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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

TORONTO, JULY 1, 1893.

[No 26.

Vol. XIII.]

Canada.

BY ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

LAND of mighty lake and forest?
 Where the winter's locks are hoarest;
 Where the summer's leaf is greenest;
 And the winter's bite the keenest;
 Where the autumn's leaf is searest;
 And her parting smile the dearest;
 Where the tempest rushes forth,
 From his caverns of the north,
 With the lightnings of his wrath,
 Sweeping forests from his path;
 Where the cataract stupendous,
 Lifteth up her voice tremendous;
 Where uncultivated Nature
 Rears her pines of giant stature;
 Sows her jagged hemlocks o'er,
 Thick as bristles on the boar;
 Plants the stately elm and oak
 Firmly in the iron rock;
 Where the crane her course is steering,
 And the eagle is careering;
 Where the gentle deer are bounding,
 And the woodman's axe resounding.
 Land of mighty lake and river,
 To our hearts thou'rt dear forever!
 Thou art not a land of story—
 Thou art not a land of glory.
 No tradition, tale, nor song
 To thine ancient woods belong;
 No long line of bards and sages,
 Looking to us down the ages;
 No old heroes sweeping by
 In their warlike panoply;
 Yet heroic deeds are done,
 Where no battle's lost or won:
 In the cottage, in the woods,
 In the lonely solitudes—
 Pledges of affection given,
 That will be redeemed in heaven.

DOMINION DAY.

In both PLEASANT HOURS and *Onward* we furnish for our national birthday special patriotic numbers of these papers. We want our boys and girls to appreciate more and more as the years go by the splendid inheritance which God has given them in this goodly land—the freest land on earth.

No land is more favoured of heaven; none has nobler Christian institutions; none exhibits a higher grade of morality than our beloved Canada. Especially important to the future well-being of our country is the observance of the Lord's day which is so marked a characteristic of our country.

The old-fashioned picture, the first on this page, represents a scene which is enacted thousands of times on our quiet Canadian Sunday. The rural congregation, who come from far and near to attend worship, are returning from the old-fashioned church which is shown in the rear of the picture. About four thousand



SUNDAY MORNING IN ONTARIO.

Methodist congregations assemble every Sunday, to say nothing of those of the over four thousand other denominations. These, with their Sunday-schools, their Epworth Leagues, their religious training and the religious effort which they represent—these are the true bulwarks of our country—these are the corner-stones—these are the pledge of the stability of our national greatness and the stability of its institutions.

Our other picture shows us the characteristic Canadian homestead in Ontario, of which many hundreds stud this fair and beautiful Province. Around the comfortable mansion on every side sweep the broad acres where well-filled barn and farm buildings show the thrift and industry whereby such comfort has been obtained. We are apt to boast too much of our grand cities, but the farms and farming population are really the backbone of Canada's strength.

"The king himself is served by the field," and the population outside our cities is many times greater than that in them. The men of brawn and brain who succeed in cities are, for the most part, those who were brought up in the wholesome farm life of the country with its fresh air, free life, good food and plenty of it, and emptied in their early years from the hurry and worry of city life. Let our young folks learn by heart some of the patriotic poems in the present number and learn more and more to prize the noble country in which it is their good fortune to be born.

Our country girls, too, have a better time than many of them think. With our splendid school system, with the social and religious enjoyments and privileges which are theirs, they need not envy any girls in the world. If our young folks knew the hard fare and hard work and scanty food and coarse clothing of the boys and girls

in many European lands they would prize their own all the more. Of our Canadian homes it may be said "It snows within the house with meat and drink." We commend the verses which follow to all who are discontented with country life:

COUNTRY GIRLS OF CANADA.

Ye country girls of Canada,
 Who think your lot is hard,
 Who think your life monotonous,
 For you I have a word.

Ours is no royal-ridden land,
 Where nobles are by birth,
 But one of free equality,
 Whose standard is true worth.

Despise not then its rural scenes,
 Where youthful fancy roams;
 You'll find few spots more kind to you
 Than quiet country homes.

The busy towns are rushing streams
 Where men forget their Lord;
 And seeking after wealth or fame
 Care little for his Word.

Ye like the rippling fountains are,
 Fresh from the mountain's brink;
 Beside whose pure untainted streams
 It pleaseth one to drink.

And doubt not this, 'tis serious truth!
 Tho' you feel not the weight,
 That on your gentle shoulders
 There rests a nation's fate.

Because your life is humble,
 Think not it matters small,
 Whether you make it well or ill,
 Or make it not at all.

Few of the great, of any age,
 In luxury's lap were reared;
 Whence come these mighty minds, you
 ask,
 The world has loved and feared?

Few, few of these were ever reared
 'Mid cities' giddy whirls;

Their homes have
 been the country,
 Their mothers,
 country girls.

And from your heart
 those intellects
 That fifty years to
 come
 Shall hold the reins
 of Church and
 State,
 Protect our land
 and home,

Must take the cast
 which moulds
 their minds
 The way that they
 shall go,
 Which makes their
 path all blessing,
 Or makes their
 lives a woe.

The things you love,
 the words you
 speak;
 The very thoughts
 you think,
 Will in a measure
 live in them,
 Thro' some mys-
 terious link.

Then prize your truth
 and virtue,
 Your very thoughts
 h. c. p. 1



BELOIR FARM HOMESTEAD, DELAWARE, ONTARIO.

Let faultless nature mould your forms,
Life's battles to endure.

With "woman's right" or franchisement
Let not your hearts be vexed,
However man this age may rule,
'Tis yours to rule the next.

The simple truth that you may teach,
In words and accents mild,
And by the manner of your life
Impress it on your child,—

May peal in loudest thunder tones
When you and I lie low,
From men, within whose hands they rest
Our country's weal or woe.

There's much truth in that saying old,
"Man works from sun to sun,
Though woman toileth night and day,
Her work is never done."

It reaches out beyond her life,
Far into other years,
Beyond her day of weary care,
Beyond her night of tears.

When she long since has passed away,
Still monuments we find,
In living men, whose words and life,
Show forth her mould of mind.

—Witness. GEO. W. GARLAND.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JULY 1, 1893.

CANADA'S GREATNESS.

On Dominion Day last year several stirring addresses were given at Toronto, from which we quote as follows:

JUDGE SKINNER.

The chairman then introduced Judge Skinner, who was warmly received. After a few prefatory remarks he said that he had consented to speak on this occasion that he might express to the people of the great city of Toronto the feelings of union the people of the Maritime Provinces entertain towards them on all questions that appertain to the continuity and perpetuity and prosperity of this great Dominion to which they all belonged. (Applause.) He was not only astounded at the audience before him, but he was astounded at the greatness of this country. As he realized its vastness, its amplitude, he was deeply impressed with the conviction that it was to form one of the greatest nations of the earth. Those peoples who had taken a high position in history had been invariably lovers of their country. Love of country and national pride was love of home and family.

To attain to national greatness our ambition must not only be high, but must be boundless in its aspirations. The dreamer is sometimes the greatest actor in shaping the destinies of a people. A Columbus must precede a Caesar. The object of this meeting, he had been told, was to inspire

the children with faith in the country. No nobler object could the promoters of the meeting have, and no better day could be selected than the 1st of July—Canada's birthday.

What a noble history this country had! From being separate colonies it had become a nation—law and prosperity and happiness ruled and overshadowed it. Such never had any nation of a similar age in the world before. Her origin was peaceful. It was, before our advent, the curse of nations to be the offspring of war, to be born in rivers of blood, but Canada's origin was one of peace. The bugle call was heard as our nation came into existence, not to summon the people to strife, but to call them to duty upon the pathways of progress. Iron and blood might have founded the great empire we had inherited from an Alfred, a Wellington, a Nelson, and a Wolfe, but the Canadian dominion was the offspring of peace. The boys and girls, as they studied its annals, would love their country not only because it was their native land, not only because the flag that had braved the battle and the breeze floated proudly above them; not only because of the greatness, the power, the grandeur and the glory of the empire to which we belonged, upon which the sun never sets, and which bids defiance to the powers of darkness, but because the history of Canada was an object-lesson to the whole world, teaching mankind that a great people can win national life without the deadly clamor of war, and with no more powerful weapon than the sweet olive-branch of peace.

The schools would fail in their great purpose if they did not teach the children to love their country. If they loved it they would not leave it. They would work at home, and working at home with our healthful climate and fruitful soil, they would become successful, and becoming successful, the prosperity of the nation was secure.

Canada was among the most successful countries in the world, and therefore entitled to our faith and love and national homage. Truly the children of Canada should love their country. Its foundations were the foundations of one of the greatest nations of the earth. The exodus would not last forever. Emigration would turn, in fact was turning, into immigration. The western tendency of population was a feature of our civilization, but the greatest and the best of the people remained at home. "Let the flag that floats so grandly and proudly over this Queen City of Canada to-day," he said, "throw out its ample folds over every schoolhouse in the land for all time to come, so that our children and our children's offspring over all the future may learn the lesson that it teaches, and will be led to look upon Canada as one of the grandest nations of the world, and forming with the other British possessions that girdle the earth, the grandest empire of all historic time."

COL. DENISON ON CANADA.

Col. Denison, who was announced as a Canada First man, addressed the audience. He said that when he was asked to address the meeting he agreed to come with the very greatest pleasure, because it had always been a very strong point in his mind to do everything possible to create in the Canadian people a strong national spirit and confidence in themselves.

One of the most important events that had occurred in Canada was the confederation of the scattered provinces into one Dominion. Many would remember the state of affairs and the feelings of the people just before Confederation. We were then a string of scattered provinces with no cohesion, knowing nothing of the people of New Brunswick or Nova Scotia, and communication between the different provinces was of the most difficult character. In this country the people were inclined to call themselves either English, Irish, or Scotch, according to the nationality of their parents. There had been a remarkable change for the better in the last quarter of a century. Canada was one of the largest countries in the world, forty times the size of Great Britain, fifteen times the size of the German empire, and situated in the very best latitude to produce a great and powerful nation. We, in this Canada of ours, were the northmen of the new world, and a southerner never should place his heel on the men of the northern zone. Our country extended from the latitude of

Rome to the north pole, and it was flanked by two enormous oceans. Twenty-five years ago no one would have dreamed of such results as confederation had produced. Everything that indicated progress showed that Canada had made a progress that, he believed, was absolutely unparalleled in the history of the world. Our bank capital had increased enormously. The number of letters and newspapers carried through the post had increased to such an extent as seemed almost incredible. Deposits in the savings banks had rolled up until it seemed almost miraculous that the people should have saved so much wealth.

WE OUGHT TO BE CONTENTED.

People had been deceived by the comparisons between Canada and the United States. It must not be forgotten that the people of the United States had 100 years the start of us, and from that fact they were enabled to get the immigration from all the older countries, which produced a fictitious prosperity that could not last. The United States could not go on making the same progress. There was very little more land in the public domain to give to settlers. Rapidly the wealth of that country was accumulating in the hands of a few, and there was growing up a large class of people exceedingly poor. In Canada, while we had no very rich people, we had no very poor people. The people here were well-fed, well-clothed and their children well-educated. Our country was progressive, and we did not think we had anything to grumble about. We don't intend for any consideration of material advantage that anybody can give us that our flag shall be hauled down, that our national emblem shall be destroyed, and that we shall be vassals and serfs of any people, and if we have got to live on porridge, and got to work thirteen hours a day, we are going to have our flag and we are going to have our country.

Jacques Cartier.

[The seaport of St. Malo gave to Canada not only a discoverer in the person of the intrepid and chivalrous Jacques Cartier, but it furnished the gifted heart of the Hon. THOS. D'ARCY MCGEE with a theme for one of the finest of Canadian ballads.]

In the seaport of St. Malo, 'twas a smiling morn in May,
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away;
In the crowded old cathedral, all the town were on their knees,
For the safe return of kinsmen from undiscovered seas;
And every autumn blast that swept o'er pinnacle and pier,
Filled many hearts with sorrow and gentle hearts with fear.

A year passed o'er St. Malo—again came round the day,
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away;
But no tidings from the absent had come the way they went,
And tearful were the vigils that many a maiden spent;
And maiden hearts were filled with gloom and gentle hearts with fear,
When no tidings came from Cartier at the closing of the year.

But the earth is as the future, it hath its hidden side,
And the Captain of St. Malo was rejoicing in his pride;
In the forests of the north—while his townsmen mourned his loss—
He was rearing on Mount Royal the fleur-de-llys and cross;
And when two months were over and added to the year,
St. Malo hailed him home again, cheer answering to cheer.

He told them of a region, hard, iron-bound, and cold,
Nor seas of pearl abounded, nor mines of shining gold;
Where the wind from Thule freezes the word upon the lip,
And the ice in spring comes sailing athwart the early ship;
He told them of the frozen scene until they thrilled with fear,



JACQUES CARTIER.

And plied fresh fuel on the hearth to make them better cheer.

But when he changed the strain—he told how soon is cast

In early spring the fetters that hold the waters fast;

How the winter causeway, broken, is drifted out to sea,

And the rills and rivers sing with pride the anthem of the free:

How the magic wand of summer clad the landscape to his eyes,

Like the dry bones of the just when they wake in Paradise.

He told them of the Algonquin braves—the hunters of the wild;

Of how the Indian mother in the forest rocks her child;

Of how, poor souls, they fancy in every living thing,

A spirit, good or evil, that claims their worshiping;

Of how they brought their sick and maimed for him to breathe upon;

And of the wonders wrought for them thro' the Gospel of St. John.

He told them of the river, whose mighty current gave

Its freshness for a hundred leagues to ocean's briny wave;

He told them of the glorious scene presented to his sight,

What time he reared the Cross and Crown on Hochelaga's height;

And of the forest cliff, that keeps of Canada the key:—

And they welcomed back Jacques Cartier from his perils o'er the sea.

A Modern Prodigal,

BY

Mrs. Julia McNair Wright.

CHAPTER VIII.

MERCY STANHOPE'S DREAMING.

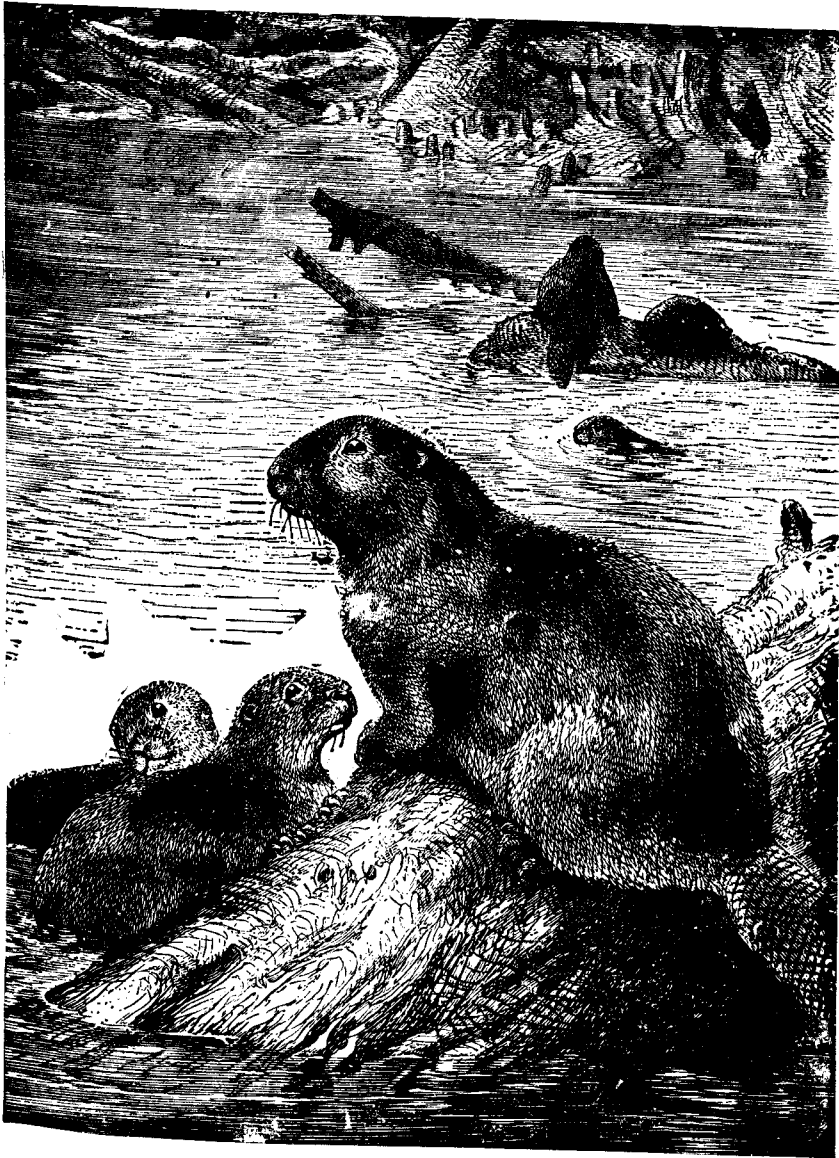
UNCLE BARUM TITUS was undoubtedly a crusty old man. He had always been parsimonious and selfish, and these qualities had increased and hardened with his advancing years. But the hardest of us humans has usually some tender spot, some germ of softer sentiment, some joint such as in the armor of Uncle Barum's nature his little grand-nephew was rapidly finding. The old man steadfastly observed the child with the damp brown curls, the red, tired face, the bare brown knees, and the feet swinging in dusty shoes. How like he was to what his mother had been! And Mercy had been the one warm affection of Uncle Barum's life.

"Did you walk?" he asked.

"What other way could I come?" asked the incisive Samuel.

"It was a long way for a young one."

"You better believe it was. I just



THE BEAVER.

THE BEAVER.

A BEAVER, the emblem of Canada, is a small animal with a fur skin and a flat tail, which lives about streams of water in new countries. These little animals often live in large bodies, and do an immense amount of hard work. They gnaw down trees and bushes, with their sharp teeth, drag them across the creeks by their united efforts, and construct dams which form large ponds of water. In building dams it is said they use their tails for trowels, and when they swim they use them for rudders. There were many beavers in this country in the days of the early settlements, and the people who first settled the country made much money by killing beavers and selling their skins to fur dealers. In those early days there were men who made hats by hand as a trade, and some of the very best and most stylish hats that were worn in those days were made of beaver fur. On this account fine hats are called beavers to this day. On account of the industrious habits of the beaver, we have the familiar and expressive saying, "He works like a beaver." Hence the appropriateness of the beaver as the emblem of the industrious Canadians. Some of the creeks in this country are named "Beaver Creek." They were so named by the early settlers of the country on account of the beavers that infested them. Several localities along those creeks are called "Beaver Dam" to this day. They, too, received the name from the early settlers because the beavers had built a dam across the creek, and made a pond to live and play in at that place. There are very few beavers in this country now, and perhaps not many readers of this have ever seen one.

an old overcoat, and after removing an armful of straw discovered a keg of Schiedam schnapps, the same liquor which our importers of foreign high wines describe as a strengthening and "exhilarating beverage." Not one of the little marauders was more than twelve years old, but their leader managed to procure a wheelbarrow that enabled them to trundle the keg out of town and along the towpath of an old canal, where they turned into a side trail and lifted their prize over the fence of an out-of-the-way pasture. Here they encamped under a shade tree and agreed to devote the afternoon to the pleasure of exhilaration.

After an hour and a half the prescription began to work, and the members of the symposium fell like Baresarks upon a flock of sheep at the other end of the pasture, ripping and stabbing away with their pocket-knives till the result would have kept their parents in mutton for the rest of the year. In the dispute of the prize of bravery, the young heroes, however, proceeded from words to blows, and at last to knives. Two of the younger combatants were slashed in a horrible manner, two others got drowned in the attempt to escape across the canal, and one of the victims has since died from the overdose of alcohol.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF PAUL.

A. D. 52.] LESSON II. [July 9.

PAUL AT PHILIPPI.

Acts 16. 19-34.] [Memory verses, 29-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.—Acts 16. 31.

OUTLINE.

1. In Prison, v. 19-25.
2. At Liberty, v. 26-34.

PLACE.—The prison and court of justice in Philippi.

DRUNKEN BOYS KILL EACH OTHER.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD, M.D.

In a suburb of Groningen, in north Holland, a gang of street Arabs recently rummaged a country waggon while the proprietor was treating a friend in a neighbouring coffee house. One of the youngsters happened to see a pile of fodder covered with

CONNECTING LINKS.

The three verses between the last lesson and this tell of a poor girl "possessed with a spirit of divination," who "brought her masters much gain." She greatly grieved Paul by following him and his companions, and declaring their holy mission. Paul, in the name of Jesus Christ, expelled the demon.

EXPLANATIONS.

"Hope of their gains"—The apostles had restored to the young slave girl her senses, and her masters could no longer profit by her ravings. "The market place"—The public square, where courts and public meetings were held. "Teach customs"—The worship of Jesus. The Roman law forbade a change from one religion to the other. "Not lawful"—This was false, for the Gospel was not forbidden. "Beat them"—With heavy rods. "Inner prison"—The inside or lowest dungeon. "Stocks"—Wooden fixtures for fastening the feet. "At midnight"—While in prison and in the stocks, after being scourged. "Sang praises"—Happy, even in troubles, because their Saviour was with them. "Earthquake"—This was God's answer to their prayers. "Bands were loosed"—By the chains being made loose from the wall. "Would have killed himself"—His own life being made the penalty if his prisoners escaped. "All here"—The prisoners were too frightened to escape. "Do to be saved"—Perhaps he had already heard Paul preach, and now saw his own danger. "Believe"—Trust for salvation. "Saved"—From sin, its guilt, and penalty. "Baptized"—As a sign of his faith in Christ. "Meat"—Includes all kinds of food.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

How does this lesson show—

1. That God permits his servants to suffer?
2. That when it is best he will deliver them?
3. That in the midst of persecution we may rejoice?
4. That even persecution may be overruled for God's glory?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did the magistrates do to Paul and Silas? "Beat them, and cast them into prison." 2. What happened while Paul and Silas were singing in the prison? "A great earthquake." 3. What was the effect? "All the doors were opened." 4. What did the keeper of the prison ask Paul? "What must I do to be saved?" 5. What did Paul reply? Golden Text: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Salvation by faith.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What more do we learn concerning God? That he is holy and righteous, faithful and true, gracious and merciful.

What do you mean by the omnipresence of God?

That God is everywhere.

Jeremiah 23. 24; Psalm 139. 7-12.

WHEN BENNY'S MEMORY SPROUTED.

BY CHARLES N. SINNETT.

"BENNY has such a short memory," said his father. "I don't know what we shall do about it."

"Oh, I guess it will get longer when—when he gets taller," smiled Gracie.

"I hope so," answered papa. "Still, that won't help me much this afternoon. I asked him to rake up the leaves in the yard, and he has forgotten it and gone off to the pond."

"But I'm just sure it will get longer. And I guess if I take the rake and pull some of the weaves over it'll help it to grow." And away the little girl ran like a happy kitten. She worked so well that when Benny came home she had nearly all the leaves in a big pile.

"Oh, ho, Miss Farmer," he said, as if nothing worth noticing much had happened. Then he went on to tell about his fishing.

His papa saw all this, but did not say much about it. The next day he seemed to remember things a little better. In the winter he improved still more.

One day in the spring, when he was out walking with his papa and Gracie, the little girl picked up a five-dollar bill.

Benny clapped his hands. "Why, papa," he said, "I'm so glad she found it. And it's just because she got so used to looking at brown and green things

when she raked up the leaves for me last fall."

And Gracie laughed: "There, papa, I knew his memwy'd grow! I seed it spwoutin' in his eyes last fall. Now it's just started growin' weal fast, like the ever spwing things."

"Couldn't help it—with such a sister as you," said Benny.

And papa gave them both a little hug.

Canada to England.

BY JAMES L. HUGHES.

Tune—"Beulah Land."

Oh! Mistress of the mighty sea!
Oh! Motherland, so great and free!
Canadian hearts shall ever be
United in their love for thee.

Chorus.

Yes, Motherland! Dear Motherland!
Beneath the Union Jack we'll stand,
A part of thy Imperial whole;
From sea to sea, from pole to pole;
On woodland height and fertile plain
True British subjects we'll remain.

Thy power shall faith and hope impart,
Thy liberty inspire each heart,
Thy justice ever guide us right,
Thy honour be our beacon light!

Chorus—Yes! Motherland, etc.

We share the glories of thy past;
Thy sailors brave beneath the mast,
And soldiers true on many a field
Have taught Canadians not to yield.

Chorus—Yes! Motherland, etc.

We'll build a nation great and free,
And greatest in its love for thee.
No other fate could be so grand
As union with our Motherland!

Chorus—Yes! Motherland, etc.

Globe, Toronto.

THE poorest can do as much (in God's sight) as the richest; of their poverty, they can give their all; and the rich, at the utmost, can do no more.

JUST ISSUED.

Stories from

Indian Wigwams and Northern Camp-fires

BY

Rev. Egerton R. Young.

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