him,
His ransomed before him
In deep adoration all kneel.

No words can express thee,
No blessings can bless thee,
We feel it while anthems we sing;

Yet glory unceasing,
And praises increasing,
Be thine, our Redeemer and King.

PICTURES FROM SPAIN.

BY THE EDITOR.

AFRICA begins with the Pyrenees," says a French proverb; and certainly in crossing that mountain barrier one seems to have entered another continent rather than another country. Everything has a strange, half-oriental look. The blazing summer sun, the broad and arid plains, the dried-up river-beds,* and sterile and verdureless mountains, have all a strikingly African appearance. Indeed, it has been said that geologically Spain is an extension of the Sahara. In the country is heard the creaking of the Moorish water-wheel, and in the hotels servants are summoned, as in the tales of the Arabian Nights, by the clapping of hands.

Everywhere the traveller is struck by the contrast between the past and present. Three hundred years ago the Spanish monarchy was the most powerful in the world. The sun never set upon her dominions, and the eastern and western hemispheres poured their wealth into her lap. Now decay and desolation are everywhere apparent. We are confronted with the evidences of a glorious past and an

* "What! has the river run away, too!" asked the French troops when they entered Madrid. "Pour it into the Manzanares, it has more need of it than I," said a Spanish youth, fainting at a bull-fight, in quaint parody on Sir Philip Sidney, when a cup of water was handed him.

ignoble present. What their ancestors built the degenerate descendants do not even keep in repair. What is the secret of this national decay? "Only one reply," says an intelligent tourist, "is possible. The iniquitous Inquisition crushed out all freedom alike of thought and action. Jew, Moor, and Protestant were sentenced to the

tender Moorish lays of love suffuse the eyes with tears. The Moorish architecture, with its graceful arabesques, horse-shoe arches, and fretted vaults, finds its culmination in the fairy loveliness of the Alhambra, the most exquisite ruin in Europe. The wonderful development of Saracenic influence in Spain is one of the most

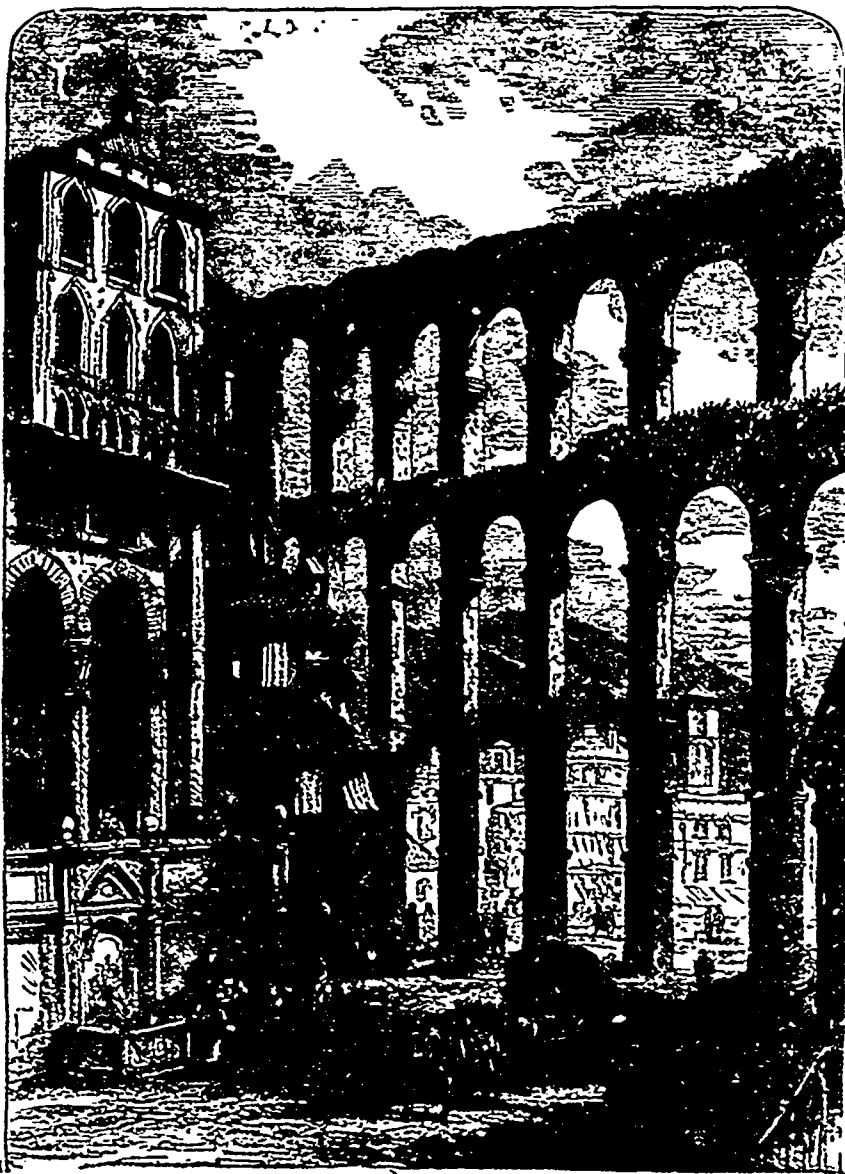
passed into a proverb. Even the railway porters address each other as "Your distinguished excellency," "Your honourable highness." The gloomy bigotry which seemed incarnated in Philip II, appears to brood over society, and nowhere is the antipathy to Protestantism more intense than in Spain.

There are in Spain a great number of gypsies—that mysterious people whose origin and history are the standing puzzle of the ethnologist. They are the same clever, unscrupulous, thieving charlatans that they are elsewhere in Europe. George Burrows, the distinguished Bible Society agent in Spain, who shared for years the wandering life of the gypsies, has given an interesting account of their manners and customs. The sinister qualities of the race betray themselves in the countenance of the men, as shown in the portrait of the chief, figured in our engraving.

In Ebro, "La Catedral del Pilar," is so called because it has in it an ugly little image of the Virgin Mary standing on a jasper pillar, and holding a child in her arms; which virgin, child, and pillar, the Catholics say, were brought from heaven by angels, the virgin herself coming with them, to the Apostle James, who happened to be sleeping on this very spot. Of course she told St. James he must build a church there, and afterwards this great cathedral, with eleven domes and two towers, said to be the largest in Spain, was built on the same spot.

The image, surrounded by ever-burning lights, and enclosed in a magnificent shrine, is the greatest object of superstitious veneration in all Spain. Hundreds of girls in Spain are named "Pilar," from the "heaven descended" image and pillar. Thousands of pilgrims come every year from all parts of the country, give their offerings of silver and gold, and kiss the small portion of the jasper pillar which is left exposed for the purpose. The jewellery and fancy shops of the city are full of wood, copper, brass, silver, and gold imitations of virgin and pillar. She is another Diana, and "Great is Diana of the Zaragozians," at least in the opinion of the silversmiths. The 12th of October is the anniversary of the descent of the virgin, and on this day 50,000 pilgrims have been known to flock into Zaragoza.

A few steps from the cathedral is the ancient leaning tower of Zaragoza, which, like the tower of Pisa, leans far out from the perpendicular. From its summit there is a fine view of the many-towered city, the olive and vine-clad plains around, the canal lined



OLD ROMAN AQUEDUCT, SEGOVIA.

flamca." Poverty, ignorance, and superstition are the present characteristics of the mass of the people.

Yet no one can travel through this now degraded land without stirrings of soul at its chivalric traditions, and its famous history. For eight hundred years it fought the battles of Christendom against the Moor. The story of its knightly champion, the Cid Campeador, still stirs the pulses, and the

striking events in history. When the rest of Europe was sunken in ignorance, fair and flourishing cities—Cordova, Granada, Seville, Segovia, Toledo—with their famous mosques, colleges, palaces, and castellated strongholds, attested the splendour of the brilliant but short-lived exotic Mahometan civilization of the land.

The pride and dignity and punctilious etiquette of the Spaniard has

with poplars and willows, the winding Ebro, and the snow-crowned Pyrenees to the north.

The city is surrounded by a wall, and one of the gates, the Portillo, was defended during the war with Napoleon, in 1808, by the famous "Maid of Zaragoza." Her name was Augustina, and she died in extreme old age in 1857. During the siege of Zaragoza by the French, in 1808 and 1809, when over 50,000 of the inhabitants perished, she distinguished herself by her heroic participation in the severest encounters with the enemy. She was called *la Artillera*, from having snatched a match from the hands of a dying gunner and discharged the piece at the invaders. For her services she was made a sub-lieutenant in the Spanish army, and has been immortalized in art and poetry.

A TALK WITH OUR BOYS.

BY MRS. ETTIE H. DAVIS.



WHAT grand possibilities are wrapped up in our boys! What wonderful powers for good! Boys, what will you do for the future welfare of your country? Do not let any one dissuade you from getting an education. By this we do not mean simply going over a prescribed course of study; but we do mean a deep laid, thorough education of heart and head; one that does not end when the student leaves the academy or college walls. This should indeed be but the starting point, simply the foundation upon which should be built a grand and glorious structure.

Tamper not with evil; shun it as you would a plague. Go not with the tempter. Be ever on your guard, for pitfalls are prepared for your unwary feet; nets are laid across your pathway; draughts of poison are covered with tempting fruits and placed just within your reach. Avoid everything that would tend to pollute your lives. Keep your hearts and lives so pure that were it possible to place a mirror opposite you would not be ashamed to have your mother or sister see your every act reflected there.

There are very many temptations common to the young, especially those who are just treading the verge of manhood. The first is a desire to throw off restraint, to trust solely to one's own resources and to shake off parental control. There is a restlessness, a longing for the attainment of manhood's prerogatives. The boy sees a man smoking a pipe or cigar, and straightway he must have a cigarette. Never mind though the head reels, and pains and nausea follow the attempt, smoke he must and will. Then comes the breaking away from the cosy home-circle—out in the streets with a band of boys older in years and sin. Here, boys, beware! Stop and think before you leave the shelter of the home roof. Temptations do not often assail you there, but out in the street the demon lurks, waiting for you. Do you think it manly to turn away from your father's commands and your mother's earnest, beseeching voice, and your sister's loving smile, and saunter off with those who care nothing for you, only to degrade you equally with themselves? Did you know that when

you departed a chill fell upon the home-band? The father lost his interest in his paper; your mother went to the window many times during the evening and gazed out upon the street with hands clasped close against her aching heart, while she murmured, "Oh, where is my boy to-night!" Your sister laid aside the game which she could not enjoy alone, often wishing that brother was there with his merry jest and happy laugh; for as yet you have not grown cross or very disrespectful, only negligent. At first you shrank back in dismay when the boys at the corner greeted your coming with a boisterous shout and inquired how the "governor" come to let you out? or how "the old woman" allowed you to go beyond her apron string? or how the "milkfaced doll" would spend the evening without her brother. Involuntarily you clinched your fist and felt like knocking some one down. But the next moment some one had you by the button hole and was confidentially telling you of the little room behind that wonderful green baize door just round the corner where lots of fun could be had for a dime or a quarter. And so you are led by them, hearing perhaps for the first time in your life a coarse jest or brutal catch. You find yourself at last in a room furnished with tables, upon which are placed decanters and glasses of many beautiful shades. You are at once both repelled and fascinated by the new sights and sounds. There are many boys about your own age, some even younger, and very many men, some of whom pat you upon the shoulder and pour out for you a tiny glass of that sparkling, foaming beverage that looks as if it might have been just dipped from the cup of a snowy sea billow; but oh, boys, beneath the light, foamy, creamy surface that looks so inviting, there lurks a deadly serpent that fixes its glittering eye upon your fair, boyish face and seeks to charm you to a nearer approach, knowing that once within its grasp it can wind its slimy coils around you tighter and tighter until you are helpless, with a broken and wretched manhood. You sip the beautiful nectar, ever so small a draught brings an unwonted flush to your cheek and adds a strange lustre to your eye, but it brings also a dizzy sensation to your head and you feel unlike yourself as you slip away and go home; for you do not dare yet to keep late hours. No keener reproach can greet you than the quiet, sad-faced home-circle. You feel unworthy and self-abased. Somehow you have fallen. You are no longer upon an equal with them, and this knowledge makes you irritable and ready to meet reproach by an attempt at self-justification. You soon become cross and disrespectful to your parents, and anything but an agreeable companion for that pure sister. You are not asleep (though you feign to be) when your mother comes to your room and bends lovingly over your couch, passing her hands lightly over your brow. You can hardly refrain from throwing your arms around her neck and begging her forgiveness, with a promise never to grieve her again. If you would only do this and then turn over a new leaf and leave forever the band at the street corner, how radiant with promise might the future be! But some, alas, stifle the earnest pleadings of their better nature and abandon themselves to shame and ruin.

Perhaps you may smile when we advise you, whether you are the son of a millionaire or of a day-labourer, to learn a trade; seek some congenial occupation, follow it closely, in all its intricate windings, bending every energy to its mastery, until you have conquered its every detail. If not needed at present, you may need it hereafter. No man is truly independent who is a mere hanger-on to another man's purse strings, be that other parent, uncle or guardian. Work is a great safe-guard against temptation; by keeping heart and hands busy the whole nature is strengthened. Sleep is sweeter and more restful, and there is less inclination to vice or mischief. Work is, in fact, one of the most powerful antagonists that Satan has to cope with; if he can but keep men idle he will generally find them ready to do his errands.

I MUST DO MORE FOR MY MOTHER.

IS there any vacant place in this bank which I could fill? was the inquiry of a boy, as with a glowing cheek he stood before the president.

"There is none," was the reply. "Were you told that you might obtain a situation here? Who recommended you?"

"No one recommended me," was the answer. "I only thought I would see."

There was a straightforwardness in the manner, an honest determination in the countenance of the lad which pleased the man of business, and induced him to continue the conversation. He said, "You must have friends who could aid you in a situation; have you advised with them?"

The quick flash of the deep blue eyes was quenched in the overtaking wave of sadness, as he said, though half musingly, "My mother said it would be useless to try without friends." then, recollecting himself, he apologized for the interruption, and was about to withdraw, when the gentleman detained him, by asking him why he did not stay at school another year or two, and then enter into business life.

"I have no time," was the instant reply, "but I study at home, and keep up with the other boys."

"Then you have a place already?" said the interrogator. "Why did you leave it?"

"I have not left it," answered the boy quietly.

"Yes, but you wish to leave it. What is the matter?"

For an instant the child hesitated; then he replied, with half-reluctant frankness, "I must do more for my mother."

Brave words! talisman of success anywhere, everywhere. They sank into the heart of the listener, recalling the radiant past. Grasping the hand of the astonished child, he said with a quivering voice, "My good boy, what is your name? You shall fill the first vacancy for an apprentice that occurs in the bank. If, in the meantime, you need a friend, come to me. But now give me your confidence. Why do you wish to do more for your mother?"

Tears filled his eyes as he replied, "My father is dead, my brothers and sisters are dead, and my mother and I are left alone to help each other; but

she is not strong, and I want to take care of her. It will please her, sir, that you have been so kind, and I am much obliged to you." So saying, the boy left, little dreaming that his own nobleness of character had been as a bright glance of sunshine to the busy world he had so tromblingly entered. —*S. S. Times.*

EASTER CAROL.

BY ALEXANDER R. THOMPSON, D.D.

OLDEN wings of morning
Open in the sky.
Brilliantly adorning
All things from on high;
Heaven and earth are meeting
On this Easter morn,
Heaven gives joyful greeting
To the earth forlorn.

Woe-begone, and weary
Underneath its sin,
Desolate and dreary,
Hath this poor earth been.
But from out its prison
Comes the captive, free,
For the Lord is risen
Now, triumphantly.

All transfixed with wonder
Angels saw him, when
On the grim cross yonder,
Jesus died for men
Earth in terror quaking,—
Heaven enwrapped in gloom,—
Human hands were taking
Jesus to the tomb

Mary and Salome
Saw with sob and moan,
When the fight with hell, he
Breasted all alone.
Silent, sad, and tearful,
Jesus dead they laid,
On that evening fearful,
In the garden shade.

Spices they came bringing
To anoint his clay,
Ere the birds were singing,
Ere the break of day.
But they did not find him
In the dark grave lain,
For death could not bind him
With its iron chain.

So, with glad lips sing ye,—
Children of the King,—
"Grave, where is thy vict'ry?"
"Death, where is thy sting!"
Lift we up his banner,
And his triumph tell,
Greet him with hosanna,
Lord, Immanuel!

A GENTLEMAN.

WHAT is it to be a gentleman? It is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and, possessing these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner. Ought a gentleman to be a loyal son, a true husband, an honest father? Ought his life to be decent, his bills to be paid, his tastes to be high and elegant, his aims in life lofty and noble? Perhaps a gentleman is a rarer man than most of us think for. Which of us can point out many such in his circle—men whose aims are generous, whose truth is constant, and not only constant in its kind, but elevated in its degree; whose want of meanness makes them simple, who can look the world honestly in the face, with an equal manly sympathy for the great and small? We all know a hundred whose coats are very well made, and a score who have excellent manners, and one or two happy beings who are what they call in the inner circles, and have shot into the very centre and bull's eye of fashion; but of gentleman, how many? Let us take a little scrap of paper, and each make out his list.—*Thackeray.*

HOW HE SAVED ST. MICHAEL'S.

It WAS long ago—ere ever the signal gun
That blazed before Fort Sumpter had
wakened the North as one!
Long ere the wondrous pillar of battle cloud
and fire
Had marked where the unchained millions
marched on to the heart's des re.
On roofs and clattering turrets that night,
as the sun went down.
The mellow glow of the twilight shone like a
jewelled crown,
And bathed in the living glory, as the people
lifted their eyes,
They saw the side of the city, the spire of
St. Michael's rise
High o'er the lesser steeples, tipped with a
golden ball,
That hung like a radiant planet caught in its
earthward fall:
First glimpse of him—to the sailor who made
the harbour round,
And the last slow-fading vision dear to the
outward bound.
The gently gathering shadows shut out the
wandering light:
The children prayed at the bedside as they
went out each night;
The noise of the buyer and seller from the
busy mart was gone,
And in dreams of a peaceful morrow the city
slumbered on.

But another light than sunrise aroused the
sleeping street,
For a cry was heard at midnight, and the
rush of trampling feet;
Men stared at each other's faces, thro'
mingled fire and smoke,
While the frantic bells went clashing clam-
orous stroke on stroke.
By the glare of her blazing roof-tree the
houseless mother fled.
With the babe she pressed to her bosom
shrieking in nameless dread;
While the fire king's wild battalions scaled
the wall and capstone high,
And planted their glaring banners against an
inky sky
From the death that raged behind them, and
the crash of ruin loud,
To the great square of the city, were driven
the surging crowd,
Where firm in all the tumult, unscathed by
the fiery blood,
With its heavenward pointing finger the
church of St. Michael stood.
But 'o'on as they gazed upon it there rose a
sudden wail.
A cry of horror blended with the roaring
gale,
On whose scorching wings updriven a single
blazing brand,
Aloft on the towering steeple clung like a
bloody hand,
"Will it fade!" The whisper trembled from
a thousand whitening lips,
Far out on the lurid harbour they watched it
from the ship—
A baleful gleam, that brighter and ever
brighter shone,
Like a flickering, trembling will-o-the-wisp to
a steady beacon grown,
"Uncounted gold shall be given to the man
whose brave right hand,
For the love of the perilled city plucks down
your burning brand."
So called the mayor of Charleston, that all
the people heard.
But they looked each one at his fellow, and
no man spoke a word.
Who is it leans from the Belfry, with face
upturned to the sky—
Clings to a column and measures the dizzy
spire with his eye,
Will he dare it, the hero undaunted, that
terrible sickening height,
Or will the hot blood of his courage freeze in
his veins at the sight?
But so! He has stepped on the railing, he
climbs with his feet and his hands.
And firm on the narrow projection, with the
Belfry beneath him, he stands.
Now once, and once only they cheer him—a
single tempestuous breath,
And there falls on the multitude gazing, a
hush like the stillness of death,
Slow, steadily mounting, unheeding aught but
the goal of fire,
Still higher and higher, an atom, he moves
on the face of the spire,
He stops! Will he fall? Lo! For answer, a
gleam like a meteor's track,
And hurled on the stones of the pavement,
the red brand lies shattered and black,
Once more the shouts of the people have rent
the quivering air;
At the church door the mayor and council
wait with their feet on the stair,

And the eager throng behind him press for a
touch of his hand—
The unknown saviour whose daring could
compass a deed so grand.

But why does a sudden tremor seize them as
they gaze?
And what meaneth that silent murmur of
wonder and amazement?
He stood at the gate of the temple he had
perilled his life to save,
And the face of the unknown hero was the
familiar face of a slave!
With folded arms he was speaking in tones
that were clear, not loud,
And his eyes ablaze in their sockets, burnt
into the eyes of the crowd.
"Ye may keep your gold, I scorn it; but
answer me ye who can,
If the deed I have done before you, be not
the deed of a man!"

He stepped but a short space backwards, and
from all the women and men
There were only sobs for answer, and the
mayor called for a pen,
And the great seal of the city, that he might
read who ran,
And the slave who saved St. Michael's went
out from its door a man.

THE HEATHEN WORLD.

THE heathen inhabitants of
the world are scattered far
and wide. Oh! how many
prayers are daily, hourly,
and momentarily, offered on their behalf?
While we have the Gospel preached to
us, Sabbath after Sabbath, how many
thousands and millions are living
without the knowledge that there is a
God—"a God of pardoning love!" It
is strange that in every country that
has yet been discovered, the inhabit-
ants have an idea, however faint, that
there is a God, though of what kind
they do not know, and worship accord-
ingly. Many of the heathen, think
that there are a great many gods, and
that one of them is greater than all,
and this one tells the others what to
do. They also think that they are
very cruel gods, and that they have to
suffer a great deal to gain the esteem
of their gods. They stab themselves
with knives, till the blood pours out of
the wounds, and perform a great many
other acts of cruelty on their persons.
And yet when they have done all this,
they are none the happier.

Oh! how different is this from the
true God—who so loved the world,
that He gave His only begotten Son,
that whosoever believeth on Him
should not perish but have everlasting
life. Oh! how much happier they
would be, if they could hear the glad
tidings, that Jesus died to save sinners.

If we could only stir up the sleeping
Christians of the world, and show
them the necessity there is of them
doing all they can, to help on this
glorious work! The Church is under
great obligation to give the gospel to
the heathen, and why? because when
we have the gospel preached to us, to
tell us that Jesus died to save sinners,
ought we not to try and give it to
others who never heard it? When
Christ did so much for us, ought we
not to try and do a little for His sake?

In one sense we are all brothers and
sisters; we are all the children of
Adam. Jesus died for us all: He died
for the heathen as well as for us; and
yet how many millions of people
never heard that they had a home in
heaven, never heard that Jesus died to
save them and us; and now ought not
we, who do know it, try and tell them,
try and rescue them from the horrors
of the lost?

How many poor souls are dying and
yearning for something, they know not
what—yearning to know what will be-

come of them when they die, and with
no person to tell them the way, no
person to tell them that Jesus died for
them! What a joyful time it will be,
when all the world has heard that
Jesus died to save sinners!

MARY JANE LINFIELD, aged 14,
Göteborg, Ont.

TOY CIGARS.

AS the toy pistol has been con-
ceded to be a more dangerous
weapon in the hand of the
thoughtless boy than a real
pistol, so may it as well be conceded
that the cigarette, the toy cigar of the
present day, is far more harmful than
the real cigar. When one thinks of
the number of boys who have been
killed and injured by it, one is aston-
ished that any parent will allow it to
be used.

It ought to be suppressed by law.
And what should be the fate of these
bits of poison called cigarettes? are
they to be offered for sale without
hindrance when we know their ten-
dency is to stunt manhood, and to
poison the fountains of health? Would
we might see these vile things
swept from the land, even if law has
to be brought to bear upon them.

Young men, readers of the *Intelli-
gencer*, have you been enticed into the
use of cigarettes? Do you know how
they are made? I will tell you.

Old, cast-away cigar-stumps are used
in their manufacture. Boys are em-
ployed to gather them from hotels
bar-rooms, sidewalks, or wherever they
are thrown. Collectors buy them, and
send them to the manufactories by the
barrel. No matter how disgusting the
spot whence they are picked—whether
from the spittoon with its dangerous
saliva, or the gutter with its filth—the
foul refuse finds its way into the mouth
and nostrils of the cigarette smoker.

But even this is not the worst of it.
These cigar-stumps have been in the
mouths of all sorts of men—drunkards,
fast young men, rotten old rones,
whose very kiss, or touch, or even the
pencil they have held in their mouths,
might communicate the foulest and
most fearful disease that come to a
human being.

Knowing this, can you ever put a
cigarette in your mouth again? Com-
mence the new year with the resolu-
tion to let smoking alone, and let noth-
ing tempt you to swerve from it—
Christian Advocate.

THE POWER OF SONG.

IN one of the hospitals of Edin-
burgh lay a wounded Scottish
soldier. The surgeons had done
all they could for him. He
had been told that he must die. He
had a contempt for death, and prided
himself on his fearlessness in facing it.

A rough and wicked life, with none
but evil associates, had blunted his
sensibilities and made profanity and
scorn his second nature. To hear him
speak, one would have thought he had
not piously-nurtured childhood to re-
member, and that he had never looked
upon religion but to despise it. But
it was not so.

A noble and gentle-hearted man
came to see the dying soldier. He
addressed him with kind inquiries,
talked to him tenderly of the life be-
yond death, and offered spiritual
counsel. But the sick man paid him
no attention or respect. He bluntly

told him that he did not want any
religious conversation.

"You will let me pray with you,
will you not?" said the man at length.

"No; I know how to die without
the help of religion." And he turned
his face to the wall.

Further conversation could do no
good, and the man did not attempt it.
But he was not discouraged. After a
moment's silence he began to sing the
old hymn, so familiar and so dear to
every congregation in Scotland:

"O mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee!"

He had a pleasant voice, and the
words and melody were sweet and
touching as he sung them. Pretty
soon the soldier turned his face again:
but its hardened expression was all gone.

"Who taught you that?" he asked,
when the hymn was done.

"My mother."

"So did mine. I learned it of her
when I was a child, and I used to sing
it with her." And there were tears
in the man's eyes.

The ice was thawed away. It was
easy to talk with him now. The
words of Jesus entered in where the
hymn had opened the door. Weep-
ing, and with a hungry heart, he
listened to the Christian's thoughts of
death, and in his last moments turned
to his mother's God and the sinner's
Friend.—*Religious Herald*.

CANADA.

THE Rev. Thomas Crosby, of
the Canadian Methodist Mis-
sionary Society, writes that
there never was a greater interest
taken by the Indians among whom he
labours in the study of the Bible than
now. "It is very pleasing to see
with what earnestness many attend
the different meetings held for this
purpose. We have had as many as
sixty and eighty old people meet after
the Sabbath morning service, to com-
mit to memory the text in their native
tongue. These old people, many of
them grey-headed and with staff in
hand, seem to delight to stay for the
text, and thus they go off with one
more verse of God's word to comfort
and bless them. One old woman said:

"Missionary, you think, perhaps, that
I forget all the good words. No, I
have a little box full of pebbles, and I
have a text in my heart for every
pebble I put into it." At the same
hour there is a large gathering of
young or middle-aged people with their
Bibles in the church, memorizing the
text both in English and Tsimpshean."

Rev. Hugh McKay, missionary of
the Presbyterian Church of Canada
among the Indians at Manitoulin
Island, says that when he and other
missionaries arrived not long since at
an Indian settlement they found fifty
Indians waiting in a house to hear the
Word. In soft, plaintive tones they
joined in a hymn of praise. The
Gospel was preached, and at the close
an old Indian, who had received bless-
ing at Hudson's Bay, spoke in feeling
terms of the change God had wrought
in their midst. "Thirty years ago,"
he said, "we were sounding our war-
cry, and fiendishly counting the scalps
of our enemies; but now we are sitting
at the feet of the Prince of Peace, and
doing all we can to make known His
name. Three years ago there was not
a single person in this settlement who
professed to love Jesus; to-day there
is worship in every family."

TAKE CARE.

TAKE care of the pennies,
For now they are seeds,
No matter how few they may be,
If prudently planted,
In time they will grow,
To a thrifty and beautiful tree!

Take care of the minutes,
The jewels of time,
Life's sweet opportunities given;
The safer we keep them,
The brighter they'll shine—
Oh waste not one day of the seven!

Take care as you journey,
Along the high way,
Good of your health and your strength,
Without them in vain,
Are the beauties of earth,
In vain all the blessings of wealth.

Take care of your honour,
Your name and your fame,
Deal justly with men as you go,
And reach out your hand
To the poor and the sad,
Who suffer so much here below.

Take care of your foot's steps,
And which way they tend,
Press steadily on to the goal;
Take care that you live right,
And strive for the best
And God will take care of your soul.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, MARCH 10, 1883.

THE DOMINION HYMNAL.

THE new Sunday-school Hymnal is now ready. It contains 302 hymns. We consider it the best book, for its designed purpose, with which we are acquainted. The Rev. Dr. Sanderson has bestowed a great deal of labour on the book, and to him is due its admirable arrangement and the exceedingly appropriate mottoes or texts for each hymn. We quote the following remarks of the preface, which is also from his graceful pen:—

"A great deal of time has been spent in the preparation of this small volume of Sacred Song for Sunday-schools throughout the Dominion. It is the joint product of earnest and experienced workers, both clerical and lay, in the Sunday-school department of Christian effort. Not less than ten thousand hymns have been examined by the committee to which this work was committed; and it would have been to them an easier and much more satisfactory task to prepare a much

larger volume, could they have felt justified in so doing.

"To keep within reasonable limits; to introduce a sufficient number of new hymns, and yet retain a fair proportion of old ones, dear to many hearts; to provide for the more thoughtful, and not utterly exclude all hymns of a lighter type; to meet the wants and tastes of teachers, adult scholars, and children of different grades, down to that of the infant class; to provide for the numerous anniversaries recognized by the Churches; to introduce nothing of doubtful theology or tendency, and to make the Hymnal suitable for social services without damage to Sabbath-school interests, were among the many considerations steadily kept in view by the committee.

"A Tune Book, with a tune adapted to every hymn in the Hymnal, has also been prepared by another committee. The music is issued simultaneously with the publication of the hymns. In the examination of the music it will be very apparent that the right hand of one, who by previous musical compilations placed the Church under no small obligation, has not forgotten its cunning. Both Hymnal and Tune Book are so pagged as to make it easy to find the hymn in the one and the music in the other, without reference to Index. May this volume, prepared and published by authority of the General Conference of the Methodist Church, be rendered a great blessing to thousands throughout the Dominion of Canada."

THE *Iconoclast* is a live monthly Paper, devoted to the exposure of religious heresies and pious shams; Rev. T. L. Wilkinsons Editor, Waterford, Ont. It is only 50 cents a year, and is worth the money.

Tell it out among the Heathen.

Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!

out among the nations, bid them shout and sing Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out with a do-ration that ho out! Tell it out! bid them shout and sing Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!

shall increase. That the mighty King of Glory is the King of Peace, Tell it out with jubilation, tho' the waves may roar, shall increase.

Tell it out among the heathen that the Saviour reigns! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out among the nations, bid them burst their chains! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives; Tell it out among the weary ones what rest he gives; Tell it out among the sinners that he came to save; Tell it out among the dying that he triumphed o'er the grave.

3 Tell it out among the heathen, Jesus reigns above! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out among the nations, that his reign is love! Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home; Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean foam; Like the sound of many waters let our glad shouts be, Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the sea.

THE DOMINION HYMNAL.*

(MUSIC.)

THIS is a book for which our Schools have long been waiting—and it is worth waiting for. It is one of the very best Sunday-school Hymnals extant. What strikes one in opening it is the exceedingly clear and legible type of both music and words. Every page has been electrotyped in copper, and is as sharp and clear as copperplate engraving. Of the music we are personally incapable of judging, but from the distinguished reputation of the musical Editor, the Rev. Dr. Williams, who has prepared some of the most successful music books ever published in the Dominion, we are confident that it will meet the just expectations of all lovers of good music. Now that our Schools have an authorized hymnal of unsurpassed excellence, we hope that the great variety of unauthorized and inferior ones will speedily be superseded by the Dominion Hymnal. We give on this page a specimen of the music.

NEARLY forty thousand names are now enrolled in the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. It is a vast army of readers pursuing in systematic order, and under wise direction a course of study, which as Dr. Vincent aptly expresses it, gives to persons out of college the outlook of persons in college. This great popular university is now in its fifth year. The graduates of the first year, who completed the course last August, numbered over sixteen hundred.

*The *Dominion Hymnal*—A Collection of Hymns and Music for Sunday-school and Social Worship, pp. 30. Price, single copy, 60c.; per dozen, \$8.

THE ROLL CALL.

AN incident is related by a chaplain who was in the army. The hospital tents had been filling up fast as the wounded men had been brought to the rear. Among the number was a young man mortally wounded and not able to speak. It was near midnight, and many a loved one from our homes lay sleeping on the battle-field—that sleep that knows no waking, until Jesus shall call for them.

The surgeons had been their rounds of duty, and for a moment all was quiet. Suddenly this young man, before speechless, called, in a clear, distinct voice, "Here." The surgeon hastened to his side and asked what he wished. "Nothing," said he, "they are calling the roll in heaven, and I was answering to my name." He turned his head and was gone—gone to join the great army, whose uniform is washed white in the blood of the Lamb.

In the great roll-call of Eternity your name will be heard. Can you answer, *Here!*

We beg to acknowledge receipt of a donation of two boxes of books, from the Port Stanley Methodist Sunday-school, per Wm. Page, superintendent. This donation, say the donors, is designed for "needy schools with which we feel a deep sympathy, hoping they may be a blessing." We have many applications for such donations; and have abundant testimony that they do much good.

THE cause of the great lack of the missionary spirit of our churches is that there is not enough of Christ in them.—W. F. Bainbridge.



A SPANISH GYPSY.—(See first page.)

BESSIE'S GOOD NIGHT.

BY ALICE M. HALL.

A SMALL close room, of every comfort bare,
A cheerless room wherein few sunbeams fell,
Therein a child—a little maiden fair—
Therein more sorrow than my pen can tell.

Upon a couch this little maiden lay,
With white hands folded and white lips compressed,
Watching in calmness the departing day,
The outside glory and the crimson West.

"I think, dear mamma, ere to-morrow's sun
Has sped its course and sunken out of sight,"
The pale lips whispered, "You will be alone—
I think that I shall go away to-night."

"It is not far between me and the skies,
And on beyond I want to be and rest,
In that fair clime where no one ever dies,
Where none are weary and no one distressed."

"If it were mine to once again be strong,
And stay here, mamma, in the shade with you,
I would not mind if all the days were long,
Nor fret and murmur as I used to do."

"Sometimes I thought God's dealings hardly kind,
Since papa died and left us two alone;
No little girl could Bessie ever find
Bereft like her of fatherhood and home."

"But then I prayed till wicked thoughts were gone,
And I was happy. Jesus said to me,
"I hear your prayer; I love you, little one;
More than a father will I be to thee."

"Since then, dear mamma, God has been so near,
And spoken peace when all the way was dim,
That it has seemed like heaven even here,
And it is heaven when we are one with him."

"Soon, very soon, I'll lay me down and sleep,
And waken, mamma, in a clearer light,
I know that God my tiny life will keep,
So until morning, mamma dear, good night."

JOHN W. LOVELL Co., have arranged with the Rev. R. Heber Newton, to publish in their popular "Lovell's Library," the sermons now in the course of delivery, on "The Right and Wrong Uses of the Bible." The whole series of sermons, seven in all, will be issued in one volume, printed from large type in neat 12mo. form, paper covers, for 20 cents.

The *Bodley Books*. By HORACE E. SCUDDER. 6 vols, sq. 8vo. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, \$1.50 per vol.

The charm about these books is, that while capital holiday and birthday gift-books, they are equally suitable for use all the year round. We know of no similar series in which instruction and entertainment for young people are so admirably blended. They are copiously illustrated, and are printed with all the mechanical excellence for which the Riverside Press is famed. The fine selection of some of the noblest poems of the language, with admirable illustrations, give the books a marked educational value.

Vol. I., *The Doings of the Bodley Family in Town and Country*, is one of the best, with 77 engravings, and 250 pages. It describes life about Boston, and gives "The Piper of Hamlin," "The Heir of Lynn," "The Hunting of the Cheviot," and other classical English poems.

Vol. II., *The Bodleys Telling Stories*, describes certain historic buildings, with their associations, a visit to Cape Cod, and gives a charming French Christmas carol and *Story of Beth lehem*.

Vol. III., *The Bodleys on Wheels*, records a family journey through the old historic towns of Salem, Newburyport, Cape Ann, Mabelhead, and other places, which have been made famous in song and story. Longfellow's poems are laid under tribute, and a beautiful story by Ruskin is given.

Vol. IV., *The Bodleys Afoot*, describes a trip down the picturesque Valley of the Connecticut, to Hartford, New Haven, and on to New York, with sketches of Yale College.

Vol. V., *Mr. Bodley Abroad*, records the experiences of that gentleman in Scotland, the Low Countries, and Switzerland, elegantly illustrated, together with the adventures of the young folk at home.

Vol. VI., is *The Bodleys in Holland*. They went to study history, geography, and customs, not in great libraries, but in the people's faces and houses and all the curious things in that old-fashioned country. The heroic story

of William the Silent, and the Dutch patriot martyrs, is re-told from the glowing pages of Motley, and is beautifully illustrated by numerous engravings. The illuminated cover is really a work of fine art.

CHINESE GODS.

THE Chinese have a god for the kitchen, and believe that at the close of the year he goes up to a greater god and tells him all about the people in the house. His likeness hangs over the place where the cooking is done. Just before the year closes they give him a feast of molasses candy, and charge him to be sure and tell all good things about them, and no bad ones. They tell him, too, that they give the candy to make his lips stick together, so that he may not tell anything bad, but they forget that if his lips are closed he cannot tell anything good. They have many absurd ideas about their gods, and about the good and bad spirits of the other world. When any of the family are carried to the grave, they scatter paper money along the road to satisfy the spirits of their ancestors, and also to deceive any bad spirits that may happen to be about. While the bad spirit is examining the false money, the soul of the dead person can slip out of his way. The spirits of their dead ancestors are supposed to be satisfied with the paper money, which is cut like their "cash," as they call their copper pieces.

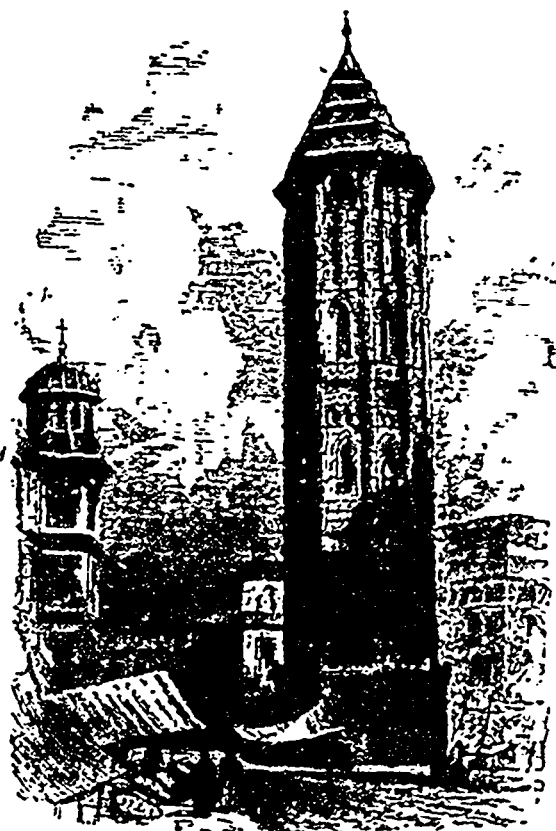
WHAT TO READ.

IT is not the question whether the young shall read that we have to do with. It is the far graver question, what they shall read. Literature in great abundance is thrust before them. It comes in cheap, often attractive, and generally exciting forms, and much the greater part is productive only of mischief. Here comes in the grave responsibility of parents and teachers. The fashion of casting away Sunday-school libraries that has found favour in some localities is only the giving of a clearer field for the disseminators of harmful books. By all means let the library remain. Let it be restored where it has been discarded. Let it be replenished with attractive and really valuable books. Good books are abundant. Let these books be chosen, with careful exclusion of all that is unworthy; let the library shelves be filled with them, and then let young and old be heartily encouraged to read.

And why not go a step further? Why shall not the Church advance just a little, and provide a good circulating library for its people old and young? Why not seek to feed the brain with well-chosen mind-food as well as feed the spiritual part with soul-food? Do not mind and soul live in exceedingly close communion in this complex

being of ours? And why shall we look well to the soul, guard jealously the pulpit that its teachings be orthodox, and then let the mind shift as best it can for itself? The Church may build colleges and seminaries for mind culture. It builds printing-houses and makes books and periodicals. Why shall it not also collect together the best sources of mind nourishment in good libraries, and encourage its people to read? Work of this kind could not fail to be highly beneficial. A reading room in a church, where that is practicable, would give many a young man a place to go to, and save him from the temptation to seek companionship in places of sin. To any church a library is altogether possible, and would be of incalculable advantage.—*Bible Teacher*.

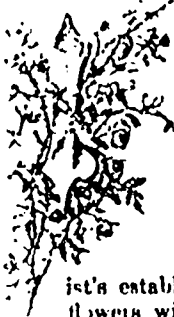
"A Temperance sermon from Brooklyn" is what the *Herald* calls the stupid death of a drunkard in that city. The incident was not a new or strange one; just the old story. The man was rich and honoured; he drank up his fortune, drove away his wife and children, slept in the snow and lost his fingers by frost, but continued to lift the bowl to his lips with the stump of a hand, and fell into other vices and deeper poverty, and at last the drunken vagabond is dead, and the coroner comes in to give the death certificate. Look at the sermon! Agony of life, children, friends; shame of relatives; blushes of fellow-citizens. Do we expect this sermon, plain, practical, terrible as sharp steel, to reform other drinkers? No. Why, then, do we wonder that Gospel sermons do not convert all the sinners? This temperance sermon is hot enough to scald the public feeling, but it will not save drunkards. Just so Gospel sermons are strong, and fail. The key to failure in both cases will be found in the fallen human nature where bad plight comes into ghastly prominence as often in newspapers as in sermons.



LEANING TOWER, ZARAGOZA.—(See first page.)

TEDDY'S EASTER SUNDAY.

BY JOE ALLISON.



It was Saturday afternoon. Easter Sunday was just at hand, and yet Teddy Cronin had not a flower to carry to the Mission Sunday-school. He had been standing in front of a florist's establishment, eyeing the flowers wistfully, a long time. He had even ventured to go in and ask if they had not an errand for him to do; but his appearance was against him. His tattered jacket much too small, and his tattered trousers much too large; his faded and shapeless cap; his gaping, mummated shoes—all marked him for a regular little street Arab, such as respectable dealers are reluctant to trust with their errands.

It is true it was not altogether necessary that he should carry flowers next day; but the children had been asked to contribute whatever they could to the adornment of the plain little room where they met, and Teddy, like the rest, was ambitious to do his part.

Tired of haunting the florist's, at length he retired down the street, and posted himself at the foot of a flight of steps, partly in the hope that some one of the gentlemen who now and then came down might allow him to carry some bundle or message, and partly to be near a woman who carried a board on her head, covered with little nosegays, whose fragrance sweetened the air around and woke in him unutterable longings. With one arm thrown around the pillar, at the foot of the steps, he swung back and forth, idle but eager.

A portly gentleman passed by him. When nearly opposite, he drew out his pocket-handkerchief, and with it came a pocket-book, which fell on the walk. He was passing on, unconscious of his loss, when Teddy, with a nimble leap, caught it up and ran after him.

"Sorr! Here, sorr! You've lost your wallet! Ho! Why don't ye stop! You've lost your wallet!"

The gentleman must, indeed, have been deaf as any post not to hear and attend to such vociferations. He stopped and looked around.

"My wallet! I don't believe it!" said he, thrusting his hand into his pocket. "My wallet! How in the name of wonder! Well, it is mine. How could I be so careless! Thank'ee, boy. I suppose you expect a reward for that."

"Yes, sorr. Please, sorr," said Teddy, grinning from ear to ear.

"Well, you're an honest fellow and you shall have one. Here's two cents. Is that enough?"

"Yes, sorr," said the boy, but not at all heartily and his countenance fell.

"You don't look as if you thought it was, though. Well, say, how much do you want?"

"Please, sorr, she asks five cents for them three bookays," said Teddy, pointing back at the woman with the flowers. "If you jest make it five cents, cos it's Easter to-morrow to the Mission School, and them as can git 'em carries flowers."

"Five cents will satisfy you, will it?" "Yes, sorr; please, sorr!" The answer was hearty enough now and the wide mouth broadened again.

"Very well. There, buy your flowers," and the gentleman waited to see the purchase completed.

Teddy smiled at this and that and the other of the nosegays, and at last selected one, paid his nickel, and proceeded to stick it in the buttonhole of his jacket.

"If you've nothing in particular to do, I'd like to have you walk a piece with me," said the gentleman.

"Yes, sorr; and carry your bundle for you, sorr."

"No; its nothing but a book. I can carry it. I only wanted a bit of a talk with you. You go to mission school you said. What's your name?"

"Teddy Cronin, sorr; and I goes to Bethel mission Sunday-school."

"Do you go to the public school, too?"

"Yes, sorr. Twenty-nine school. Up these a ways," pointing with his finger.

"What's your father's occupation?"

"Sorr!"

"What does your father do for a living?"

"Mor makes vests and pants."

"Ah! Ma has to support the family, does she? Father drinks, perhaps."

"No, sorr; he don't drink. He used to; awful; but no, sorr, he don't drink no more."

"Reformed, hey?" Well, that's a good thing. "Why doesn't he support the family, then?"

"He's dead, sorr." The ragged little cuff was brushed across Teddy's eyes as he answered.

"Well, well. I shouldn't think you need cry about a father of that sort. And your mother sews for a living. You live high, then, I'll warrant."

"Yes, sorr; we lives on the fifth floor back."

"Have you got any Sunday suit?"

"Yes, sorr. Better'n than this. I wears it to school, too. These is my old clo'es. Mor makes me wear 'em nights and mornin's and Saturdays, cos the others is patched on the knees and thin on the elbows a'ready. A feller can't makes his clo'es last forever," apologetically.

"Got a good pair of shoes for Sunday?"

"No, sorr; but Mor's goin' to get me a pair to night—new ones!—after she get's her pay."

"Well, come in here with me." They were just opposite a shoe store and they went in together.

"See if you can find a pair of good calfskin shoes to fit this boy. None of your split leather. I want something that'll wear," said the gentleman to the proprietor.

"Here's a pair for two dollars and seventy-five t'at I can warrant," said the dealer, selecting a pair of proper size.

"Try them on, Teddy," said the gentleman.

Teddy's eyes were big, but not altogether with wonder. Some other emotion was at work in his breast. He drew the gentleman aside and spoke in a whisper.

"Please, sorr, don't you do it, sorr! He's jest cheatin' you, cos he thinks you don't know nothin' about boys' shoes. Mor never pays more'n seventy-five cents. He tucks on them two dollars cos he thinks we're green."

"Try them on, Teddy. These shoes'll outlast a dozen pair of your seventy cent ones. Leave it to me. I know what I'm about."

So presently they came out, Teddy walking proudly in his new shoes and hugging his old ones, wrapped in paper, under his arm.

"Now come in here," said the eccentric gentleman, crossing the street and entering a clothing establishment.

"I want a good, strong suit of clothes for this boy. Something that'll wear well and not fade. All wool, but not too fine. Gray, I think," said he to the clerk.

Teddy stood by, looking solemn and awe-stricken. His confidence had deserted him and he had no words, either of comment or advice, to offer.

"Take him in there and let him put them on. I want to see if they are all right," said the gentleman, when he had made a choice.

Presently came forth a much-changed boy, well dressed from top to toe and trying furtively to smooth his curly locks, to make them more fit for his new garb.

"You can't mean I'm to keep 'em, sorr?" Teddy began, as they walked out into the street again.

"Come down this way apiece," said the gentleman. "Here's a hat store. Now, if there's anything on earth about which I'm bound to suit myself, whether anybody else is suited or not, it's in buying a hat. So you shall have the same privilege. Pick for yourself, only don't get cheated."

Teddy was so elated at such a very uncommon treat that his mouth was once more broadened with smiles. He entered into the business with eager interest. It promised to be a work of time, but the gentleman seemed to be enjoying himself and in no hurry.

At last Teddy chose a gray wool hat, a trifle darker than his suit.

"Well done!" said the man, as he laid down the two dollars which was the price.

"I never thought it would 'ave cost that much, sorr! I thought hats was hats and pretty much the same cost, and I forgot to ax the price," said Teddy, looking aghast.

"It's all right. Come on. Now we're done, I suppose?"

"Yes, sorr. I thank ye-very much, sorr, and if you have any little jobs as I could do—"

"Pshaw! we're not done! There, you've got some half a dozen pockets, and every one empty. That never'll do. Here, let me pin your nosegay to your coat. You'll lose it, or crush it, trying to carry it with all those bundles."

For Teddy had been unwilling to give up any of his old clothing, and it made quite an armful for him to carry. There was a small shop on the corner, where were kept a variety of toys, confectionery, etc.

"Come in here," said the gentleman, Then a few nuts went into one pocket, a paper of candies into another, a gay pocket-handkerchief into the third, a cheap, strong jackknife into the fourth. There was one empty yet.

"Choose for yourself now. Anything you see here that you would like, unless it is a pistol. I don't believe in boys having pistols."

"Please, sorr, might I choose an orrigan?"

"An organ? I don't see any here. Do you?"

"Yes, sorr. There, on that second shelf." And Teddy pointed at a small harmonica, that lay in sight.

"Oh! that thing! You're in for aesthetics, too, I see; music and flowers. Yes, yes, take it. Only fifteen cents? Cheap for an organ!"

"Now, I guess we're done with our morning's work. Good-bye, Teddy Cronin. Don't ever let me hear anything but good of that name. Help your mother, keep on at the mission school, and always be honest."

"Yes, sorr. I'm more thankful than I can tell you, sorr. You've been wonderful good to me. If you have any little jobs that I—"

But the gentleman was gone beyond hearing. Teddy's eyes followed him till he was lost in the crowd. Then he looked down at his new clothes.

"Won't Mor stare when she sees me, though?" said he. The thought started him off homeward in a hurry, with face all aglow at the prospect of the sensation he was about to make in the fifth-story back room.

No prouder or happier boy brought his offering of flowers to Bethel mission Sunday-school on Easter Sunday than Teddy Cronin, and his pleasant-faced young teacher wondered not a little how Widow Cronin had managed, out of her small wages, to buy her boy a new suit from top to toe.

GRANNYS EYES.

"When those that look out of the windows be darkened."—Eccles. 12: 3.

RAPT in a world of long ago,
Granny sits dreaming half the day;
Life's events for her grow gray;
Even the sunset's lingering glow
Fades fast away.

Dear Granny! sun, and moon, and stars,
For her have lost their wonted light;
The eyes that once were sparkling bright,
Can see no more the golden bars,
And all is night!

Yet God is good, and with the cross,
He sends such love her years to bless—
Such wealth of patient tenderness—
That day by day dear Granny's loss
Grows less and less.

And children's children haunt the place
Where Granny sits, and, full of glee,
They clamber wildly on her knee,
And love to kiss the dear old face
That seems to see.

And one wee figure quaintly wise,
Will linger there when others play,
And never care to run away;
We always call her "Granny's eyes,"
The children say.

For, hour by hour by Granny's side
The little maid will sit and read,
Or, perhaps the tottering footsteps lead,
So that the blind, with such fond guide,
Can see indeed.

So Granny dear is glad and bright,
Fully on earth content to stay,
Till, in the Father's own good way,
The sun shall shine, and all the night
Be turned to day,
—New York Evangelist.

In three years, out of twenty-eight thousand two hundred and eighty-nine persons who were put in jail in Canada for various crimes, twenty one thousand two hundred and thirty-six of them were sent there for drunkenness, or evil deeds done under the influence of drink. It is the same thing every where. — Rev. J. C. Seymour's *Temperance Battlefield*.

A LITTLE girl in church, after the contribution-plate had been passed, complacently and audibly said, "I paid for four, mamma; was that right?"

THE LEGEND OF EASTER EGGS.

"DEAREST papa," says my boy to me,
As he merrily climbs on his
mother's knee,
"Why are those eggs that you see me hold
Coloured so finely with blue and gold?
And what is the wonderful bird that lays
Such beautiful eggs upon Easter-days?"

"You have heard, my boy, of the Man who
died
Crowned with keen thorns and crucified;
And how Joseph the wealthy—whom God
rewarded—
Cared for the corpse of his martyred Lord,
And piously tombed it within the rock
And closed the gate with a mighty block

"Now close by the tomb a fair tree grew
With pendulous leaves and blossoms of
blue,
And deep in the green tree's shadowy
breast
A beautiful singing-bird sat on her nest,
Which was bordered with mosses like mal-
white
And held four eggs of an ivory white.

"Now when the bird from her dim recess
Beheld the Lord in His burial dress,
And looked on the heavenly face so pale,
And the dear feet pierced with the cruel
nail,
Her heart nigh broke with a sudden pang,
And out of the depths of her sorrow she
sang.

"All night long till the moon was up
she sat and sang in her moss wreathed
cap.
A song of sorrow as wild and shrill!
As the homeless wind when it roams the
hill,
So full of tears, so loud and long,
That the grief of the world seemed turned
to song.

"But soon there came through the weeping
night
A glimmering angel clothed in white,
And he rolled the stone from the tomb
away
Where the Lord of the earth and heaven
lay,
And Christ arose in the cavern's gloom,
And in living lustre came from the tomb.

"Now the bird that sat in the heart of the
tree
Beheld the celestial mystery,
And its heart was filled with a sweet
delight,
And it poured a song on the throbbing
night,
Notes climbing notes, till higher, higher,
They shot to heaven like spears of fire.

"When the glittering white-robed angel
heard
The sorrowing song of the grieving bird,
And heard the following chant of mirth
That hailed Christ risen again on earth,
He said, "Sweet bird, be forever blest,
Thyself, thy eggs, and thy moss-wreathed
nest."

"And ever, my child, since that blessed
night
When Death bowed down to the Lord of
light,
The eggs of that sweet bird change their
hue
And burn with red and gold and blue,
Reminding mankind in their simple way
Of the holy marvel of Easter-day."
Fitz James O'Brien.

PURE whiskey or brandy, or wine,
or beer, are all dreadfully dangerous
drinks, but such drinks are hardly
ever found pure. They are nearly all
largely mixed with, or rather almost
made up entirely of, the most power-
ful and terrible poisons. It is no
wonder that while ordinary disease
kills its thousands, such horrible drinks
slay their ten thousands every year.
In the United States alone drink kills
off annually as many people as would
make a city as large as Toronto.
About every four minutes on an aver-
age somebody lies through drink in
Great Britain and America!—*Rev. J.
C. Seymour's "Temperance Battle-
Field."*

THE KING AND THE PAGE.

ONCE when Frederick the Great,
of Prussia, rang his bell for
his page to come and wait on
him, there was no answer. He rang
again, and still there was no answer.
He rang again, and still there was no
answer. So he went out into the ante-
chamber, and there he found his page
fast asleep. The stop of the King did
not waken him, so soundly was he
sleeping. A letter sticking out of the
boy's pocket caught the King's eye,
and he was curious enough to take it
out and read it. Not any more hon-
ourable that for a King than for any
one else.

But the boy had no reason to be
afraid or ashamed of the King's curi-
osity, for it was a letter from his poor
mother, thanking him for sending her
his wages, and praying God to reward
his kindness and attention. After
reading it, the King went softly back
to his chamber, took a bag of money,
and with the latter slipped it into the
pocket of the boy.

Again going to his chamber, he
rang the bell loud enough to arouse
the sleeper, who immediately answered
its summons.

"You have been fast asleep," said
the King.

Frightened and confused, the poor
boy put his hand into his pocket and
found the bag of money. He took it
out, and, looking up to the King, burst
into tears.

"What is the matter?" asked the
King.

"Ah, sire," cried the poor fellow,
throwing himself on his knees before
Frederick, "somebody is trying to
ruin me. I know nothing about this
money which I have found in my
pocket."

"My young friend," said the King,
"God takes different ways of helping
us. Send the money to your mother.
Salute her from me, and tell her I will
take good care of both her and you."
—*Christian Weekly.*

A LITTLE ADVICE GRATIS.

THESE long winter evenings
are capital for literary im-
provement, and our young
people especially should not
neglect it. Business is not so pressing
as in the summer season, the weather
is more inclement, and consequently
does not entice so powerfully to the
outer air, and home is much more
attractive. These are the kind of nights
in which our historic self-made men
manufactured the greater part of their
power, by adding layer after layer of
thought, and disciplining their fac-
ulties for future work. If our young
men and women knew how much they
will need all of what well-applied
study can now give them, they would
waste none of these splendid evenings.
Of course, they must give some time
to society, and attend to the current
duties; but there are still many long
evenings which might be made profit-
able by devoting them to solid reading
or study.

The fascination of books and papers
is so great that it is a wonder that any
resist their spell. By simply opening
the leaves the reader is transported to
a new world, and either gathering the
lessons of successive ages, traveling
with magic boots which skim the earth
without effort, or gaining the secret of
successful men, or learning the news

of the day and the times in which we
live, or plucking the fruit of science.
Sarcely this is much better than idle
conversation, the rapid wit, the stale
and feeble jokes, and the thin life of
many of our youth. The world will
need, as it always has needed, men and
women who have read, and those who
have studied and kept abreast of the
times will be the ones who truly
succeed.—*Exchange.*

INITIALS ON FRUIT.

WID you ever see a name printed
on a growing apple, pear or
peach, No! Well, if you wish
to have that pleasure this is the way to
obtain it. While the fruit yet hangs
green upon the tree, make up your
mind which is the biggest and most
promising specimen of all. Next, cut
out from thin, tough paper, the initials
of the name of your little brother or
sister or chief crony, with round specks
for the dots after the letters, and the
letters themselves plain and thick.
Then paste these letters and dots on
the side of the apple which is now
turned to the sun, taking care not to
loosen the fruit's hold upon its stem.
As soon as the apple is ripe, take off
the paper cuttings, which, having shut
out the reddening rays of the sun,
have kept the fruit green just beneath
them, so that the name or initials now
show plainly. After that bring the
owner of the initials to play near
the tree and say presently, "why what
are those queer marks on that apple up
there?" You will find this quite a
pleasant way to surprise little ones.

EFFECTS OF DRINK.

SEVERAL years ago a youth
was hung for killing his little
brother. When on the gal-
lows the sheriff said, "If you
have anything to say, speak now, for
you have only five minutes to live."
The boy, bursting into tears, said, "I
have to die. I had only one little
brother; he had beautiful eyes and
flaxen hair, and I loved him. But one
day I got drunk for the first time in
my life, and coming home, I found
him gathering strawberries in the gar-
den. I became angry with him with-
out a cause and I killed him with one
blow. I did not know anything about
it till the next morning, when I awoke
from sleep and found myself tied and
guarded, and was told that when my
little brother was found, his hair was
clotted with his blood and brains, and
he was dead. Whiskey has done this.
It has ruined me. I never was drunk
but once. I have only one more word
to say, and then I am going to my
final Judge. I say to young men,
Never, never, NEVER touch intoxicating
drinks, and never begin to smoke."

A man who had committed murder
and was awaiting the day of execution
drew the picture on the wall of his
cell, of a gallows, with five steps leading
up to it. On the first step he wrote,
Disobedience to Parents; on the second,
Sabbath-breaking; on the third step,
Gambling and drunkenness; on the
fourth, *Murder*; and on the fifth he
wrote, "*The Fatal Platform.*"—*Rev.
J. C. Seymour's Temperance Battlefield.*

"Why did you hide, Johnny?" said
one boy to another. "I hide to save
my hide," replied the other, as he
bied away to a secure spot.

JOHNNY'S OPINION OF GRAND
MOTHERS.

GRANDMOTHERS are very nice folk.
They beat all the aunts in creation.
They let a chap do as he likes,
And don't worry about education.

I'm sure I can't see it at all
What a poor fellow ever could do
For apples and pennies, and cake,
Without a grandmother or two.

Grandmothers speak softly to "ma,"
To let a boy have a good time;
Sometimes they will whisper 'tis true,
To other way when a boy wants to climb.

Grandmothers have muffins for tea
And pies, a whole row in the cellar,
And they're apt (if they know it in time)
To make chicken-pie for a "feller."

And if he is bad now and then,
And makes a great racket noise,
They only look over their specs,
And say, "Ah, these boys will be boys."

"Life is only so short at the best,
Let the children be happy to-day,"
Then look for awhile at the sky,
And the hills that are far, far away.

Quite often, as twilight comes on,
Grandmothers sing hymns, very low,
To themselves, as they tuck by the fire,
About heaven, and when they shall go.

And then, a boy stopping to think,
Will find a hot tear in his eye,
To know what will come at the last,
For grandmothers all have to die.

I wish they could stay here and pray,
For a boy needs their prayers every night.
Some boys more than others, I s'pose,
Such as I, need a wonderful sight.

DO YOUR BEST.

A GENTLEMAN once said to a
physician: "I should think,
doctor, that at night you would
feel so wearied over the work
of the day, that you would not be able
to sleep." "My head hardly touches
the pillow before I am asleep," re-
plied the physician. "I made up my
mind," he continued, "at the com-
mencement of my professional career,
to do my best under all circumstances;
and so doing I am not troubled with
any misgivings." A good rule for us
all to follow. Too many are disposed
to say: "No matter how I do this
work, now; next time I'll do better."
The practice is as bad as the reasoning.
"No matter how I learn this lesson in
the primary class; when I get into a
higher department, then I'll study."
As well might the mother in knitting
stockings say: "No matter how the
top is done; if even I drop a stitch
now and then I'll do better when I
get further along." What kind of a
stocking would that be? As well
might the builder say: "I don't care
how I make the foundation of this
house; anything will do here; wait till
I get to the top, then I'll do good
work." Said Sir Joshua Reynolds
once to Dr. Samuel Johnson. "Pray
tell me sir, by what means you have
attained such extraordinary accuracy
and flow of language in the expression
of your ideas?" "I laid it down as a
fixed rule," replied the doctor, "to do
my best on every occasion, and in
every company to impart what I know
in the most forcible language I can
put it."—*Selected.*

EVERY man feels that justice ought
to be done in the moral government
of the universe, and that it cannot be
done without the punishment of evil
doing.



CHRIST FROM THE DEAD AROSE.

BY ADELAIDE STOUT.

CHRIST from the dead arose—
Awoke from death's repose
This Easter morn!
May our quick soul to-day
Put the dead past away,
New hope be born!

Christ left the linen bands;
Can we not from our hands
Throw off some gyve?
Cannot some unknown good
Be better understood?
We more alive,

To all that makes life sweet,—
To voices that entreat
Us tenderly!
There are deep souls that plead
For love, from their deep need,
Incessantly.

Is it not strange that cry
A soul should e'er put by
For God is love!
As young birds in the nest
Our soul cries without rest
To God above.

So on this Easter morn
May stronger love be born
At our heart's core—
Love for very own,
Love for souls that moan
Outside love's door.

So on this Easter let
Our heart be in us set
To rise from spite!
To break the little gyves—
That bind and cut our lives,
Hind'ring the right.

Love never seemed so pure,
One thing that shall endure
In us for aye,
We cannot love too much!
Oh, God of love Thy touch
On dull nerves lay,

Quickened as from the dead!
May our deep soul be fed
From Thee, and so
From fulness of the heart
We freely shall impart
Love as we go.

Some live out a life's years
And know not what sweet tears
Well from love's spring.
They put down though they die
The soul's deep hungering cry
As a vain thing—

A new-born infant's moan.
We live by love alone!
Oh, God this morn
May each soul nerve be rife
With that pure subtle life—
Of Thy love born!

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

A. D. 37.] LESSON XI. [March 18.

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

Acts 7. 54-60 and 8. 1-4. Commit to memory vs. 54-60.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. Rev. 2. 10.

OUTLINE.

1. Jesus and Stephen. v. 54-56.
2. Stephen and Saul. v. 57-60.
3. Saul and the Church. v. 1-4.

TIME—A. D. 37, seven years after the crucifixion of Christ.

PLACE—Jerusalem, and the land of Judæa.

EXPLANATIONS.—*These things*—The words of Stephen in verses 51, 52. *Cut to the heart*—Made exceedingly angry. *Full of the Holy Ghost*—What a contrast between the face of Stephen and those of his enemies! *Saw the glory of God*—The brightness which was the token of God's presence. *Jesus standing*—The ascended Saviour, rising to meet his faithful disciple. *Son of man*—A name which was used only by Jesus himself. *Cried out*—To show that they regarded his words as blasphemous and wicked. *Stopped their ears*—As if unwilling to hear such words. *Ran upon him*—Turning from a council into a murderous mob. *Cast him out*—The Jewish custom required that stoning to death should take place outside of the city. *Stoned him*—Though done by a mob, it was with all the forms of a Jewish execution. *The witnesses*—Those who bore testimony were required to cast the first stones. *Laid down their clothes*—Their outer garments, that they might be free to do the work. *A young man's feet*—Who took care of them. *Saul*—Afterward he became the apostle Paul. *Calling upon God*—This should read, "Calling upon the Lord," that is, Christ. *Receive my spirit*—He called upon Jesus as Jesus while dying had called upon his Father. Luke 23. 46. *Kneeled down*—To offer his dying prayer, a prayer for those who were slaying him. *Lay not this sin*—A forgiveness like that of Christ in Luke 23. 34. *Fell asleep*—Though murdered, his death was peaceful, like a sleep. *Saul was consenting*—He gave help and sanction to it. *A great persecution*—The murder of Stephen led to other acts of violence. *All scattered*—The Church was broken up and the disciples driven away.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson may we learn—

1. How a Christian should suffer wrong?
2. How a Christian should meet death?
3. How Christ's cause may be helped by persecution?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Stephen see as he looked up to heaven? Jesus on the right hand of God.
2. What did the council do when they heard his words? They stoned him.
3. For what was the last prayer of Stephen? For forgiveness to his enemies.

giveness to his enemies. 4. Who took part in the murder of Stephen? A young man named Saul. 5. What did Saul do afterward? He persecuted the Church.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The exaltation of Jesus.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

14. What became of John the Baptist at last?

John the Baptist was at last beheaded by Herod, at the wicked request of his niece, when she had pleased him with her fine dancing.

FIRST QUARTERLY REVIEW.

March 25.

[TO THE SCHOLAR.—1. Read over the lessons of the quarter carefully, as they are given in the Home Readings, a part each day. 2. As you read each lesson, see how the Questions upon it given below, are answered. 3. Learn the title and Golden Text of each lesson. 4. Review all your work on Sunday, and once more on Sunday.]

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Lesson I. *The Ascending Lord.* Acts 1. 1-14.—How long was Jesus seen after his resurrection? By whom was he seen? What did he promise? Give an account of his ascension? What is the GOLDEN TEXT? Where does this lesson tell us that we should be witnesses for Jesus?

Lesson II. *The Descending Spirit.* Acts 2. 1-16.—When did the Spirit descend? Upon whom? Where were the disciples? What was its effect upon them? [GOLDEN TEXT.] How did they speak? How does this lesson show that we should pray for the Holy Spirit?

Lesson III. *The Believing People.* Acts 2. 37-47.—Whose address led them to believe? What did Peter tell them to do? How many were added to the Church? How did they show their faithfulness afterward? How does this show that we should receive the word? [GOLDEN TEXT.]

Lesson IV. *The Healing Power.* Acts 3. 1-11.—Where was the healing power shown? Upon whom? Whose words caused the healing? What followed the healing? What is the GOLDEN TEXT? How does this show that we should praise God for his blessings.

Lesson V. *The Prince of Life.* Acts 3. 12-21.—Who spoke of Jesus by this name? Where and to whom did he speak? What did he say that they had done to Jesus? What did he urge them to do? What is the GOLDEN TEXT? Where does this lesson teach us that we may have our sins blotted out?

Lesson VI. *None Other Name.* Acts 4. 1-14.—Who came upon the apostles? What did they do to them? What did they ask them? How did Peter answer them? What did Peter say about the name of Jesus? [GOLDEN TEXT.] Through whom does this lesson teach us that we should seek to be saved?

Lesson VII. *Christian Courage.* Acts 4. 18-31.—Who showed courage? Before whom did they show it? What did they say? What did they do when set free? How was the Spirit's presence shown? Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT. How may we show our courage?

Lesson VIII. *Ananias and Sapphira.* Acts 5. 1-11.—Who were they? What did they do? What was their crime? How was it discovered? How was it punished? What is the GOLDEN TEXT? What should we always speak?

Lesson IX. *Persecution renewed.* Acts 5. 17-32.—By whom was it renewed? What was done to the apostles? How were they set free? What did the officers find? Where and how did they bring the apostles? What did they say? [GOLDEN TEXT.] Whom does this lesson teach us to obey?

Lesson X. *The Seven Chosen.* Acts 6. 1-15.—Why were they chosen? For what were they chosen? What was their character? [GOLDEN TEXT.] Who was the greatest among them? What did he do? What was done to him? How did his face look? How does this lesson teach us to be helpful in God's cause?

Lesson XI. *The First Christian Martyr.* Acts 7. 54-60, and 8. 1-4. Who was he? What was his vision? What were his prayers? Who helped in his murder? What then came upon the Church? What is the GOLDEN TEXT? For whom does this lesson teach us to pray?

Special Quarterly Service.—Topic: The Family. 1. The divine institution of the family. 2. The importance of religion in the family. 3. The relation of the family to the Church.

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