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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. II.

TORONTO, AUGUST 26, 1882.

No. 16.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

BY THE REV. DR. DEWART.

WHILE standing on this rocky ledge,
above
The vast abyss, which yawns beneath my
feet,
In silent awe and rapture, face to face
With this bright vision of unearthly glory,
Which dwarfs all human pageantry and
power,
This spot to me is Nature's holiest temple.
The sordid cares, the jarring strifes, and
vain
Delights of earth are stilled. The hopes
and joys
That gladden selfish hearts, seem nothing
here.

Unique in majesty and radiant might,
Earth has no emblems to portray thy
splendour.
Not loftiest lay of earth-born bard could
sing.
All that thy grandeur whispers to the
heart
That feels thy power. No words of mor-
tal lips
Can fitly speak the wonder, reverence,
joy—
The wild imaginings, thrilling and rare,
Stupendous power! thy thunder's solemn
hymn

Whose tones rebuke the shallow unbeliefs
Of men, is still immutably the same.
Ages ere mortal eyes beheld thy glory,
Thy waves made music for the listening
stars,
And agents paused in wonder as they
passed,
To gaze upon thy weird and awful beauty,
Amazed to see such grandeur this side
heaven.
Thousands, who once have here enrapt-
ured stood,
Forgotten, lie in death's lone pulseless
sleep;
And when each beating heart on earth is
stilled,
Thy tide shall roll, unchanged by flight
of years,
Bright with the beauty of eternal youth.

Thy face, half veiled in rainbows, mist,
and foam,
Awaken thoughts of all the beautiful
And grand of earth, which stand through
time and change
As witnesses of God's omnipotence.
The misty mountain, stern in regal pride,
The birth-place of the avalanche of death—
The grand old forests, through whose
solemn aisles
The wintry winds their mournful re-
quiems chant—
The mighty rivers rushing to the sea—
The thunder's peal—the lightning's aw-
ful glare—
The deep, wide sea, whose melancholy
dirge,
From age to age yields melody divine—
The star-lit heavens, magnificent and
vast,
Where suns and worlds in quenchless
splendour blaze—
All terrible and beauteous things create
Are linked in holy brotherhood with thee,
And speak in tones above the din of earth
Of Him unseen, whose word created all.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

BY THE EDITOR.

If any jaded sight-seer wishes to
enjoy a new sensation, we would

citing adventures the present writer
ever experienced. Having duly feed
the attendant, one is shown into a
dressing-room, where he completely
divests himself of his clothing, and

a fish in his native home. One puts
his watch and money in a tin box,
which he locks and fastens the key to
his girdle. A straw hat is tied firmly
on the head, and felt sandals on the
feet, to prevent slipping on the rocks
or wooden steps.

Now, accompanied by a sturdy
guide, we go down a winding stair,
from whose loop-holes we catch
glimpses of the cliff rising higher and
higher as we descend. We are soon
at the foot of the stairway, and follow
a beaten path over the broken debris
which, during immemorial ages, has
formed a rocky ledge at the base of the
cliff. We at length reach the grand
portal of the "Cave of the Winds."
It is a mighty arch, nearly a hundred
and fifty feet high—one side formed
of overhanging cliff, and the other of
the majestic sweep of the fall. The
latter seems like a solid wall of water
many feet thick, glossy green at the
top, but so shattered and torn near the
bottom that it is a snowy white. Be-
neath this portal we pass. A long,
steep stairway, covered with a green
confervoid growth, leads down into a
dim abyss of spray and deafening noise.
Now the benefit of the felt sandals is
felt; without them we would assuredly
slip and fall. Firmly clinging to the
arm of the guide, we go down, it seems
almost into the heart of the earth.
Great fragments of the seething cat-
aract—not mere drops, but what seems
to be solid chunks of water, rent from
the main body—are hurled down with
catapult-like violence, upon our heads.
The air is filled with blinding spray.
It drives into our eyes, our ears, and
our mouth, if we open it. A deep
thunderous roar shakes the solid rock,
and upward gusts of wind almost lift
one from his feet. A dim light
struggles through the translucent veil.
All communication is by pantomime—
no voice could by any possibility be
heard—and often the guide has almost
to carry his charge through this seeth-
ing abyss.

Pressing on, we cross galleries fast-
ened to the face of the cliff, and bridges
springing from rock to rock; and
clambering over huge boulders, gradu-
ally emerge again to the light of day.
And what a scene bursts on the view!
we have passed completely behind the
falling sheet—not the main fall, of
course, but the one between Goat and
Luna Islands. We are right at the
foot of the cataract, enveloped in its
skirt, as it were, and drenched by its
spray. Clambering out on the rocks,
we can pass directly in front of it.
When the gusts of wind sweep the
spray aside, we get dazzling views of
the whole height of the snowy fall,



NIAGARA FALLS.

advise him to make the descent into
the "Cave of the Winds" at Niagara
Falls. It was one of the most ex-

assumes a flannel bathing suit. No
oil-cloth or India-rubber covering will
answer here—one becomes as wet as

poured, as it were, out of the deep blue sky above our head. Only the glowing language of Ruskin can depict the scene. We can "watch how the vault of water first bends unbroken in pure polished velocity over the arching rocks at the brow of the cataract, covering them with a dome of crystal twenty feet thick—so swift that its motion is unscanned, except when a foam globe from above darts over it like a falling star; and how, ever and anon, a jet of spray leaps hissing out of the fall like a rocket, bursting in the wind, and driven away in dust, filling the air with light; whilst the shuddering iris stoops in tremulous stillness over all, fading and flushing alternately through the choking spray and shattered sunshine."

Unable to tear myself away, I let the guide proceed with the rest of the party, and lingered for hours entranced with the scene. I paid for my enthusiasm, however, for I became so stiff from prolonged saturation in the water that I had to remain in bed all next day.

Scarcely inferior in interest to the falls, are the rapids above, as seen from Street's Mill, on the Canadian shore, or from the bridge to Goat Island or the Three Sisters. The resistless sweep of the current, racing like a maddened steed toward destruction, affects one almost as if it were a living thing. This is still more striking as we stand on the giddy verge where rises, like a lone sentinel, the Terrapin Tower. For a moment the waters seem to pause and shudder before they make the fatal plunge.

But unquestionably the grandest view is that of the Horse-shoe Falls, either from the remains of Table Rock or from the foot of the fall. Here the volume of water is greatest, and the vast curve of the Horseshoe makes the waters converge into one seething abyss, from which ascends evermore the cloud of spray and mist—like the visible spirit of the fall.

At its narrowest part, two miles below the Falls, it is spanned by the fairy-like railway Suspension Bridge—a life-artery along which throbs a ceaseless pulse of commerce between the Dominion of Canada and the United States of America, the two fairest and noblest daughters of brave old England, the great mother of nations. Unhappily a deep and gloomy chasm has too long yawned between these neighbouring peoples, through which has raged a brawling torrent of estrangement, bitterness, and sometimes even of fratricidal strife. But as wire by wire that wondrous bridge was woven between the two countries, so social, religious, and commercial intercourse has been weaving subtle cords of fellowship between the adjacent communities; and now, let us hope, by the recent treaty of Washington, a golden bridge of amity and peace has spanned the gulf, and made them one in brotherhood forever. As treason against humanity is that spirit to be deprecated that would sever one strand of those ties of friendship, or stir up strife between the two great nations of one blood, one faith, one tongue! May this peaceful arbitration be the inauguration of the happy era foretold by poet and seer—

"When the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flags are furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world!"

While I was musing on this theme the following fancies wove themselves into verse, in whose aspiration all true patriots of either land will, doubtless, devoutly join:

As the great bridge which spans Niagara's flood
Was deftly woven, subtle strand by strand,
Into a strong and stable iron band,
Which heaviest stress and strain has long
Withstood;
So the bright golden strands of friendship strong,
Knitting the Mother and the Daughter land
In bonds of love—as grasp of kindly hand
May bind together hearts estranged long—
Is doftly woven now, in that firm page
Of mutual plight and troth, which, let us pray,
May still endure unshamed from age to age—
The pledge of peace and concord true
Always:
Perish the hand and palsied be the arm
That would one fibre of that fabric harm!

One striking phase of the Niagara river is often overlooked—the Whirlpool, three miles below the Falls. Its wild and lonely grandeur is wonderfully impressive. The river here turns abruptly to the right, forming an elbow, and as the waters rush against the opposite banks, a whirlpool is formed, on which logs, and human bodies, have been known to float many days. The river in the centre is estimated by the engineers to be eleven feet and a half higher than on each shore.

Through the Whirlpool the tortured river chafes and frets between the rocky cliffs, like a huge giant tugging at its chains, till at last it glides out in a broad and placid stream at Queenston Heights, crowned to the left with the lofty monument of Canada's favourite hero, Major-General Sir Isaac Brock. Broad smiling farms, and peach and apple orchards, stretch away into the distance, and adorn every headland on either side. The full-tided river rolls on in might and majesty, and pours its flood into the blue unsalted sea, Ontario, which, studded with many a sail, forms the long horizon. Few lands on earth can exhibit a scene more fertile or more fair, or one associated with grander memories of patriotism and valour.

WHO SHALL BE MASTER?

"TOM WILLIS, I fear, has a new master," said Mr. Irwin, entering the sitting-room where his boys were busy with their studies.

"A new master? Why, father, he said only yesterday he meant to keep right on in his studies with Mr. Wilcocks."

"That may be, Ned. I was not referring to his teacher. There are other masters besides those who impart instruction, and who may gain a much stronger influence and control over the mind when allowed to do so."

"Now, father, you are talking in metaphor," said Will. "Please explain what you mean."

"Let me first tell you an Arab fable; Once upon a time a miller, shortly after he had lain down for an afternoon's nap, was startled by a camel's nose being thrust in at the door of his house.

"'It is very cold outside,' said the camel. 'I wish only to get my nose in.' The miller was an easy kind of man, and so the nose was let in.

"'The wind is very sharp,' sighed the camel. 'Pray, allow me to get

my neck inside.' This request was also granted, and the neck was thrust in.

"'How fast the rain begins to fall! I shall get wet through. Will you let me place my shoulders under cover?' This, too, was granted. So the camel asked for a little and a little more until he had pushed his whole body inside the house.

"The miller soon began to be put to much trouble by the rude companion he had allowed into his room, which was not large enough for both; and as the rain was over he civilly asked him to depart.

"'If you don't like it you may leave,' saucily replied the beast. 'As for myself I know when I am well off, and I shall stay where I am.'"

The boys laughed heartily at this, when their father rather gravely added:

"You may laugh at the fable, boys, but I trust a certain door possessed by each of you will never give entrance to anything likely to do you harm. I spoke of Tom Willis having a new master. I scarcely meet him of late but I see a cigar stump in his mouth. At first he tried to hide it from me as though ashamed of the act. But now he openly smokes whenever he can get a bit of a cigar in his mouth. I fancy, until it has probably become his master, and may lead to worse evil."

"It is shocking to see a young lad of his age soiling his lips with tobacco! It will affect his brain, make him dull after awhile, and possibly lead to a craving for drink—soda-water and ginger-pop, perhaps, at first, then for something stronger and stronger. And thus, step by step, the pure body will be encroached upon until enemies to soul and body will gain the mastery and take entire possession of him."

The boys glanced at each other, then Ned, in a frank way, said: "What you say, father, is true. Tom is not the same boy he was. He constantly complains of a headache, is behindhand with his studies, and yesterday wanted me to go with him to Jones' to get something to drink. He said he felt all out of sorts and needed a little strengthening. I tried to dissuade him from going in there, but could not, so left him."

"Never go into such a place, my son; never be tempted by another to indulge in any kind of drink, no matter how harmless it may be represented to you. Shun everything of the kind as you would an evil spirit. Never think it manly to swear, chew, smoke, or drink. Give either but an inch of entrance upon the doorstep of your mouth and it will soon become your master.

"I would not have my boys become slaves to anything on earth, but noble in heart and spirit. For you have a crown and kingly heritage to win, and to attain to it you must keep yourselves pure and unspotted from the world and its evil temptations."

RETIRED merchant, confidentially: "When I gave up business, I settled down and found I had a comfortable fortune. If I had settled up, I should not have had a cent."

Is there a word in the English language that contains all the vowels in alphabetic order? If you write and examine facetiously, you will find that there is.

IN HARBOUR.

I think it is over, over—
I think it is over at last:
Voices of foeman and lover,
The sweet, and the bitter, have passed,
Life, like a tempest of ocean,
Hath outblown its ultimate blast.
There's but a faint sobbing seaward,
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,
And behold! like the welcoming quiver
Of heart-pulses throbbled through the river,
Those lights of the Harbour at last—
The heavenly Harbour at last!

I feel it is over, over—
The winds and the waters surcease:
How few were the days of the Rover
That smiled in the beauty of peace!
And distant and dim was the omen
That hinted redress or release.
From the ravage of Life and its riot,
What marvel I yearn for the quiet
Which bides in this Harbour at last?
For the lights, with their welcoming quiver,
That throbb through the sanctified river,
Which girdles the Harbour at last—
The heavenly Harbour at last!

I know it is over, over—
I know it is over at last:
Down sail; the sheathed anchor uncover;
For the stress of the voyage has passed,
Life, like a tempest of ocean,
Hath outblown its ultimate blast.
There's but a faint sobbing seaward,
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,
And behold! like the welcoming quiver,
Of heart-pulses throbbled through the river,
Those lights in the Harbour at last—
The heavenly Harbour at last!
—Paul H. Hayne.

HOW TO LOOK AT THINGS.

I WENT to see a lady once who was in great trouble and darkness on account of the great afflictions of the Lord. When I went in she was working on a bit of embroidery, and as I talked with her she dropped the wrong side of it, and there it lay, a mass of crude work, tangled, everything seemed to be out of its order.

"Well," said I, "what is this you are engaged at?"

"Oh," she replied, "it is a pillow for a lounge. I'm making it for a Christmas gift."

"I should not think you would waste your time on that," I said. "It looks tangled, without design, or meaning," and I went on abusing the whole bit of handiwork; and belittling the combination of colors, and so on.

"Why, Mr. Pentecost, she said, surprised at the sudden and abrupt change of the subject on which we had before been talking, and on the persistency with which I had opposed her work, why, Mr. Pentecost, you are looking at the wrong side. Turn it over.

Then I said:
"That's just what you are doing: you are looking at the wrong side of God's workings with you. Down here we are looking at the tangled side of God's providence; but He has a plan—here a stitch, there a movement of the shuttle, and in the end a beautiful work. Be not afraid, only be believing. Believe him in the darkness, believe Him in the mysteries. Let him that walketh in the darkness and seeth not the light, yet trust in the Lord God.—Dr. Pentecost.

SMITING THE ROCK.

THE stern old judge, in relentless mood,
Glanced at the two who before him stood—

She was bowe'd, and haggard, and old,
He was young, and defiant, and bold—
Mother and son; and to gaze at the pair,
Their different attitudes, look, and air,
One would believe, ere the truth were won,
The mother convinced, and not the son.

There was the mother; the boy stood nigh
With a shameless look, and his head held high.

Age had come over her, sorrow, and care;
This mattered but little so he was there,
A prop to her years and a light to her eyes,
And prize as only a mother can prize;
But what for him could a mother say,
Waiting his doom on a sentence-day?

Her husband had died in his shame and sin;
And she a widow, her living to win,
Had toiled and struggled from morn till night,
Making with want a wearisome fight,
Bent over her work with a resolute zeal,
Till she felt her old frame totter and reel,
Her weak limbs tremble, her eyes grow dim;
But she had her boy, and she toiled for him.

And he—he stood in the criminal dock,
With a heart as hard as a flinty rock,
An impudent glance and a reckless air,
Braving the scorn of the gazers there;
Dipped in crime and encompassed round
With proof of his guilt by captors found,
Ready to stand, as he phrased it, "game,"
Holding not crime but penitence, shame.

Poured in a flood o'er the mother's cheek
The moistening prayers where the tongue
was weak,
And she saw through the mist of those
bitter tears,
Only the child in his innocent years;
She remembered him pure as a child
might be,
The guilt of the present she could not see;
And for mercy her wistful looks made
prayer
To the stern old judge in his cushioned
chair.

"Woman," the old judge crabbedly said—
"Your boy is the neighbourhood's plague
and dread.

Of a gang of reprobates chosen chief;
An idler and rioter, ruffian and thief.
The jury did right, for the facts were
plain;

Denial is idle, excuses are vain.
The sentence the court imposes is one—
"Your honour," she cried, "he's my only
son."

But tipstaves grinned at the words she
spoke,
And a ripple of fun through the court-
room broke;

But over the face of the culprit came
An angry look and a shadow of shame.
"Don't laugh at my mother?" loud cries
he;

"You've got me fast, and can deal with
me;
But she's too good for your coward jeers,
And I'll—" then his utterance choked
with tears.

The judge for a moment bent his head,
And looked at him keenly, and then he
said—

"We suspend the sentence—the boy can
go,"
And the words were tremulous, forced,
and low,

"But, say!" and he raised his finger
then—
"Don't let them bring you hither again.
There is something good in you, yet, I
know;

I'll give you a chance—make the most of
it—Go!"

The train went forth, and the old judge
said—

"I meant to have given him a year in-
stead.

And, perhaps, 'tis a difficult thing to tell
If clemency here be ill or well.
But a rock was struck in that callous
heart,
From which a fountain of good may start;
For one on the ocean of crime long tossed,
Who loves his mother, is not quite lost."
—Canada Christian Advocate.

FAITHFUL MIKE.

BY JOSIE KEEN.



N 'one 'of the upper
rooms of a
poor, dilapidated
tenement-house,
around which
strong winds were
fiercely blowing,
and seemingly
striving to enter
every crack and
cranny, there lay
a sad, emaciated-
looking child. Little could the thin
blood running through those veins
add warmth to the poor body; and
evidently there was no fire in the
rickety stove, if indeed there had been
since early morning.

"I'm so cold," said Ben with a
shiver. "I do so wish mother would
come home!"

The words were hardly uttered
when there was a knock at the door
and a sturdy boy, in striking contrast
to the little sufferer, softly opened the
door, thrust in his head, and after
peering around cheerily called out:

"Hallo, old fellow! Be's that you
curled down in your corner? I
thought you were alone, and as the
wind is blowing great guns and rattling
the windows most to pieces, I
came up to see how you are getting
along!"

"Thank you, Mike. It's dreadful
lonely up here, and I was wishing,
oh! so much, that somebody would
come in."

"Don't wonder. Sure and indade
it must be dreadful tough to stay so
many hours alone as ye's do. How is
the rheumatics to day?"

"Bad, real bad, Mike. And these
cold March winds make me shiver so.
I can't get any rest."

"Sakes alive! And nary a bit of
fire in the stove. Hugh! see if I
don't set the critter agoing."

And away darted the good-natured
Irish boy to beg or borrow some coal.
Soon clattering feet were heard on the
stairs, and Mike, with his face in a
broad grin, exclaimed:

"Sure, didn't I be after telling ye's
I'd make a haul somewhere? See
now if I don't scare up a fire in a jiffy."

"Oh, Mike! where did you get that
pail of coal! I hope you did not—"

Benny paused and shut his teeth
tight. How could he ask if the coals
were stolen when Mike, with his
cheeks extended was puffing and blowing
to start a fire to warm his poor
shivering, aching limbs? And yet he
felt as though he must protest against
their use, if Mike had not come
honestly by them.

The boy had heard and understood
the half-uttered words.

"There, sonny, just you keep still;
the grocer around the corner gave
them to me, when I told him who they
were for. Never ye's fear that Mike
will be after stealing coals for the like
of ye's; for don't I know you would
sooner freeze to death than warm
yourself with stolen coals! I hain't

been up here in this room so often for
nothing. Mike will never be a jail-
bird so long as he remembers your
sweet face and patient ways. More
ready to starve, sure, than eat a
mouthful of stolen fruit. My, how
mean I felt, when you would not take
so much as a bite out of that big
apple I hooked from off the old
woman's apple-stall."

Ben gave a faint, happy smile and
replied, "You see, Mike, it's dreadful
hard to lie here and suffer all day
long; and when I think of the beauti-
ful home above, ready for all who try
to do right, I would not, for the
world, do anything that might shut
me out of it. I guess it won't be very
long now before the Shepherd comes
for me."

Mike shook his head, but could not
say a word. Ben, no doubt, was right,
for he plainly saw that every day the
poor child grew weaker and weaker;
his eyes had become more sunken, and
his face so pale and pinched, it made
one sad to look at him, and yet he
was so patient, at times even cheerful.
Mike could not quite understand it,
for downstairs there was such groan-
ing, cursing, and swearing, if any one
was the least bit sick.

Mike had been one among them,
and at first felt great reluctance, and
a sort of awe upon entering the quiet
sick room above, but Mrs. Green's
earnest appeal, "Mike, I wish you
would now and then look in upon my
poor boy, while I'm off working?"
could not be resisted, and he had since
learned to consider it a pleasure to do
anything he could for the poor little
chap, "almost an angel," as he said.

It had not always been thus with
Ben and his mother. Once they had
been in comfortable circumstances,
when the husband and father had been
led astray by drink. The habit once
formed, it seemed as though he was
possessed of an evil spirit. Loving
words had no power to save, and he
rapidly sank into an untimely grave,
leaving debts and a tarnished name.

Ben had tried hard during the
winter to help his mother by earning
a little at shoveling snow. He took
cold, however, had inflammatory
rheumatism, and now seemed likely
to leave her quite alone. His life,
though, had not been without its
sacred influences. Some of the hard
drinkers downstairs could not easily
forget the earnest pleading words he
had sent down to them; and Mike
never forgot what the poor child had
said to him about swearing, drinking,
and stealing; it kept him from many
a sinful temptation that might have
led him far astray.

And thus Benny, without pledge or
badge, had unconsciously been acting
the part of a brave fearless little tem-
perance cadet, while Mike had been
faithful to his trust.—N. Y. Observer.

THERE are two sides to everything,"
said the lecturer. "I repeat it, there
are two sides—" At this juncture a
tired looking little man stood up in the
front seat to say: "Well if you've no
objection, I will just step out and see
if there are two sides to this hall. I
know there is an inside, and if I find
there is an outside you'll know it by
my not coming back. You needn't be
alarmed if I shouldn't return." And
as he walked up the aisle he was fol-
lowed by the admiring eyes of the
whole audience.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S
MAXIMS.

POVERTY is uncomfortable, as
I can testify; but nine times
out of ten the best thing that
can happen to a young man is to be
tossed overboard and compelled to sink
or swim for himself. In all my ac-
quaintance I never know a man to be
drowned who was worth the saving.

If the power to do hard work is not
talent, it is the best possible substitute
for it.

It is one of the precious mysteries of
sorrow that it finds solace in unselfish
thought.

The granito hills are not so change-
less and abiding as the restless sea.

In their struggle with the forces
of nature, the ability to labour was
the richest patrimony of the colonists.

For the noblest man who lives there
remains a conflict.

We hold reunions, not for the dead,
for there is nothing in all the earth
that you or I can do for the dead.
They are past our help and past our
praise. We can add to them no glory,
we can give them no immortality.
They do not need us, but for ever and
for evermore we need them.

Throughout the whole ebb of natural
existence we trace the golden thread
of human progress toward a higher and
better estate.

After all, territory is but the body
of a nation. The people who inhabit
its hills and valleys are its soul, its
spirit, its life. In them dwells its
hope of immortality. Among them, if
anywhere, are to be found its chief
elements of destruction.

It matters little what may be the
forms of national institution if the
life, freedom, and growth of society are
secured.

Finally, our great hope for the
future—our great safeguard against
danger—is to be found in the general
and thorough education of our people,
and in the virtue which accompanies
such education.

Be fit for more than the thing you
are now doing.

If you are not too large for the
place you are too small for it.

BEAUTIFUL ANSWERS.

A PERSIAN pupil of the Able
Sicord gave the following ex-
traordinary answers:

"What is gratitude?"
"Gratitude is the memory of the
heart."

"What is hope?"

"Hope is the blossom of happiness."

"What is the difference between
hope and desire?"

"Desire is a hope in leaf; hope is
the tree in flower, and enjoyment is a
tree in fruit."

"What is eternity?"

"A day without yesterday or to-
morrow; a line that has no end."

"What is time?"

"A line that has two ends; a path
which begins in the cradle and ends
in the tomb."

"What is God?"

"The necessary being, the sum of
eternity, the merchant of nature, the
eye of justice, the watchmaker of the
universe, the soul of the world."

"Does God reason?"

"Man reasons because he doubts;
he doubts, he deliberates; he decides.
God is omniscient; He never doubts,
He, therefore, never reasons."—Ex.

CHOOSE THOU FOR ME.

CHOOSE Thou for me, Oh, God !
Thy way I know is best ;
Though dark and thorny be the road,
It leadeth to Thy rest.

Choose Thou for me, Oh, God,
Trials I would not shun,
But mid the darkest, say in faith,
Thy will, not mine, is done.

My strength but weakness is,
I own my frailty, Lord ;
My faltering feet so often stray,
Oh, lead me by Thy word.

My wisdom is not wise,
But foolishness, I claim ;
I cling to Thy kind promises,
And trust in Thy dear name.

The path that I must walk
Do Thou Oh, Lord point out ;
And let Thy loving tenderness
Encircle me about.

So shall I walk secure,
Though tempests gather round,
And in the way my God appoints
My soul be ever found.

Then choose for me, Oh, God,
And help me to submit ;
Assured the way is just and right
Since 'tis God chooseth it.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 26, 1882.

THE WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

BY MRS. J. F. WILLING.

How it came to be organized.

[This organization has already become a mighty auxiliary to the spread of the Gospel in heathen lands. In view of the formation of a branch society in connection with the Methodist churches of Canada it will be interesting to know what led to their first organization. Ed.]

HE home is the Sebastopol of civilization. The homes of heathendom must be captured for Christ before any change for the better can be complete or permanent.

This stronghold can be taken only by Christian women. Homes are made by women as certainly in Hindustan as in America. Heathen women must be evangelized before their homes can be improved. Pagan women are slaves, so hedged in by jealousy and caste that they may not be taught by Christian men. If the men of the Church were sent to

heathen countries by the regiment, they could not give the women direct religious instruction. That work must be done by women.

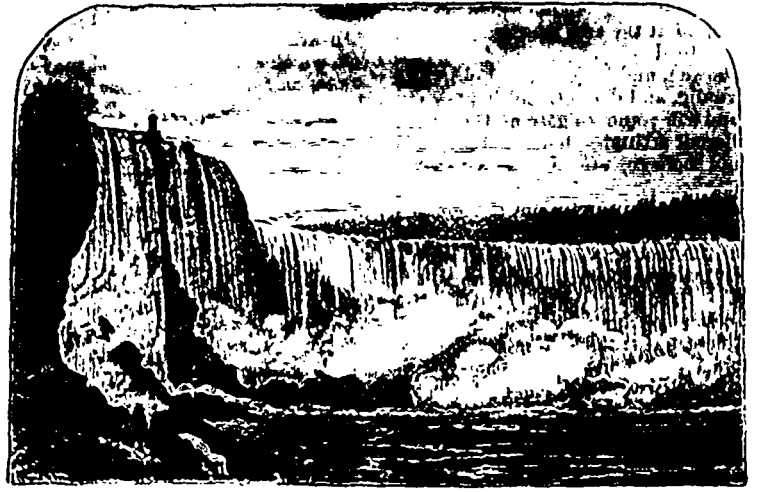
The wives of missionaries are among the noblest and most self-sacrificing of Christian workers, yet their hands are full of the care of their own children. The heart of the married missionary lady may be as full of zeal as was that of St. Paul, yet her duty to those whom God gives her in the home must greatly hinder her efforts for the conversion of heathen women. She has converted or unconverted pagan servants to whose care she may not leave her little ones. She cannot go from house to house to teach the imprisoned women, nor from town to town to superintend Bible women and day-school teachers; neither can she take charge of an orphanage or boarding-school. She may do some of this work for a while, but her duties to herself and her children demand that she lay these burdens upon single women who are sent out and supported for this service. If all teaching of women and girls, even in America, had to be done by young mothers, what chance would ninety-nine in a hundred have to know anything about books or religion? Yet that would be a much better opportunity than the millions of pagan women can have, unless young women are sent to teach them—women whose one care is this work.

Political and civil changes, the fall of the East India Company, hostile as it was to missionaries, the increasing power of Great Britain over her Asiatic dependencies, and international treaties, have made it possible and safe for single women to go about unattended in heathen cities.

Single women can, and they must, do this work, and they must be sent by the women at home. The general missionary societies have their hands so full of work already planned and undertaken that they cannot enter this broad, newly-opened field.

According to the German myth, it was the kiss of a warlike prince that wakened the sleeping beauty. When the United States was under the stress of civil strife, the touch of the rough lip of war called an immense force into action. It was found that in sanitary and Christian Commission work women could mightily reinforce the army, and yet be all the better fitted for their blessed, beautiful home-life. Those imperative benevolent duties made possible the missionary, temperance, and eleemosynary efforts that have followed. Colleges and universities have been opened to women, and knowledge is always power. Two-thirds of the Church are women. This gives them the preponderance of moral energy. In home-making their attention is held to minute details, so they are specially fitted for the gathering up of small sums that make the immense amounts, and the investment of each dollar with the least possible waste. Not being eligible to office, they are not so liable to selfishness and ambition as others may be. God trusts them with the best work he places in this world at all—the care of the little children. Their sensibilities are kept sweet and tender beside cradles and death-beds.

These facts led the wisdom of the Church to organize the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.



NIAGARA FALLS—FROM BELOW.

News from Ireland is not encouraging. That most dismal of all statistical reports, the monthly statement of agrarian outrages, marks May as one of the least pacific months; the number of assaults more or less violent was nearly four hundred. This state of things indicates no radical change of feeling brought about by the recent assassinations and the change of government policy. Assaults have occurred in the first two weeks of June also with the usual frequency, and among the rest is the savage murder of a prominent landlord of Galway, together with his escort, a soldier. The threats against Mr. Gladstone's life have aroused in England a sterner spirit in favour of repression and this will, perhaps, be sufficient to prevent a modification of the severe bill now under discussion by the Commons. Very slow progress has been made upon the bill thus far, and it is daily rumoured that a serious disagreement in the cabinet itself is the cause of this, and that two or three resignations may be expected soon.

THE VICTORIES OF CHRISTIANITY.

HARDER, deadlier, more varied, more prolonged was the contest of Christianity with Paganism. From the first burst of hatred in the Neronian persecution till the end of the third century the fierce struggle continued—fierce, because meek, unobtrusive, spiritual, as the Christians were, they yet roused the hatred of every single class. Paganism never troubled itself to be angry with mere philosophers who aired their elegant doubts in the shady xyotus or at the luxurious feast, but who with cynical insouciance did what they detested and adored what they despised. They were unworthy of that corrosive hatred which is the tribute paid to the simplicity of virtue by the despair and agony of vice. But these Christians, who turned away with aversion from temples and statues, who would die rather than fling into the altar flame a pinch of incense to the genius of the Emperors; who declined even to wear a garland of flowers at the banquet, or pour a libation at the sacrifice; whose austere morality was a terrible reflection on the favourite sins which had eaten like a spreading cancer into the very heart of their nation's life; these Christians, with their unpolished barbarism, their unphilosophic ignorance, their stolid endurance, their detestable

purity, their intolerable meekness, kindled against themselves alike the philosophers, whose pride they irritated; the priests, whose gains they diminished; the mob, whose indulgences they thwarted; the Emperors, whose policy they destroyed. Yet, unaided by any, opposed by all, Christianity won. Without one earthly weapon she faced the legionary masses, and tearing down their adored eagles, replaced them by the sacred monogram of her victorious labarum; she made her instrument of a slave's agony a symbol more glorious than the laticlave of consuls or the diadem of kings; without eloquence she silenced the subtle dialectics of academy, and without knowledge the encyclopedic ambition of the porch. The philosopher who met a Christian Bishop on his way to the Council of Nicæa stammered into a confession of belief, and the last of Pagan Emperors died prematurely in the wreck of his broken powers with the despairing words, "Viciisti Galilee!" "O Galilean, thou hast conquered!"—F. W. Farrar.

WESLEY AS A PREACHER.

ON a certain occasion when Wesley was to preach to a wealthy and elegant congregation, he chose for his text, "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" After the sermon one of his hearers said to him: "Sir, such a sermon would have been suitable in Billingsgate, but it was highly improper here." "If I had been in Billingsgate," said Wesley, "my text would have been, 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.'" Perhaps, there is no single incident in the life of this preacher of righteousness which more fully opens up the secret of his wonderful power. His eye was keen enough to pierce through all the outward show of wealth, rank, and pride, and take a searching look into the souls of his congregation, who were none the less a company of miserable sinners than an equal number of ignorant, vicious fishwomen, costermongers, and old-clothes venders down in Drury Lane. He was absolutely insensible to the restraints and embarrassments which are wont to oppress the hearts and control the manners of those ministers of the Gospel who never can forget themselves, whatever they are saying or doing; he was an ambassador of Christ, and cared only to please his Master by faithfully delivering his message.



NIAGARA RIVER—LOOKING TOWARDS LAKE ONTARIO—FROM NEAR QUEENSTOWN HEIGHTS.

THE STRONG ONE.

WHO is this from Edom
With His garments dyed,
In His strength and greatness,
By the world denied?
This is Christ the mighty,
Strong alone to save,
All His foes are conquered—
Victor o'er the grave.
Give Him praise forever; give Him throne
and crown.
Tell the world the story, give the King
renown!

Red his is apparel;
All the stains he wears
Cover our transgressions—
Sin of men He bears.
From the wine-press trodden,
Where he went alone,
He hath brought salvation—
Grace to every one.
Give Him praise forever! give Him throne
and crown;
Tell the world the story; give the King
renown.

Hail the Lord of glory!
Hail the Saviour King;
Let the people praise Him;
Let them tribute bring.
Now the path is open
To the pearly gate;
Go, ye ransomed sinners,
For the price was great.
Give Him praise forever! give Him throne
and crown;
Tell the world the story; give the King
renown.
—Rev. Dwight Williams.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

DO you understand the difference between a *current* and an *undulation*? Suppose two boys had a long, slender iron tube, such as a gas pipe; and while one boy stood at one end and held a whistle in the tube, the other should stand at the other end and blow through strongly enough to sound the whistle. This would be an instance of a "current." The air already in the tube would move along as the boy blew, and pass through the whistle; and at last some of the very air from his mouth would reach the whistle and make the sound. Speaking-tubes in houses are fitted with whistles which are sounded in this way. But suppose the boy at one end struck the tube with a stone or hammer, and the boy at the other end listened and heard the sound of the blow travelling along the iron. This would be an instance of "undulation." The particles of the iron would not move along the tube, but they would send the sound from one to another. When a person talks through a speaking-tube the

sound goes by undulations. Wise men now say that they do not think that there is really any current in electricity; its wonders are performed by undulations, or in some other mysterious way; but they often call it a "fluid" and a "current."

When this "current" flows along a wire which is long enough to conduct it freely, all is dark and still. You cannot tell, by looking or listening, whether or not it is running. But if there is a break in the wire, yet the two ends are very close together, and are fitted with two charcoal points, the wave in leaping the gap will heat the charcoal points until they glow with brilliant light. Or if the force is caused to flow, at the break in the wire, through a sort of bridge formed of a thin strip of carbon or platinum wire, or some substance which will not allow it to flow freely, it will heat this little bridge to shine and glow like red hot iron.

Thus, there are two ways of making a lamp to be supplied by electricity instead of oil. One way is to make two points from the very best, hardest, purest carbon, and conduct the electricity through these, placing them close together, and letting the electricity leap from one to the other. But there is no carbon so hard that it will not slowly burn up in such a fierce heat as that electricity produces. Therefore you must have some sort of clock-work machinery or other device which will push the points toward each other as fast as they are consumed. A lamp of this kind is called an "arc" lamp. The objection to it is that the points will joggle a little while they are burning away and the clockwork is bringing them nearer; or a little more will burn off at one instant than at another; and every time there is the least irregularity, the blaze flickers. The other way is to provide a little bridge to conduct the undulations across the gap; this is called the "incandescent" kind of lamp. But how shall this bridge be saved from burning up? By enclosing in it a glass globe, and pumping all the air out of the globe by an air-pump. The bridge can not be burned if there is no air around it, if it is in a vacuum. Oxygen from the air, or some other source, is necessary to a fire, the objection to this way is that the apparatus is rather complex and costly. Arc lamps generally have a glass globe around them, but it is only to protect them and to keep sparks from falling about. It is not a hermetically-sealed exhausted globe. The

globe of an incandescent lamp is small and is perfectly air-tight.

The lamps seen in city streets and parks and in large halls and stores, and which flicker somewhat, are arc lamps. Incandescent lamps are much smaller, they resemble gas burners scaled up in little glass bulbs, and they are better for parlours and chambers.

STAND UP STRAIGHT.

GOD fitted the great vital organs in your bodies to an erect spine. Do your shoulders ever stoop forward? If they do, so do the lungs, heart, liver, and stomach fall down out of their natural places. Of course they can't do their work well. To show you how this is, I will tell you that when you bend forward you can only take about half as much air into the lungs as you can when you stand up straight. As I have said, God has so arranged the great organs in the body that they can't do their duty well except when the body is straight. Oh, how it distresses me to see the dear children, whom I love so much, bending over their school desks, and walking with their head and shoulders drooping. My dear children, if you would have a strong spine and vigorous lungs, heart, liver, and stomach, you must, now while you are young, learn to walk erect.

If one of my children were about to leave this country for Japan, never to return, and were to come to me and ask for rules to preserve his health, I should say:—"I am glad to see you, and will give you four rules, which, carefully observed, will be pretty sure to preserve your health." He might say to me:—"Four are a good many; give me one, but the most important one, and I promise not to forget it." I should reply:—"Well, my dear child, if I give you but one, it is this: Keep yourself straight, that is, sit up straight; walk up straight; and when in bed at night, don't put two or three pillows under your head as though intent on watching your toes all night;" and I believe that in this I should give the most important rule which can be given for the preservation of health and long life.—Dr. Dio Lewis.

AN APPEAL TO DRUNKARDS.

SEVEN drunkards walked into the Des Moines Register office one day recently to bid the editor of that grand paper god-speed in his battle with the saloons. The Register says there was not one of them who did not show the seal of whisky's work. The "features were sculptured by dissipation into caricature and sorrow. They were temperance sermons in the concrete, mere wrecks of men but with manhood enough left to be conscious that they were wrecked, and to wish that their relatives and children might shun the rocks on which they split." Said one of these callers: "I drink, have drank for years, and I feel I can never stop. But from this very fact I know better than those who do not drink, the danger to young men and boys. I have three sons. One of them is old enough to drink, and is drinking. He learned it in the saloon. The saloon and I are responsible for it. My prayer is, and my vote shall be cast, to

close the saloons before my other boys get in to them and get to drinking, and I know scores and scores of other drinking men who are as anxious as I am to close the saloons before the little boys reach them. I am hopeless, and many of us who drink are hopeless. Closing the saloon, cannot save me; it will not save many others who drink—God grant, though it may save some. But it will keep many boys from learning to drink and from being drunkards, and God help me, if I live to see the twentieth of June I shall go to the polls and vote for the amendment, and vote to shut the saloons—the school for drinking, the nursery for drunkards—and vote, before all men, even though it be in part a vote of shame, the open ballot of temperance. And," he added, with the water of remorse falling from his sad eyes on his reddened and drooping cheeks, "I know such a vote will give joy to the heart of my poor wife."

Can anything be more pathetic than such an appeal? It ought to rouse every right-minded citizen to hear and heed such a Macedonian cry by depositing a vote for prohibition, and then joining a league to see that every statute favouring temperance is executed.

PETTING THE TIGER.

REMEMBER reading of a mother visiting a menagerie with a lovely infant in her arms. As they stood by the tiger's cage, the animal, apparently quiet, permitted the caresses of the babe. The mother, thinking it under the control of its keeper, and caged in iron bars, relaxed her vigilance, when suddenly the tiger seized the child, and in one fatal moment made it its prey.

I thought as I read the paragraph, how many worse than tiger's cages we have all over this loved land of ours. They form almost an unbroken network from ocean to ocean. It is a palace-like building here, a less pretentious one there, and a shanty down by the railroad. Each holds alike the same enemy, the sparkling wine-cup.

Do you see those two friends shaking hands so heartily on the steps of yonder grand hotel? They have not met since boyhood's days, and now middle age claims them.

"Come in, Fred. With a social glass between us, we'll talk over by-gones. Waiter, some of your best champagne. No shaking of your head, Fred."

The champagne is brought, and the friends are quickly reviewing the past.

"Have your glass filled again, Fred, 'tis really worth your while to take a draught from these glasses. The design is a triumph of art. We have lived thus long without any harm from the cheerful glass. We have willed strong as iron bars, and they can guard with master-like vigilance our failings—if we have any."

A third time the glasses were filled, and, "Here's a double health to thee," was sung with the vim of college days.

Then they parted. But mark the sequel. The appetite, which they boasted was caged with strong wills, had not then been caressed. The desire became a tiger, and ere long one of the jolly friends filled a drunkard's grave, and the other, a wreck, dwelt in a maniac's cell.—Interior.

REQUIRED READING, S. S. R. U.

STORIES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY.

BY THE EDITOR.*

A BRAVE WOMAN'S EXPLOIT.

NEVILLE TRUEMAN found ample occupation in ministering to the sick and wounded, and in visiting his scattered flock throughout the invaded territory. He was enabled, incidentally, to render important service to his adopted country. It was toward the end of June, that one afternoon he was riding through the forest in the neighbourhood of the Beaver Dams, near the Town of Thorold,—a place which received its name from the remarkable constructions of the industrious animal which has been adopted as the national emblem of Upper Canada,—where there was a small force of British troops posted. In the twilight he observed a travel-worn woman approaching upon the forest pathway, with an air of bodily weariness, yet of mental alertness and anxiety. As she drew near, he recognized a worthy Canadian matron, whom he had, more than once, seen in his congregation in the school-house at the village of Chippewa.

"Why, Mrs. Secord!" he exclaimed, reining up his horse as she attempted to pass him, furtively trying to conceal her face, "are not you afraid to be so far from home on foot, when the country is so disturbed?"

"Thank God it is you, Mr. Trueman!" she eagerly replied. "I was afraid it might be one of the American scouts. 'Home,' did you say? I have no home," she added in a tone of bitterness.

"Can't I be of some service to you? Where is your husband?" Neville asked, wondering at her distraught air.

"Havon't you heard?" she replied. "He was sore wounded at Queenston Heights, and will never be a well man again; and our house was pillaged and burned. But we're wasting time; what reck my private wrongs when the country is overrun by the King's enemies? How far is it to the camp?"

"Farther than you can walk without resting," he answered. "You seem almost worn out."

"Nineteen miles I've walked this day, through woods and thicket, without bit or sup, to warn the King's troops of their danger."

"What danger?" asked Neville, wondering if her grief had not somewhat affected her mind.

"The enemy are on the move—hundreds of them—with cannon and horses. I saw them marching past my cottage this very morning, and I vowed to warn the King's soldiers or die in the attempt. I slipped unseen into the woods and ran like a deer, through bypaths and cross lots, and I must press on or I may be too late."

Not for a moment did this American-born youth hesitate as to his duty to his adopted country. Wheeling his horse he exclaimed, "You brave woman, you've nobly done your part, let me take you to the nearest house

and then ride on and give the alarm." "I hoped to have done it myself," she said. "But it is best as it is. Never mind me. Every minute is precious."

Without waiting for more words, Neville waved his hand in encouragement, and putting spurs to his horse was out of sight in a moment. In a few minutes he galloped up to the post held by the British picket, and flung himself off his reeking steed—incurring imminent risk of being bayoneted by the sentry, because he took no notice of his peremptory challenge. Bursting into the guard-room, he called for the officer of the day, Lieutenant Fitzgibbon. A few words conveyed the startling intelligence—the alarm was promptly given—the bugle sounded the "turn out"—the guard promptly responded—the men rushed to arms. Messengers were despatched to an outpost where Captain Ker was posted with two hundred Indians, and to Major de Heron, commanding a body of troops in the rear.

Neville, followed by two files of soldiers, returned to meet the brave Canadian matron to whose patriotic heroism was due the rescue of the little post from an unexpected attack by an overwhelming force. They found her almost fainting from fatigue and the reaction from the overstrung tension of her nerves. Leaping from his horse, Neville adjusted his cloak so as to make a temporary side-saddle, and placed the travel-worn woman thereon. Walking by her side, he held the bridle-rein and carefully guided the horse over the rugged forest path, the two soldiers falling behind as a rear-guard. As they approached the post at Beaver Dams, the red-coats gave a hearty British cheer. The guard turned out, and presented arms as though she were the Queen; and the gallant Lieutenant Fitzgibbon assisted the lady to alight with as dignified a courtesy as he could use to royalty itself. She was committed to the care of the good wife of the farm-house which formed the head-quarters of the post, and every means taken to ensure her comfort. By such heroism as this did the stout-hearted Canadian women of those stern war times serve their country at the risk of their lives.

Vigorous efforts were now made for defence. Trees were hastily felled to blockade the road. A breastwork of logs was thrown up at a commanding position, in front of which was an abattis of young trees and brush piled up to obstruct approach. Lieutenant Fitzgibbon had only some forty-three regulars and two hundred Indians, to oppose a force of nearly six hundred men, including fifty cavalry and two field-pieces. He must effect by stratagem what he could not effect by force. Every man who could sound a bugle, and for whom a bugle could be found, was sent into the woods, and these were posted at considerable distances apart. The Indians and thirty-four red-coats, concealed behind trees, lined the road. Before long was heard the tramp of cavalry and rumble of the field-guns. As they came within range the buglers, with all the vigour in their power, sounded a charge, the shrill notes ringing through the leafy forest aisles. The Indians yelled their fearful war-whoop, and the soldiers gave a gallant cheer and opened a sharp fire.

The ruse was as successful as that of Gideon and his three hundred men with their trumpets and pitchers, in the wars of the Philistines. After a spirited attack, the advanced guard fell back upon the main body of the enemy, which was thrown into confusion. Some of the cavalry horses were wounded, and dashed wildly through the ranks, increasing the disorder. The artillery horses caught the infection, and, plunging wildly, overturned one of the gun-carriages in the ditch. At this moment a body of twenty Canadian militia arrived, and Fitzgibbon, to carry out his ruse of affected superiority of numbers, boldly demanded the surrender of the enemy. Colonel Boerstler, the American commander, thinking the British must be strongly supported, to Lieutenant Fitzgibbon's astonishment consented. The latter did not know what to do with his prisoners, who were twice as many as his own force, including the Indians. The opportune arrival of Major de Heron and Captain Villiers, with two hundred men, furnished a sufficient force to guard the prisoners. The chagrin of the latter, on hearing of their deception and capture by a handful of red-coats and red-skins, was intense. The name of the heroic Canadian wife, Mrs. Laura Secord, to whose timely information this brilliant and bloodless victory was due, was honourably mentioned in the military despatches of the day; and her memory should be a perpetual inspiration to patriotic daring to every son and daughter of Canada.*

This event was one of the turning points of the campaign. Dearborn, whose forces were wasted away by disease, famine, and the fortunes of war, to about four thousand men, was beleaguered in Fort George by Vincent with less than half the number of troops. The British now assumed the offensive, and on the morning of the American national anniversary, the fourth of July, a small force of Canadian militia, under Colonel Clark, crossed at daybreak from Chippewa to Fort Schlosser, captured the guard, and carried off a large quantity of provisions and ammunition, of which they were much in need.

A week later, Colonel Bishopp, with two hundred and forty regulars and militia, crossed before day from Fort Erie to the important American post of Black Rock. The enemy were completely taken by surprise, and the block-houses, barracks, dockyard, and one vessel, were destroyed; and seven guns, two hundred stand of arms, and a large quantity of provisions captured.

One day, about the middle of July, a dust-begrimed, sunburnt, yet soldierly-looking young fellow, notwithstanding the weather-stained and faded appearance of his dragoon uniform, rode up to The Holms. He cantered familiarly up the lane and, throwing the reins on the neck of his horse, which proceeded of its own accord to the stable, entered, without knocking, the house.

Kate was in the dairy, moulding the

* A portrait of Mrs. Secord, as a venerable old lady of ninety-two, in a widow's cap and weeds, is given in *Lossing's Pictorial Field Book of the War of 1812*, page 621; also her autograph and a letter describing her exploit. The Prince of Wales, after his return from Canada in 1860, caused the sum of £100 sterling to be presented her for her patriotic service. Lieutenant Fitzgibbon was made a Knight of Windsor Castle.

golden nuggets of butter with a wooden spatula. Stealing up on tip-toe, our dragoon threw his arms around the girl and gave her a hearty kiss, whose report was as loud as the smack which he instantly received on his cheek from the open palm of the astonished Katharine.

"A pretty reception you give your brother," exclaimed the young man.

"Why, Zenas!" cried Katharine, throwing her arms around him, and giving him a kiss that more than made amends for the slap, "how you frightened me; you naughty boy. I thought it was one of those Ynnkee soldiers. They often come begging for cream or cherries, and get more impudent every day."

"They won't come again, very soon," said Zenas, with all his old assurance. "We will lock them up safe enough in Fort George, and soon drive them back to their own side of the river. But give us something to eat. I'm hungry as a wolf. Where's father?"

"In the ten-acre wheat field. He has to work too hard for his years, and can get no help for love or money," answered Kate, as she set before her brother on the great kitchen table a loaf of homemade bread, a pat of golden butter, a pitcher of rich cream, and a heaped platter of fragrant strawberries just brought in from the garden.

"Didn't I say I'd be back to get in the wheat? And you see I've kept my word," said the lad. "This is better than camp fare," he went on, as the strawberries and cream rapidly disappeared with the bread and butter. "I have a message for you, Kate. Who do you suppose it is from?" said the rather raw youth, with a look that was intended to be very knowing.

"If it's from the camp," replied Kate, calmly, "I know no one there except Captain Villiers and Mr. Trueman. Is it from either of them?"

"Trueman is a first-rate fellow—a regular brick, you know, even if he is a preacher. You ought to have seen how he stood up for them Yankee prisoners, and got our fellows to share their rations with them, although he had helped to bag the game himself. But the message is not from him, but from the captain. He says you saved his life twice,—once nursing him when he was sick, and once by keeping those Yankee scouts here while we got away. We heard all about your adventures. Well, he's gone to help Proctor in Michigan, and might never come back, he said, and he asked me would I give you this, in case he fell, to show that he was not ungrateful; but I had better give it to you now, or I will be sure to lose it. I can't carry such trumpery in my saddle-bags;" and he handed his sister a small jewel-case. Katharine opened it, and saw an elegant cross, set with gems, lying on a purple velvet cushion.

"He said his mother gave it to him when he was leaving home," continued Zenas. "She was kind of High Church, I guess, and they're most the same as Catholics. He said he had a sort of presentiment that he'd get killed in the war, and he didn't want some wild Indian to snatch it from his body with his scalp, and give to his dusky squaw."

Kate stood looking at the jewel, and knitting her brows in thought. At length she said, "I'll keep it for him

* This sketch is taken from a volume by the Editor, entitled, "Neville Trueman, the Pioneer Preacher—a story of the War of 1812," pp. 244, price 75 cents. Wm. Briggs, Toronto, Publisher.

till he comes back, as I am sure he will; and if he should not," and her voice quivered a little, for her tender woman's heart could not but shudder at the thought of a violent death,— "I will send it to his mother. I wrote to her for him when he was wounded, —Melton Lodge, Berkshire, is the address. But I will not anticipate his death in battle. I feel certain that he will come back."

As the British lines were drawn firmly around Fort George, in which, having repaired the damage caused by the explosion, the Americans were closely beleaguered, Zenas had no difficulty in obtaining leave of absence to help to harvest the wheat. Other militiamen were also available for that service, which was as important as fighting, Colonel Vincent avowed, as he gave permission to considerable numbers of his yeoman soldiery to return to their farms, while the others maintained the leaguer of the fort. Soon after the ingathering of the harvest, however, Vincent was compelled, by the re-inforcement of the enemy, to raise the blockade of Fort George, and again return to his old position at Burlington Heights.

WAITING.

BY WALTER LEARNED.

EACH day, when my work was ended,
I saw, as I neared my home,
A sweet little face at the window-pane,
That was watching for papa to come.

The blue eyes closed one morning,
And I knew that never again
Should I see my baby watching for me,
With her face at the window-pane.

Yet I fancied to-night that I heard her
Call, just as she used to do,
When she heard my step at the open gate:
"Come, papa. I'm waiting for you."

And I think that maybe she is waiting,
As of old, in the soft twilight,
She watched, when the long day's task
was done,
To welcome me home at night.

Some time, when my work is ended,
I shall see, as I near my home,
A dear little face in Paradise,
That is watching for papa to come.

THE BRAVE SEAMAN.

BY MRS. JULIA P. BALLARD.

ONCE there was a little boy born in a mud hut in the northern part of England. His parents were, of course, very poor, but they had something better than money. They were honest, industrious, and good.

Their little boy soon grew to be like them. And although they were too poor to give him an education, somebody else who saw what a boy he was, and who had plenty of money, sent him to school and paid his expenses. Good boys are always noticed. Somebody sees what they are about, and what stuff is in them toward making a man, and something good often comes to them in the way of help. And if not they come to some good. They have a desire to be and to do something in life which idle and careless boys know nothing about. But James was sent to school by a kind gentleman, and soon learned to write and to do sums in arithmetic. But there was one thing he liked better than books, and better than any kind of work which he had to do. He dreamed about it by night and by day. And

that was the sea. When he was thirteen years old he lived in a small-fishing-town where he was apprenticed to a shop-keeper. He was an obedient boy, but while his hands were doing up parcels for customers his thoughts were among sails and billows, and this his parents found out as well as his master. So when a good opportunity occurred, instead of watching the sea from land with vain longings, he was acting the part of a brave, honest sailor before the mast. Soon after his time was out, for which he first bound himself, he was promoted and became mate of a vessel, and years after master of a ship. All this time he was studying. He had no time to waste in idleness. He knew that to be more than a common sailor he must study geometry and astronomy, and he improved his time so well that he could take observations accurately, calculate the progress of a ship, and find the latitude and longitude of any spot on the sea, and was at length acknowledged to be one of England's most learned men. He became one of the most noted navigators, discovered and named many islands, went bravely through all sorts of perils, and went twice all around the world. Always resolute and brave, he was brave till the last. He was killed by savages on an island in the Pacific Ocean. One of his vessels had been stolen by the natives, and they became angry when he tried to regain it by securing the king of the island on board his ship, thinking they would return the cutter for the king's release.

Instead of this a man who was a relative of the king struck him a blow, and another stabbed him with an iron dagger. It was with great sorrow that his body was buried in the ocean, and the news of his death carried back to England. Gold and silver and bronze medals were struck in honour of his memory, and his widow and each of his children had a pension given them. A clear head and a true, brave heart raised Captain James Cook to the place of highest honour, and a reputation as wide as the world itself.

THE ELEMENTS OF SUCCESS IN LIFE.

NOW, young gentlemen, let me for a moment address you, touching your success in life; and I hope the brevity of my remarks will increase the chance of their making a lodgement in your minds. Let me beg you in the outset of your career, to dismiss all ideas of success by luck. There is no more common thought among young people than that foolish one that by-and-by something will turn up by which they will suddenly achieve fame or fortune. No, young gentlemen; things don't turn up in this world unless somebody turns them up. Inertia is one of the indispensable laws of matter, and things lie flat where they are until by some intelligent spirit (for nothing but spirit makes motion in this world) they are endowed with activity and life. Do not dream that some good luck is going to happen to you and give you fortune. Luck is an ignus fatuus. You may follow it to ruin, but not to success. The great Napoleon, who believed in his destiny, followed it until he saw his star go down in the blackest night, when the Old Guard perished around him and Waterloo was lost.

A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck.

Young men talk of trusting to the spur of the occasion. That trust is vain. Occasions cannot wear spurs, young gentlemen. If you expect to make spurs, you must win them. If you wish to use them, you must buckle them to your heels before you go into the fight. Any success you may achieve is not worth having unless you fight for it. Whatever you win in life, you must conquer by your own efforts, and then it is yours—a part of yourself.

Again: in order to have any success in life, or any worthy success, you must resolve to carry into your work a fullness of knowledge—not merely a sufficiency, but more than a sufficiency. In this respect follow the rule of the machinist. If they want a machine to do the work of six horses, they give it nine-horse power, so that they may have a reserve of three. To carry on the business of life you must have surplus power. Be fit for more than the thing you are now doing. Let every one know that you have a reserve in yourself; that you have more power than you are now using. If you are not too large for the place you occupy, you are too small for it.—James A. Garfield.

PUZZLEDOM.

ANSWERS FOR LAST NUMBER.

I. CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Meta-basis.

II. ENIGMA.—A new broom sweeps clean.

III. DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.—Noiseless falls the foot of Time That only treads on flowers.

IV. DOUBLE-ZIGZAG.—

Ran T
tARt
hATe
Nec I
aSom
acMe
lacU
aNTa
bAAl
TauT
BII t
mOOd
NouN

NEW PUZZLES.

I. DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead delicate, and leave a cold substance.
2. Behead to think, and leave a tree.
3. Behead a silicious stone, and leave a comrade.

II. BIBLICAL ACROSTIC.

1. One whose name was changed.
2. A friend and helper of Paul.
3. A governor of Samaria.
4. A mount that is known to all.
5. One who conversed with Christ.
6. A city now ruined and old.
7. The wicked son of a good high priest.
8. One whose father for silver was sold.
9. A bitter and poisonous plant.
10. A man who hated a Jew.
11. A judge of Israel forty years.
12. A patriarch, it is true.
13. The murderer of a Moabite king.
14. The husband of one of Saul's daughters.
15. A city in which Paul preached.

16. A well, where bitter were the waters.

17. A measure used by the Hebrews.

18. The homo of a man much afflicted.

19. A woman spared for her faith.

20. One whose reward for keeping God's ark is depicted.

21. A Roman governor of Juden.

22. A garden where Jesus did go.

23. The grandfather of Israel's sweet musician.

24. A woman and traitor also.

My whole is a command given by Paul which we hope is strictly obeyed by all.

III. WORD-SQUARE.

1. Departed.
2. Poems.
3. Part of a cart.
4. To look about.

IV. CHARADES.

1. My first is a neck-cloth; my second is to permit; my whole is to permit.

2. My first is a shoal; my second is a missive; my whole is a negotiable paper.

3. My first is a bolt; my second is to abate; my whole is bearded.

4. My first is poor; my second is a calcareous substance; my whole is a lean person.

5. My first is an enclosure; my second is an instrument of torture; my whole is a hut.

6. My first is to hinder; my second is a line; my whole is a hill.

7. My first is a small globe; my second is to tumble; my whole is a list of person for prayers.

THE SAND BLAST.

AMONG the wonderful and useful inventions of the time is the sand blast. Suppose you desire a piece of marble for a grave stone; you cover the stone with a sheet of wax no thicker than a wafer; then you cut in the wax the name, date, etc., leaving the marble exposed. Now pass it under the blast and the sand will cut it away. Remove the wax and you have the cut letters. Take a piece of fine French plate glass, say two by six feet, cover it with a piece of fine lace and pass it under the blast, and not a thread of the lace will be injured, but the sand will cut deep into the glass wherever it is not covered by the lace. Now remove the lace and you have a delicate and beautiful figure raised on the glass. In this way beautiful figures of all kinds are cut in the glass, at a small expense. The workmen can hold their hands under the blast without harm, even when it is rapidly cutting away the hardest, cutting glass, iron, or stone, but they must look out for finger nails, for they will be whittled off quite hastily. If they put on steel thimbles to protect the nails it will do but little good, for the sand will soon whittle them away, but if they wrap a piece of soft cotton around them they are safe. You will at once see the philosophy of it. The sand whittles away and destroys any hard substance, even glass, but does not affect substances that are soft and yielding, like wax, cotton, fine lace, or even the human hand.—*Journal of Science.*

WHAT key unlocks the door to ruin? Whiskey.

THE DIVINE REVELMENT.

THE king from his council chamber
Came, weary and sore of heart,
And called for Hiff, the painter,
And spoke to him thus, apart:
"I am sickened of faces ignoble,
Hypocrites, cowards, and knaves!
I shall shrink to their shrunken measure,
Chief slave in a realm of slaves!"

"Paint me a true man's picture,
Gracious, and wise, and good,
Dowered with the strength of heroes,
And the beauty of womanhood,
It shall hang in my inmost chamber,
That, thither when I retire,
It may fill my soul with its grandeur,
And warm it with sacred fire."

So the artist painted the picture,
And it hung in the palace hall;
Never a thing so goodly
Had garnished the stately wall.
The king, with head uncovered,
Gazed on it with rapt delight,
Till it suddenly wore strange meaning,
And baffled his questioning sight!

For the form was his supplest courtier's,
Perfect in every limb,
And the bearing was that of the henchman
Who filled the flagons for him.
The brow was a priest's who pondered
His parchments early and late,
The eye was a wandering minstrel's
Who sang at the palace gate.

The lips, half sad and half mirthful,
With a sitting, tremulous grace,
Were the very lips of a woman
He had seen in the market-place.
But the smiles that their curves trans-
figured,
As a rose with its shimmer of dew,
Was the smile of the wife who loved him—
Queen Ethelyn, good and true.

Then, "Learn, oh, king," said the artist,
"This truth that the picture tells—
How in every form of the human
Some hint of the higher dwells;
How, scanning each living temple
For the place where the veil is thin,
We may gather by beautiful glimpses
The form of the God within."
Helen Barron Bostwick.

THE WORK DONE INSIDE.

ONE of my friends is a very earnest, shrewd man, who seems always to know how to do the best thing at the right time. One day he was passing a gin shop in Manchester, when he saw a drunken man lying on the ground. The poor fellow had evidently been turned out of doors when all his money was gone. In a moment my friend hastened across the street, and entered a grocer's shop, addressing the master, saying: "Will you oblige me with the largest sheet of paper you have?" "What for, my friend? What's the matter?" "Oh! you shall see in a minute or two. Please let it be the very largest sheet you have." The sheet was soon procured. "Now will you lend me a piece of chalk?" "Why, what are you going to do?" "You shall see presently." He then quickly printed in large letters: "Specimen of the work done inside." He then fastened the paper right over the drunken man, and retired a short distance.

In a short time passers by stooped and read: "Specimen of the work done inside." In a very short time a crowd assembled, and the saloon-keeper hearing the noise and laughter outside, came out to see what it was all about. He eagerly bent down and read the inscription on the paper, and then demanded in an angry voice: "Who did that?" "Which?" asked my friend, who now joined the crowd.

"If you mean what is on the paper, I did that; but if you mean the man, you did that! This morning when he arose, he was sober—when he walked down this street on his way to work, when he went into your gin shop, he was sober, and now he is what you made him. Is he not a true specimen of the work done inside?"
Rev. Charles Garrett.

A CUNNING DOG.

HE had the habit of rushing out and attacking passing vehicles, and his master, thinking to cure him, fastened a piece of wood by a chain to his collar. This answered admirably; for no sooner did the dog start in pursuit of anything than the clog, not only checked his speed, but generally rolled him over. But to the surprise of all, doggie was soon at his old work, nearly as bad as ever.

This is how he managed. He did not attempt to drag the clog on the ground and allow it to check and upset; but before starting he caught it up in his mouth, ran before the passing horse, dropped it, and commenced the attack; and when distanced, would seize the clog in his mouth and, resume his position ahead, and thus became as great a pest as ever.—*Youth's Companion.*

AGREEABLE all around: "I purposed introducing some new features into the service," said Rev. Mr. Textual. "All right," remarked Fogg. "New features in that pulpit are just what I have been longing for for the last year or two."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

A. D. 29.] LESSON X. [Sept. 3.
LOVE TO GOD AND MAN.

Mark 12. 28-44. Commit to memory v. 29-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might. Deut. 6. 5.

OUTLINE.

1. The Religion of Love, v. 28-37.
2. The Religion of Pretence, v. 38-40.
3. The Religion of Sacrifice, v. 41-44.

TIME.—A. D. 29, on the Tuesday before the crucifixion.

PLACE.—The Temple at Jerusalem.
PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Matt. 22. 35-46; 23. 1-39; Luke 20. 39-47, 21. 1-4.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The first commandment*—The greatest, or most important. *One Lord*—And being one, is entitled to all the worship, and love of men. *Heart . . . soul, etc.*—That is, with the entire being. *Thy neighbour*—Thy fellow-man. *More than . . . burnt-offerings*—Love is more pleasing to God than all the forms of worship. *Not far from the kingdom*—He who knows the truth, is near; he who does it, is in the kingdom. *Christ*—That is the Messiah-king for whose coming the Jews looked. *Said by the Holy Ghost*—Inspired by divine power. *My Lord*—Hence, David spoke of Christ, not as his son, but as his Lord. *Long clothing*—Proud of the robes which were the mark of their order. *Salutations in the market-places*—The public squares and open places of the city, where the people gathered. *Chief seats*—The seats in the synagogue on the end near the "ark," which were higher than others. *Uppermost rooms*—Rather, "places," not in rooms, but on the couches around the tables. *Devour widows' houses*—By defrauding the widows, or using for themselves their contributions to the temple. *Damnation*—Rather, "condemnation." *Treasury*—A place in the court of the women, where treasure-boxes stood, in which people who came to worship placed offerings for the temple and for the poor. *Two mites*—worth together less than half a cent. *Cast more in*—More in the sight of God.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where does this lesson teach us—
1. To love God with all our heart?
2. To love our fellow-men as ourselves?
3. To give as we are able to God's cause?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did a scribe ask Jesus? "Which is the first commandment?" 2. What did Jesus give as the first and greatest of the commandments? To love God with all the heart. 3. What did he say was the second commandment? To love our neighbour as ourselves. 4. Whose offering at the treasury did Christ commend more than all others? That of a poor widow. 5. Why was hers the greatest in his sight. Because she gave her all.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The religion of love.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

53. How did Saul behave himself? Saul being anointed King by Samuel, at the command of God, governed well for a little time; but afterwards he rebelled against God, and God removed him.

A. D. 29.] LESSON XI. [Sept. 10.
CALAMITIES FORETOLD.

Mark 13. 1-20. Commit to memory v. 9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself. Prov. 22. 3.

OUTLINE.

1. The Prophecy, v. 1-8.
2. The Promise, v. 9-13.
3. The Token, v. 14-16.
4. The Tribulation, v. 17-20.

TIME.—A. D. 29, on the afternoon of the Tuesday before the crucifixion.

PLACE.—The Mount of Olives, east of Jerusalem.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Matt. 24. 1-22; Luke 21. 5-36.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Out of the temple*—Jesus was leaving the temple for the last time. *Manner of stones*—The walls and foundations were of very large and finely polished blocks of stone. *Not . . . one stone*—About forty years after every stone of the temple was overthrown by the Romans. *These things*—The destruction to which he had referred. *In my name*—Pretending to be Christ. Nearly fifty false Christs appeared during that age. *Earthquake*—Several great earthquakes occurred in Asia a little while before the destruction of Jerusalem. *Beginnings of sorrows*—Destined to be followed by more terrible events than mere rumours. *Deliver you up*—These persecutions from the Jews upon the Christians took place before Jerusalem was destroyed. *Among all nations*—Before this event the Gospel was known throughout the Roman Empire. *The Holy Ghost*—God would give them words when they were in need of them. *Endure . . . sared*—Saved in heaven from the troubles of earth. *Abomination, etc.*—Perhaps the Roman army watching against Jerusalem. *Flee to the mountains*—In obedience to this, the Christians escaped when the city was besieged. *Not go down into the house*—But descend by the outside stairs and escape. *For the elect's sake*—For the sake of his own people, God has mercy upon sinners.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where are we taught in this lesson—
1. That God's people may meet with trouble?
2. That God will help his people in trouble?
3. That God will reward his people for all their troubles?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Of what calamity did Christ forewarn his disciples? Of the destruction of Jerusalem. 2. What did he tell them that they must suffer before that event. Persecutions. 3. What did he promise to them in their persecutions? The presence of the Holy Spirit. 4. What was promised to all who should endure to the end? They shall be saved. 5. What were the Christians warned to do before the destruction of the city? They were to escape.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The afflictions of God's people.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

54. What became of Saul after he? Saul, being forsaken of God for his rebellion against God, and being wounded in battle by the Philistines, fell on his own sword, and died.

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