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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. III.

TORONTO, APRIL 7, 1883.

No. 7.

BE IN TIME.

Be in time for every call ;
If you can, be first of all ;
Be in time.
If your teachers only find
You are never once behind,
But are like the dial, true,
They will always trust to you,
Be in time.

Never linger ere you start,
Set out with a willing heart,
Be in time.
In the morning up and on,
First to work, and soonest done,
This is how the goal's attained,
This is how the prize is gained,
Be in time.

Those who aim at something
great
Never yet were found too late ;
Be in time.
Life with all its but a school ;
We must work by plan and rule,
Ever steady, earnest, true,
Whatsoever you may do,
Be in time.

Listen, then, to wisdom's call—
Knowledge now is free to all ;
Be in time.
Youth must daily toil and strive,
Treasurers for the future hive,
For the work they have to do,
Keep this motto still in view—
Be in time.

THE FLOWERY KING- DOM.

If all the people of all
the world can be im-
agined as standing
abreast, in a single
line, so that they should
just touch one another, that
line would be about 500,-
000 miles long, long enough
to reach around the earth
twenty times. And if you
could pass in front of that
line and look on each face,
at least one man in every
four you would see would
be a Chinaman.

There are eighteen pro-
vinces in China proper, each
one being about as large as
Great Britain, and yet it
is very doubtful whether
many of the boys and girls
who have finished their
geographies, know so much
as the name of any one of
these provinces. Americans
talk much of their vast
country, yet China, with
its dependencies, has 300,-
000 more square miles than
are found in all their States and Terri-
tories, including Alaska. On each
square mile in the United States there
dwell, on an average, ten or eleven
persons, while China has at least two



CHINA.

minister for each million
of people. If Christians
knew more about China
and thought more about it,
they would surely make
more effort to give to its
millions the gospel.

The Chinese have many
names for the land they
inhabit. It is from their
name Tsin or Chin, that
our word China comes.
This is very like the name
Sinim, by which it is sup-
posed China is referred to
in the Bible (Is. xlix. 12).
They call it also "The
Middle Kingdom," some-
times "The Central Flow-
ery Kingdom," because they
suppose it stands in the
centre of the earth.

Peking, the capital of this
great empire, is one of the
largest cities in the world,
having an estimated popu-
lation of a million and a
half. It is the seat of
governmental administra-
tion, and of large commer-
cial enterprises. The streets
are generally unpaved, and
according to the state of
the weather, are either
kneedeep in mud or covered
with dust. The houses are
chiefly of brick, one story
high, and often embellished
with grotesque carving, as
shown in our first engrav-
ing, and with much brilliant
painting and gilding.

The street scenes are
generally of peculiar anima-
tion, from the number of
stalls and street buyers and
sellers. All manner of
trades and industries are
conducted in the open air,
and the picturesque garb of
the natives, which is fast
becoming familiar in our
Canadian cities, gives colour
and variety to the scene.

The large picture on this
page shows some of these
strange open-air scenes. In
the upper group a juggler is
performing his conjuring
tricks, and making his pup-
pet figures dance. At his
right his assistant is play-
ing on a flute, and at the
same time on a tambourine

and cymbals with his feet, while a
gaping crowd look on and admire.
The central part of the picture shows
the process of drying and preparing
tea over a slow fire, and on either side
has been made towards giving them
the gospel of Jesus, and many thou-
sands have already learned to love
Him, there has not yet been sent from
all Christian lands so much as one

are Chinese officials. Below is shown the process of winding silk from the cocoon.

The Great Wall was built upon the northern boundaries of the empire two hundred years before our Saviour came to earth. It was designed as a defence against the warlike Tartars, but is now quite useless. It runs from the sea along the northern border of the empire for 1300 miles (some authorities say 1500), passing through the valleys and over lofty mountain ranges. The wall varies from fifteen to thirty feet in height, and is about as thick as it is high, while at intervals there are large square towers, some of them being fifty feet high. It is said that six horsemen could ride abreast on the top of the wall. What energy and patience the Chinese must have had to build this enormous structure, which has lasted now for over two thousand years!

There are said to be three religions in China. One originated with Confucius, a sage who lived about six hundred years before Christ. All the Chinese reverence him, and yet a large portion of them follow another religion than the one he taught. Some are Taoists, and some are Buddhists. But while these three forms of religion are professed, the people care little about any one of them. Once or twice a year each Chinaman bows and worships heaven and earth, but every day of the year and in every house in the land, worship is offered to departed ancestors. The universal religion of China is the worship of ancestors. Each family keeps what are called ancestral tablets. These are boards, usually about twelve inches long by three wide, on which are written the name, rank, titles, birth and death days of each deceased member of the household. Every day, morning and evening, incense is burned and worship offered before these tablets.

One of the saddest things about the religions of China is that none of them seem to have it for their object to make men better. A priest once said to a missionary: "Your religion does not give what the people want. When they worship they wish to know whether they can grow rich and recover from disease. In the case of believing in Jesus, there are no benefits of this kind." The people have no idea of a religion whose aim is to free from sin and make men pure.

Though the Chinese are good scholars and have many books, they are as superstitious as the lowest savages. They believe in ghosts and evil spirits, and one of their singular notions is that these evil spirits go in straight lines, and hence they make their streets crooked, so as to confuse and keep off the bad spirits. They also believe in an oracle by which they can foretell their fate. While incense is burning and crackers are fired off, to keep the god awake and attentive, the inquirer shakes a cup in which are placed strips of wood with some written words upon them, and from the strips that fall upon the ground he learns his fate.

Another singular notion of the Chinese is that they can convey to any spirit, whether human or divine, whatever they may please, by simply burning the article or an image of it, in the flames. Hence as they think that a friend, after his spirit leaves the body, will need just what he needed here, they burn paper images of those

subjects, and so fancy that they reach the departed soul. A missionary describes a paper house which he once saw built for a person who had died. "It was about ten feet high and twelve deep. It contained a sleeping-room, library, reception room, hall, and treasury. It was furnished with paper chairs and tables. Boxes of paper money were carried in. There was a sedan-chair, with bearers, and also a boat and boatman, for the use of the deceased in the unseen world. A table spread with food was placed in front of the house." This whole paper establishment was suddenly set fire to, and in the midst of a fusillade of crackers it quickly vanished in the flames. What a pitiable notion this is as to what human souls will need in the future!

This idea that whatever is burned in the sacred flame is thus conveyed to unseen spirits, is applied to prayers. The Chinaman always writes his prayers and then burns them. So he fancies they go up to the god or spirit he would address. The priests fill up blank prayers, according to the wishes of their customers who come with their various wants. People come to buy prayers for themselves and for others, and having had them filled out, they go away to burn them.

"O' WATER, BRIGHT WATER."

SOME love to drink from the foamy
brink,

Where the wine drop's dance they see,
But the water's bright, in its silver light,
And a crystal cup for me.
O, water, bright water! pure, precious, free!
Yes: tis water bright, in its silver light,
And a crystal cup for me.

O, a goodly thing is the cooling spring,
'Mong the rocks where the moss doth grow:
There's health in the tide and there's music
beside
In the brooklet's bounding flow,
O, water, &c.

As pure as Heaven is the water given,
'Tis forever fresh and new;
Distilled in the sky, it comes from on high,
In the shower and the gentle dew.
O, water, &c.

IN DOUBLE DANGER—A STRANGE ADVENTURE.



I had many a queer
voyage in my time
(said Capt. M—),
but the queerest I
ever had was one I
made (somewhat un-
expectedly, as you
will see) upon the
Great Fish River,
in South Africa, on
my way back from
a hunting excu-
sion.

As I neared the bank I saw that the river was in full flood, more than twice its usual breadth, and running like a mill race. I knew at once that I should have a very tough job to get across—for a flooded African river is no joke, I can tell you. But I knew also that my wife would be terribly anxious if I didn't come back on the day that I had fixed—South Africa being a place where a good many things may happen to a man—and so I determined to chance it.

Just at the water's edge I found an old bushman that I knew well, who had a boat of his own, so I hailed him at once: "Well, Kaloomi, what will you take to put me across the river?"

"No go fifty dollars this time, baas" (master), said the old fellow, in his half-Dutch, half-English jargon. "Beat no got 'cross to-day, water good (great)!"

And never a bit could I persuade him, although I offered him money enough to make any ordinary bushman jump head first down a precipice. Money was good, he said, but it would be no use to him when he was drowned; and, in short, he wouldn't budge. "Well, if you won't take me across," said I at last, "lend me your boat, and I'll just do the job for myself. I can't very well take my horse with me, so that I'll just leave him here in pledge that I'll pay for the boat when I come back."

"Keep horse for you, master, quite willing; but 'spose you try 'cross to-day you never come back to ask for him."

He spoke so positively that, although I'm not easily frightened, I certainly did feel uncomfortable. However, when you've got to do a thing of that sort, the less you think of it the better, so I jumped into the boat and shoved off.

I had barely got clear of the shore when I found that the old fellow was right, for the boat shot down the stream like an arrow. I saw in a moment that there was no hope of paddling her across, and that all I could do was just to keep her head straight. But I hadn't the chance of doing that very long, for just then a big tree came driving along, and hitting my boat full on the quarter, smashed her like an egg shell. I had just time to clutch the projecting roots and whisk myself on to them, and tree and I went away down stream together at I don't know how many miles an hour.

At first I was so rejoiced at escaping just when all seemed over with me that I didn't think much of what was to come next, but before long I got something to think of with a vengeance. The tree, as I've said, was a large one, and the branch end (the opposite one to where I sat) was all one mass of green leaves. All at once, just as I was shifting myself to a safer place among the roots, the leaves suddenly shook and parted, and out peeped the great yellow head and fierce eyes of an enormous lion.

I don't think I ever got such a fright in my life. My gun had gone to the bottom with the boat, and the only weapon I had left was a short hunting knife, which, against such a beast as that, would be no more use than a bodkin. I fairly gave myself up for lost, making sure that in another moment he'd spring forward and tear me to bits.

But whether he had already gorged himself with prey, or whether (as I suspect) he was really frightened at finding himself in such a scrape, he showed no disposition to attack me, so long, at least, as I remained still. The instant I made any movement, however, he would begin roaring and lashing his tail, as if he were going to fall on me at once. So, to avoid provoking him, I was forced to remain stock still, although sitting so long in one position cramped me dreadfully.

There we sat, Mr. Lion and I, staring at each other with all our might—a very picturesque group, no doubt, if there had been anybody there to see it. Down, down the stream we went, the banks seeming to race past us as if we were going by train, while all around

broken timber, waggon wheels, trees, bushes, and the carcasses of drowned horses and cattle went whirling past us on the thick brown water.

All at once I noticed that the lion seemed to be getting strangely restless and turning his great head from side to side in a nervous kind of way, as if he saw or heard something he didn't like. At first I couldn't imagine what on earth was the matter with him, but presently I caught a sound which scared me much worse than it had done the lion. Far in the distance I could hear a dull booming roar, which I had heard too often not to recognize at once; we were nearing a waterfall!

I had seen the great falls of the Fish River more than once, and the bare thought of being carried over those tremendous precipices made my very blood run cold. Yet being devoured by a lion would hardly be much of an improvement, and as I hadn't the ghost of a chance of being able to swim ashore there really seemed to be no other alternative.

Faster and faster we went—louder and louder grew the roar of the cataract; the lion seemed to have given himself up for lost, and crouched down among the leaves, only uttering a low moaning whine every now and then. I was fairly at my wits' end what to do when all of a sudden I caught sight of something that gave me a glance of hope.

A little way ahead of us the river narrowed suddenly, a rocky headland thrust itself out a good way into the stream. On one of the lowest points of it grew a thick clump of trees, whose boughs overhung the water; and it struck me that, if we only passed near enough, I might manage to catch hold of one of the branches, and swing myself up on to the rock.

No sooner said than done. I started up, hardly caring whether the lion attacked me or not, and planted myself firmly upon one of the biggest roots, where I could take a good spring when the time came. I know that this would be my last chance, for by this time we were so near the precipice that I could see quite plainly, a little way ahead, the great cloud of spray and vapour that hovered over the great waterfall. Even at the best it was a desperate venture, and I can tell you that I felt my heart beginning to thump like a sledge hammer. As we came closer and closer to the point I thought what would happen if I missed my leap.

Just as we neared it, it happened by the special mercy of God that our tree struck against something and turned fairly cross-wise to the current, and with the lion on it swinging out into mid-stream, while my end was driven close to the rock on which the clump of trees grew.

Now or never! I made one spring (I don't think I ever made such another before or since) and just clutched the lowest bough; and as I dragged myself out to it I heard the last roar of the doomed lion mingling with the thunder of the waterfall as he vanished into the cloud of mist that overhung the precipice.

As for me it was late enough that night when I got home, and I found my poor wife in a fine fright about me; so I thought it just as well, on the whole, to keep my adventure to myself, and it wasn't till nearly a year later that she heard a word about my strange fellow-voyager.

THE STORKS OF DELFT.

THE bells clang I dread in every spire
The watchman cried: "Fire! fire!
fire! fire!"
Ho! men of Delft, the city flames,
Run from your labours and your games.
Ho! rich and poor, haste for your lives,
Snatch your dear children and your wives,
The bedrid, aged, sick, and blind,
The idiot and insane of mind;
Then think of household goods and gear,
Rich tapestries and flagons dear,
And plate wherewith your town makes cheer.
Run, burghers, for the flames are red,
They hiss and crackle overhead,
And high above each lane and street,
Hangs our brave city's winding sheet."
And thus it chanced in Delft of faine
Lived many storks that went and came,
Free from all harm, protected, blessed,
Because they cleared the city's peat—
Toads, frogs, and noisome creatures foul.
So wise a bird some gave a soul,
And scarce a man but reared a thatch
Whercon the little storks might hatch.
Now, on that fatal third of May,
When lurid clouds obscured the day,
With nesting birds just out of shell,
A strange and piteous thing befell.
Soft, downy, formless wing and head
They lay within the natal bed.
The parent birds quick saw their doom,
Mid stifling smoke and sullen boom
Of falling roof and splintering wall,
And groan, and curse, and anguish call.
Mid awaying crowds and rushing feet,
And furnace-blasts of withering heat,
And flying sparks like living things,
That bore destruction on their wings.
And first they sought in haste to bear
Their nurslings through the heated air;
But no, their strength would not suffice;
They struggle, but they cannot rise,
And, panting back upon the nest,
They hide their young with wing and breast,
And calmly wait the fiery wave
To lay them in a common grave.
The flying crowds with wonder saw
A sight to fill the soul with awe,
Those birds that chose not life, but death,
To shield their young with latest breath;
Mounting in love a funeral pyre
They gave their bosoms to the fire.
And thus, perchance, the storks that day
Taught some poor craven heart the way
To stay his feet for those in need,
To help the weak, the sick to heed,
Remembering those old words, how writ:
"Who saves his life shall forfeit it."
Amid the records of the town
This tale is truly written down.
In letters of the purest gold
Such noble story well were told,
Of birds heroic in their death,
Teaching Christ's truth with failing breath,
And glazing eye, and fluttering wing—
Those storks of Delft whereof I sing.

YOUNG LADIES AND DRESS.

A LADY who had taught for over thirty years once gave the writer some very interesting information. "When a new scholar was introduced," she said, "I always looked first at her dress. If that was plain, neat and tidy, I was pretty confident that I had good material to work with. For the first two or three years of my teaching, I was in the habit of scrutinizing the features, and the formation of the heads, but these came at last to be quite secondary considerations. Our school was so expensive that none but daughters of the wealthy could possibly enter it; so when a young lady came to the class room in a plain dress, I was sure that it was on account of her idea of the fitness of things. This argued common sense. Common sense is always in direct antagonism to vanity, and where there is no vanity there is seldom self-consciousness. So, you see, a plain dress came to mean a great deal to me. I learned never to expect anything from a girl whose school dress was silk or velvet. I shall always retain the impression made upon me by a quiet little body in a blue flannel dress, and

the plainest of plain trimmings. She came from one of the first families in wealth and culture, and was the most unobtrusive child I ever knew, as well as the most brilliant. When she told me graduation day that she had decided to study for a physician, I was not in the least surprised, and I was sure she would succeed, as she certainly has in the most marvellous manner. She carried off every honour, and though the girls in "purple and fine linen" sneered at her plain attire, and lack of style, there was not one who could ever compete with her."

Certainly, on the whole, the deductions of this teacher are correct. It takes time to array one's self in elaborate garments, and the girl whose mind is occupied with loops and trimmings and general furbelows cannot, for a philosophical reason, have room for much else. Then there is a reason deeper than this, even. The girl whose tastes are in the line of dress and display has not an intellectual development. She may be imitative and intuitive to a degree, but she will always, or generally, be superficial in her learning and shallow in character.

A very good story in this connection is told of a prominent musician in New York. A young lady went to him for a course of "finishing off" lessons. "Let's see what you can do," said the teacher, and placed before her a simple air of Mozart's. She played a few bars, and was interrupted. "Take of your rings," said the great man. A few bars more, and another interruption. "Take of your bracelets." A little farther on she was stopped again. "Your sleeves are too long. I want to see your wrists." The pupil pinned up her sleeves with a face on fire. At last she succeeded in finishing the selection.

"Do you want me to teach you?" the instructor asked, as she took her hands from the keys.

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. Come to me to-morrow at this hour, without any jewelry, and in some sort of a dress that you can breathe in. I don't know at all how you have played this aria because of the rattling of gewgaws, and the distressing noise you have made in getting your breath. I am afraid you haven't the instinct of a musician. A musician thinks first of his art, and last of appearances, but it seems to me you think first, last and always of how you look."

Now this may seem rough and very uncalled for to some, but he was an honest soul and a grand musician. His words proved true. This young lady had not the musical instinct, and after a fair trial was dismissed. Her teacher proved that her practice had been superficial, and all that she had done had been spoiled by vanity and self-consciousness.

A school-girl who dressed very plainly, but in good taste, was once asked why she did not "rig up" more.

"Because," she said, "I haven't time to fuss about clothes and learn too, and then I should like to have something new to wear when I am older. Velvets and brocades, and diamonds and pearls, and all those fine things will be new to me by and by, and there is nothing left for you girls to anticipate."

Certainly a very wise and satisfactory answer.—ELEANOR KIRK, in *Congregationalist*.

THE DOG OF NIAGARA.

It has always been supposed that no living being could be swept over Niagara Falls and survive the terrible plunge. The feat, however, was successfully performed by a dog a few days ago. The name of this noble animal is unknown, and it is only too probable that he will be mentioned in history merely as the Dog of Niagara. He first attracted attention while he was in the rapids above the falls, and as he struggled with the current which was swiftly sweeping along, it was supposed he had only a few moments to live. He was seen to plunge over the falls, and then, to the amazement of those who had watched his descent, he emerged from a cloud of spray that rises at the foot of the cataract and climbed upon a cake of floating ice. The news that a dog had gone over the falls and was still alive, spread rapidly, and in a few moments the bank was lined with people. The dog floated down the river on his cake of ice, but he had very little confidence in its seaworthy qualities, and howled loudly for help. Of course no one could help him, for it would have been impossible to reach him with a boat, and had a rope been thrown to him as he passed under Suspension Bridge, it is hardly probable that he could have caught it. Some distance below the bridge the river forms a terrible whirlpool, and when the dog and his cake of ice reached the whirlpool they were carried around at a frightful speed. Presently the cake of ice broke in two, and the dog was thrown into the water. He struggled bravely for a few moments, and then disappeared under the waves, and never rose again. When it is remembered that when the dog reached the foot of the falls, hundreds of tons of water must have fallen upon him, and beaten him down toward the bottom of the river, it seems almost incredible that he should have been able to rise to the surface and to reach his cake of ice. Had he escaped the whirlpool and reached the shore, he would have been the most famous of living dogs.—*Harper's Young People*.

THE SERPENT'S HEAD.

ONE half of the world does not know how the other half lives, and, for the matter of that, perhaps it's none of their business. But a walk along the bleak Toronto Esplanade would give a terrible hint as to how a few at least in this city keep themselves warm. An old grey-headed woman thinly clad, might be seen with her bare hands, that looked like the stiff claws of some bird of prey, groping about in the loose snow for an occasional lump of coal. She had the look of a half-famished Indian on the look-out for game on a deserted hunting ground, or the expression of a starving man. She had been out all the morning, the cold wind from the bay whiffing her grey hair and threadbare clothes, and yet she had only got a few quarts of coal.

A glance at her face told why she was there. Liquor had left its trace in her filmy eyes, her bloated features, and in the still fresh bruise upon her cheek. She is old now, but once she was young and hopeful, perhaps good-looking, and only for the head of the

serpent might have been a happy grand mother, in a comfortable house, instead of the degraded wretch she is to-day, hunting with half-frozen fingers for coal amid the Esplanade snow.

She was not alone, there were others besides her—little miserable children, weeping with the cold, groping about, but still afraid to go home till they had filled their little baskets. What must homes be which are warmed by fuel gathered as this is, and what must the meals be which are cooked by such fires? Here is a chance for all to employ their imagination, for how few will go and see for themselves?

LETTER TO THE CHILDREN ABOUT CHINA.

THE following is one of the monthly letters issued to the Sunday-schools by the Mission Rooms of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It is written by the Rev. V. C. Hart, a returned missionary from China, who expects to return to China this year.

Parkdale, Ont., Dec. 12, 1883.

Dear Sunday-school Friends,—The two hundred millions of children in China are beginning to receive the morning light of the gospel.

In 1842 very few Chinese boys and girls had seen a missionary, looked upon a Bible or a Christian book. Since then millions have listened to the gospel from the lips of missionaries, handled the Scriptures, seen and read tracts, papers, magazines, geographies. Sunday-school papers beautifully illustrated, and pictorial books, have gone into thousands of homes, and very many thousands of black-eyed boys and girls have chattered and laughed over the strange stories and wonderful pictures. A short ten years ago there were scarcely any Sunday-schools in the vast empire; now there are scores, and in some of them as many as 250 boys and girls.

The children are generally our best friends. I was once preaching in a distant city, full of scoffers and ignorant heathen. A motley crowd followed wherever I went, men inflamed with wine railed at me, the women wondered what the "strange devil" wanted, and coddled their little ones in their arms. Out of the crowd came a shrill voice in Chinese, "Have you John's Gospel?" I looked from whence it came, and lo, there was the dwarfed form of a lad who a few years before was in our Sunday-school. He could quote passage after passage from the N. T. greatly to my astonishment and amusement of the crowd. One of our small Sunday-school boys went into his day-school, his heathen teacher ordered him to bow to the Confucius tablet, he replied, "I am a Christian." We are now gathering the boys and girls of the heathen into our schools all over China where there are missions. They are learning our beautiful hymns and songs, and reading our children's magazines. The grand work of saving these 200 millions of heathen children is committed in some measure to you, dear children of America.

V. C. HART.

"JOHNSY," said a mother to her little boy, "you must not interrupt me when I am talking with ladies. You must wait till we stop, and then you can talk." "But you never stop," replied the boy.

THE TEMPERANCE BANNER

TUNE. "Hold me Fast."

FLING aloft the temperance banner,
Float its folds on high;
Rally the ranks are rallying,
Victory is nigh.

CHORUS.

Sign the pledge, 'twill prove a blessing,
Fruitful unto thee,
'Tis a record made in heaven—
Sign it and be free.

Many a brother, tried and tempted,
Needs our help once more,
Fling aloft the temperance signal,
Wave him towards the shore.

Reach the hand to save the fallen—
Thousands need our aid;
Speak a word the weak to strengthen—
Urge, constrain, persuade.

Wave aloft the temperance banner,
Wave it high and higher;
Keep the signal brightly flashing
Like a beacon-fire.

Then unto our Lord Christ Jesus
Point the erring one;
God protect us from the demon
Through his only Son!

OUR PERIODICALS.

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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, APRIL 7, 1883

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT TO SCHOOLS OPENING IN THE SPRING.

WE beg to call the attention of Schools opening in the Spring, and others, to the following facts:—

PLEASANT HOURS has no rival in the country in the amount of good reading furnished for the price. In support of this statement we beg to give the following entirely unsolicited letter from an honoured minister of the Methodist Church of Canada, whose culture and literary taste give to his opinions the weight of authority. He says:

"The perusal of PLEASANT HOURS has given me so much pleasure that I cannot forbear writing you a note of thankful congratulation. Its articles are gems of intellectual beauty and moral excellence. Old and young in our families are greatly favoured in the possession of such a paper, unrivalled in cheapness, variety, raciness, and moral tone of its contents. It makes the hours pleasant in many homes. Such literature as this is an

honour to the Church, a credit to its editor, and a general augury of the growth and triumph of moral power and principle in our land. Go on and prosper. Your patrons should multiply by tens of thousands over the continent. PLEASANT HOURS should be in all the homes of the Dominion. Its Catholic spirit; its loyalty and patriotic genius; its elevated and practical morality, place it in the van of all literature for our sons and daughters. All Sunday-school workers are behind the times who fail to avail themselves of this grand auxiliary to their work."

PLEASANT HOURS is published semi-monthly at the following rates per year, post paid: single copies, 30 cents each; less than 20 copies, 25 cents; 20 copies and upward, 22 cents.

Home and School, precisely the same size and price and same general character as PLEASANT HOURS, has at once leaped into popularity and success. Of the very first number no less than 17,000 were called for.

The Sunbeam is especially adapted for infant and primary classes. Its pretty pictures, large type, reading, charming verses, and easy questions and answers on the Lessons make it a universal favourite with the little folk and a great help to the teacher. The questions are much simpler than those in the Berean Leaf or Scholar's Quarterly, and the Sunbeam is better adapted for the younger classes than these. Specimens for our Sunday-school Helps free. Do not fail to send for them before ordering elsewhere.

The Sunbeam is published semi-monthly at the following rates per year, post-paid: when less than 25 copies, 15 cents each; 25 copies and upwards, 12 cents.

Canadian Scholar's Quarterly. Price, per year, post-paid, 8 cents each.

The Berean Lesson Leaf is published monthly. Price, per year, post-paid, 100 copies, \$5 50.

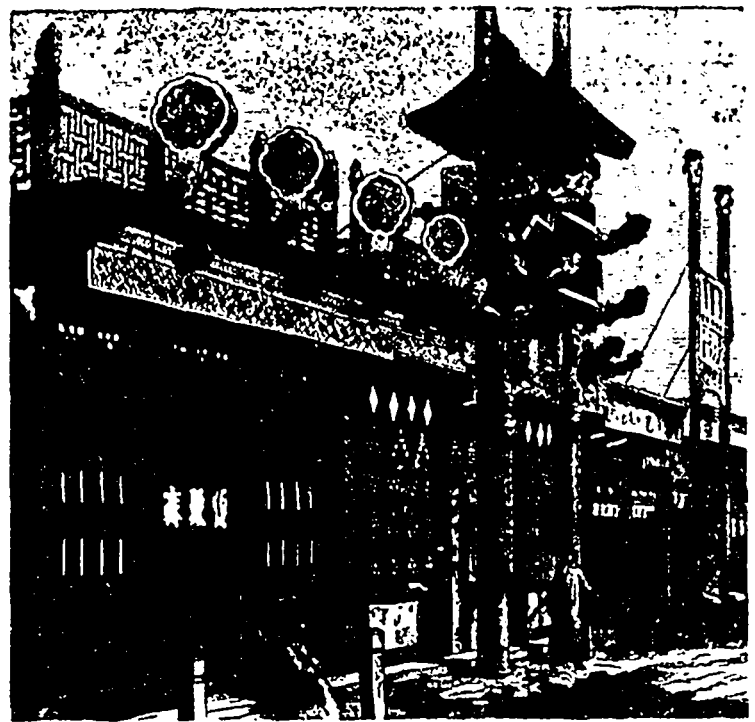
SUNDAY-SCHOOL AID AND EXTENSION FUND.

[This article was prepared for the forthcoming number of the S. S. Banner, but as the Lesson Notes for the month completely fill that number, we are obliged, in order to get the subject before the schools to print it in this paper.—ED. PLEASANT HOURS.]

We have been requested by the Treasurer of this Fund to remind the Schools of the following recommendation of the Sunday-School Committee to the late General Conference, which was unanimously adopted:—

"It was recommended that the attention of the Annual Conferences be respectfully called to the importance of having the collection in behalf of the General Conference S. S. Fund, in accordance with the requirements of the Discipline, taken up in all our Schools previous to the District Meeting in each year, and that it be the duty of Superintendents of Circuits and Chairmen of Districts to see that these collections be annually taken up. Also that this Fund be called the 'General Conference S. S. Aid and Extension Fund.'"

As the District Meetings will be held in the month of May, it is important that the S. S. Aid and Extension Fund collections be taken up in all the Schools during the month of April; and that they be sent by the hands of the Superintendent of the Circuit to



MERCANTILE WAREHOUSE, PEKING.—(See first page.)

the Financial Secretary of the District, who shall duly forward them to the Conference Sunday-School Secretary, who shall promptly remit them to the Treasurer of the General Sunday-School Board. As this collection has, in several cases, been omitted, the General Conference of 1882 reiterated this direction, and expressed the decision that it was the duty of Superintendents of Circuits and Chairmen of Districts to see that such collections are taken up.

During the year ending August 31, 1882, this collection amounted to \$898 68.

The total receipts of the last Quadrennium amounted to \$3,140 73, and the grants to poor Schools and other expenditures to \$3,434 49, showing that the Fund is in debt to the Treasurer, \$292 79. Of the receipts the following amounts were contributed by the several Conferences:

Toronto Conference	\$1040 87
London	1339 93
Montreal	202 75
Nova Scotia	131 71
New Brunswick Conference	243 79
Newfoundland	181 67

The grants to the necessitous Schools of these Conferences were as follows:

Toronto Conference	\$347 63
London	153 03
Montreal	193 12
Nova Scotia	165 51
New Brunswick Conference	421 22
Newfoundland	326 14

The balance was absorbed in expenses of management—printing, books for Windowed List, travelling expenses, etc.

It is the purpose of the Board to reduce to the lowest possible amount every expenditure except that in aid of poor schools, which will be made as liberal as the funds at their disposal will allow.

Already since last October NINETY-two distinct grants of S. S. books and S. S. papers have been made to necessitous schools. About 300 letters have been written by the Secretary of the S. S. Board, and 3,000 circulars issued, and in the past four years about 6,000 volumes of second-hand S. S. books have been sent out. These grants have been made by the Executive Committee of the S. S. Board, after careful

examination of the circumstances of each case, in the faith that every School will take up a collection in aid of the S. S. Fund; and that the Schools which are large and strong and able, will help those which are small and poor and weak. We know of no way in which so much good can be done for a comparatively small amount of money, as in establishing Schools where none exist, and in helping those which are struggling for an existence. We urge on behalf of the Sunday-School Aid and Extension Fund, a compliance in every one of our Schools, with the imperative requirement of the highest authority of our Church—the General Conference.

AN exchange observes:—"Some people, ignorant of what good editing is, imagine the getting of selected matter to be the easiest work in the world to do, whereas it is the nicest work done on a newspaper. If they see the editor with scissors in his hand, they are sure to say: 'Ah, that's the way you are getting up original matter, eh?' accompanying their new and witty questions with a wink or smile. The facts are that the interest, the variety, and the usefulness of a paper depend in no small degree upon the selected matter, and few men are capable for the position who would not themselves be able to write many of the articles they select. A sensible editor desires considerable select matter, because he knows that one mind cannot make so good a paper as five or six."

We heartily commend to all Christian workers the Gospel in all Lands, an illustrated missionary weekly, 14 pages, 4to. Eugene R. Smith, Bible House, New York. It is the best missionary paper that we know, and cannot fail to quicken the sympathies of its readers with this grandest of causes. The number for March 8th, is devoted to Woman's Work for Heathen Women. We shall make some selections from it in an early number. For our own church nothing is better than the Missionary Outlook, Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Toronto, 40 cents per year.



STREET SCENE, PEKING.—(See first page.)

TRICKS OF SUNDAY-SCHOOL LITERATURE.

WE commend to the careful reading of all loyal Canadian Methodists, the following outspoken utterances of the *Nashville Christian Advocate*.

In the Memphis and the North Mississippi Conferences, lately in session, inquisition was made as to the methods by which a foreign and strange literature crept into our Sunday-schools. The Bishops' Address, in May, warned the General Conference of the existence of this evil. The action of that body was all in the direction of providing a Methodist literature for Methodist Sunday-schools; and more—of getting this literature into the hands, and heads, and hearts of our children.

But over and anon a Methodist Sunday-school is found to be supplied with a trashy, flashy, wishy-washy literature from Chicago: books and papers that would suit a Socinian, or Calvinistic, or Universalist gauge as well as any other.

Question. By what methods is this effected? How is it that these omnium-gatherum publishers and hucksters can get through our lines, and push their wares upon our village and country Sunday-schools, in spite of warnings and the presence of pastors, and the prevalence of *Christian Advocates* and Publishing House catalogues?

The following points, or tactics of the enemy, were developed:

1. They manage, in various underground ways, to get the name and address of our Sunday-school superintendents. Then they ply them with cards, prospectus, specimen (!) sheets, and flattering letters. Next thing the pastor knows tares are sown in his field. He is preaching one gospel to the parents, while the Sunday-school is teaching another gospel to the children.

2. Pastors are sometimes directly approached. One stated that the Chicago agent, or some other, offered him a nice new book, free, provided he would send him a list of the Sunday-school superintendents on his circuit. The reply of the pastor was: "Keep your book; I do not propose to sell out my people."

3. The agents of this foreign and shoddy literature are great on County and on State Sunday-school Conventions. The "workers" are gathered in force, and there is much talk on jejune topics. Meantime, these agents are busy in pushing their wares—getting acquainted with "workers," and getting lists of names and places where they can put in their work to practical purpose.

We may hereafter continue to expose the tricks of this wild-cat literature. Enough now to say that its agents are persistent, crafty, and not lacking in the quality of cheek. Let our pastors, Sunday-school superintendents, and our people be on their guard. A cheap Sunday-school paper, like a cheap drug, may be very dear in the long run.* The man who buys cheap garden-seed that turn out to be rotten, and will not sprout, or, sprouting, bring forth bad fruit, loses the precious season, and pays dear for his bargain.

JUVENILE LITERATURE.

ONE of the most striking characteristics of the age is the prominence given to literature for young people. Many of the best writers of the day are engaged in furnishing sound and wholesome, entertaining and instructive reading for the young; and many of its best artists are employed in suitably illustrating it. Before us lies a conspicuous example of this—the bound numbers of *Harper's Young People* for 1882. It is a sumptuously printed quarto volume of 856 pages, with many hundreds of exquisite engravings. It abounds in sketches of travel and adventure; brief biographies of such noted characters as Gladstone, Bright, Bismarck, Webster, Arthur Sullivan, Bach, Beethoven, Gluck, Haydn, Handel, Mozart, and others about whom every boy and girl ought to know; striking episodes in history; papers on art and music—the latter especially very valuable; papers on natural history, stories of animals, etc.; bits

* Our own papers are much cheaper than D. C. Cook's. If we charged 35 cents a year, for *PLEASANT HOURS* or *Home and School*, they would then be no dearer than Cook's for the matter contained. But we charge only 22 cents a year in quantities of 20.

of advice to boys and girls; then humorous sketches, as the strange adventures of Jimmy Brown, games, puzzles etc.—everything that can delight and instruct the youthful mind. The illustrations are in the best style of modern art, and cannot fail to cultivate a sense of beauty and refinement of taste in any family where they come. The volume contains about as much reading matter as a volume and a half of either *St. Nicholas* or *Wide Awake*, and the subscription is only about half as much, viz., \$1 50

a year. To all subscribers to the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* it will be furnished by editor of this paper at the special reduced rate of \$1 25. The price of the bound volume is \$3—\$3 50 in Canada. We know of no more charming birthday or holiday present for either boy or girl than this volume.

AROUND THE WORLD.

WE had the pleasure of meeting the other day the Rev. T. B. Stephenson, LL.D., of whose magnificent work at the "Children's Home," London, we recently wrote in *Home and School*. He was on his way back to England from a journey round the world which he made, with his wife and daughter, for the benefit of his health, and in the interests of the Home. During his year's absence he has secured \$25,000 for the Home, which has rescued from poverty, and most probably from vice, over 1,200 boys and girls, over 400 of whom are now in happy homes in Canada. He gave a little tea at the Metropolitan church to the young people from the Home who are in Toronto. They were very glad to see him, indeed. Dr. Stephenson has had a rich experience of travel at Cape Town, Natal and Zululand, South Africa; in the Australian colonies, Tasmania, New Zealand, the Sandwich Islands, and across this continent. In going round the world he was, except for a single week, under the British flag; and, except while passing through the United States, and while in the Sandwich Islands, every foot of soil which he traversed was a British possession. The city of Melbourne, only about forty years old, is already the ninth in size in the British Empire. In all the world he finds no place offering, on the whole, such bright inducements to the boys and girls of his Homes as Canada. Dr. Stephenson has kindly promised to contribute to the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* some sketches of travel in those foreign lands, some of which will be handsomely illustrated, and all of which we are sure will be very interesting.

"We give thee but thine own
What'er the gift may be;
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee."

The Boy Travellers in Egypt and the Holy Land. By Thomas W. Knox. Large 8vo., pp. 438. New York: Harper Brothers, Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$3 50

Mr. Knox is already known to fame as the writer of three other successful books of Boys' Travels in the Far East. The great favour with which these have been received has led to the publication of this one, which is, we judge, the most interesting and instructive of the entire series. Certainly no lands can compare in interest with those Bible Lands, which were the scenes of those sacred events which have been so familiar to us from our earliest childhood.

The boy travellers enter Egypt at Suez, traverse the "Land of Goshen," reach Cairo, where through their sharp eyes we get a vivid glance at the street scenes, bazaars, antiquities of the Land of the Nile, also of the pyramids and of the wonderful ruins of Upper Egypt, Luxor, Karnak, Philae, etc. Descending the Nile they reach Alexandria, sail to Jaffa, or Joppa, visit Jerusalem, Bethlehem, the Dead Sea, Jordan, Nazareth, Tabor, the Sea of Galilee, Damascus, Baalbec and Beyroot. They traverse the length and breadth of that land.

"Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
Which, eighteen hundred years ago, were
nailed
For our advantage to the bitter cross."

No commentary on Holy Scripture is so striking as that of the land itself and the unchanged customs of the people. Every Sunday-school teacher and scholar, will understand his Bible far better from reading this book than by any other means that we know. To the earlier part of it the recent events in Egypt have given a fresh and vivid interest.

The most striking feature of the book is its sumptuous illustration. It contains no less than 364 engravings, many of them full page, a beautifully coloured frontispiece, and two large maps. Scarcely any scene of historic or Biblical interest is not admirably represented. We would like to see a copy of this book in the lending library of every Sunday-school.

The Knock-About Club Along Shore. By C. A. Stephens, fully illustrated. Quarto, pp. 340. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, cloth, \$1.75.

This volume is of special interest to young Canadian readers, as it gives the best account we have seen of adventure along the coast of Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and Labrador—fishing, seal hunting, and whaling, etc. A vein of rollicking fun, such as healthy boys will enjoy, appears at times. But the more serious matters of early discovery, and the labours of the Moravian missionaries among the *Equimo* are not overlooked. It will be fine winter's reading for the boys.

Mr. Stubbs' Brother. By James Otis. Pp. 283. Price, \$1. Illustrated.

This is the reprint of a humorous story, not without its touches of pathos, from *Harper's Young People*. We would not recommend it for a Sunday-school library, but it is a book of harmless, healthy fun, such as boys will delight in. Mr. Stubbs' brother was a particularly mischievous monkey: for his history we refer our young readers to the book.

Three Vassar Girls Abroad. By Lizzie W. Champney, with nearly 150 Original Illustrations. 4to, pp. 336. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, cloth, \$2.

This is a book for girls, as the last was one for boys. It describes the rambles of three college girls on a vacation trip through France and Spain for amusement and instruction, with their ups and mishaps. One of them was a devotee to music, another to art, and the third, well, to nothing in particular. History, romance, tourist adventure, art, and literary criticism are introduced in charming variety. The design on the cover is a *chef-d'œuvre* of unique book-binding. We never witnessed such sumptuous illustration of books for young people as in this series.

Play Days. A Book of Stories for Children. By Sarah O. Jewitt. Pp. 203. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

These are charming stories for little folks, either boys or girls, by one who knows how to find her way to their hearts. They are vastly superior in literary merit and in interest to most of the children's books, which issue in such a stream from the press.

THE Rev. Louis N. Beaudry, Superintendent of the French Institute of the Methodist Church of Canada at Montreal, has had a unique and interesting career. He was born in the town of Highgate, Franklin County, Vermont, August 11th, 1833. His parents were French, and devout Roman Catholics. His mother's grandmother was a fellow-sufferer of "Evangeline," the heroine of Longfellow's poem. When he was about five years of age his parents moved to Lower Canada, their native province, settling in Henryville, near Lake Champlain. Their residence there, however, was brief, as they soon returned to Vermont, and afterward removed to Ticonderoga, New York. Young Beaudry was early and faithfully instructed in the principles and doctrines of the Church of his parents, a Church of which he declines to say or hear the bitter things which some speak of her and her members, to the sincerity and zeal of many of whom he bears frequent and ample testimony. He was confirmed by Bishop (now Cardinal) McCloskey, and says of himself that he often had yearnings for the priesthood. In the progress of events, however, he was brought into contact with the Rev. Joseph Cook, who was indeed a schoolmate of his, and through Mr. Cook's instrumentality, he was brought to renounce Catholicism and become a Protestant. Circumstances, which cannot be detailed here, induced him to come to Canada. He is now a French Canadian Missionary, under the direction of the Methodist Church, in the city of Montreal.

Sir William McArthur, the late Lord Mayor of London, who so splendidly entertained the Ecumenical Council at the Mansion House, in sending his subscription for the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*, takes occasion to say: "I am greatly pleased with the Magazine; it is admirably conducted, and the articles are of a very superior character."

THE LITTLE MAID FOR ME.

I know a little maiden,
Whom I always see arrayed in
Silks and ribbons, but she is a spoiled and
petted little elf—
For she never helps her mother, or her sister,
or her brother.
But forgetting all around her, lives entirely
for herself:

So she simpers, and she sighs,
And she mopes, and she cries,
And knows not where the happy hours flee.
Now let me tell you privately, my darling
little friends,
She's as miserable as miserable can be,
And I fear she's not the little maid for me.

But I know another maiden,
Whom I've often seen arrayed in
Silks and ribbons, but not always: she's a
prudent little elf;
And she always helps her mother, and her
sister, and her brother,
And lives for all around her, quite regardless
of herself:

So she laughs and she sings,
And the hours on happy wings,
Shower gladness round her pathway as they
flee.
Now need I tell you privately, my darling
little friends,
She's as happy as a little maid can be!
This is surely the little maid for me
—*Harper's Young Folks.*

FUN WITH A LINCHPIN.

THREE boys of our acquaintance are good, kind hearted, generous fellows, who would not intentionally do any mean act. They are also active, fun-loving. They have just the talent and abilities to make excellent men, and we have considered them amongst the best and most promising boys we know of. Recently they saw a farmer selling potatoes from his waggon, and made some jocular remark about one of his horses. He rather gruffly told them to "go away." No doubt he was weary and no one enjoys having sport made of what he may not be able to help. A few minutes later he carried a basket of potatoes to the cellar of a customer, and the boys noticed that the lynchpin which held one of the wheels on, was loose and partly out. Had they acted upon the impulse of their heart's best and real feelings, they would have pushed it back into its place, or have told him about it. But, prompted by their fun-loving natures, in a thoughtless moment they pulled the pin out and dropped it on the ground, half wishing or hoping, perhaps, he would see it, but yet thinking what fun it would be to see the wheel come off and the potatoes dumped into the street. So they went off a little distance, putting on an unconcerned look, but watched for the result. On starting the team the wheel left the axle, the potatoes did tumble and spread out in amusing style, and the boys had a hearty laugh. But the crash frightened the apparently dull team; they started on a jump which threw the farmer off his balance; he fell in front, and a wheel crushed the bones of his right arm, and barely escaped crushing his head also. He is now confined to his bed, and will never be able to use his arm at hard work. The horses ran against a tree, not only scattering the potatoes widely, but smashing the waggon, and the broken tongue maimed one of the horses so that he had to be killed. Had these boys stopped to look ahead, and see the possible result of what, at the first impulse, seemed so small a matter as pulling out a bit of iron, would they have done it? We like to see our young friends cheerful, happy, we had almost said frolicsome, and will say it in the best sense of the

word—but, dear boys, whenever you are planning any enterprise, or sport, remember the "linchpin," and stop long enough to think what may be the outcome, and don't run risks, hoping that chance may bring all out well. Chance is a fickle thing, not to be trusted—*Agriculturist.*

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

"**I**S mawnin', ez I war walkin' out 'mong de sunflowers in de back yard," began Brother Gardner, as the janitor of the Lime Kiln Club finally got through sneezing, "Mister Darius Green, the white man, come 'long, an' dere was a powerful sad look on his face ez he leaned ober de fence an' said: 'Misser Gardner, dis sufferin' hez got to come to a cease?'"

"'Hez ye got de shakes an' chills?' I axed.

"'Wus dan dat, Misser Gardner. Iza workin' all de week for ten shillin' a day, an' what de money goes I can't tell. De old woman wants new clothes, de chillin' wants dis an' dat, de rent runs behin', an' Izo gettin' desperit.'

"'Shoo! now, but let's make some figgers on de fence,' I tole him. 'Now den, you chew terbacker?'"

"'Yes, I chew 'bout ten cents' worf a day.'

"'Dat's seventy cents a week. An' you drink lager?'"

"'Well, of course I drink a glass now an' den—maybe fifteen glasses a week.'

"'Dat's seventy-five cents moah, sah. What d'ye do on Sundays?'"

"'Oh, go up to de beer garden.'

"'An' you spen' a dollar at least?'"

"'I guess so—maybe two of 'em.'

"'Say twelve shillin', an' dat makes two dollars an' ninety-five cents a week. I reckon you frow away at least free dollars ebery week, sah?'"

"'Frow it away!'"

"'Yes, sah. Dat money would pay your rent an' buy your flour.'

"'But a feller must hev some comfort.'

"'De same, sah. De greatest comfort in de world am t see de rent paid up, de family dressa up, de table loaded down, an' de ole woman able to go to church. You frow away free dollars ebery week, sah, an' den you go roun' cussin' de times, de wedder, an' de man who hez saved his money.'

"'Gen'len, dat white man called me an ole black fool an' a dog stealer, but dat did'nt alter de case a bit. He is frowin' away one-third of his weekly wages, an' den blowin' roun' dat he's gettin' desperit an' am ready to head a riot. Doan' let me heah eny member o' dis club spionin' dat yarn, kase if he does dars gwine to be a committee of investigashun, an' dat committee won't whitewash worf a cent!'"

THE Rev. Dr. J. O. Peck obtained from his pastoral charge in Brooklyn nearly four hundred subscribers for his Church paper. There are ministers among us who think such service to the Church not in their line. But without their help our Church work will suffer, for the Church papers prove a blessing to all church interests wherever they go.

STUDY books to know how things ought to be; study men to know how things are.

"WOULD IF I COULD."

"**W**OULD if I could,"
Though it's much in use,
Is but a mistaken
And sluggish excuse;
And many a person
Who *could* if he *would*,
Is often heard saying,
"I would if I could."

"Come, John," said a school-boy,
"I wish you would try
To do this hard problem,
And don't you deny."
But John at that moment
Was not in the mood,
And yawning answered,
"I would if I could."

At the door of a mansion,
In tattered rags clad,
Stood a poor woman begging
A morsel of bread,
The rich man scarce heeded,
While trembling she stood,
And answered her coldly,
"I would if I could."

The scholar receiving
His teacher's advice;
The sweeper admonished
To shun such a vice;
The child when requested
To try and be good—
Oft gives the same answer,
"I would if I could."

But if we may credit
"What good people say,"
That "where a strong will is
There's always a way,
And whatever ought to be
Can be and should,
We never need utter,
"I would if I could."

JOHN WESLEY AND THE DRINK TRAFFIC.

THE Rev. John Wesley, in a letter addressed to the Right Hon. Wm. Pitt, dated Sept. 6, 1784, says:—The excise on spirits, that year, amounted to £20,000. "But have not the spirits distilled," he says, "cost 20,000 lives of his Majesty's liege subjects? Is not, then, the blood of these men vilely bartered for £20,000—not to say anything of the enormous wickedness which has been occasioned thereby, and not to suppose that these poor wretches had any souls? But to consider money alone, is the King a gainer or an immense loser? To say nothing of millions of quarters of corn destroyed, which, if exported, would add more than £20,000 to the revenue, be it considered *dead men pay no taxes*; so that by the death of 20,000 persons yearly (and this computation is far under the mark) the revenue loses far more than it gains."

GOATS AND DOGS.

It is said that some farmers in New Jersey have employed goats to protect their sheep from dogs. Two goats can drive away a dozen dogs, it is found, and two are about all a farmer puts in with his sheep. As soon as a dog enters the field at night the goats attack him, and their butting propensities are too much for the canine, who soon finds himself rolling over and over. A few repetitions of this treatment cause the dog to quit the field, limping and yelling. Formerly, when a dog entered a sheep-field at night, the sheep would run wildly around and cry piteously. Since the goats have been used to guard them they form in line behind the goats, and seem to enjoy the fun. The idea of utilizing goats in this way came from the West, where they are put in sheep-pens to drive away wolves.

WORK FOR THE CHILDREN.

BLESSED Saviour, thou didst suffer
Little ones to come unto thee:
Lo! we offer now our tribute.
Let our praise accepted be,
Mid the hallelujahs ringing,
Mid the burst of angel song,
Stoop to hear our childish hymning
While we glad the note prolong.

We have found there's room for children,
We have found there's work to do,
All our hearts and hands enlisting,
May we to that work be true.
In the great and glorious army,
Battling with the hosts of sin,
We can march with banners flying,
We can help the victory win.

For a cry of deepest sorrow
Comes across the water's blue:
"Ye who know salvation's story
Haste to help and save us too;
Shed, oh! shed the gospel glory
O'er the darkness of our night,
Till the gloomy shadows vanish
In its full and blessed light."

For these poor benighted millions
We can give and work and pray,
And our gifts and prayers united
Sure will speed that happy day,
When no more to idol bowing,
Jesus only shall be king,
And ten thousand voices ringing
Shall his praise victorious sing.

Oh! 'tis sweet to work for Jesus
As our youthful days go by—
Sweet to send the cheering message
Of the home beyond the sky;
And, when earthly days are over,
On its glory-lighted shore
May we join with them in singing
Of his love forevermore!
—Mrs. H. B. Gunn.

THE MUSIC-BOY MISSION.

BY RUTH ARGYLE.

IT was a birthday present, and Bertie was never weary of looking at its many beauties or of listening to the sweet tunes it played.
"My own lovely music-box, my treasure; I could kiss you!"

He was very softly to himself saying this over and over again, when he suddenly became conscious of somebody looking at him; and sure enough, there was little Maggie Dolan crouching in the doorway. Crouching, I say, because, being a poor, all-out-of-shape little creature, she could not stand upright.

Mrs. Dolan, "Honest Kate," was a washerwoman, and whenever she worked for Bertie's mother was told to bring Maggie, in order that the afflicted child might have one happy day at least in the long week.

The instant Bertie spied Maggie, he said:

"Come in, and I'll make my beauty-box play all its tunes for you, if you'd like."

She needed no urging, but creeping in quickly, she curled her wee, twisted form close to his feet, and fixing her large, unnaturally bright eyes upon him, prepared to listen. Bertie wound the box up, and with a happy smile watched for its effect upon his visitor.

Wonderfully soft grew the brown eyes, a faint flush tinted the white cheeks, and then, to the boy's unspeakable surprise, slowly the tears began to fall.

"What makes you cry, Maggie? Does it make you feel badly? I'm ever so sorry."

"Indeed, it's not that. I could just go on a-hearin' the like uv it for iver. It's the swate sound uv it that makes the tears come, I'm thinkin'."

This child's emotion was a revelation to him. Again and again did he "set" the music box in order that she might enjoy the sweet tinkling notes.

Some time after, Kate Dolan, seeking her child, came upon the two, happy as two innocent birds, listening to the "beauty box." Thus it came about that every time Maggie came with her mother she also came into the sitting-room, and Bertie gave her a music feast.

But the very best part of the story is this, Maggie Dolan's enjoyment of the sweet music set our Bertie thinking. He talked with his mamma a great deal about his thoughts. Shall I tell you what they were about?

Well, he thought that in the city where he lived there were a great many sick children who would like to hear his music-box, and couldn't get to his house, even if they were to know that he would play it for them. That was his first thought. But that thought grew, and more thoughts were added to it. And, as the result of all this thinking, one day dear little Bertie and a cousin, who also had a music-box, and whose name was Charlie, started off upon a sweet mission.

They took with them a number of tiny bunches of flowers, and they sought out the darkest, dingiest streets where the poor people lived. Here they asked for any sick children, and having found some, they first cheered them with the soft, tinkling tunes of the "beauty boxes," then gave each some flowers to give them pleasure when they left their miserable homes.

In one day's loving labor they found six dear suffering ones, and the next day two more; and then, seeing that they could spend but a little time with each if they went together, they separated and each took half. After a while a gentle little girl who sang sweetly joined them, going first with Bertie, then with Charlie.

The parents of these dear little missionaries furnished all the dainties, clothing, medicine, and other needful things, as the children ascertained the necessity of the afflicted ones. They were visited, comforted, and in many ways cheered by the older people, to whom the children talked continually of their "poor sick" little ones. By means of this persevering trio, who did not grow weary in well-doing, but found new delight in their mission day by day, more unfortunate ones were discovered from time to time. In the course of time a new field was opened to Bertie and his little helpers. It happened in this way. The older people thought best to secure places for some of the more complicated cases of hip and spinal disease thus brought to light in the City Hospital, and thither the "music-boxes" followed, and you may be sure that the newly-arrived patients were not the only ones in that dreary place whose hearts were gladdened by the presence of these little messengers of the ever blessed Lord. Twice a week the sufferers in that hospital listened, all who wished to at least, to the sweet child-voices singing and the soft notes of the little music boxes: and the tired eyes were cheered by the sight of beautiful flowers, while the wasted bodies were helped on to recovery, or relieved temporarily by the kind gifts of the older people quickened and urged on to increased acts of Christian charity by the loving zeal of these dear child-workers.

Year by year the "Music Box Mission" increased in number of patients and in new devices for the relief of the sick poor, especially the afflicted children of the lower classes. If the parents grew forgetful, the eager children reminded them; if they waxed cold, the children warmed them. A great, noble work of benevolence grew out of little Bertie's childish thoughts over his beloved music box. Anything may be used for the Lord if only it be given cheerfully to him, with the desire that he use it as he thinks best—anything, even a little "music-box."—*Christian Weekly.*

A CHILD HEROINE.

SHE was only a little girl, dressed in a homely garb, but with a face that bespoke innocence, confidence, and love. A miniature maiden, young in years, but yesterday she performed an act of valor that places her on the level with Joan of Arc, Florence Nightingale, and other heroines whose deeds have been emblazoned on the scroll of fame.

Yesterday morning as the Jefferson City passenger train on the Missouri Pacific Railroad was rushing at full speed through the cut on the road between Glendale and Webster Stations, the engineer noticed a little girl standing on the track waving her apron wildly, and making other gestures signifying that the train should stop. The engineer was undecided for a moment, believing that the child was at play. He looked again, and saw the little maid still holding her position, and still waving aloft the signal of distress. The engine was reversed and the steam-brakes applied, the train coming to a halt almost in the middle of the curve. Looking down the road apiece, the trainmen were horrified to see the Washington Express coming down upon it, and the little one still on the track waving her apron. The engineer of the incoming train saw the child's signal, and the engine was stopped within one hundred feet of the Jefferson City train. Both trains were on the same track, and according to the best mathematicians, could not possibly pass each other, and had it not been for the girl's action a terrible accident would have occurred, entailing a great loss of life. The girl disappeared as soon as the danger was over, and her name and residence could not be learned. The railroad company will see that she is suitably rewarded.

THE FATAL QUICKSAND.

IN certain places on the sea-shore of Scotland and France there are dangerous quicksands. But they appear very harmless-looking to the traveller. The beach seems perfectly dry. All the sand is smooth and solid-looking. The traveller walks along not fearing much danger. But somehow he feels as if the weight of his feet increased every step he takes. Suddenly he sinks in two or three inches. He thinks he will retrace his steps. He turns back, he sinks in deeper. He pulls himself out and throws himself to the left; the sand is half leg deep. He throws himself to the right, the sand comes up to his shins. Then he discovers with unspeakable terror, that he is already caught in the quicksand. He throws off his load if he has one,

lightens himself as a ship in distress; it is too late, the sand is above his knees. He calls, he waves his hat or his handkerchief, but the sand gains on him more and more. If there is nobody on the shore, or if the land is too far off, it is all over with him. He is condemned to that long, appalling burial which lasts for hours; which seizes you erect and in full health, and draws you by the feet. Every effort you make, every shout you utter, you are dragged down a little deeper, sinking slowly into the earth, while you look upon the sky, the sails of the ships upon the sea, the birds flying and singing, and the sunshine all around you. The victim attempts to sit down, to lie down, to creep. Every movement he makes, sinks him deeper. He howls, implores, cries to the clouds, despairs. The sand reaches his breast. He raises his arms, utters furious groans, clutches the beach with his nails, leans upon his elbows to pull himself out, and sobs frenziedly. The sand reaches his neck, the face alone is visible. The mouth cries—the sand fills it and there is silence. The eyes gaze still—the sand shuts them—it is the night of death. A little hair flutters above the sand, and soon that is gone. The earth-drowned man has disappeared for ever. That is a picture of the progress of drink, from the first cup of wine a young man takes to the last.—*Temperance Battlefield.*

EYES OR NO EYES.

WHEN I first began to teach school in the country, I said to a bright boy, one pleasant spring morning, who had a long mile to come to school every day, "Well, my young man, what did you see this morning on your way to school?"

"Nothing much, sir."
I said, "To-morrow morning I shall ask you the same question."

The morning came; and, when I called him to my desk, you would have been surprised to hear how much he had seen along the road—cattle of all sizes and colours; fowls of almost every variety; sheep and lambs, horses and oxen; new barns and houses, and old ones; here a tree blown down, and yonder a fine orchard just coming out into full bloom; there a field covered with corn or wheat, here a broken rail in the fence, there a wash-out in the road; over yonder a pond alive with garrulous geese and ducks; here he met a carriage, and there a farm-waggon. And not only had he seen all these and many more things in the fields and by the wayside, but looking up he had noticed flocks of blackbirds going north to their summer home. He saw the barn and the chimney-swallows flying about in every direction; there he had noticed a kingbird making war on the crow, and here a little wren pursuing a hawk; yonder he had seen robins flying from tree to tree, and over there the bobolink mingling his morning song with that of the meadow-lark. A new world had sprung up all around him—earth, water, and air were now full of interesting objects to him. Up to this time he had never learned to look and think. Things around him had not changed in number or character, but he had begun to take note of them.—*Golden Days.*

PEDEN'S PRAYER.

BY THE REV. W. WYE SMITH.

THE Covenant is down, and a dastard
wears the crown,
And Scotland with a frown bears the
letters as she may;
And the sun looks down between auld
Nithdale's hills of green,
Where Cameron's grave is seen by the pil-
grim on his way.

His was the rapid course of the torrent from
its source, —
The more we see its force, it the sooner
meets the sea; —
For his young crown was won, and soon his
race was run,
And many a way one with the martyr
fain would be.

And years had come and gone, since the day
the martyr's slain,
(No more at Sanguhar's stane, but before
the King on high)
Had the Covenant renewed, they had solemn
sealed in blood,
And in victors robes had stood in the
assembly of the sky.

And there among the heather—his thin
hands clasped together,
And his weary glance up thither where the
paths of victory lie—
And pleading for release, is Peden on his
knees,
And "O to be wi' Ritchie," is the burden
of his cry.

The mountain-mists and snows had been
sent to blind his foes,
And when his cry uprose he was heard yet
once again;
And the prayer his faith had spoken re-
ceived an answering token,
When the golden bow was broken, and the
saint forgot his pain.

NEWHARRET ONT.

THE CURSE OF DRINK.

A MAN who died some time since from the effects of a drunken spree, in his sober intervals used to tell his experience: "I was a minister of the Gospel, but tampering with drink, that demon tore from around me the robes of my sacred office, and sent me forth, churchless and godless, a very hissing and byword among men. I became a lawyer, and my voice was heard pleading in the large courts. But the dust gathered on my open books, and no footfall crossed the threshold of the drunkard's office. I had money, but it went to feed the dreadful appetite for drink that consumed me. I had a home, adorned with all that wealth and taste could suggest, but the light faded from its chambers. I had children, beautiful, to me at least, as a dream of the morning, but they are gone. I had a wife, whose charms of mind and person were such that to see her was to remember her, and to know her was to love her. For thirteen years we walked the rugged path of life, rejoicing in its sunshine and sorrowing in its shade. But the infernal monster, Drink, would not spare me that blessing. I had a mother, who for long years was a victim of suffering and disease, and her choicest delight was in the reflection that her youngest-born son was useful to his fellows, and an honour to her who bore him. But my wretched intemperance struck her like a thunderbolt. Ah! me, never a word of reproval from her lips; only a tender caress; only the shadow of a great, unspoken grief, gathering over the dear old face; only a trembling hand laid lovingly on mine; only a piteous appeal to heaven for her poor lost son. And thus I stand a clergyman without a church, a barrister without belief or business, a father

without a child, a husband without a wife, a son without a parent, a man with scarcely a solitary friend in the world, a soul without hope—all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink."
—*Temperance Battlefield.*

AN amusing illustration of the ignorance of the Chinese in the matter of a judicial oath was furnished some time ago by the native usher in the Consular Court at Shanghai. He was observed to be making an anxious search for some missing object; and on being questioned by the judge, he stated that he was looking for the little book which is given to the witnesses to smelt! And this man had been for eighteen years usher of the court.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

A. D. 37.] LESSON III. April 15.

SAUL'S CONVERSION.

Acts 9. 1-18. Commit to memory vs. 1-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And he received sight forthwith, and arose, and was baptized. Acts 9. 18.

OUTLINE.

1. Christ's Fox. v. 1-2.
2. Christ's Call. v. 3-9.
3. Christ's Messenger. v. 10-18.

TIME.—A. D. 37, about the same time with the events of the last lesson.

PLACE.—Damasus, in Syria.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Breathing*—So full of hate that it seemed like his breath. *Went unto the high priest*—His name is supposed to have been Theophilus. *Letters to Damasus*—The high-priest held a certain rule over Jews in all lands. *This way*—"The way" was another name given to the Christian religion. *Or women*—Even the helpless and gentle women suffered in the persecution. *Bring them bound*—For trial at Jerusalem. *He journeyed*—About one hundred and fifty miles. *Shined round*—A glory from the heavens fell around him, revealing God. *Heard a voice*—The voice of Christ. *Persecuted thou me*—Christ felt the wrongs of his people as his own. *Who art thou*—Saul had never seen Jesus. *Kick against the pricks*—To kick against goads, like an ox who will not submit to be driven. Saul was thus fighting against his own sense of duty. *What wilt thou*—He at once submitted to Jesus as a master. *It shall be told*—His duty would be shown, one step at a time. *The men*—Saul's company. *Hearing a voice*—They heard a noise, and saw a light, but did not see and hear what Saul did. *Saw no man*—Made blind, for the time being, by the vision. *Three day*—Days of sad and deep thought. *Ananias*—Of course not the same with that in chapter 5. *In a vision*—The Lord Jesus appeared to him. *Street called Straight*—A street running through the city of Damasus still. *House of Judas*—How exact the knowledge of Jesus. *He prayeth*—Prays now as never before. *Hath seen in a vision*—Saul and Ananias both had visions at about the same time. *I have heard*—Ananias could scarcely believe that so fierce an enemy had been converted. *A chosen vessel*—The word means here "a tool" or "instrument." *He must suffer*—He who has made others suffer was himself to suffer in Christ's cause. *Scales*—Something like a crust or scaly covering. *Was baptized*—Thus joining himself with the Church of Christ.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where does this lesson teach—

1. That Christ can change enemies to friends?
2. That we should obey Christ's call?
3. That Christ calls men to work for him?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. For what purpose did Saul go to Damasus? To persecute the Church. 2. How was he stopped on the way? By Jesus speaking from heaven. 3. What did Saul say to the voice from heaven? "What wilt thou have me to do?" 4. What was Saul's condition after meeting the Lord? He was three days without sight. 5. By whose hands was he restored to sight? By a believer named Ananias.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

17. What were the chief parts of the ministry of Christ in his life?

The chief parts of the ministry of Christ in his life were these five; namely,—

1. He fulfilled the whole law, and gave us a perfect example of piety towards God and goodness to men.
2. He preached to the people his divine doctrine which he brought from heaven.
3. He wrought miracles to prove that he was sent from God.
4. He chose out his Apostles, and trained them up for their public service.
5. He appointed two lasting ordinances in his church.

A. D. 37.] LESSON IV. [April 22.

SAUL PREACHING CHRIST.

Acts 9. 19-31. Commit to memory verses 20-22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He which persecuted us in times past now preacheth the faith which once he destroyed. Gal. 1. 23.

OUTLINE.

1. A Bold Preacher. v. 19-22.
2. A Base Plot. v. 23-25.
3. A Busy Pilgrim. v. 26-30.
4. A Blessed Peace. v. 31.

TIME.—Immediately following the events of the last lesson, A. D. 37 to 39 or 40, a period of about three years.

PLACES.—Damasus, Jerusalem, and Tarsus in Asia Minor.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Received meat*—Any kind of food is here meant. *Strengthened*—After three days without food or sleep. *Certain days*—A little while only. *Straightway*—From a persecutor he became at once a preacher. *In the Synagogues*—The places where the Jews met to worship. *Preached Christ*—This should be "preached Jesus." *All that heard him*—The Jews, not the Christians. *He that destroyed*—The one who had persecuted and scattered the Church. *Saul increased the more*—Grew more mighty as he continued preaching. *Confounded the Jews*—They could not answer his words. *That this is very Christ*—That Jesus came as the promised Saviour of the world. *After many days*—During this period Saul spent some time in Arabia, Gal. 1. 17, and then returned to Damasus. *Wers fulfilled*—Were ended. *Took counsel*—Formed a plot. *To kill him*—They were angry because they could not answer him. *Was known*—Became known. *Watched the gates*—To kill him while going out of the city. *In a basket*—From a window overhanging the wall. 2 Cor. 11. 33. *Came to Jerusalem*—At least three years had passed since he left Jerusalem. *He assayed*—Undertook. *Afraid of him*—They had not heard that he had become a disciple of Jesus, or had not believed it. *Brought him to the apostles*—To Peter and James, the Lord's brother. Gal. 1. 18, 19. *He was with them*—They received him as a believer in Jesus. *Spoke boldly in the name*—Spoke for Jesus as boldly as he had spoken against him. *Against the Grecians*—The Jews of foreign birth, who had been enemies of Stephen and his own friends. *Went about*—Undertook. *Down to Caesarea*—After two weeks' stay in Jerusalem. *Sent him forth*—By a sea voyage. *The churches rest*—From persecution. *Edified*—Were built up in the faith. *Comfort of the Holy Ghost*—The joy which the Spirit brought. *Multiplied*—Increased in number.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

How does this lesson show—

1. An example of courage in Christ's cause?
2. An example of earnestness in Christ's work?
3. An example of kindness toward Christ's disciple?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Saul do after he was converted? "Straightway he preached Christ." 2. How was his preaching received in Damasus? The Jews tried to kill him. 3. How was Saul let down over the wall of Damasus? In a basket. 4. What did he do at Jerusalem? He joined the apostles. 5. What followed the conversion of Saul? The Church had rest from persecution.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christian fellowship.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

18. Wherein did he give an example of piety towards God?

Christ gave an example of piety towards God in his constant obedience to God his Father in all things, in his zeal for God's honor among men, and in his frequent converse with God in prayer.

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